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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. CXXXIX. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1878.

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LANCASHIRE.

THE recent struggle in one of the most populous and thriving districts of Lancashire is not likely to remain, like the great strike of the builders, or that of the engineers, or that of the Preston operatives in 1853-4, or more singular than any of these, the memorable agricultural lock-out of 1874, as a conspicuous landmark in the history of industrial development. Still, it has points of interest peculiar to itself, and even if it had not, there are some circumstances of the time which should make us unwilling to let it pass without rather more consideration than is usually given to the endless panorama of the nine-day wonders of morning newspapers. The giant of Labour has been shaking his huge form with uneasy violence to east and west of us. In the United States less than a year ago, society was shocked by murderous outrage and destruction waged against capital and employers; for a few days it seemed as if the great war for the conversion of slave-labour into free in the South, was to be followed by a small war for the reduction of free labour to order in the North; and the address which the Amalgamated Trades and Labour Union of New York City sent the other day to the cotton operatives of Lancashire, is better proof than the mere words of the writers, not only that so-called "free political institutions do not guarantee the well-being of the toiling class," but that there, as here no political solution is adequate for a mighty problem that is at once economic and moral. In Germany the wild mal-administration of capital which first sent the wages of the common navvy up to fifteen shillings a day, and then speedily left him and his fellows in a state of destitution which is said to be pitiable, has now been followed—to say nothing of more sinister events—by the return of a dozen members to parliament, and by the establishment of no less than thirty organs in the press, to represent a kind of opinions which the English artisans cast behind them a quarter of a century since, and which now appear to be finally ex-

ting even in France, their first nursery. It was not to be expected that this industrial cyclone would leave England untouched. We are yet, as the most competent observers fear, a long way from the end of all the wide-spreading causes that are depressing trade, and worse things may still befall us. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to think that we have only been caught by the fringe and skirts of the storm, and that the rioting at Blackburn and Burnley, hateful as it is, has been a moderate version of the more incensed doings at Pittsburg.

We shall not here enter into the momentous questions as to whether the enormous size of the Lancashire trade has ever been solidly based, or will ever return, or what are the causes that have led to the unwelcome transformation of the trade from one of colossal profits to one of comparative stagnation and loss. It is enough to say that a branch of manufacture of which no less than five-sixths of the products are disposed of abroad in every quarter of the globe, must be subject to the operation of forces of such remoteness and magnitude as to be as much beyond the control either of employers or workmen as if they were vicissitudes in the atmosphere of the moon. These may be left for consideration at some other day, and from another pen. What we purpose now is to offer some remarks on a minor incident of this threatened collapse. And in doing this we may as well try to be just. It is unworthy of people who have not even the excuse of urgent personal interest, to allow themselves to be drawn into the blind path of crimination and recrimination. The questions are of too complex a nature to be settled in this way. Swearing general propositions as to the character or conduct either of employers or workmen, are all equally untrue and equally unprofitable. The partisans who denounce the tyranny of capitalists grinding the face of the poor, are exactly on a level with the simpletons who call a strike a rebellion, and propose that workmen should be brought under military law.<sup>1</sup> That a weaver's delegate, in the excitement of a great meeting, should tell his fellow-workmen that they are slaves, is not any more surprising nor culpable than that a hot-headed employer should vow that, rather than submit to the dictation of a union, he will let his machinery rust to pieces, and the four walls of his mill crumble to the ground. Lancashire is before all others the county of strong language. People there are accustomed even in the repose of ordinary intercourse to a naked vehemence of style that might seem to an innocent stranger to signal the near break-up of society. They

(1) The *Morning Post* (June 19) spoke of the recent struggle as "an abortive rebellion." And some ten years ago a writer in *Blackwood* in all seriousness brought forward the happy thought that drivers of railway locomotives should be subjected to a Mutiny Act.

give and take, as pleasant banter, such crude pungencies as in other places would be wiped out in blood. Their headstrong rhetoric ought not to mislead us. The fundamental opinion held by workmen and employers of one another, in their better moments, is conformable to the judgment of a dispassionate on-looker.

It is impossible to draw up an indictment against either section. There are employers in Lancashire who take rank among the most loyal and capable servants of English society. They have as keen a feeling as a great soldier for discipline, order, duty, and they have a feeling, which great soldiers have not always had, of respect and good-will and considerateness for those with whom they work. The anxieties of such a position are hardly less than those of a general in a campaign, and at this moment when men see their capital, or worse still, the capital borrowed from other people, standing idle, and find themselves awkwardly placed between the broker at Liverpool who sells their cotton, and the agent at Manchester who buys their cloth, we may recommend him who sleeps too sound to borrow the employer's pillow. The greatness of his burden gives a certain quality to the head of an immense factory, which not seldom has in it something of the large gravity of the statesman. The administration of capital in the manufacturing trade calls for some of the most solid faculties of human character. The foible of social vanity and a fatuous desire to be mistaken for noblemen are not absent, and it would not be hard to find cases where, after receiving one of those titular distinctions which confer no honour, a man has crippled his business in order to make provision for an eldest son. This is one of the penalties that we pay for the blessings of aristocracy. An employer who does his duty might well be content to enjoy his own position with high self-respect and a good conscience. If the landowner were to leave the country, he could not take the land with him; but if a great employer leaves his business, he takes with him a power of administration which is not less indispensable than the capital itself. But all these Captains of Industry are not alike. Some of them are idle, some are incompetent, and "some of them," in the emphatic words of one of the best employers in the county, "*are blackguards.*" That is to say, they are harsh, insolent, sordid, and as willing to be slave-drivers as the factory inspectors will allow. These rough spirits do more to poison relations between employers and operatives than better men can remedy.

If employers differ, so do workmen. There is as much difference in competency and worth between the workman who has his machine ready to begin work on the first beat of the engine, who is alert for breakages, who carries his web briskly to the weighing room, and the saunterer who watches the minutes like a lazy schoolboy, as there is difference between a senior wrangler and a



wooden spoon. The best type of artisan in a mill, is as good as the best type of active humanity anywhere else, and the best type abounds. A story was told by a weaver at one of the meetings which moved the rough audience to tears. "He said he was giving some bread-tickets out, and was told of a widow woman with five children that the neighbours thought must be in want. He went into her house, and shut the door behind him. She looked into his face, and asked him what he was after. He said, 'Well, I've come a-begging o' you.' She said, 'Begging are you? You don't look like one.' After a pause she added, 'Well, I've got a loaf given me at Duxbury's, but the childer have eaten nearly half of it; but I'll give you a slice off it.' He stopped her hand, however, and said, 'Here, I've a couple of tickets,' and she sobbed out 'God bless you.'" So through the blinding squalid mists of class struggle, still pierces the fair starlight of human pity. There are those who seem to think that every spinner is a brutal ignorant greedy Caliban. People write of Lancashire as if it were the Black Country, where women help to draw the heavy-laden barge along ink-black canals, where shapeless mountains of slag and scoria make the landscape monstrous, as if some leprous Titan had laid his hand upon it, and we almost curse the very bounteousness of the earth,

" Whose combustibile  
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire  
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involved  
With stench and smoke."

But this is not North-East Lancashire. A correspondent of the *Daily News* has lately described the Lancashire exterior:—"Long and broad streets of artisans' houses [not a few of them owned by the artisans who live in them] succeed each other. All are kept in admirable order, and almost oppress the artistic sense by their very monotony of neatness. Built of red brick or grey stone, each compact little dwelling boasts its clean window blinds, and a number, varying from two to six, of the healthiest and cleanest of children it has ever been my lot to look upon." This is the witness, not of the partial native, but of the observant stranger. Even mothers work in the mills, but there are competent and humane observers who think that the homes of such women are better than the homes of their neighbours who dawdle at the cottage door all day. Sons and daughters often use language of ungracious independence to their parents, but the undoubted fact remains that they usually hand over the week's earnings—it has been computed, more or less truly, that the average earnings of man, woman, and child in the Blackburn district amount to seventeen shillings per week,—they hand these earnings over to the common fund of the

house. They are addicted to good living, and this is naturally a great scandal to the anchorites of Pall Mall and the Stock Exchange; but men and women who work with a will for fifty-six hours a week in a high temperature need some temptation to appetite. And those of us who can remember in person, or from the tradition of the generation before us, what a Lancashire town was forty or even thirty years ago, have the singular additional satisfaction of realising that this all marks an almost incredibly rapid march from something very like savagery. Although the theology of a town like Blackburn is of a narrow, unhistoric, and rancorous kind, yet one must give even this dull and cramped Evangelicalism its due, and admit that the churches and chapels have done good service, through their Sunday Schools and otherwise, in impressing a kind of moral organization on the mass of barbarism which surged chaotically into the factory towns. Lancashire theology does not make a man love his neighbour, but its external system promotes cleanliness, truth-telling, and chastity, and the zeal of the clergy of all sects, however much we may wish that it had been connected with a more hopeful doctrine, has been a barrier for which civilisation will always owe something to their name, against the most awful influx that the world ever saw of furious provocatives to unbridled sensuality and riotous animalism. Their rites have been to better purpose than the baptism with which Spaniards sought to sanctify the angry volcanoes of Nicaragua. Factory life even now is not exactly an idyll. The dialect is uncouth, and the tones of voice have no musical flexibility. The long street of red brick and grey stone is not so picturesque as the Mercato Vecchio at Florence, nor are the forms of men and women any match for the noble figures that scowl at the traveller on the southern bank of the Tiber. But if any one will without prejudice survey the thousands of well-dressed artisans who throng into the parks of the Lancashire towns on Sunday evenings, and reflect on the habits of self-respect which distinguish the vast majority of them, he will perhaps agree that in spite of some drunkenness, some unthrift, in spite of a poor religion and aims too personal, and notwithstanding many grave social perils that are latent in the present organization of industry, yet nowhere else on the earth's surface, not even in the United States themselves, is there to be found at this moment so immense a population with such a command of the means of decent and happy living, and such a capacity of using them.

A far more important feature than any material prosperity or external order is the presence of the most civilising agency in the world, the habit of orderly and disciplined co-operation with others, and the rising sense of mutual connection and interdependence for common ends. A strike is not perhaps a very edifying moment, at which to call attention to such a trait, and the sentiment is as yet in a

radimentary stage. Yet this co-operation is already fully recognised and constantly acted on. The intense heat and blaze of a moment of industrial war leave untouched many of the conditions of ordinary industrial peace. The relations of employer and workman are so intimately bound up with one another in all highly organized trades, that even in the angriest struggle, underneath rough words and exasperated action, may be unmistakably discerned the counteracting consciousness of identity of substantial interest. Throughout the present strike, for instance, thousands of workmen have continued to live on in cottages for which they could not pay the rent, and for which in many cases they never will pay the rent, although the cottages belonged to the very masters whom they were fiercely resisting. Yet such a word as ejection was never heard. The most violent master in his most embittered moment was not reckless enough to think seriously of forcibly exercising his legal rights as a landlord. It has been an inflamed family quarrel, but no war *d'outrance*. This is only one illustration of the spirit of conscious co-operation which overrides the mere impulses of barbaric resentment. It would be easy to describe how in various ways, in this and in all other Lancashire strikes, the masters have deliberately contributed to the maintenance of the workmen who were withstanding them to the face. No doubt here is as much calculation as sentiment. As one of them said to me, "All this is not philanthropy, it is business." Anything like wholesale ejection would have meant a small civil war, followed by the break-up of the population and the ruin of the trade.

An employer is as proud of the skill, experience, and industry of his particular company of workmen, as the colonel of a crack regiment is proud of the strength, the dexterity, the bearing of his hussars or his lancers. The pride of the employer may be said, if you please, to have its root in his interests, because the mill from which the bad workmen have been gradually weeded out, and into which there has been gradually introduced a tradition of regularity, skill, carefulness, and order, is both a happier place for the employer, and a more prosperous place for the employer's capital. It is no joke for a master of this kind to see his men attracted to the mill of his competitor; it is no trifle for him to lose men,—and this is especially true of overlookers and others of higher responsibility and trust,—whom he has known since the beginning of his active life; and it would be not only not a joke nor a trifle, it would be nothing less than the destruction of the fabric that it may have taken thirty or forty years to rear, if the whole body of the best artisans of the district were to be dispersed, their skill and experience lost to the trade, and the masters left in a dreary desert of rusting spindles and silent looms. The economist may talk of labour, like water, always

finding its level, and of new workers rushing into Lancashire to take the place of those who had been driven out. The employers know better. It is only in their manifestoes for the press that they borrow the jargon of bad economists, and talk of labour as a fluid or an abstraction. In the great Preston strike of five-and-twenty years ago they tried to import labour from the country, but they speedily discovered that a skilled artisan is not made in a day nor a month, and that hedging and ditching, reaping and delving, furnish but an ill preparation for the fine touch, the clever eye, the close attention, that mark trained spinners and weavers of a second or a third industrial generation.

By the side of these honourable workers is a stratum of the most depraved ruffians on the face of the earth. They are not the special product of the factory life, but the common product of town life. Their counterparts exist wherever population is thick enough to screen men of vicious propensities from the check of an effective public opinion. Their glance and bearing as you pass them in the roadway tell you that they are thriftless, dissolute, violent, brutal, unruly, and inveterately mutinous to the very core—not mutinous against the will of their employer, but organized rebels against every condition of wholesome and ordered life. This class furnishes a standing army for whatever passion may happen to be uppermost. We saw them in Blackburn in the autumn of 1868, scouring the streets with their picking-sticks, and breaking heads and windows to the sacred tune of *Altar and Throne*. A very well-informed Blackburn correspondent writes to the *Manchester Examiner*: “Their boldness in defying the police and in attacking property is largely to be accounted for by the former practice of millowners and others of hiring them in mobs or large gangs at contested elections (before the ballot came into use) to fight, and maraud, and terrorise the quieter class of voters, in the interest of their respective candidates. These rough fellows have been taught to think that charging through the streets, storming committee rooms and polling places, and smashing windows promiscuously, were but venial offences when committed on behalf of a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons. Some of the men who denounce them so vehemently, now when they have turned their artillery against the masters’ mills and houses, were the very persons who supplied them with ‘picking-sticks’ for the party political street fights years ago, and who enjoyed nothing better than to see a Grimshaw Park and King Street mob meet and stone and belabour each other with weapons brought out of the factories, by special permission, for such a purpose.” These are the people who violently break up the lecture of the agent of the Liberation Society. It was they who, some years ago, disgraced Bolton by outrageous riot and savagery on the occasion of a “Dilke meeting.”

And it was they, according to the better evidence, who formed at least the energetic nucleus of the mob who burned down the house of the spokesman of the employers, and did their best to promote a general wreckage of the mills.

To what extent they were joined by a portion of those who are ordinarily well-disposed, is a matter of dispute. The population of Blackburn has quick feelings; it has the defects of its qualities; and the same temperament which renders them the most indomitable workers in the whole county, may expose them to gusts of uncontrollable passion. Mr. Jackson himself, with a magnanimity that does him singular honour, came forward to defend the operatives from some too indiscriminating charges that had been made against them. And at any rate it is a certain mark of progress that so much astonishment should have been felt in the country, and so much shame in the district, at outrages which, gross and intolerable as they were, are still moderate when compared with previous outbreaks, from the mob which more than a hundred years ago demolished Hargreaves's house and Peel's mill and all the spinning-jennies that they could find, down to the loom-breaking riots of 1826, and political riots, and Murphy riots of our own immediate generation.<sup>1</sup>

So far as the general issues of the great conflicts of this century are concerned, it does not follow that a full admission of the claims of both of the contending groups to a measure of respect and sympathy, is at all the same thing as the vague and weak conclusion of random amiability—that there is as much to be said on one side as the other. There have been many particular episodes in which this moderate and balanced position might have been wisely taken, just as there have been others where the right was wholly with the employers, and others again where it was wholly with the workmen. Many strikes have been mischievous and unprovoked, and many have been most wholesome. In the recent struggle it is impossible, as we shall try to show, to congratulate either employers or workmen on unmixed prudence, foresight, and self-control. But although each set of incidents in the history of industrial development must be judged apart, yet such judgment can only be sound, on condition that it is made with reference to a general way of looking at the whole movement. In short, the most entire freedom in surveying the particular circumstances either of the Lancashire strike or any other, does not interfere with the large conviction that, taken as a whole, when all has been said that can be said as to the mistaken aims of the artisan class, the proletariat on a false scent, and so forth, the movement since the end of the Napoleonic wars for the emancipation of industry, as that movement has been carried on

(1) The reader who cares to know what the Blackburn district has been, may be referred to Mr. W. A. Abram's careful and laborious history of that town.

by the industrial classes on their own behalf, has abounded in advantage for all the highest interests of society.\* It has been the real movement of the century, the most characteristic, the most important, the centre of the deepest forces, the movement to which the future historian of our times will devote his gravest attention. Dynastic wars, redistribution of territory, political transformations, even convulsions of faith, will seem less momentous than the rise of the workmen to a decisive share in the control of their own destinies, and what is still more important for civilisation, their rise to habits and character which fit them for exercising this control with safety and good service to the commonwealth of the western nations. This is not because the workmen are better as a class, or more admirable as individuals. It is just because they are not a class, but the great substance, bulk, body and reality of the community. The most marked characteristic of the modern time is the recognition of this. The possessors of property, like the possessors of authority, cannot resist the consciousness of responsibility, no longer to the sentiment of their own order merely, but to the expectations of the common people. The great and the wealthy are invaded by the feeling that their authority and their riches are of the nature of a trust, and that social well-being depends not on the subjection, but on the elevation of those whose toil is the broadest support of the vast structure. Society has changed its type, and gone under the yoke of new ideals. It is not only the foremost minds of the country in all the various walks and callings of life, who take an active, conscious part in pressing to realise this new standard; its presence is in the universal air; the forces that have brought it forth guide silently and irresistibly even those who seem farthest removed from it and who protest most impatiently against it.

The gigantic system of industry that has been organized in Lancashire, can only be usefully criticised from this point of view. We can only measure that astonishing fabric of industrial polity, as we can only justify the various incidents of its growth and regulation, by considering how far it tends to help or to hinder the rise of our society to that better type which is now before us. The ability and energy of the employers have contributed as much as the skill and industry of the workmen to the amazing prosperity of the cotton districts. It is childish to disparage either in favour of others. It is untrue to assert that their interests are not as a whole identical. But there are points at which their material interests directly clash, and it is the simple truth to say that at these points it is the interests of the workmen, rightly understood, that are the interests of civilisation and the community.

The doctrine of unlimited and onpressing competition—competition *not with foreigners but with one another*—has led the manufacturers

to an expansion of their trade which some observers have regarded as reckless and insensate, and which even the calmest must look upon with uneasiness. If they could have had their own way, this competition would have been left wholly unchecked even by that kind of legislation which everybody outside of the trade uniformly perceives to be rational, beneficent, and more than this, even indispensable to the progress of civilisation. The manufacturer, spurred by the fiery necessities of competing with his neighbour in the next street, fought with might and main against the laws that restrict the hours of labour, and against the laws that order factory children to be sent to school for half their time. It is astonishing how even now, and even from the lips of the ablest and most public-spirited employers, one constantly overhears a regretful sigh for a day of twelve hours. Exactly in the same spirit, they contended against the legislative repeal, one after another, of the various laws and judgments against the combination of workmen, simply because in the combination of the workmen they justly foresaw the most powerful engine for limiting the competition of the employers.

The orthodox doctrine has been that the interests of civilisation are best promoted by the supply of his goods to the consumer at the lowest possible rate. But the social ideal interposes. It is clear on reflection that the economic proposition is not really tenable, and that nobody acts as if it were so. It is shallow enough to sneer at an economist for his enthusiasm about cheap shirtings, and such sneers at the elements of material comfort are never heard except from those who are themselves steeped to the lips in luxurious plenty. But let us admit that cheap shirtings may be very dear to the society that produces them. In practice every one does admit that such a society has interests of its own to protect, and first and foremost among these interests is the maintenance of as high a type of life as possible among its workers. Something has been said about Lancashire one day being reduced to the desolation of Tyre, but who would not a thousand times rather see even that catastrophe, than that Lancashire should keep her trade in the fatal condition on which the commercial greatness of Tyre rested, the forced labour of a population of slaves? What Englishman who had not bartered his soul away would consent for all the material gains in the world to see the whole labouring population of the Lancashire towns reduced to the condition of the Irish quarter of Liverpool, or Five Points at New York? Who would choose to see those endless rows of commodious, cleanly, wholesome, and decent cottages transformed into the bestial sties of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco?

This question is not a mere question in the air. Nobody with a capacity for taking interest in social possibilities, can think without

uneasiness of the slow stir that has already begun to make itself felt like the first still creeping of matter awakening to the conditions of organization, in the vast empire of China. Of China as a probable source of extreme military danger to English rule in India, this is not the place to speak, but the economic contest of the cheap races with the dear ones is sure to come. The merchants and employers will have themselves to thank. It was the shameless wars waged for the extension of their markets, which roused the slumbering Leviathan; it was they who tapped the volcano.

Here then is the true reason why a reduction of wages, necessary as it constantly is in the tidal fluctuations of trade, ought to be an object of as much concern to the rest of the community as to the artisans themselves. Their well-being is the interest of all. Fluctuations of wages are the worst of the evils to which the life of the artisan is exposed. A lower rate, if permanent, might be less demoralising than the uncertainty attendant on occasional descents to it from a higher rate. Frequent changes in the scale of living, and uncertainty how long to-day's scale may last, destroy the moral order of a household. Such conditions are fatal to calculating thrift, and everybody knows that nothing so surely fosters extravagance as a speculative income. Fluctuations apart, there is a level below which it is not to the advantage of society that its most industrious members should descend, and the great service which combinations of workmen have rendered to the rest of England is their tenacity in maintaining or raising this level by their constant sensitiveness on the subject of wages.

It is commonly assumed by academic Economists that every reduction of wages will be sooner or later followed by a return to the former rate. But this is merely the assumption of a lazy optimism. There is no such rhythmic law of alternating rise and fall in the labour market. On the contrary, there are causes constantly at work tending to make a reduction permanent, and not only that, but tending also to make each reduction the next step to a second. In the iron trade the Staffordshire men see that a reduction of their wages to the level of Cleveland or Belgium does not stop there. As soon as the Staffordshire prices have fallen low enough to maintain competition, what security is there that the Belgian master will not again reduce the wages of his men, and thus again force a second and a third drop in Staffordshire? The unionists might say, and say rightly, that they will not, if they can help it, be parties to a process that means the gradual lowering of the material resources of the labouring population of the world to the standard that happens to suffice for that portion of it which is least able for political, historical, or other reasons to secure an ampler share of the wealth of the earth.



and of all the blessings and adornments of life. I am aware that the workmen do not always put their claims in this precise light. They are fond of inscribing the sacred and eternal device of Justice on the banner with which they go forth to war. But those who refuse to give justice a place or a hearing in economics, may be less unwilling to take account of this more concrete and visible form of social expediency.

If these general considerations are essential to a comprehensive survey of the recent situation in Lancashire, it is fatal to suppose that they alone are enough. Nobody can form a judgment on the recent struggle who has not examined the whole case on its merits, and studied the special details of the claims on either side, and the circumstances under which they were actually made. Anybody who has skimmed a shilling primer of political economy, seems to think that this qualifies him to teach a cotton-spinner how to manage his business, and to lecture an artisan as to the wages that he ought to ask. To have read the text-books of political economy, or even to have delivered public lectures on its propositions, no more entitles one to pronounce a verdict here, than to have mastered Mr. Spencer's Principles of Biology entitles a man to prescribe for a fever, or to decide the expediency of cutting off a limb. The whole series of transactions is full of difficulty, and no economic formula whatever helps in the smallest degree to clear it up, any more than an astronomic formula will teach a sailor how to steer a ship from Liverpool to Rio, unless he has the charts that mark the winds, currents, and shoals of that special course.

The general conclusion which gradually forced itself upon a perfectly neutral observer was that the struggle never really turned upon any of the great familiar issues of industrial conflict, but has arisen from a certain want of tact, management, and temper, for which the employers and the workmen are each as much to blame as the other. There was no principle really at stake, for, as I shall presently show, the employers practically concur with the workmen in the possible expediency of reducing production. Above all, there was no denial on the part of the workmen of the fundamental proposition from which the employers started, namely, that the condition of the trade demanded a re-adjustment of wages or production, or both. In the able manifesto (April 18th) which was signed by the names of Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley, but the text of which is believed to have been the work of another hand, the losses of the manufacturers are explicitly admitted. "We are aware," they said, "that the cotton-trade has suffered for a long time, and is still suffering most severely. The bankruptcies, liquidations, and quiet arrangements made so frequently by manufacturers, are evident proof of the unprofitable character of the business. . . . Prices are

exceedingly low, the margin between the raw material and manufactured article being less than at any previous period in the history of the trade." They proceed to give instances. One kind of shirting "can easily be bought to-day for 6s. 6d. No man can produce them at a less cost than 7s. 1d. Another instance: . . . jacconets are being sold at 2s. 6d.; their net cost is 2s. 8½d. Now a firm with only five hundred looms, on either of these articles is losing at the rate of £60 sterling per week." This is the key to the discussion. Probably no industrial struggle ever began with so explicit a concession by one side of the central contention of their opponents. From this point onwards everything else is matter of dispute, but it has been dispute which could never have led to the extreme measures of strike and lock-out, if the disputants on both sides had been thoroughly eager to keep the peace. The loss mournfully proclaimed by the employers was sympathetically admitted by the workmen. The workmen of North-East Lancashire appeared to be as ready as their fellows in other parts of the county to bear their share of a loss which they never attempted to deny. The only real question was as to the form in which they should bear it, and this was a question which better management would certainly have settled peacefully unless there happened to be local reasons, which it is difficult to understand or to specify, for the existence of a latent exacerbation of feeling between the two sets of sufferers from the state of the trade. At Preston, which is within the area of the recent strike, while some of the mills eventually locked out, others were working at a reduction of 10 per cent., others at a reduction of 5 per cent., and others again at no reduction at all. At Bolton, which is not within the area of North-East Lancashire, the workmen had submitted to two successive reductions of 5 per cent. At Ashton-under-Lyne, also without the area of the struggle, there had been a reduction of 5 per cent., and a second reduction is in contemplation. Why was an equally tranquil settlement impossible at Blackburn and Burnley? This is a question to which the present writer could never get an intelligible answer.

Before Christmas the employers met the operative delegates, and proposed a reduction of 5 per cent. The conference was adjourned. After some weeks the Masters' Association sent to the delegates notice of another conference. The delegates did not reply. The employers met, and as no announcement had been received of the intention of the delegates to attend, a resolution for a 10 per cent. reduction was passed in their absence. Ten minutes after this the delegates arrived, but the employers positively declined to reopen the question. Now it is believed by those who have the best means of knowing, that the delegates had come prepared to accept a reduction of 5 per cent., and it has been said that they were even ready in

the last resort to have compromised at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Is it not pitiable, and worse than pitiable, that so momentous a conference as this would certainly have proved, and one so likely to have ended in a pacific solution, was heedlessly broken off on what must really be pronounced a mere piece of etiquette and barren formality? After the failure—may we call it the culpable failure?—of this interview, all was possible, except peace.

Again, it is difficult not to see that, apart from the unlucky failure of the delegates in punctuality, it would have been on the face of it more politic to begin the process of reduction in North-East Lancashire, as had been done elsewhere, at 5 per cent. If this were only the opinion of a person not in the trade, it would be worth nothing, but it was and it remains the private opinion of more than one employer of consideration, who sacrificed judgment and interests for the sake of a vicious concert.

The employers were no doubt aware that the resources of the workmen were slender. The operative spinners subscribe to their union pretty liberally, and their funds may have justified resistance. The weavers, on the other hand, are weak. Women, who are numerous in this branch of the trade, do not willingly join trade-societies. The rate of subscription is exceedingly low, and the numbers are small. I was informed that in Preston not more than twelve or fifteen hundred weavers are members of the association, out of a body of as many thousands. In Blackburn the proportion is greater, but even there not more than one-fifth of the total number of weavers are members of the society. The employers were alive to the inadequate strength of their opponents. If the weavers had been paying a substantial weekly sum to the union, and had thus secured a stout capital at their backs, the employers' association would never have dreamed of marching straight to a 10 per cent. reduction.

It may be said that the same consideration which made the employers bold, ought to have made the leaders of the workmen cautious. And this is true. But it is a great mistake to take for granted that that fierce democracy can be wielded at will by a union secretary. It is more true of the chiefs of unions than of other partisan-chiefs, that they can only lead by following. As a rule the officers of unions are the last persons in the world to desire a strike. The interest and ease of the leaders lie entirely in the other way. The pressure, in Mr. George Howell's words, generally originates with the rank and file.<sup>1</sup> There are unwise men among them, as there are unwise men among journalists, bishops, and cabinet ministers. But most of them are not unwise, and they usually do their best to persuade their constituents to stop short of

(1) *Conflicts of Capital and Labour*, p. 280.

a strike. Responsibility often chastens the cruder enthusiasm of their younger days. In the present instance, it would be impertinent to doubt that Mr. Birtwistle and Mr. Whalley approved of the strike which they organized, but no one who was present even at the final meeting of delegates when submission was decided upon by a majority against a fervid minority, would believe that the disapproval of a strike by the leaders would have offered any effectual resistance to the passionate resolution of the great bulk of the artisans. This passion was kindled not by reduction, as a solution of the trade difficulty, but by the fact of so large a reduction being made so suddenly. The difference between 10 per cent. to-day, and two reductions of 5 per cent. extended over three or four months, may not be very momentous in the eye of cool economic reason; but the first of the two processes gives a rude and inevitable shock to the imagination. It is probably true that the smaller reduction would not have given the manufacturer the full amount of the relief that he sought, but the disturbance of business and of the relations between employers and workmen which has arisen out of the incidents of the strike and lock-out, has been too dear a price to pay for the difference between 5 or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and 10 per cent. in wages.

A great deal of discussion has naturally been directed to the proposal with which the workmen met the demand of the employers. Superficially stated, that proposal seemed a monstrous paradox. A writer in the *Economist*—a journal exceptionally distinguished for the sobriety and coolness of its political judgments—has expressed the superficial view of the workmen's case tersely enough. "Stated plainly and nakedly," he says—"stated so indeed even by themselves—the case was this,—and it need only to be put in plain words for its illogicality to be manifest. The masters said, 'We can stand our losses no longer alone; you must share them to the extent of 10 per cent.; instead of 20s. a week you must be content with 18s.' The men replied—'We know you are losing, and we are willing to accept the 10 per cent. reduction you propose; but only on condition that you will, by working short time, knock off 20 per cent. more. We will take 18s. instead of 20s., provided you will pay us 14s. only. Otherwise we will turn out, and have nothing.' Is it possible to fancy a position more utterly untenable and senseless?—a ground of quarrel, suffering, and strike more inconceivably untenable? Yet this is the strict and precisely accurate statement of the point at issue. It is a strike *not because the masters offer the men 18s. instead of 20s., but because they offer 18s. instead of 14s.* Fourteen shillings would have been accepted cordially—eighteen shillings is rejected with irritation and disgust."<sup>1</sup>

It ought to have been seen that such a statement imputed to the

workmen a degree of absurdity that is impossible. The Lancashire weavers are passionate, but they are not idiots. Anybody who proves that they are this, must know that he has proved too much, and ought instantly to set to work to revise his arguments. Personally, after conversations with some of the people concerned in that proposal, and after reading some of the speeches in which it was referred to, I cannot help feeling very little doubt that the proposal was never serious, if it was not a cheap device for earning an outside reputation for being conciliatory and practicable. Everybody knew, if everybody did not avow, that it was desperate; that it was a proposal which it was impossible, for reasons that I shall presently mention, for the masters to entertain.

But that scheme was by no means in itself the paradox which it seemed to critics at a distance. In the first place, it was perfectly capable from the point of view, alike of employers and employed, of the line of defence which was taken by the literary champions of the workmen. The market was glutted—such was their contention—and the remedy could only be found in a reduction of the stock of manufactured cloth with which the vast warehouses and cellars of Manchester were filled to bursting. Were the workmen right or wrong in their contention? My answer would have little value; but we have at least the evidence of the employers themselves, whatever that may be worth from the point of view of the consumer, that the men were right; for it was something of the nature of a common taunt that the workmen, in the very process of endeavouring to injure the employers by a strike, had in fact done many of them the service of saving them from bankruptcy. And how? By stopping production. Short time might have been a bad way of bringing the same thing about; that is another question. Whatever may have been the merit or demerit of short time as a means, the confessions of three-fourths of the employers show that limitation of production as the end, has been a service to them. Mr. Rainsford Jackson in addressing the Manchester Chamber of Commerce (May 6) on a paper by Mr. Lord on the causes of the present depression of trade, said: “Mr. Lord had referred to the necessity of their working short time and of reducing their output. *It was perhaps desirable that the output should be reduced.* He was not prepared to say that when even 10 per cent. was taken off the wages, the markets would take all that the mills are now producing. . . . *He did not say that they might not, after this dispute with the workmen was settled, resort to some means of reducing production,* but it would be done by different forms according to their individual positions and the view they took of their prospects.” The employers, at any rate, justify the principle to which their opponents professed to look for that ultimate rectification of the markets on

which the prosperity of both depended. If the diminution of production is really so great a departure from the way of salvation, the professors of economics should divide their dreary reproaches equally between employers and workmen.

There is a more interesting defence than this for what, if it be wrongly apprehended, must seem the climax of economic infatuation. The workmen saw, as clearly as their Mentors in the London press, the not very recondite arithmetical proposition, that if they received only fourteen shillings for four days, when they might have earned eighteen shillings in six days, they would find themselves with four shillings less in their pockets at the week's end.\* But they looked—or their argument looked—beyond the week's end. The writers who so triumphantly enunciated beyond a cavil that eighteen shillings are more than fourteen, ought to have remembered that this is not the first time that the workmen have proffered some other aim to the immediate week's return. Their late agitation for the Nine Hours Bill, which was a permanent form of short time, was pursued independently of the effect which they were warned that it would have in diminishing wages.<sup>1</sup> And so on the present occasion, the cash value of the labour of the passing week was not by any means the single decisive element. The workmen look further ahead than their censors. The temporary loss of the ten per cent. reduction was the least part of the matter. What was vitally important was that wages should go back to the former rate at the earliest moment at which the condition of the trade would permit it, and there was no way so sure of discovering that this moment had arrived, as putting the masters on short time. Short time would be a self-acting check, marking the revival of trade, because such a revival would have for its first symptom or consequence an irresistible eagerness on the part of the employers to return to full time; and a return to full time would have necessarily been accompanied by a return to the full rate of wages.

So much then for the case that might be made out for the proposal that was nominally offered by the leaders of the workmen, and that has been so strange a stumbling-block to critics outside. Let us consider the answer that was made by the employers. Of course there is, to begin with, the obvious objection that short time would throw all the fixed charges of the employer—rent, interest, depreciation, poor-rates, salaried clerks, warehouse, and so forth,—upon the production of four days, instead of leaving it to be distributed over

(1) Some writers in discussing that increase three or four years ago, evidently assumed, or invited their readers to assume, that the workmen claimed to be paid as much for nine hours' work as for ten. In fact the payments are by piece, and not by time, and therefore the workman was asking for something which seemed to lessen his power of earning money, and only has not done so, because it has stimulated his industry.

the production of six days; and in this way, it was contended, the employer would have lost as much, as he gained by the reduction of wages. But the employers took a more general ground of objection. "No doubt," they said, "if continued long enough, short time would raise the price of goods to the cost of production, but the circumstances of firms vary so much that the time required by one manufacturer would be much greater than that required by another, and the inducements to return to full time would influence the former too soon for the interests of the latter. Hence organization, even if temporarily arranged, would not last. Let us, however, suppose this difficulty got over, and short time generally worked until prices advanced, and until the cotton trade became profitable, what would follow? All would again produce to their utmost power. Extensions before deemed imprudent would be made. Fresh capital—perhaps operative capital, as at Oldham and elsewhere—would find its way into the trade. Over-production would speedily again manifest itself, and as no doubt it would be considered that the remedy lay in a new resort to short time, the trade would be made to rest upon an artificial instead of upon a sound and healthy basis."<sup>1</sup> The difficulties of short time were again formally set forth in the same speech by Mr. Jackson to which I have already referred. "The employers," he said, "had from time to time endeavoured to arrange amongst themselves to work short time, but they had found the diversity of the conditions of different firms to be so great that it had been impossible to give effect to any organization which would be effectual for that object. Take the difference of position, for example, between a new mill and an old one." They might have a new mill costing 30s. per spindle, and in which, taking it at 100,000 spindles, there was an invested capital of £150,000. There might be an old mill producing quite as much, which stood at £40,000 in the books. The loss by depreciation, &c., in the one mill might be at least £15,000 a year, and in the other mill but £4,000. Was it possible for those two mills to regard themselves upon the same level when they treated upon this question? Take another view. He might be convinced that cotton was lower now than it would be for six months hence, and that it would be safe for him to stock for six months. Why should he, in that case, work on short time if he thought he could make a profit by working his mill upon that principle? His neighbour, however, might take the same view but not be able to stock, and it might be his interest to go on short time. Another neighbour might be able to stock, but might think it unwise to do so, and would therefore go on short time. But were they, at the dictation of the delegates of the union, to place them-

(1) *Answer by North and North-East Lancashire Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association, April 26.*

selves, with their different views, upon the same level, regardless of the consequences to themselves, and altogether regardless of their financial and industrial position? He said, therefore, that short time under the circumstances and in the manner in which it was demanded, could not be accorded by the employers."

The following communication bears further on the employers' view of the whole situation.

"It is well that the public should know that from the very first the weavers' delegates had determined upon a strike if any reduction was made in wages, and that their whole policy and programme were planned with a view to resist reduction in any form; that although first one proposal and then another were put forward—the principal feature which has characterized each of them has been that it was well known that the employers would not accept it. Until the strike had lasted a month, the proposition to accept a reduction of even five per cent. was not made, whilst the three propositions put before the masters' central committee on the 14th May<sup>1</sup> had each of them been declined before, the two first when made by the weavers, and the last when advanced by the spinners."

Now I call attention to the explanation given by Mr. Birtwistle at a meeting held in Burnley of the object of those proposals. "Some of the operatives objected to the loss they would suffer from a combination of short time and reduced wages, and were so persistent as to draw the delegates' hands. Before they could be made to acquiesce Mr. Birtwistle said, 'they all knew that the employed would not consent to working short time *without a reduction*, so let them say that if the masters would work short time, they would accept a reduction. By this means he thought they would effect their object.' What object? The 'short time' which has been so much lauded as the means of improving trade? Not this surely, because it was a well-known fact that the employers would reject any proposition with short time for its basis. What then, solely and simply, by a prolonged strike, to prevent a reduction of wages, and thus force upon the employers the continued endurance of a loss which is calculated in this same manifesto at equal to 40 per cent. on the wages. And thus we have had two months' conflict upon a false issue, which has deceived at the same time the bulk of the operatives and not a small portion of the outside public."

So far as the present writer had means of judging from conversation with responsible persons on both sides, there is a considerable degree of truth in this representation of the hollowness of the issue. But the hollowness was not wholly on one side. The able champion of the employers will not think that we are using him ill, in

(1) It was the rejection of these proposals on May 14 that was followed by the rioting of the same night at Blackburn and the destruction of Mr. Jackson's house.



reproducing the following passage from his own speech of May 6 to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce :—

*“ He looked upon the prohibition (i.e. the prohibition of a reduction unless accompanied by short time) as the fixing of a minimum rate of wages. He looked upon it as meaning that whenever there was a difficulty in trade they were to reduce the output and increase the cost of production, but never under any circumstances to touch the wages, and therefore that they should never reduce the cost of the articles they produced. He looked upon it, further, as an effort on the part of the union leaders to acquire a share in the control and management of the trade of this district, to which he did not regard them as entitled. If the trade union leaders could go to the employers and say, ‘ You shall only work such and such hours, and you shall arrange with us what hours you work,’ he wanted to know what was to prevent them by-and-by asking to have a voice in the cotton they used, and many other features of the management of the mills. The proposition was altogether untenable, but they must not assume that he said that they had no right to make it. The employers proposed to reduce wages by 10 per cent., and the workmen replied that they would agree to the reduction on certain conditions. They had a perfect right to make that reply, and, if they could, to exact those conditions; but they as employers would be absolutely insane if they took them as partners in the management of their factories to that extent, and that was the reason why he offered strong objections to the proposal made by the operatives.”*

It is fair to say, however, that one of the most influential of the employers writes to me as follows :—

*“ The spinners’ delegates have abstained from violent or exciting language. They have remained firm, and held out against the reduction, aiming at obtaining a higher remuneration for their labour than we offered; but in doing so they have been strictly within their right, and are entitled to be regarded still as the fair and legitimate representatives of their branch of the operatives, whom, so far as we know, they have never deceived nor exasperated. Of the weavers’ representatives this cannot be said, and it is only because the weavers themselves took the affair into their own hands that the strike has been settled.”* This distinction on the part of an employer, whatever Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley might find to criticise in it as a statement of matter of fact, at least admits fairly enough the just pretensions of the workmen to a voice in the questions affecting the remuneration of their labour.

The more we read of the speeches, and the more we know of what was loosely said and daily talked among both employers and men, the more clearly do we perceive that the sentiment on both sides was mixed, and the intention confused. The workmen were irritated

by the manner and extent of the reduction, and met it by a proposal in which their belief was very hazy. The employers felt the necessity for a relief which they were economically justified in asking; probably were conscious, after the event, of the impolicy of having asked for it in block; were alive to the drawbacks of short time, and yet secretly alive also to the possibility of many firms having to come to it in the end; and, finally, amid this group of harassing conditions, were exceptionally sensitive on the old ground of dictatorial interference.

It has been constantly asked why the employers would not consent to the proposal that was made to them from so many sides to submit the dispute to arbitration. Their refusal was set down to arrogance or obstinacy, and these evil motives may have influenced some minds among them. There was more arrogance in the will of Lord Bateman and others to decide a difficult issue in a trade of which they had no knowledge, than in the refusal by the employers. The trade is of incomparably vast dimensions and complexity, and it is no wonder that employers have felt deeper objections to these well-meaning proposals than lie on the surface. To begin with, they contend that the cotton trade is in such a position as to offer no data on which to base an award. The movements of the market for the last two years are no criterion of its prospects for the next two. Circumstances that cannot by any human vision be foreseen nor measured nor reckoned for, might overthrow the whole fabric of the conditions which the arbitration had assumed. A European war, or the near menace of it, or a famine in India, or bad harvests at home, would make all the difference to-morrow in the equity or the practicability of a settlement of wages arrived at to-day. Again, it is well known after a long experience of arbitration in other trades that its methods are those of compromise. The arbitrator is naturally anxious to meet each of the two disputants half way. Arbitration is usually another word for splitting the difference. The employers, therefore, in the present instance, would have been obliged to ask for more than they expected to get. In order to secure a reduction of seven and a half per cent. they would have claimed fifteen per cent. But to have claimed a reduction of that magnitude would have been to set all Lancashire in a blaze.

Both of these grounds of objection seem entitled to some weight. There is a third, however, of still greater force and substance. We have been accustomed, the employers say, to meet the delegates of the men round a table: to discuss with them the circumstances of the trade with perfect openness; we have laid our case before them without reserve, and we have listened to the case that they urged upon us, with entire patience. Hitherto this system has worked

excellently,<sup>1</sup> and it has done so among other reasons because both sides felt that this was the only court in which a difference of opinion or interest could be argued and decided. These meetings, we learn, "have been characterised by courteous exchange of opinion, and there being no arrangement for resort to outside arbitration, each side has acted under the heavy sense of the responsibility arising out of the consideration that failure in negotiation must necessarily lead to industrial war." The practice of reference to some outside authority would totally transform the temper of the proceedings. The possibility of appeal would lessen the eagerness alike of employers and delegates to compel the other side by force of strenuous persuasion there and then to accept their conclusion. From a great landowner or a benevolent bishop, unaccustomed to all the complexities of the trade, and too ignorant of its intricate details to distinguish a plausible fallacy from a well-bottomed argument, the champions of the worst case might still hope to snatch a verdict.<sup>2</sup> They would be both much less pacific and much less business-like.

It is not worth while to dwell on the difficulty of hitting on a settlement that shall be equally just to the great variety of individual interests. How far this difficulty is an objection to arbitration, it is not easy to decide; but we can easily see how such a variety of individual interest must constantly and irresistibly tend against effective combination among the masters. The workmen have one great common aim, pursued *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, the maintenance or improvement of wages. A rise of wages can never come wrong. But the interests of the masters are various, divergent, and conflicting. It is no secret that there are great factories, both in Blackburn and other parts of North-east Lancashire, where the employers have in the present contest suffered heavy losses by stopping work, and where they would rather have kept their mills open with a five per cent. reduction, or even with no reduction at all. One has an old mill with old machinery, another has a new, improved, and more costly plant. To reduce time is therefore more expensive to the second than to the first, by the whole difference in the value of their fixed capital. One may have plenty of loose capital and the other be a borrower from his bank. One may have a heavy order in hand, which it is to his interest to execute as rapidly as possible, the other may have no order. The renowned firm of Horrocks and Miller were able to say publicly that they saw no necessity for any reduction of wages, and

(1) The men, however, are said not to be completely satisfied with it. The reader may refer to Mr. Henry Crompton's useful little work on *Industrial Conciliation*, pp. 129-30.

(2) The workmen, it is true, proposed a committee of comparative experts, to consist of two merchants, two shippers, and two bankers, with Lord Derby or the Bishop of Manchester as chairman, but experts are the very last persons to come to an agreement, and the whole arrangement was far too cumbrous to work.

in their case this was undoubtedly true, first because the proverbial excellence of their goods gives them a well-deserved command of the market,—a point which a good many other firms in the cotton district would do well to ponder—and second, because they manufacture for the home trade, where the depression has been infinitely less serious. Such cases of speciality of situation might be multiplied without end. It is only after wide observation that a person from without is able to realise how many distinct branches, and what variety of conditions, go to make up the cotton trade. This important circumstance will prevent a very frequent recurrence of effective combination among the employers, and it is tolerably clear to an impartial listener that the policy of combination has borne in the present dispute too heavy a strain for it to be often repeated on the same scale.

It is not always desirable to seize a moment of distress and embarrassment for reading people a lecture on the folly that helped them into it, and posterity has always counted Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite as most unseasonable in the time of their reproving. Yet the lesson is too important to be passed over, and it is this. Of the ultimate causes of the depression of the great Lancashire industry, some were beyond control. Neither employers nor workmen were responsible for the famine in India nor the more appalling famine in China. They were not responsible for Marshal Macmahon's coup d'état of the sixteenth of May, which paralysed French trade, and stopped up an important conduit for the consumption of goods. They were not to blame for a succession of bad harvests. But there has been another disturbing cause, not at all less potent than famines in the east and reactionary intrigues in the west, and this has been, and still is, the overhanging menace of European war. There is not a manufacturer or a merchant with whom you converse, who does not at once tell you that one of the most important sources of the present depression is the black cloud that has darkened the European horizon for so many months. It is notorious that nothing checks the spirit of commercial enterprise, deranges financial calculations, and baffles industrial energy, so profoundly and so obstinately as the prolonged apprehension of a great war. If the Lancashire members of Parliament had gone to Lord Beaconsfield, as their predecessors are said on one occasion to have gone to Lord Palmerston, definitely protesting against England being drawn into war, they would have taken the most direct path towards revival of trade. Employers and employed alike lacked the moral courage for this, or else they lacked clear judgment. They expended on one another a resentment which would have been more usefully directed against the mischievous

policy which the favourite statesman of their own county, the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had deliberately condemned and publicly repudiated.

It is usual to close the discussion of a conflict in the relations between capitalists and workmen with morals, lessons, and an assortment of panaceas. All this proves the iniquity and folly of unions, the destructive critics exclaim. Co-operation is the great solution, cry those of more positive temper. Personally I have no panacea to offer, and I discern no immediate lesson, except that it is a pity that all the people in the world are not sensible, patient, unprejudiced, and very careful in conduct. What we have to look for is a series of disputes and contests between employers and workmen, in which the employer shall be ever increasingly willing to regard himself as one of a great order of social servants and directors, and the workman shall be increasingly willing to measure the facts of his industry, and its relation to the tidal forces of the commercial world, with intelligence and reasonableness and a sense of moral responsibility to the commonwealth. This may sound vague. But it is all that I, at least, anticipate for the future, because this is the line along which industrial civilisation has marched in the past. And that there has been a progressive march of this kind, nobody who knows the cotton-districts will deny. Some of the incidents of the last struggle are as painful as incidents can be, but compared with what it was forty years ago, even the most irritated employer will admit that Lancashire is a paradise.

EDITOR.

POSTSCRIPT.—I have appended a Memorandum which a friend has kindly furnished to me. Its inferences only profess to be approximately exact, but it is at least tolerably clear that the workmen have dealt very thriftily with their savings. The unfortunate small shopkeepers would perhaps prove to have been heavier sufferers in proportion to their means than either employers or operatives. The distress among the majority of the latter does not seem to have been severe, and the Blackburn crowd had as well-nourished an appearance as usual, and there was nothing of the gaunt hapless look of the days of the Cotton Famine.

*Memorandum.*

|  | Deposits.      | Withdrawals<br>during Strike. |
|--|----------------|-------------------------------|
| Three principal Building Societies in<br>Blackburn . . . . . | £285,000       | £7,000                        |
| Three smaller Building Societies<br>(estimate) . . . . .     | 65,000         | 1,500                         |
|  | <hr/> £350,000 | <hr/> £8,500                  |

|   | Deposits.      | Withdrawals.  |
|---|----------------|---------------|
| Blackburn Savings Bank . . .                                | £247,000       | £8,000        |
| Post Office Savings Bank, Blackburn<br>—not known—say . . . | 50,000         | 2,000         |
|   | <hr/> £297,000 | <hr/> £10,000 |

|   | Members.    | Capital.      | Withdrawals<br>during Strike. |
|---|-------------|---------------|-------------------------------|
| Co-operative Societies in Blackburn<br>(Provision Stores only), three of<br>the principal societies . . . | 3,700       | £46,000       | £5,400                        |
| Three or four smaller Co-operative<br>Stores (estimate). . .  | 2,000       | 15,000        | 1,500                         |
|   | <hr/> 5,700 | <hr/> £61,000 | <hr/> £6,900                  |

It may be estimated roundly that the total number of depositors in the two Blackburn Savings Banks are about 10,000, in the Building Societies 4,000, and in the Co-operative Societies (stores) 5,700; altogether probably some 20,000 depositors. If only the half of these were factory operatives there would be 10,000 persons with deposited savings of that class, chiefly heads of families; whilst the total number of factory working heads, of families in Blackburn does not exceed 12,000, representing, at 5 to a family, 60,000 souls out of a total urban population of 95,000. There is little doubt that there are not less than 8,000 (to put a minimum) adult operatives in the town who have deposited savings in one or other of the places of investment favoured by that class, which would be two-thirds of the whole number of heads of families, and that the total of their deposits would be found on inquiry not less than £350,000. The total of their withdrawal during the strike may be reckoned at £25,000, which is less than a tithe, probably, of the sum total invested in Blackburn by the factory working class.

Estimated loss in wages in the town of Blackburn by the strike, which stopped about 30,000 operatives of all branches and ages nearly nine weeks, £200,000.

Computed cost of providing the barest necessaries of food for 60,000 of operative population at, say, 2s. 6d. a head per week for eight weeks, £60,000. Of which reckon expended savings of operatives £30,000; provisions got on credit from the shopkeepers, say £15,000; relief in money and kind from the spinners' and weavers' unions and all forms of public charity, say, £15,000. Total, £60,000.

But it is more likely that some thousands of pounds more have been drawn from savings, and run on in shop credits.

## IRISH CATHOLICISM AND BRITISH LIBERALISM

ALL roads, says the proverb, lead to Rome; and one finds in like manner that all questions raise the question of religion. We say to ourselves that religion is a subject where one is prone to be too copious and too pertinacious, where it is easy to do harm, easy to be misunderstood; that what we felt ourselves bound to say on it we have said, and that we will discuss it no longer. And one may keep one's word faithfully so far as the direct discussion of religion goes; but then the irrepressible subject manages to present itself for discussion indirectly. Questions of good government, social harmony, education, civilisation, come forth and ask to be considered; and very soon it appears that we cannot possibly treat them without returning to treat of religion. Ireland raises a crowd of questions thus complicated.

Our nation is not deficient in self-esteem, and certainly there is much in our achievements and prospects to give us satisfaction. But even to the most self-satisfied Englishmen, Ireland must be an occasion, one would think, from time to time of mortifying thoughts. We may be conscious of nothing but the best intentions towards Ireland, the justest dealings with her. But how little she seems to appreciate them! We may talk, with the *Daily Telegraph*, of our "great and genial policy of conciliation" towards Ireland; we may say, with Mr. Lowe, that by their Irish policy in 1868 the Liberal Ministry, of whom he was one, "resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly." Only, unfortunately, the Irish themselves do not see the matter as we do. All that by our genial policy we seem to have succeeded in inspiring in the Irish themselves is an aversion to us so violent, that for England to incline one way is a sufficient reason to make Ireland incline another, and the obstruction offered by the Irish members in Parliament is really an expression, above all, of this uncontrollable antipathy. Nothing is more honourable to French civilisation than its success in attaching strongly to France—France Catholic and Celtic—the German and Protestant Alsace. What a contrast to the humiliating failure of British civilisation to attach to Germanic and Protestant Great Britain the Celtic and Catholic Ireland!

For my part, I have never affected to be either surprised or indignant at the antipathy of the Irish to us. What they have had to suffer from us in past times, all the world knows. And now, when we profess to practise "a great and genial policy of conciliation" towards them, they are really governed by us in deference to

the opinion and sentiment of the British middle class, and of the strongest part of this class, the Puritan community. I have pointed out this before, but in a book about schools, and which only those who are concerned with schools are likely to have read. Let me be suffered, therefore, to repeat it here. The opinion and sentiment of our middle class controls the policy of our statesmen towards Ireland. That policy does not represent the real mind of our leading statesmen, but the mind of the British middle class controlling the action of statesmen. The ability of our popular journalists and successful statesmen goes to putting the best colour they can upon the action so controlled. But a disinterested observer will see an action so controlled to be what it is, and will call it what it is. The great failure in our actual national life is the imperfect civilisation of our middle class. The great need of our time is the transformation of the British Puritan. Our Puritan middle class presents a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. And yet it is in deference to the opinion and sentiment of such a class that we shape our policy towards Ireland. And we wonder at Ireland's antipathy to us! Nay, we expect Ireland to lend herself to the make-believe of our own journalists and statesmen, and to call our policy "genial"!

The Irish Catholics, who are the immense majority in Ireland, want a Catholic university. Elsewhere both Catholics and Protestants have universities where their sons may be taught by persons of their own form of religion. Catholic France allowed the Protestants of Alsace to have the Protestant university of Strasburg. Protestant Prussia allows the Catholics of the Rhine Province to have the Catholic university of Bonn. The Protestants of Ireland have in Trinity College, Dublin, a university where the teachers in all those great matters which afford debatable ground between Catholic and Protestant are Protestant. The Protestants of Scotland have universities of a like character. In England the members of the English Church have in Oxford and Cambridge universities where the teachers are almost wholly Anglican. Well, the Irish Catholics ask to be allowed the same thing.

There is extraordinary difficulty in getting this demand of theirs directly and frankly met. They are told that they want secondary schools even more than a university. That may be very true, but they do also want a university; and to ask for one institution is a simpler affair than to ask for a great many. They are told they have the Queen's Colleges, invented expressly for Ireland. But they do not want colleges invented expressly for Ireland; they want colleges such as those the English and Scotch have in Scotland and England. They are told that they may have a university of the London type, an examining board, and perhaps a system of prizes. But all the



world is not, like Mr. Lowe, enamoured of examining boards and prizes.\* The world in general much prefers to universities of the London type universities of the type of Strasburg, Bonn, Oxford; and the Irish are of the same mind as the world in general. They are told that Mr. Gladstone's Government offered them a university without theology, philosophy, or history, and that they refused it. But the world in general does not desire universities with theology, philosophy, and history left out; no more did Ireland. They are told that Trinity College, Dublin, is now an unsectarian university, no more Protestant than Catholic, and that they may use Trinity College. But the teaching in Trinity College is, and long will be (and very naturally), for the most part in the hands of Protestants; the whole character, tradition, and atmosphere of the place are Protestant. The Irish Catholics want to have on their side, too, a place where the university teaching is in the hands of Catholics, and of which the character and atmosphere shall be Catholic. But then they are asked whether they propose to do away with all the manifold and deep-rooted results of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and they are warned that this would be a hard, nay, impossible matter. But they are not proposing anything so enormous and chimerical as to do away with all the results of Protestant ascendancy; they propose merely to put an end to one particular and very cruel result of it—the result that they, the immense majority of the Irish people, have no university, while the Protestants in Ireland, the small minority, have one. For this plain hardship they propose a plain remedy, and to their proposal they want a plain and straightforward answer.

And at last they get it. It is the papal answer, *Non possumus*. The English Ministry and Parliament may wish to give them what they demand, may think their claim just, but they *cannot* give it them. In the mind and temper of the English people there is an unconquerable obstacle. "The claims of the Irish Roman Catholics," says the *Times*, "are inconsistent with the practical conditions of politics. It is necessary to repeat the simple fact that the temper of the people of Great Britain will not admit of any endowment of Roman Catholic institutions. We should recognise the futility of contending against the most rooted of popular prejudices." "The demand for the State endowment of a Roman Catholic university, or of a Roman Catholic college," says the *Saturday Review*, "may be perfectly just, but it is at the same time perfectly impracticable. The determination not to grant it may be quite illogical, but it is very firmly rooted." A radical and almost miraculous change in the mind and temper of the objectors is required, the *Saturday Review* adds, before such a thing can be granted. And in the House of Commons Mr. Lowe said: "He would not argue whether it would be good or bad

to found out of public funds a Catholic university in Ireland; all he said was that it was not in the power of that House to do so. • Every one who knew the state of feeling in England, Scotland, and a part of Ireland, must know that if the Government were to attempt such a thing, it would be running its head against a wall, running upon its own destruction. It would be perfectly impossible to carry any such measure through the House.” So that in our “genial policy of conciliation” towards Ireland we are fettered by a *non possumus*. And the *non possumus* has provided itself with a short formula which is everywhere current among us, and which is this, “The Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment; the Protestants of Great Britain are emphatically hostile to the endowment of Catholicism in any shape or form.”

Let us leave for a moment the Protestants of Great Britain, and let us think of the Liberal party only. Mr. Lowe has in this very Review, not many months ago, admirably set forth the ideal of the Liberal party. “The ideal of the Liberal party,” says Mr. Lowe, “consists in a view of things undisturbed and undistorted by the promptings of interests or prejudice, in a complete independence of all class interests, and in relying for its success on the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind.” Happier words could not well be found; such is indeed the true ideal of the Liberal party. Well, then, if the demand of the Irish for a Catholic university is perfectly just, if the refusal of it is perfectly illogical, how bitter it must be for a true Liberal to refuse it on the score of “the fatality of contending against the most rooted of popular prejudices”! To be undisturbed by the promptings of prejudice, and to rely for success on the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind, is the very ideal which a true Liberal has to follow. And to the best and most reflecting Liberals, accordingly, it seems to have been given to see that, whether religious endowment be in itself good or bad, Great Britain cannot justly refuse Ireland’s claim for a university of that kind which we ourselves, in England and Scotland, prefer and adopt, and that to withhold it in deference to popular prejudice is wrong. The Editor of this Review has recorded Mr. Mill’s opinion, declared in the last conversation which Mr. Mill ever had with him. “He seemed disposed to think that the most feasible solution of the Irish University question is a Catholic university, the restrictive and obscurantist tendencies of which you may expect to have checked by the active competition of life with men trained in more enlightened systems.” The Editor who thus records Mr. Mill’s opinion has avowed that he himself shares it. But of still more importance was the practical adhesion given the other day in the House of Commons to Mr. Mill’s opinion, by a certain number of English Liberals, on the occasion of the O’Conor Don’s resolution affirming the claims of

Ireland to a Catholic university. A certain number of English Liberal members, and amongst them men so prominent and so ardently Liberal as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, voted in favour of the O'Connor Don's resolution. True, there was after all a great majority against the resolution. The mass of Liberals, as well as the mass of Conservatives, were, like the *Times*, for "recognising the futility of contending against the most rooted of popular prejudices." The claims, the just claims, of Ireland were sacrificed, as they have been sacrificed so often, to the opinion and sentiment of the British middle class, of the British Puritan, who cries that if the State endows a Roman Catholic university, the State is "by force of the tax-gatherer compelling us to teach as truth that which we before God assert without the slightest misgiving to be dismal error, and making us parties to a lie." They were sacrificed to the prejudices of people whose narrowness and whose imperfect civilisation every cultivated man perceives and deplors. The continued rule of these prejudices is presented as a fatality from which there can be no escape without a miracle. But perhaps when Liberals of such mark as Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain have the courage to set them at nought, and have the courage to set at nought also, at least for this one occasion, the formula that "the Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment," the miracle has begun.

At all events, few things in politics have ever given me more pleasure than to see the aid courageously afforded to Irish Catholics by this little band of advanced English Liberals. I do not profess to be a politician, but simply one of a disinterested class of observers, who, with no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilisation. But the ideal of the Liberal party, as we have seen it exhibited by Mr. Lowe, is certainly also the ideal of such a class of observers. However, the practice of Liberals has seemed to me to fall a good deal short of this ideal, and instead of relying for its success on the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind, to lend itself very often to the wishes of narrow and prejudiced people, in the hope of finding its account by so doing. And I have again and again, for a good many years past, being a humble follower of the true Liberal ideal, remarked that by their actual practice our Liberals, however prosperous they might seem, could not really succeed—that their doings wanted more of simple and sincere thought to direct them, that their performance was far less valuable than they supposed, and that it and they were more and more losing their charm for the nation. This I said in their prosperity. But in their present adversity I prefer to remember only that their cause is in a general way, at any rate, mine also, that I serve

and would follow the Liberal ideal. And as we are told that in the depressed days of Israel "they that feared the Eternal spake often one to another," to confirm one another in a belief of the final triumph of their cause, so in the present evil days, Liberals ought to speak often one to another of relying upon the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind, that we may keep up our faith and spirits. Or if, in this Review, and addressing advanced Liberals, it is out of place to cite the example of a set of antiquated Jewish religionists, let me quote the comfortable words of a blameless Liberal, Condorcet, assuring us that "the natural order of things tends to bring general opinion more and more into conformity with truth." *L'ordre naturel tend à rendre l'opinion générale de plus en plus conforme à la vérité.* And, therefore the politician who would be of real service must manage to get at this *vérité*, this truth. *Connaitre la vérité pour y conformer l'ordre de la société, telle est l'unique source du bonheur public.* And when Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke and other Liberal politicians have just given a signal proof of their faith in justice and reason, and of their willingness to contend for them "against the most rooted of popular prejudices," let us seize the opportunity of fortifying them and ourselves in the conviction that "the natural order of things tends to bring general opinion more and more into conformity with truth," and that it is an excellent principle in government to believe that to what is reasonable one may always hope to make the majority of men at last come in. Let us see if this may not lead us to recast the programme of our practical Liberalism altogether, and to use our present dull times for bringing it more into correspondence with the true Liberal ideal. Perhaps the weakness of Liberalism will be found to lie in its having followed hitherto with a too eager solicitude the wishes of a class narrow-minded and imperfectly civilised; its strength in the future must lie more in complying with the order which for our progress appears the true one, and in co-operating with nature to bring general opinion into harmony with it.

For take the formula which is supposed to govern the action of British Liberalism towards Irish Catholicism, and which long has governed it, but which a small band of Liberal heroes the other day set at naught: "The Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment, the Protestants of Great Britain are implacably hostile to the endowment of Catholicism in any shape or form." This may seem a convenient formula for Liberalism to adopt, because it enables us to act in concert with English Nonconformity and Scotch Puritanism. But evidently it tends to divide British Liberals from Irish Liberals. It costs British Liberals the support of Liberalism in Ireland, which they can ill afford to do without. Therefore it, extremely behoves them to examine their formula well, and to ascertain how far it corresponds with the natural truth of things; for this

is always and surely tending, as we have seen, to prevail. And if the formula has natural truth on its side, then there is good reason for hoping that the Irish Catholics, however ignorant, may at last come into it and be reconciled to its operation. But if it has not natural truth on its side, then the irritation and estrangement which its operation must produce in Ireland will be perpetual. On the other hand, British Puritanism, however prejudiced, may be trusted to resign itself at some distant day to the abandonment of the formula if it is false, because time and nature will beneficently work towards such abandonment.

The part of the formula which Liberals have to sift and examine is the first part. "The Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment." This maxim is not even now quite true in fact, for many members of the Liberal party favour religious endowment. And if that view of things out of which the maxim arises turns out to be erroneous, there is no reason why even those Liberals who have adopted the maxim should not drop it; their cause and their work and their reason for existing are in no wise bound up with it. But it is not denied that the Protestants, or at any rate the Puritans, of Great Britain, are implacably hostile to the endowment of Catholicism in any shape or form. And however that view out of which their hostility arises may be shown to be erroneous, there is every reason why they should long and obstinately shut their minds to the thought of abandoning that view and that hostility, because their cause and their work and their reason for existing are in great measure bound up with it.

As to the Church of England there are special errors of their own into which our Liberals are apt to fall, but as to Catholicism their usual and grand error is one which they have in common with Continental Liberals. This error consists in always regarding what is prodigious, mischievous, impossible in Catholicism, rather than what is natural, amiable, likely to endure. It is by this natural and better side that we should accustom ourselves to consider it, and we cannot conceive this side too simply. We should begin with Catholicism at that elementary stage when it is not yet even in conscious conflict with Protestantism. Let us take a Protestant example of the power of religion, since with Protestant examples we are naturally most familiar, and let us see on what it hinges, and we shall be satisfied that the true power of religion in all forms of Christianity hinges at bottom on the same thing. The following is a letter written the other day by a common soldier in Walmer barracks to a lady whom he had met at a Methodist prayer-meeting, and who had interested herself in him:—

"A few weeks ago I was thoroughly tired of drill, but since I found my Saviour I thank God most heartily that ever I enlisted. I had been going on loosely for years. From the death of a sister I left off for a time, but soon relapsed, and went from bad to worse until I came here, when one day walking by the chapel in a most miserable state of mind, I heard singing and was induced to go in. There I was powerfully wrought upon, resolved at once to give up sin, and am now happy in the enjoyment of God's love. God bless you, madam, and may God spare your useful life many years."

Here, then, to what Epictetus calls "the madness and the misery of one who has been using as his measure of things that which *seems* to the senses and appetites, and misusing it," the influence of Jesus has been applied, and has operated as a cure. Cases of exactly the same emotion and conversion may be witnessed among the Breton mariners, hanging on the lips of an impassioned Jesuit preacher in one of the crowded churches of Brittany. Men conscious of a bent for being modest, temperate, kindly, affectionate, find themselves shameless, dissolute, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. The experience is as old as the world, and the misery of it. And it is no cure whatever to be told that the Pope is not infallible, or that miracles do not happen; but a cure, a wonderful cure, for the bondage and the misery, has been found for nearly two thousand years to lie in the word, the character, the influence of Jesus. In this cure resides the power and the permanence of the Christian religion.

Liberals who have no conception of the Christian religion as of a real need of the community, which the community has to satisfy, should learn to fix their view upon this simple source, common to Catholics and Protestants alike, of Christianity's power and permanence. The power and permanence come from Christianity's being a real source of cure for a real bondage and misery. Men have adapted the source to their use according to their lights, often very imperfect; have piled fantastic buildings around it, carried its healing waters by strange and intricate conduits, done their best to make it no longer recognisable. But in their fashion they use it; and whenever their religion is treated, often because of their mishandling and disfigurement of it, as an obsolete nuisance to be discouraged and helped to die out, a profound sentiment in them rebels against the outrage, because they are conscious not of their vain disfigurements of the Christian religion, but of its genuine curativeness.

Catholicism is that form of Christianity which is fullest of human accretions and superstitions, because it is the oldest, the largest, the most popular. It is the religion which has most reached the people. It has been the great popular religion of Christendom, with all the

accretions and superstitions inseparable from such a character. The bulk of its superstitions come from its having really plunged so far down into the multitude, and spread so wide among them. If this is a cause of error, it is also a cause of attachment. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, enveloped human life, and Catholics feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the Church, they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture. Her hierarchy, again, originally stamped in their imaginations with the character of a beneficent and orderly authority, springing up amidst anarchy, appeared next as offering a career where birth was disregarded, and merit regarded, and the things of the mind and the soul were honoured, in the midst of the iron feudal age which worshipped solely birth and force. Thus it so acquired on the imagination a second hold. And if there is a thing specially alien to religion, it is divisions; if there is a thing specially native to religion, it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction towards unity in Rome, and the great charm and power for men's minds of that unity when once attained. All these spells for the imagination has Catholicism to Catholics, in addition to the spell for the conscience of a divine cure for vice and misery. And whoever treats Catholicism as a nuisance, to be helped to die out as soon as possible, has both the imagination and the conscience of Catholics in just revolt against him.

True, the accretions and superstitions, gathered round the curative religious germ, are dense; true, the system of the Romish hierarchy carried with it a thousand temptations and dangers, which have abundantly borne issue; true, as the individuality of the European nations has ripened, and unity in one's nation has become a dominant habit and idea, the collisions between this unity and the unity in Rome have become a matter for just disquietude. Here are hindrances to be combated by us undoubtedly, and if possible to be removed; nevertheless, even in combating and removing them we should always remember that to the mass of Catholics they present themselves by a good side, not by their bad one. However, they are hindrances to civilisation, and we ought to regard them as such. But in a modern community they meet with natural counteractions of great power. And the power of those counteractions is greater, the more the community has education, good government, happiness; it is least when the community is misgoverned, sunk in ignorance and misery. The national sense, in a free and high-spirited modern nation, may be trusted to assert itself, as time goes on, against that dependence on a government of foreigners, that meddling and intrigue by a government of foreigners, which is what the Ultramontane system, judged by practice, not theory, is seen really to bring with it. The family spirit,

in a nation prosperous, educated, and of sound morals, may be trusted to assert itself against the excessive intervention of the priest. Finally and above all, religion, like human society itself, follows a law of progress and growth, and this law may be trusted, in a well-governed, sound, and progressive community, advancing in intelligence and culture, to clear away the accretions and the superstitions which have gathered round religion. In short, to the retention and aggravation of the mischiefs of the Catholic system—its Ultramontaniam, sacerdotalism, superstition—the great auxiliaries are ill-government, vice, ignorance. Ultramontaniam, sacerdotalism, and superstition a good statesman must desire and hope to be rid of; but he cannot extirpate them out of hand, he must let their natural counteractors have play. And their natural counteractors are freedom, good government, sound morals, intelligence. With the help of these they may be got rid of, but not without.

But when Ultramontaniam, sacerdotalism, and superstition are gone, is Catholicism left with nothing further but what it possesses in common with all the forms of Christianity—the curative power of the word, character, and influence of Jesus? It is, indeed, left with this, which is the root of the matter, but it is left with a mighty power besides; with the beauty, the richness, the poetry, the infinite charm for the imagination of its own age-long growth, proceeding as we have seen—unconscious, popular, profoundly rooted, all-enveloping.

It is the sure sign of a shallow mind to suppose that the strength of the Catholic Church is really in its tone of absolute certainty concerning its dogmas, in its airs of omniscience. On the contrary, as experience widens, as the scientific and dogmatic pretensions of the Church become more manifestly illusory, its tone of certitudo respecting them, so unguarded, so reiterated, and so grossly calculated for immediate and vulgar effect, will be an embarrassment to it. The gain to-day, the effect upon a certain class of minds, will be found to be more than counterbalanced by the embarrassment to-morrow. No doubt there are pious souls to-day which are edified and fortified at being told by Cardinal Manning that “whoever does not in his heart receive and believe the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as defined by the supreme authority of the Church, does by that very fact cease to be a Catholic;” and that in the Encyclical *Ineffabilis Deus*, of the 8th of December, 1854, the Sovereign Pontiff, the supreme authority of the Church, defined “that the most blessed Virgin Mary was, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and by reason of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, preserved in the first moment of her conception free from all stain of original sin.” But even in Catholics the irrepressible question will soon rise: “How can he possibly know?” Then the solemnity of the assurance will turn out to be a weakness, not a strength. Mon-



signor Capel may elate his auditory to-day by telling them that Protestants are more and more discovering that their Bible, which they used to oppose to the Catholic's Church, is not infallible. How delightful, think his devout hearers, to have an infallible Church, since the Bible is not infallible! But sooner or later will come the irrepressible question: Is there, can there be, either an infallible Bible or an infallible Church? What a ridiculous argument will the argument, *Because there exists no talismanic Bible, there must exist a talismanic Church*, be then perceived to be! It is like arguing: Because there are no fairies, therefore there must be gnomes. There are neither fairies nor gnomes, but nature and the course of nature.

Its dogma and its confident assertion of its dogma are no more a real source of strength and permanence to the Catholic Church, than its Ultramontanism. Its real superiority is in its charm for the imagination—its poetry. I persist in thinking that Catholicism has from this superiority a great future before it, that it will endure while all the Protestant sects (in which I do not include the Church of England) dissolve and perish. I persist in thinking that the prevailing form for the Christianity of the future will be the form of Catholicism, but a Catholicism purged, opening itself to the light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism and freed from its pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma. Its forms will be retained, as symbolising with the force and charm of poetry a few cardinal facts and ideas, simple indeed, but indispensable and inexhaustible, and on which our race could lay hold only by materialising them.

From this ideal future of Catholicism, truly, few countries can be farther removed than the Ireland of the present day. All the mischiefs of Catholicism are rampant there. Irish Catholicism is Ultramontane, priest-governed, superstitious. It could hardly be otherwise. The Irish Catholic has no public education beyond the elementary school. His priests are educated in the closest of seminaries. The national sense has been so managed in him by us, with our oppression and ill government, that national sense as a member of our nation and empire he has none; his national sense is that of a conquered people, held down by a superior force of aliens, and glad to conspire against them with Rome or with any one else. If we want the Irish to be less superstitious, less priest-governed, less Ultramontane, let us do what is likely to serve this end. They will use Catholic schools and no other. Let us give them secondary and higher Catholic schools with a public character. They have at present no secondary schools with a public character. As public higher schools the Queen's Colleges have been offered to them; but they will not use the Queen's Colleges, any more than we, too, are disposed to use colleges of that type. The Catholic layman has, therefore, neither

secondary nor higher school; the priest has for a higher school Maynooth, a close seminary. What an admirable and likely cure is this for Irish ignorance, sacerdotalism, Ultramontaniam, and disaffection!

Let us try, at any rate, a more hopeful treatment. Let us make no needless difficulties for ourselves by pulling to pieces what is established and what is working well. The distinguished past and the honourable present of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as the large proportion of the wealth and property of Ireland, which belong to Protestants, amply justify its continuance. The endowed secondary schools of Ireland are Protestant. It is alleged that the endowments are wasted, and that a share in some of them, at any rate, belongs by right to Catholics. Let waste and abuse be put an end to, and let Catholics have that share in the endowments which belongs to them; but here, too, let us be unwilling to disturb what is established, what is consonant with the terms of the endowment, and what is working well. Their legal share in the actual endowed schools of Ireland is not likely to afford to Catholics the supply of education needed; while schools of the type of those old endowed schools are, besides, not so desirable for them as schools of a more directly public institution and character.

A clearing and enlarging spirit is in the air, all the influences of the time help it; wherever the pressure of the time and of collective human life can make itself felt, and therefore in all public and national institutions for education, the spirit works. The one way to prevent or adjourn its working is to keep education what is called a hole-and-corner affair, cut off from the public life of the nation and the main current of its thoughts, in the hands of a clique who have been narrowly educated themselves. Irish Catholicism has been entirely dissociated from the public life of the country, and been left to be an entirely private concern of the persons attached to it. Its education has been kept a hole-and-corner thing, with its teachers neither of public appointment nor designated by public opinion as eminent men. We have prevented all access of the enlarging influences of the time to either teacher or taught. Well, but what has been the consequence? Has Irish Catholicism died out because of this wholesome neglect by the State? Among no people is their religion so vigorous and pervasive. Has it fewer faults and disadvantages than Catholicism in countries where Catholic education is publicly instituted? In no country, probably, is Catholicism so crude, blind, and unreasoning as in Ireland. The public institution of Catholic education in Ireland is not only, therefore, what the Irish themselves want; it is also just the very thing to do them good.

The public institution of Catholic education with the proper and

necessary guarantees. Our newspapers always assume that Catholic education must be "under complete clerical control." We are reminded that the Irish bishops claimed from Lord Mayo the entire government of their Irish university, the right of veto on the appointment of professors, the right of dismissing professors. This would make the university simply a seminary with a State payment. But the State has no right, even if it had the wish, to abandon its duties towards a national university in this manner. The State, in such a university, is proctor for the nation. The appointment and dismissal of the professors belong to no corporation less large and public than the nation itself; and it is best in the hands of the nation, and not made over to any smaller and closer corporation like the clergy, however respectable. The professors should be nominated and removed, not by the bishops, but by a responsible minister of State acting for the Irish nation itself. They should be Catholics, but he should choose them; exercising his choice as a judicious Catholic would be disposed to exercise it, who had to act in the name and for the benefit of the whole community. While the bishops, if they have the appointment of professors in a Catholic university, will be prone to ask: "Who will suit the bishops?" the community is interested in asking solely: "Who is the best and most distinguished Catholic for the chair?"

In the interest of the Irish themselves, therefore, the professors in a publicly instituted Catholic university ought to be nominated by a minister of State, acting under a public responsibility, and proctor for the Irish nation. Would Ireland reject a Catholic university offered with such a condition? I do not believe it. At any rate, if we offered it, and if Ireland refused it, our conscience would be clear; for only with such a condition can the State fairly and rightly bestow a university. At present the Roman Catholic hierarchy perceive that the Government cannot seriously negotiate with them, because it is controlled by popular prejudice and unreason. In any parleyings, therefore, they feel themselves free to play at a mere game of brag, and to advance confidently pretensions the most exorbitant, because they are sure that nothing reasonable can be done. But once break resolutely with the prejudice and unreason; let it be clear that the Government can and will treat with the Irish Catholics for the public institution of a Catholic university such as they demand, such as they have a right to, such as in other Protestant countries Catholics enjoy. Would the Irish bishops prove impracticable *then*, or would Ireland allow them to be so, even if they were so inclined? I do not believe it. I believe that a wholesome national feeling, thus reasonably appealed to, would be found to spring up and respond; and that here we should have the first instalment of the many ameliorations which the public

establishment of Catholic education is calculated to produce in Ireland.

This is so evident, that no one in Great Britain with clear and calm political judgment, or with fine perception, or with high cultivation, or with large knowledge of the world, doubts it. Statesmen see it, the aristocracy see it, the important class which we have to thank Mr. Charles Sumner for noting—the large class of gentlemen, not of the squirearchy or nobility, but cultivated and refined—they see it too. The populace know and care nothing about the matter. And yet there is in one quarter—in the British middle class—a force of prejudice on this subject so strong and so rooted that we are bidden to recognise the futility of contending with it, and to treat the claims of the Irish Catholics for a Catholic university as inconsistent with the practical conditions of politics. This it is which is, indeed, calculated to drive the Irish to rage and despair. If the English race may be said, by one speaking favourably of it but not extravagantly, to be characterised by energy and honesty, the Irish race may be described, in like manner, as being characterised by sentiment and perception. And they see themselves sacrificed to the prejudices of a class which they see, as the rest of the world sees it, to be in its present state imperfectly civilised and impossible; a class ill educated as their own middle class, knowing how to make money, but not knowing how to live when they have made it; and in short, of the powers which, as we saw when we were discussing Equality, go to constitute civilisation—the powers of conduct, intellect, beauty, manners—laying hold upon one only, the power of conduct. But for this factor in civilisation the Irish, in the first place, have by nature not sufficient sympathy, and it comes up in our middle class so strangely misgrown and disguised that strangers may easily fail to recognise it; and then besides, of the sense for conduct in our middle class, though the sense is there, the Irish have really had no experience at all, but have had a long experience of this class as unjust, hard, and cruel. And they see that our Government and upper class quite share their opinions about this class, but that we have a system which requires that the upper class should be cultivated and attractive and govern, and that the middle class should be, as it is, impossible, but that it should be flattered and humoured; and therefore to the deep-rooted prejudices of the middle class against Catholicism Ireland must be sacrificed. But the Irish are out of this singular game, which our notorious passion for inequality makes us play with such zest in England; they cannot appreciate its ways and laws. All they feel is that they are kept from having what they want, and what is fair, and what we have ourselves, because the British middle class, being such as we have described it, pronounces their religion to be a *lie* and *heathenish superstition*.

Now I am here pouring out my heart to advanced Liberals, in my joy at their sound and hopeful vote on the O'Connor Don's resolution. I am sure that Sir Charles Dilke does not suppose that Mr. Arthur or Mr. Spurgeon is in possession of *the truth* in some eminent way, compared with which the tenets of Lacordaire, for instance, were *a lie* and *heathenish superstition*. Each, Sir Charles Dilke will probably say, was at most but free from some bondage which still held the other; Mr. Arthur and Mr. Spurgeon from the delusion of an infallible church, and Lacordaire from the jungle of the justification theology. But then I, on my part, shall say that they all possess as their foundation, however overlaid, a germ of inestimable power for lifting human life out of misery and servitude, and for assuring its felicity. And Sir Charles Dilke, again, is likely to rejoin that this may possibly be so, but that the whole natural history of the germ, the whole philosophy of the thing, as they and theirs have constructed it for themselves, is, with all of them alike, a construction utterly fantastic and hollow; the *Quicumque vult* like the Westminster Confession, and the Tridentine Decrees like the Thirty-nine Articles. Bits, he will say, the Protestant may have more right than the Catholic, and in other bits, again, the Catholic may have the advantage; and the being right on some points may happen to contribute more help towards making progress on the line of liberty, let us say, or industry, than the being right on others. But the whole philosophy of the thing is fantastic in both. And if Sir Charles Dilke chooses to say this, I shall not contend with him; for I hate contention, and besides, I do not know that I much disagree with him. So I shall acquiesce and say: Well, then, let us be agreed. Both Catholic and Protestant have the germ, both Catholic and Protestant have a false philosophy of the germ. But Catholicism has the germ invested in an immense poetry, the gradual work of time and nature, and of that great impersonal artist, Catholic Christendom. And here it has the superiority over Protestantism. So that when the British Puritan prevents our doing justice to the Irish Catholic because his religion is, says the Puritan, *a lie* and *heathenish superstition*, the Irish Catholic is conscious that he has the germ like the Puritan; that the philosophy of the germ, those who prate of such things would allow neither that he nor that the Puritan has, but he has it, they would allow, quite as much as the Puritan; while in the beauty and poetry of his clothing of the germ he has an immeasurable superiority. And he is not to have a Catholic university because, though this is so, and though all the world except the British middle class see it to be so, this class must be humoured and flattered by the governing class in England, and its mail of prejudice is impenetrable. Let Sir Charles Dilke ask himself with what feelings this state of things would fill him, if he

were an Irishman affected by it. But he *has* asked himself, and hence his vote. It would be likely to fill him, he saw, with rage and despair; and when his mind dwelt on it he might even be inclined, instead of marvelling at the extravagance of Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell and the other obstructionists, rather to groan at their moderation.

But then if Sir Charles Dilke and his friends wish to have truth and nature on their side in their political labours, and to bring them to a happy end, they ought to proceed boldly and unwaveringly in the excellent course which by their vote on the O'Connor Don's resolution they have begun. The present Government leans naturally for its support upon the feeling of the upper class, and to the just claims of Ireland in the matter of education the feeling of this class is not opposed. If the present Government, therefore, should show a disposition to do justice to Ireland in this matter, let the Liberals who have so well begun, steadily support the Government in such a disposition, and steadily refuse in this question, for the sake of snatching a party advantage, to trade upon the baneful fund of middle-class prejudice, which is so easy and so tempting to use even while one despises it. There will be plenty of other occasions on which the pursuit of the true Liberal ideal must inevitably bring them into conflict with the present Government, and with the feeling of the upper class. But on this particular question to thwart the Government, if the Government were inclined to do what Ireland justly desires, would be to put themselves into conflict with truth and nature, and, therefore, with the Liberal ideal itself.

And how can I forbear adding—though the space which remains to me is short, and though on this subject Mr. Chamberlain will be hard to persuade, and he may still be under the spell, besides, of that long article by Mr. Jenkins in the last number of this Review—yet how can I forbear adding that the same considerations of the sure loss, and defeat at last, from coming into conflict with truth and nature ought to govern the action of Liberals as to the disestablishment of the Church of England, and make this action other than what it now is? For if to the building up of human life and civilisation there go these four powers, the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners, and if to the disengagement and strengthening and final harmony of these powers we are pushed by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity, then to go against any one of them is to go against truth and nature. And the case for the Church of England is really, in respect of its Puritan reproachers and attackers, just like that of the Church of Rome, and has the same sort of natural strength. The Church of England has the germ of Christianity like its attackers; the philosophy of the germ (we supposed Sir

Charles Dilke to say) neither the Church nor its attackers have; in the beauty and poetry of its clothing of the germ, the Church has an immeasurable superiority. Joseph de Maistre, that ardent Catholic, remarked that the Church of England was the only one of the Reformation Churches which had still promise and vitality; and he attributed this superiority to its retention of bishops. Sir Charles Dilke will probably say that this is one of those explanations which explain nothing. But suppose we fill out the term bishops a little, and understand the retention of bishops to mean that the Church of England, while getting rid of Ultramontaniam, and of many other things plainly perceived to be false or irksome, yet kept in great measure the traditional form of Catholicism; and thus preserved its link with the past, its share in the beauty and the poetry and the charm for the imagination of all that work of ages, and of nature, and of the great impersonal artist whom we can only name Catholic Christendom. Then in the retention of bishops, thus explained, we arrive at a real superiority—a superiority in beauty.

And if one man's notion of beauty were as good as another's, and there were not an instinct of self-preservation in humanity working upwards towards a real beauty, then this superiority would be of no avail. But now nature herself fights against the Puritan, with his services of religion free from all touch or suspicion of the great impersonal artist, but just what the British middle class, left to itself, might be expected to make them; while his intellectual conception of religion is no more adequate than the conception current in the Church, or indeed is even less adequate, since a great public body is more open to the enlarging influences of the time. And so the Church of England is likely to grow stronger rather than weaker. People will use the germ of curative power which lies in Christianity, because they cannot do without it, and the intellectual conception they will shape for themselves as they can, and for beauty and poetry of religious service they will go to the Church. There have been a few Liberals, such as Sir John Lubbock, in whom the scientific spirit was so strong that they wanted fairly to know how things stood, and how many adherents the Church numbered even now, and to get a religious census taken. But in general it fared with the religious census as it fared with the Catholic university for Ireland; Liberals recognised the futility of contending against rooted prejudice. However, if the present Government remain in office, a religious census will, one may hope, be taken; and that is one good reason, at any rate, for wishing stability to the present Government. It is dangerous to prophesy; yet I will venture to prophesy, and to say that if a religious census is taken, the majority in England ranging themselves with the Church will be found to be overwhelming, and the Dissenters will be found much less numerous than they give themselves out to be.

But I must end. Out of gratitude for the pleasure given to me by the Liberal votes for the O'Connor Don's resolution, I have been endeavouring to caution my benefactors against the common Liberal error of supposing that all the influences of truth and nature are against Catholicism, whether on the Continent or in Ireland, and against the Church in England. On the contrary, they are, many of them, in their favour. They are, many of them, against the Puritan and Nonconformist cause, which, in this country, Liberals are always tempted to think themselves safe in supporting. The need for beauty is a real and now rapidly growing need in man; Puritanism cannot satisfy it, Catholicism and the English Church can. The need for intellect and knowledge in him, neither Puritanism, Catholicism, nor the English Church can satisfy. It is satisfied nowadays elsewhere—through the modern spirit, science, literature. But as one drops the false science of the Churches, one perceives that what they had to do with was so simple that it did not require science. Their beauty remains. But the Puritan Churches have no beauty. This makes the difficulty of maintaining the Established Church of Scotland. Once drop the false science on which successive generations of Scotchmen have so vainly valued themselves, once convince oneself that the Westminster Confession, whatever Principal Tulloch may think, is a document absolutely antiquated, sterile, and worthless, and what remains to the Church of Scotland? Merely that which remains to the Free Church, to the United Presbyterians, to Puritanism in general—a religious service which is perhaps the most dismal performance ever invented by man. It is here that Catholicism and the Church of England have such a real superiority; and nothing can destroy it, and the present march of things is even favourable to it. Let Liberals do their best to open Catholicism and the Church of England to all the enlarging influences of the time, to make tyranny and vexatiousness on the part of their clergy impossible; but do not let them think they are to be destroyed, or treat them as their natural enemies. Perhaps Lord Granville has come a little late in life to the consideration of these matters, and assumes over-hastily that because the alliance with the Dissenters persecuted was valuable for the Liberal party, the alliance with the Dissenters aggressive must be valuable for them too. Let him bring his acute mind to see the thing as it really is. He is for admitting, in a public rite, the services of Dissent on the same footing as the services of the Church of England. But let him accustom himself to attend both, and he will perceive what the difference between the services is. The difference is really very much the difference between a reading from Milton and a reading from Eliza Cook—a poetess, I hasten to add, of wide popularity, full of excellent sentiments, of appeals to the love of liberty, country, home. And for a long while the English Church, with the State to back her, committed the fatal mistake of



trying to compel everybody to forsake the reading of Eliza Cook and come to the reading of Milton; nay, declare that they utterly abjured Eliza Cook, and that they preferred Milton. And sometimes, when it would have suited a man to come to the reading of Milton, they would not let him, if he and his family had ever preferred Eliza Cook. This was the time of the strong and fruitful alliance of the Whigs with Dissent. It may be said to have closed with the death of a man whom we all admired, Lord Russell. He established the right of the Dissenters to be not cross-questioned and persecuted about the preferability of Milton to Eliza Cook; they were to be free to prefer which they pleased. Yet Milton remains Milton, and Eliza Cook remains Eliza Cook. And a public rite, with a reading of Milton attached to it, is another thing from a public rite with a reading from Eliza Cook. The general sentiment has gone heartily with Lord Russell in leaving the Dissenters perfectly free to prefer and use Eliza Cook as much as they like; but is it certain that it will be found finally to go with Lord Granville in letting them import her into a public rite?

Not in this direction, I think, shall we do well to seek to extend the conquests of Liberalism. They are to be extended on other lines, some of them hardly entered upon at present. It is a long time since March, and things are easily forgotten; let me, therefore, recall to my Liberal benefactors what I said in this Review in March, that the excesses to which our love of inequality has carried us have ended in materialising our upper class, vulgarising our middle class, and brutalising our lower class; and that they do this, if we will look at the thing simply, by a kind of necessary and fatal operation, throwing the middle class in upon itself, and giving it over to the narrownesses, and prejudices, and hideousnesses which many people regard as incurable, but which are not. And, therefore, for the good of the community, and by no means from any enmity to the upper class, who are indeed better than one could have thought their circumstances would allow them to be, and who are much more pricked by an uneasy consciousness of being materialised, than the middle class are of being vulgarised, or the lower of being brutalised, Liberals would do well seriously to set about the reform of our law of bequest and inheritance. Another object for them is the establishment of a system of public schools for the middle class, such as in all other civilised countries it enjoys, but which alike in England and in Ireland is wanting. The *Times* itself, though too prone to "recognise the futility of contending" with narrowness and prejudice, is "convinced that one of the best guarantees for the stability and progress of society is the influence of an educated middle class." The *Times* is indeed here speaking of Ireland, but this influence is just what in England, no less than in Ireland, is so sadly wanting; and

the Irish, if they are to be ruled by our middle class, have at least a right to supplicate us, in Mr. Lowe's words, to "educate their masters." And the real obstacle to the establishment of public schools for the middle class is that both the upper and the middle class have a lurking sense that by such schools the middle class would be transformed, and the upper class do not care to be disturbed in their preponderance, or the middle class in their vulgarity. To convince the one resistance of its selfishness, and the other of its folly, should be the aim of all true Liberals. Finally, Liberals should remember that the country districts throughout England have their municipal organisation still to get; that they have at present only the feudal and ecclesiastical organisation of the Middle Ages. Nothing struck me more than this on my return to England after seeing the continental schools for the people, and the communal basis on which everything rested. Our agricultural labourer will doubtless have the franchise, and that is well; but how much more constant and sure a training for him than that of the franchise, is the public life in common of a true municipal system universally diffused. To this, rather than to the institution in our country churchyards of readings from Eliza Cook, Liberals might with much advantage turn their thoughts. Still the great work to be done in this country, and at this hour, is not with the lower class, but with the middle; a work of raising its whole level of civilisation, and, in order to do this, of transforming the British Puritan.

Hume relates that the well-known Praise God Barebones had a brother less famous than himself, but with a yet more singular name. He was called: "If Christ had not died for thee thou wert damned Barebones." But all this was a long business to go through, and so the poor man came to be called simply, *Damned Barebones*. And the misfortune of this poor owner of an edifying name comes to one's mind when one thinks of what is happening now to the Puritan middle class. After all its sermons, all its victories, all its virtues, all its care for conduct, all its zeal for righteousness, to be told that it must transform itself, that the body of which it is the nerve and sinew is at a low level of civilisation! But so great and wide a thing is human progress; tentatives, approximations, hold good only for a certain time, and bring us only a certain way on our road; then they have to be changed. Happy the workers whose way and work have to be changed only, not abolished! The Puritan middle class, with all its faults, is still the best stuff in this nation. Some have hated and persecuted it, many have flattered and derided it—flattered it, that while they deride it they may use it. I have believed in it. It is the best stuff in this nation, and in its success is our best hope for the future. But to succeed it must be transformed.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## EMILIO CASTELAR.

### II.

IN my last article<sup>1</sup> I brought down the history of the great Spanish republican to the meeting of the Cortes which assembled to settle the constitution, after the Revolution of 1868. Many widely differing sections had combined to effect that revolution, but it was the result of uneasiness and dislike of the existing state of things, not of a fully formed opinion as to what sort of government would be best for Spain. Señor Castelar entered the chamber with the inestimable advantage of thoroughly knowing what he wanted. In all popular assemblies a man of ability who does that, has heavy odds in his favour. Popular assemblies, at all times, and especially in times of excitement, delight in clear-cut definite solutions, and these were supplied in no stinted measure by the brilliant member for Saragossa. His speeches in this Cortes have been collected in three volumes, from which I proceed to give some extracts illustrative of his views and of his way of putting them.

From the first, which was delivered on the 22nd of February against the nomination of Serrano to be head of the State, I take the following passage, which was led up to by a fine eulogium on the Spanish army, more intelligible in Madrid than it would be in London:—

“But, gentlemen, although I have as strong a feeling for the army as I have just expressed, I do not want us to live under military predominance. Societies cannot exist in these days without an army, as the planetary system cannot exist without mechanical forces, but societies in which there is an army must place the sun—that is to say, reason and right—above force and above their soldiers. To ask whether ideas should give commands to weapons, or weapons give commands to ideas, is like asking whether in the human body the arm should give commands to the head or the head to the arm. Societies which are ruled by soldiers make me think of Bertrand de Born, who in the depth of Dante’s hell carried his head in his hand, instead of having it upon his shoulders.”

My next extract is from a speech in favour of the abolition of the Conscription, delivered on the 23rd March, 1869:—

“The Constituent Cortes should note one thing—they should note that we men of the pen or of the spoken word attach much importance to the right of public meeting, to the right of association, to the right of the liberty of the press, because we use these rights, but the peasantry understand nothing of the revolution but the material advantages which it brings them. The people of the fields is eternally like the great type of our immortal novelist—the people is like Sancho Panza. The people seeks the ideal, follows it everywhere, but follows it seeking at the same time for its island of Barataria. Well, then, the island of Barataria which the people seeks in the revolution of September

(1) See the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1878.

is the abolition of the Conscription, and the abolition of the taxes on articles of consumption, and if you keep up the Conscription and keep up the taxes on articles of consumption, you will have drowned in the abyss of reaction the poor island Barataria of the poor people, and that people will ask you, For what have I sacrificed myself?"

Another speech of this period, which had an extraordinary success in Spain, was one delivered on 12th April, 1869, in reply to Señor Manterola, a great ecclesiastic who had made an attack on modern ideas as to religious liberty. It is a very remarkable piece of debating, but contains few passages that can be detached from the context, for purposes of quotation. Here, however, are one or two:—

"There is, gentlemen, a great tendency on the part of the Neo-Catholic school to convert religion into what the ancients called it. The ancients said, that the only use of religion was to inspire fear in the people. In the words of the Roman patrician, 'Religio, id est, metus.' I may reply to those who thus speak of religion, in the words of the Bible, 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.' That is to say, that the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his crib, but the Neo-Catholics do not know their God."

Again:—

"Señor Manterola says, the philosophy of Hegel is dead in Germany. To that I reply, If the philosophy of Hegel is dead in Germany, do you know where it has gone to take refuge? It has gone to take refuge in Italy, at Florence with Ferrari, in Naples with Vera. And does Señor Manterola know why this has happened? Because Italy, which has seen her Pope oppose himself so entirely to her unity and independence, separates herself every day more and more from the Church, and throws herself more and more into the arms of science and of reason."

The brilliant reply of April 12th is followed by an amusing little speech in which poor Señor Manterola is extinguished—and no wonder, seeing that with the hardihood so common amongst priests of all creeds, he had actually denied that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was commemorated by a picture in the Vatican. How well I remember passing under that picture with a most devout Catholic, who, pointing it out to me, remarked, "I think they might have afforded a coat of whitewash for that!" Perhaps Señor Manterola would also deny that the Pope struck a medal in honour of the "slaughter of the Huguenots"?

Another speech on the same subject, the importance of which, in Spain, where intolerance has such deep roots, it is quite impossible to exaggerate, was delivered on May 5th, in the course of which, apologising for some strong things that had been said by his friends, Señor Castelar remarked—

"Thought bursts forth, as burning and irrepressible as lava. Do not demand of any new thought that it should be just to the thought that preceded it. Christianity was not just to Paganism. In those gods, the eternal

models of the plastic art, the first heroes of Christianity saw nothing but the repulsive grin of the devil. The Renaissance was not just to the middle age. In those Gothic Cathedrals, which are so sublime an expression of religious thought, men as great as Michael Angelo and Bramante and Herrera saw nothing but the ignominious barbarism of art and of men."

And further on:—

"The last men of the old world lived a pitiful life and died sublime deaths. Tacitus and Suetonius could not explain this singular phenomenon. The life of Otho was that of a prostitute; his death was that of a hero. Why did they live so disgraceful a life? Because they lived united to the gods of the State, which repelled their conscience and deluded their beliefs. And why did they die so sublime a death? Because when they died, they pillowed their head on the God of Plato, on the God of the conscience. That is what we ask of you, ministers of the Gospel, that you should let us live and die in the God of our conscience."

In a speech of May 20th, 1869, in favour of the republican form of Government, Señor Castelar thus replied to some persons who had reflected on the poetical character of his views:—

"My friend Señor Ulloa compared me to Lamartine; and, Señor Silvela,—that comparison not being enough—remembered Victor Hugo, and compared me to the two. I am bound to say that this is by no means an eulogium, for it is impossible to compare, as a poet, with Lamartine and Victor Hugo,—a man who never made a verse; and if Señor Silvela or Señor Ulloa meant to imply that as a politician I resembled Lamartine, I must be permitted to observe that if I believed it, I would take my return and retire from the Chamber, for I know no one as a politician more unhappy than Lamartine, though I am very far indeed from wishing to detract from his great glory as an historian and poet."

Further on Señor Castelar says:—

"Do you wish for the United States of Europe? I wish for them, because I wish, that while nationalities should continue, those economical differences which separate one people from another people should disappear."

In the same speech there are, apropos of a book by Sir George Lewis, some remarks on the history of royalty in England, which are not without their interest, and to which a perusal of the *Crown and the Cabinet* might enable their author to make some additions.

Further on we have the following:—

"Have you not observed that great men are disappearing? Can you call this age of steam, this age of the telegraph, the age of great men? Could you call this age by the name of a great man as you have called other ages, the age of Augustus—the age of Voltaire? No, there are not great men. Do not, however, think this an evil. On the contrary, it is a great good. There are no great men, because the human race has grown much. And, gentlemen, when a great man directs society by his own individual will, study history and you will see that one half of his life is always glorious and the other half luckless. The glorious half of his life is the life of his youth; the luckless half of his life is that of his old age."

Later, denouncing the candidature of the Duc de Montpensier, he exclaims—

“Oh! shades of the heroes of Catalonia, who sustained against the Bourbons an unexampled war—oh! heroes of Saragossa, that Numancia immolated by the Bourbons, heroes of Trafalgar who were drowned in the boiling waters, thanks to the wantonness of Maria Luisa . . . Solis, Zurbano,—wherever your bones may be, wherever your souls may be; come here in the form of remorse, save the revolution from this great perjury, save my country from this great dishonour!”

Near the end is this passage:—

“Besides, you see what the newspapers of Portugal say: ‘If you have the courage to proclaim the Republic, all the land will be yours; from Rosas, where the Greeks disembarked, to Pulos where Columbus embarked; from the mouth of the Guadalquivir, which reflects the oriental Seville, to the mouth of the Tagus which reflects the unequalled Lisbon; one sky, one flag, one native country, one people, a people which will be able to raise itself with liberty and by justice, as in the sixteenth century it raised itself by conquest and by authority to be the head of all the peoples of the world.’”

\* In a short speech, belonging to the same group as this, Señor Castelar quotes a remark which he attributes to Count Beust, and which is not without insight:—

“Just as the four great rivers, the Adige, the Ticino, the Rhone, and the Rhine, have their sources in Switzerland, from thence have to come the ideas which are to transform France, Italy, and Germany.”

Any politician who, having the requisite qualities and the necessary leisure, would act upon this hint—would go and study Switzerland on its political side, and then write a book about it—would learn a great deal himself, and teach other politicians much that would be vastly useful to them during the next thirty years.

In a reply to Señor Sagasta in the month of June, Señor Castelar observes—

“And now rises the question of Don Fernando of Portugal. That reminds me of the story of the celebrated preacher who began his sermon by saying: ‘Cursed be the Father, cursed be the Son, and cursed be the Holy Ghost.’ Naturally enough when his hearers heard all these maledictions, they were alarmed; but presently he added in a lower voice, ‘Cursed be the Father, cursed be the Son, and cursed be the Holy Ghost, that is what the lost spirits say.’ Señor Sagasta (and I would invoke here the testimony of many honourable members in the majority, since the reference is to private conversations and to nothing else) ought to know, that Don Fernando, whom he speaks of as ‘my king,’ was placed by me in the genealogy of the Ferdinands of Spain after this fashion. I said Ferdinand I. was called the Great, Ferdinand II. the Lion, Ferdinand III. the Saint, Ferdinand IV. the Cited,<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand V. the Catholic, Ferdinand VI. the Pacific, Ferdinand VII. the Desired, and now we are going to have Ferdinand VIII. the Impossible.”

(1) “Cited,” that is, to appear at the judgment-seat of God, because he is said to have died within thirty days of having been summoned to do so by two brothers who were unjustly put to death. The story is told in *Mariana*, vol. v. p. 294.

And further on :—

“Señor Sagasta said, ‘Señor Castelar is no doubt a republican, but a Platonic one—what has Señor Castelar risked?’ What has he risked? He had a professor’s chair and he lost it; he had a family circle and he was obliged to abandon it; he had a home and it fell about his ears; he had a country and he found himself without one. I am a Platonic republican, am I? What! was not my name amongst those terrible sentences of death born of rancours which I forget and pardon?”

In a speech made in June, against the regency of Serrano, occurs the following :—

“I, gentlemen, believe that in the circumstances in which we stand, amidst the dangers which we run, we want for regent a great statesman, and I deny that military men can be great statesmen.”

Then, after pointing out how unfavourable is the training of the soldier to the development of those qualities which are required by a statesman, and above all by a parliamentary statesman, he adds—

“So, gentlemen, if you will run over the list of all great statesmen you will hardly find a military man. Cavour was not a military man, Turgot was not, Alberoni was not, nor Richelieu, nor Cardinal Ximenes. In ancient history I know of only one military man who was a real statesman—Cæsar; and in modern history likewise, only one—Frederic of Prussia.”

And further on :—

“Every prince, every regent, hears in his ear that voice which the grandest of psychological poets caused to sound in the ear of a great ambitious one, ‘Macbeth, thou shalt be king.’ The shade of a throne engenders dreams of ambition, as the shade of the upas-tree engenders the sleep of death.”

Speaking of the Iberian Union in the same speech, he says—

“For the space of eleven centuries of modern history Portugal lived in close union with us; a longer time than Arragon, Navarre, Catalonia, and Valencia. Viriathus is the representative of her as of our independence. Even although we lived separated under different governments, Nature willed that we should labour in the same work. When the Portuguese discovered the East, we discovered the extreme West, and the earth was rounded by the hands of Portugal and Spain.”

In a speech of 25th June of the same year is this passage :—

“Ask the sailor which he prefers, the risk of being drowned in a tempest or the calm of a tropic sea. He prefers the tempest, the wind, the dash of the waves. The dash of the waves—movement, noise, tempest, that—that is liberty!”

“Does not the Home Minister know that clubs moralize, clubs educate, clubs lift the conscience of the people to the ideal? This phrase, that citizens should go to work rather than go to the club, reminds me of an old absolutist proverb, a proverb of a society of nuns and courtiers, ‘Shoemaker, to thy shoes.’ No, shoemaker! after thou hast made thy shoes, go to work for thy country, to work for liberty, to educate thy sons to be great citizens.”

And again :—

"The problem of modern times is to know what are the limits of the State, and on this subject there are only two books, unique in Europe, the book on the Limits of the State by William von Humboldt, and Mill's book on Liberty."

In a speech in October, 1869, occurs this passage :—

"I am accused of mean and narrow Patriotism : truly an unjust accusation. I am one of the most cosmopolitan deputies in this chamber. I would wish for my country the art of Italy, the thought and the science of Germany, the genius and the universal spirit of France, the liberty and labour of England, the democracy and republic of America. Is that not being cosmopolitan enough for you ?"

In a speech of December 11th, 1869, on general policy, occurs the following :—

"I, gentlemen, know, in the relations of citizens to each other, all kinds of laws—political law, canon law, administrative law—but what I do not know is the law of war. Is it the old one?—Ah! then, it is the law of the Twelve Tables, the *adversum hostem aeterna auctoritas esto*; the law under which the kings of Asia cut the throats of their prisoners; the law under which the Feudal Lords of the Middle Age made slaves of the vanquished; the law of force, that is to say, the direct negation of the force of law."

And again :—

"The argument of the Government reminds me of something which happened in Russia, in the beginning of the reign of Nicholas. Some Russians of rank conspired for the purpose of introducing into their country our democratic constitution of 1812. Their conspiracy was discovered, and they were sent summarily to the gallows. Among them was a poet. The morning on which they were to be executed, it was, as usual in St. Petersburg, raining, or if you prefer it, snowing. The executioner seized the poet, fastened the rope round his neck, and pushed him off into space. The rope broke; the poet fell on his knees, and as he rose, wiping them very quietly, he exclaimed, 'Poor Russia, where they don't even know how to hang a man!' And so I say, 'Poor Spain, where they don't even know how to defend a dictatorship!'"

And further :—

"Some day misfortune will come, and on the road by which we are travelling we richly deserve to encounter it. Then you will invoke the national militia, then you won't find it, and I trust in God you will then hear the cry which came to the first fratricide, 'Cain, where is thy brother?'"

Speaking of the proposed candidature of the Duke of Genoa for the throne, Señor Castelar said—

"Your artificial king is as different from the natural kings, as was the Homunculus of Wagner from the great creations forged in the Furnace of the Universe."

And again :—

"The Monarchy of the Bourbons in France had tradition on its side. Where are the traditions of the Duke of Genoa? The monarchy of Napoleon had the prestige of glory; where are the glories of the Duke of Genoa? Where is his Marengo, his crossing of the Alps, his fabulous return from Africa, his game transfigured upon Tabor, and written by the rays of the desert sun on the



summit of the Pyramids of Egypt? Where are, in his case, even the sort of traditions which the Orleans Monarchy had? I know not his Palais-Royal, I have not seen Camille Desmoulins nor Danton among his friends, nor Valmy among his battles."

In the last paragraph of this great speech occur these words:—

"Gentlemen, we have believed long enough that the sword is the only social lightning conductor. The sword, like all metals, instead of repelling attracts the thunderbolt. Place on the highest point of society that lightning conductor which is possessed by Switzerland, Belgium, England, and the United States—the lightning conductor of the civil power and of legality."

In a speech delivered on the 24th January, 1870, in favour of the perpetual exclusion of the Bourbons from the throne of Spain, Señor Castelar points out how little individual will has to do with the making of revolutions; how entirely they depend upon causes too complicated and too remote to be controlled by human initiative. Later he adds, "New ideas, gentlemen, are the lightning, and revolutions are the thunder."

From the same speech I take the following:—

"The family of the Bourbons, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, was an essentially revolutionary family. It contributed, more than any other of the reigning families, to the secularization of Europe.

"Five great facts secularized Europe. The Edict of Nantes, which introduced religious toleration amongst a Catholic people, was the work of a Bourbon—of Henry IV. The Peace of Westphalia, which made toleration a part of international law and concluded the religious war, was chiefly the work of two ministers of the House of Bourbon—Richelieu and Mazarin. For the Encyclopædia, which armed with great ideas the hosts of Liberty, we are indebted to the tolerance of the Bourbons; and not less was the expulsion of the Jesuits, which disorganized the armies of authority, due to the initiative of a Bourbon; while the advent of Democracy, through the emancipation of the United States, must be attributed to the generous assistance of Louis XVI.

"But as soon as the Bourbons came to see that this revolution was attacking their authority, they became converted into eternal implacable enemies of the revolution. That enmity has not diminished. Since the end of last century it has burst forth with increased violence. Some time ago, a most eloquent orator (the illustrious Marquis of Valdegamas) said from that side of the chamber: 'The destiny of the Bourbons is to foster revolution, and to die by the revolution which they have fostered.' And then turning to the strong power which then existed—for those were the days of General Narvaez—he exclaimed, 'Ministers of Isabella the Second! Free your Queen, and my Queen, from the anathema which weighs upon her race.' But they could not do it. They did not free her from that anathema; for there is no sword that can cut the current of the ages, there is no force which can withstand the decrees of Providence."

On the same occasion, speaking of the Iberian Union, he says—

"Do you know what is the real force which opposes the union of Spain and Portugal? It is Vasco de Gama; it is Albuquerque; it is the poem of

(1) The great anti-Liberal orator, Donoso Cortes.

Camoens. Do you know why we Spaniards so much love our country, in spite of the difference of our provinces and our natural tendency to federalism? Because we are all so proud of our writers, we are all so proud of our painters, we are all so proud of our battles, we are all so proud of those sailors who sowed mighty deeds from the Gulf of Mexico, to the Gulf of Lepanto, of those warriors who passed from Arragon to the gates of Asia and discovered America; because we are all so proud of that splendid epic, the Spanish nation, which—not finding room in the Old World, where there had been room for the mighty deeds of Rome and Alexander—had to extend the limits of the earth itself, in order that the earth might be capable of containing its greatness.”

Another remarkable speech was delivered on the last day of the same month, upon the ecclesiastical budget, and against the connection of Church and State. I would fain quote from it a grand passage on the all-pervading power of the Church in the Middle Age as contrasted with the present state of things—or another upon Luther’s Hymn and the Miserere of Palestrina—but space says, No.

In a speech of the 12th of March, 1870, occurs the following passage about Prim:—

“All the world says that he is neither realising the reforms which democracy requires, nor the stability which authority requires; all the world says that he knows not how to create either order or liberty. Let him listen, and he will hear this. If he does not hear it, if no word escapes from the people, let him tremble. It is in the words of Tacitus—‘Magni motus et magnæ iræ silentium.’”

After events falsified in a very sad way the hinted prophecy of the following words spoken soon afterwards:—

“General Prim should not be offended; he would not be the first great man who had not a sepulchre in his native land. His Excellency should remember the saying of that great Roman captain who cried, ‘Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.’ Besides, when there is not here any clearness in politics, any fixed idea in the government, no one is secure of a sepulchre in his native land.”

In a speech of the 23rd March there is another passage well worth turning to, upon the greater number of manly pursuits possessed by modern as compared with ancient societies; pursuits, many of them, quite as manly as war, which was naturally enough held in honour in a country which thought labour servile, and there is much truth in the following:—

“I have a most sad conviction—the conviction that the human word is of avail everywhere except where it is most necessary, most indispensable. The human word is of avail everywhere except in a deliberative assembly. Here the human word is of no avail, absolutely of none. The first orator in the world might come here; he would convince every one, he would persuade no one.”

Very striking, too, is a passage upon the influence of religion in a speech of the 2nd April, which thus concludes:—

"But these sentiments, these ideas, are individual. They may come from the inspiration of the priest, from the inspiration of the mother, from the inspiration of the conscience; never, never from the laws of the State. Ah! the State poisoned Socrates, the State crucified Jesus, the State tormented St. Paul, the State burnt Servetus."

In a speech of the 11th May there is a long and very fine passage on the blessings that have been brought to the world by small civic communities, and especially by those which lived under federal relations; while in the month of June, 1870, Señor Castelar made a speech of considerable importance on the abolition of slavery, and the third volume is concluded by a group of speeches against the candidature of Prince Amadeo of Savoy, the chief of which was delivered on the 3rd of November.

In that speech Señor Castelar combated with all his might, as he did on every other possible occasion, the return to monarchical government. "*Dis aliter visum*," as we all know, and the prize (?) of the Spanish Crown, after having served to set the world in flames, at length rested on the brow of an Italian prince.

It is all so recent that I may take it for granted that my readers know as much of the circumstances of King Amadeo's brief and troublous reign as is necessary to enable them to follow me through Señor Castelar's next important book, a volume of speeches which extend through that unhappy period of Spanish history.

The first speech in this volume is dated 20th April, 1871, the last having been delivered early in 1873. The following passage is the end of the second of two speeches in which Señor Castelar defended the right of the Carlists from the absolutist, and of his own friends from the republican, point of view, to discuss respectfully but unreservedly the dynasty of Savoy:—

"It is said that it is perilous to discuss the dynasty. That is an Absolutist principle. In the nineteenth century all the indiscutable dies. The Absolutists think that discussion weakens; we think that it fortifies and saves. That which really destroys every political situation is the repression of ideas—for ideas, when repressed, explode like powder."

The following is from a speech of the month of June, 1871, in reply to the Royal message:—

"Peoples are like swarms of bees, every nationality contributing to make the honey of the general life. The ideas which we here put forth, the reforms which we here mature, change the human conscience."

Farther on he observed, speaking of the throne of Amadeo—

"It is a duty which I owe to my country and my conscience to say that on your work, in spite of its having come from far lands over so many miles of sea and railway transit, all the world can read these words:—'Glass with care—glass with care—glass with care.'"

And again:—

“The question of Rome can only be resolved by a radical separation between Church and State; but Church and State can only separate from each other under a social and political form wider than the monarchy.”

Further:—

“The great and real kings—those who sleep, be it in the granite of the Pyramids, be it in the granite of the Escorial, old as the soil of the nations on which they lived and revered like their gods, who confound their genealogy and that of their ancestors with those of legendary heroes and demi-gods—the kings who inspired so much poetry from the *Iliad* to the *Romancero*, who set to work the pencil of Rubens and the pencil of Velasquez, who forged the sword of Bayard and the sword of Gonzalo of Cordova,<sup>1</sup> eternal symbols of all that a monarchy should signify upon earth, indiscutable authority and uninterrupted tradition, immovable stability, one sole religion—could never understand that those should call themselves kings and think themselves kings who were not born of faith, abnegation, loyalty, but of doubt, criticism, free inquiry—of the national sovereignty and of democracy.”

The following passage in the same speech refers to the murder of Prim:—

“That which I most condemn in this deed is that which extenuates its guilt in many confused consciences, the fact that it had a political character. I think that such political crimes are to be reprobated; first, because my conscience reprobates them; next, because they violate the laws of morality and justice; but still more, because while their perpetrators imagine that they are destroying an idea, by destroying the person who represents it—they give life to that idea, as did that eternal model of all political criminals, as did Brutus when he slew Cæsar and rooted Cæsarism. For Cæsarism was saved by horror at that crime, saved to ruin Rome and leave in the veins of our race a spirit of idolatry for the dictatorship of genius ennobled by martyrdom, which we are still paying for by sad moral weakness—by great and recent calamities.”

Another most important group of speeches was delivered by Señor Castelar in the late autumn of 1871 on the *International*. Señor Castelar is, as I have already implied, no friend, but a deadly enemy to the principles of that foolish and mischievous society. But he defends its right to bring forward its views and to discuss them peaceably. I have only room for one or two quotations.

“After all, your efforts, gentlemen, will be of no avail. You are attacking something that cannot die, something which exists in all times, and is reproduced in all societies. Utopia is a phantasm which may deceive, but it is eternal. The world is agreed that art is falsehood, that the stage is a fiction, that the figures on a picture are lines and colours, yet assuredly the world will never abandon art. Utopia, like hope, is eternal, inextinguishable, ever greater with the greatness of misfortune. As the terrestrial sphere turns between its two poles, so do the social spheres turn between two Utopias—between the

(1) The great Captain on whose tomb in St. Geronimo, at Granada, the traveller still reads the stately epitaph:—“Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propriâ virtute magni ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetua tandem luci restituenda huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloriâ minime consecuta.”

Utopia of the past, and the Utopia of the future. Direct your eye to all times, pass it over all peoples, and tell me where there does not spring up some Utopia, where there is not some heavenly vision of an extraordinary and almost divine felicity. The Messianic idea is the eternal product of captivity."

In a speech of October 20th, 1871, belonging to the same group, occurs the following :—

"By the death-bed of Charles V. two principles were in conflict; two principles as to which he had sometimes tried to make them live in peace, sometimes to make the one prevail against the other. And one of those who were helping him to a good death said, 'Sire, your works.' And the Protestant, the same who was later condemned, the Archbishop of Toledo, said, 'Sire, the grace of God.'"

"Two morals, two ideas, two principles were combating at the foot of the bed of that man who had passed his life combating for one or other of them. If in those last moments of life, at the death-bed of an emperor, two moral principles did battle with each other, how can you expect that on this point we should think alike, we here in the midst of a deliberative assembly, which like all deliberative assemblies lives and has its being in contradiction and discussion, in antithesis and struggle?"

In a speech of the 8th June, 1872, I find these remarks, which deserve to be much pondered over in a country like Spain, in which it has actually happened before now that the Home Minister contrived to prevent one single opponent being elected, and in which it has also happened that the all-powerful Minister of one Parliament did not even find a seat in the next :—

"To corrupt the electoral system is to corrupt, completely and absolutely, all institutions. I do not explain to myself the decadence of the Roman Empire as the great writers who have treated that subject are in the habit of doing. I explain it by two modest lines in the 41st chapter of the Life of Caesar by Suetonius. There we come upon official candidatures. The dictator writes to the electoral colleges: 'Commendo vobis illum et illum ut vestro suffragio suam dignitatem teneant.' I think he would be the very best statesman in Spain who would determine to lose an election, and such a statesman might be found amongst my friends. I don't think I shall offend their modesty by saying so. But it is with that statesman as it was with the shirt of the happy man in the Indian apologue."

He then tells that well-known story and adds—

"The happy man, oh fatality! had no shirt, and so we who, if we were in power, would be capable of making up our minds to lose an election, do not happen to be in power."

Further on we have the following striking sketch of the unjust sufferings of the Progresista party under the Regency of Queen Christina, and during the reign of her daughter :—

"Your bards celebrated that glance under whose influence the old soil of Castile grew young again, your legionaries twined crowns of laurel for the brows of that most beautiful woman who seemed the statue of their redeemed country, your martyrs died renewing the glories of the war of independence with the name of that woman on their lips; and the reward of such great sacrifices, of so much effort, of so much heroism, was that all your principles and all your counsels were forgotten, and that you were utterly excluded from power."

"And what do you say of Queen Isabella? The great Quintana was her master, the high-minded Arguelles was her guardian, Espartero her regent, Zurbano and Linage her warriors, the Countess of Miha, the widow of so much renown and glory, her nurse. Progresista blood was the very sap of that throne, and in return that throne was a scaffold for the Progresistas."

The same volume which contains the very remarkable set of speeches to some passages of which I have called attention, contains the reply of the Cortes to the message by which, on the 11th February, 1873, King Amadeo announced his resignation. This answer, drawn by Señor Castelar, is a grave and firm piece of writing, worthy of a great occasion, but not more worthy of it than the admirable document to which it is a reply.

The disappearance of the monarch was followed by a miserable period disgraceful to Spain and her public men of all parties, whose incapacity, self-seeking, and folly were the wonder of the world through 1873 and 1874. It is impossible to exonerate Señor Castelar of blame. If he did not see his way to make a reasonable republic secure, he should not have moved Olympus and Acheron to make a reasonable monarchy impossible. When, however, he once succeeded in getting his republic, he did all he could to make it reasonable. It was, however, the old story of the Magician and his devil. Radicals (the Conservatives of that marvellous epoch) on the one hand, and Intransigentes, that is irreconcilable Anarchists, on the other, made, in spite of its victory in April, the life of the first Republican Ministry, in which Castelar had the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, extremely bitter. He did not, however, keep his position long. In the beginning of June the Constituent Cortes assembled to the cry of "Long live the Federal Republic," and a furious contest immediately broke out between the quasi-Conservative Republicans who wanted to settle the Constitution, and the Intransigentes who wanted they knew not what. In vain Señor Castelar drew a Constitution against time; it is said, in twenty-four hours. In vain he used all his eloquence to defend it. The demons of discord were already let loose in the Cortes, and in July burst forth the horrible war of the Cantonists in Murcia. Things went from bad to worse. Figueras, Pi y Margall, and Salmeron held the broken reins of power each for a brief interval, and at length, in September, 1873, the Cortes conferred the dictatorship on Señor Castelar.

It was a painful thing for a man who had strongly opposed the punishment of death to arrive at the summit of power at a moment when the fearful disorders, which had disgraced so many of the larger towns, made severe repression necessary, and when the army was going to pieces for want of discipline; but Señor Castelar rose to the occasion and resolutely did his duty.

"Charge me with inconsistency, if you please," he cried, "I will not defend myself. Have I the right to prefer my reputation to the safety of my country? Let my name perish, let posterity pronounce its anathema against me; let my contemporaries send me into exile. Little care I. I have lived long enough; but let not the republic perish by my weakness, and, above all, let no one say that Spain has perished in our hands."

He confined himself, however, to that amount of severity which was absolutely necessary in the opinion of every sane and honest man of all parties. History tells, as Cherbuliez has well said in his excellent book *L'Espagne Politique*, of no more Liberal dictatorship. That dictatorship continued from September, 1873, to the 2nd of January, 1874. Rarely has a ruler had to deal with a more disastrous series of events. The Carlist insurrection in the North, the insurrection of the Intransigentes at Carthagená and elsewhere, want of discipline in the army, want of money in the treasury, a fierce civil war raging in Cuba, were some but by no means all the difficulties with which he had to contend. To assert that his contention was successful would be too much, but in the midst of such circumstances it is enough for a government to say, like Siéyès after the Terror, "*J'ai vécu.*" The Cortes met on the 2nd of January. Señor Castelar announced his resignation of his position as chief of the State into the hands of the representatives of the nation, laid before them a detailed account of his acts, and asked for a vote of confidence in the Ministry. After a furious debate his proposal was supported by a majority, and instantly an insurrection broke out in Madrid, in the interest of the extreme party. This insurrection was not by a coup d'état, not struck by Señor Castelar, but by the Captain-General of New Castile, who early on the morning of the 3rd repeated the Cromwellian precedent in a rougher manner, and sent the deputies about their business. With the state of things which was created by this coup d'état, Señor Castelar declined to have anything to do, and left Spain, to travel in France, Germany, and Italy, defining his position very clearly in these words:—

"From the work of the demagogue, I am separated by my conscience; from the situation created on the 3rd of January, I am separated by my conscience and my honour."

A worse man might have been a more successful politician, for he would not have trusted the control of large bodies of armed men to the hands of those whom he knew to be the enemies alike of himself and of the Republican form of Government. But the situation was not difficult; it was impossible.

It is to the period of comparative leisure which was inaugurated by his withdrawal from Spain, that we owe *Cuestion de Oriente*, a book on which I should be more inclined to dwell if the subject had not become a weariness to so many readers, and if travel in the

Balkan peninsula, or other means of studying it not open to most men, had given Señor Castelar any special claim to be heard upon it, at least by us "jaded English."

Nor again can I do more than mention *La Redencion del Esclavo*, a prose drama. I have only read snatches of it, and if I had, my readers would hardly thank me for dwelling much on it, when I tell them that it is in four volumes, and that the Almighty, the Angels, Adam, Eve, Brama, Siva, Jupiter, Antony, Cleopatra, Spartacus, Hermes, Asoka, Nala, Damayanti, Saul, Samuel, and Jephthah, are only a very few of the interlocutors.

*El Ocaso de la Libertad*, published only last year, is another work of an imaginative character. "Inspired by the majestic spectacle of the Bay of Baiæ and its ruins," it was, in the words of its author, "commenced in Paris, and concluded among the combats of the Tribune," its object being to bring out into bold relief, and to engrave on the mind of its readers, the sad consequences which flow from the abandonment of liberty. The scene is laid in and around the Bay of Naples, at Capri and elsewhere. It closes with the death of Tiberius, and the moral may sufficiently be gathered from its last words: "Such, alas! are the events which occur when the sun of liberty has set." The book is, in short, a pamphlet against Caesarism, thrown into the form of a short historical romance.

I pass over, likewise, three novels with which my acquaintance is too slight to entitle me to say much about them—*La Hermana de la Caridad*, *La Historia de un Corazon*, and *Riccardo*, a list which, although it includes all the novels of M. Castelar which I possess, by no means exhausts the list of those which he has written. During this period was composed the second volume of the *Recuerdos de Italia*, of which I gave some account in my last paper.<sup>1</sup> Another work of this "interval of business" was the *Historia del Movimiento Republicano en Europa*, which extends to nine volumes, or say five thousand pages. Its author would be the first to admit, and indeed does explicitly admit, that its form is as bad as can be. It appeared originally in an American periodical, and before it was published as a book it ought to have been submitted to most rigorous revision. Perhaps four volumes, or even more, would have disappeared in the process, and it would still have remained one of the most gigantic of pamphlets. It is now, I should think, quite the most gigantic, but it is an extremely brilliant pamphlet. I know few books which I would more willingly put into the hands of a young man who meant to devote himself to politics, and who wanted, at one or two and twenty, to get a sort of general view over that great inundation of opinion under which, here faster, there slower, the old

(1) I find that a considerable part of the *Recuerdos de Italia* was translated some years ago by Mrs. Arthur Arnold under the title of *Old Rome and New Italy*.



landmarks of Europe are one by one disappearing. He must not look in it for full or careful information, but he will have brought before him a vast number of facts and ideas which are not put together in any other book with which I am acquainted, and which should be presented to the mind of every one who aspires to see his way in the times upon which we are entering.

I will now proceed rapidly to analyse it, wasting no time in dwelling upon faults, the less so as it owes its appearance as a book rather to the publisher than the author, but trying to enable the reader to judge for himself whether, after making allowance for an abundance of shortcomings, it is a book useful for him to read, and culling from it such passages as appear to throw further light upon the opinions, tendencies, and character of one of the most eminent of our contemporaries, and one who, be it remembered, writes in a language which is the mother-tongue of the greatest number of civilised men who do not speak English.

Señor Castelar begins his work by saluting America as the continent of the Republic, finding of course much good to say of the United States, and managing to say not a little good of their South American neighbours and even of Peru! If he had recommended a little common honesty to the rulers of that State, and of some others, it would not perhaps have been amiss. Thence he turns to Europe and notices the various forces which worked towards the Republic in the eighteenth century, especially in France. In order to show how strong the current was, in spite of the new channel opened for it by the wars of the Empire, he takes three men of genius, the one born a Legitimist, the other a Bonapartist, the third a Breton Catholic—Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Lamennais, and shows how they all were gradually whirled into the republican stream. He next sketches the ideas of Comte, with the two schools of Comtists which hold the views of Littré and Lafitte respectively, and then at considerable length discusses the Socialist delusions which he considers to have been and to be the most dangerous, indeed the only dangerous, enemies of the Republic, acting as they do against it in two ways, first by alarming the upper, secondly by deluding the lower classes, and leading them to expect from governments what governments neither can nor ought to give. An admirable tract against Socialism might be extracted from the fifth and sixth chapters. Nowhere have I seen more eloquently set forth the truth that it is to society as a whole, not to the State, that we should look for the curing of most of the evils which affect society; nowhere have I seen the all-vivifying power of Liberty better defended. Would that such a tract could be circulated in Germany for the benefit of the ruled, while the speech on the *International* already noticed was circulated for the benefit of the rulers!

That country next attracts Señor Castelar's attention, and after a chapter which contains some just observations on the general character of the Teutonic race, we are led slowly through the principal philosophical schools of Germany, more especially those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel—the influence of each in gradually decomposing, and that sometimes even when they wished to recompose, the old religious and political ideas, being carefully noted. Then one chapter is given to the pessimist views of Schopenhauer, considered as the reaction against the philosophy of Hegel; whom, in spite of his accommodations and concessions to the political influences which dominated in his day at Berlin, Señor Castelar defends as essentially the philosopher of progress.

The second volume commences with a chapter upon Krause, the author of the *Ideal of Humanity*, a thinker whose views, imported into the University of Madrid by Sanz del Rio, have exercised no inconsiderable influence on Spain.

"What living faith in justice!" exclaims Senor Castelar. "What great love for humanity! What hope in the accomplishment of our destinies on the face of this planet! What virtue given to the idea of universal federation!"

Señor Castelar now, with some distrust in his guides—a distrust not wholly ill-founded—sets forth on a journey into Slavonic territory, and chiefly into Russia, tracing the influence upon that country of the ideas of Schelling and of Hegel, explaining the illusions of the Slavophiles, telling the sad story of Puschkin, of Pestal, and many more, with Herzen's *Memoirs*, and *History of the Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia*, for his principal sources of information. The portrait of that remarkable man is sketched from the life, and, as many of his English friends will think, correctly sketched.

"Alexander Herzen," says Senor Castelar, "had proposed to himself the task of moving the Russian world by the most extreme ideas of the western world, and of moving the western world by the most ingenious paradoxes about Russia. He was distinguished as a writer by the variety of his tones, the neatness of his diction, his happy contrasts, the wonderful flexibility of his language, his aptitude for placing in close juxtaposition the grotesque and the sublime, without causing a painful discord, because he knew the delicate shades of ideas, and the various gradations of style. The Englishman, the American, the Swiss, living ever in contact with the reality of politics, know their difficulties, and do not propose to destroy what they dislike by legends and dreams, but by practical and positive reforms. The captive peoples fill their dungeons with legends. Herzen showed the qualities of his race; he, too, rocked himself in illusions and dreams; he was a poet, a student of nature, a philosopher, but, although he sacrificed everything for politics, nothing of a politician in the true sense of the term."

In strong contrast with this most gifted, most interesting, and most unpractical person, rises the startling and herculean figure of Bakounin, a picture of Danton hung by one of Rousseau—of Bakounin

whose hopeful plans of relieving the distresses of Europe are thus summed up:—

"1. The destruction of the States. 2. Substitution for the State of associations of workmen. 3. Social liquidation. 4. Collective, that is common, property in the soil. 5. Appropriation to the common use of all the instruments of work. 6. Atheism in religion, materialism in philosophy."

Need I say that Señor Castelar, although speaking highly of his good intentions, is as strongly opposed to the projects of this mad barbarian as to the tyranny of Nicholas itself?

After a long excursion in the empire of the Czar, Señor Castelar returns, in his twenty-eighth chapter, to Western Europe, and explains the great political importance of the religious movement in Germany, tracing it from the Reformation downwards.

"Perhaps," he says, "they did not know it themselves, but by starting these religious problems, by interpreting the Bible, by opposing to each other the commentary of the Church and the commentary of reason, by inquiring whether the book of Job is of Hebrew or Arabic origin, whether the book of Judith was anterior to Christianity, by all these questions which have so remote a connection with the problems of our times, the German theologians were storing up torrents of revolutionary electricity, which were to lighten, thunder, and fall upon the head of a generation which, while it abandoned the old altars at the foot of which it had been born and nurtured, was abandoning with equal force and violence, without understanding quite clearly what it was doing, the old kings and their worm-eaten thrones."

I wish I had room to quote some noble pages in which are brought into strong contrast the thirteenth century, as the essentially Catholic age, and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation when man seemed to burst his bonds and enter upon a new world. But this is impossible: I must hurry on to the eighteenth century to find room for the following, with which we may or may not agree, but the power of which it would be difficult to deny:—

"The man who really founded liberty of thought in Germany was Frederic the Great. In the history of his race there is no character more attractive, for there is none more human. His idea was not the narrow idea of Arminius, nor the national passion of Luther, it was the idea and the passion of humanity. Those who enter on history, with all its tortuosities and rough places, as if they were entering on the serene and tranquil region of philosophy, are accustomed to throw in his teeth that he wrote a burning book against Machiavelli, and nevertheless practised Machiavellic arts; that he sang the benefits of peace like Virgil, and sowed war like Cæsar; that he cursed conquest like the Abbé St. Pierre, and was a conqueror like Cyrus and Alexander. Those, however, who examine men and the works of men, measuring the difficulties which they encounter, the obstacles which they overcome, the evils to which they put an end, and the progressive measures which they bring about, can never admire enough the crowned philosopher who alone in the world, persecuted by all the powerful, assailed by Russians, Tartars, Croats, Hungarians, Frenchmen, abandoned by his friends and allies, with his little army composed of the most incongruous elements, with no more force than its rigorous discipline and no impulse other than the great soul of its general—a soul which was impelled by another idea greater than itself—created a power

in the centre of Germany which was destined to be in respect of liberty of thought what the Oranges and England were in respect of political liberty. The instrument of which he made use—absolute monarchy—was a bad instrument, there is no doubt about that. The stains which disfigure his reign were great ones; it is enough to mention the partition of Poland. His conscience did not often elevate itself to the absolute idea of justice. His lips darted forth epigrams which cost wars, his scepticism degenerated into sarcasm and frivolity; but with all these defects, and greater, if you please, there was no personality of his times in which burst forth with so much force and so much brilliancy the immortal spirit of his century, the humanitarian century *par excellence*. If he had no other glories, it would be enough that having received by inheritance a dominion of only two thousand square leagues and three millions of inhabitants, he broke down from that redoubt the terrible Holy Empire, the representative of tradition, the Goliath of absolutism, the terror of all the nations, the enemy of William Tell, the executioner of John Huss, the assassin of Padilla, the poisoner of the Latin races, the monstrous power of Austria, which, had it triumphed, would have burned to the very marrow of our bones, reduced our conscience to ashes, and made of all Europe that which with its dirful authority and its dread policy it made of our fertile Spain, a desolate desert. . . . Of great memory as becomes a statesman, of scant imagination like the century in which he lived, of ideas clear rather than profound, of irony fine and delicate, a brain rather than a heart, a character served and sometimes commanded by a great intelligence. Haughty with the proud, simple with the humble, passionately, deliriously, attached to genius and science, ever an admirer of merit, mediocre in his verses, incorrect in his prose, ordinary and commonplace in his philosophy, but in recounting his deeds worthy to be compared with Caesar, not only for the sobriety of the narrative, but for its simplicity and natural modesty; cheerful as a hero of antiquity, a most moral administrator, a distinguished jurist; painfully anxious that justice should reach the lowest social classes; tolerant of the judgments of his people, whom he permitted to say everything, on the understanding that he was to be permitted to do everything; firm in adversity, serene in peril, reflective in his plans, tenacious in his purposes; over all these qualities there rises that large-heartedness with which he opened the frontiers of his kingdom, the gates of his palace, the arms of his friendship to all those who had any thought, to all those who had any belief, to all those who worked for any idea."

The thirtieth and thirty-first chapters are given to Reimar, Lessing, and the orthodox apologists. The last of the two contains a long passage on the Hebrew prophets considered as the enemies of monarchy, which I recommend to any one who wishes to preach a republican sermon such as has rarely been preached.

The thirty-second chapter takes up other co-operators in the republican education of the world—Defoe, Rousseau, Basedow, Pestalozzi, and then a series of chapters treat of the reaction—of the school of Paulus and the rationalists; then of the rational supernaturalists, of De Wette labouring to harmonize these two schools, of Schleiermacher working for the evangelical union, of Frederic William III., and much else, familiar enough to those who know the history of German thought.

The thirty-ninth chapter, in some eighty pages, traces the story and criticises the works of Strauss, attaching naturally more importance to the earlier ones than to *The Old Faith and the New*,

the constructive part of which finds no favour with Señor Castelar, who is also much scandalised by its author's delight at the imperialist turn which politics have taken in Germany. From Strauss he passes on to review, in the earlier part of the third volume, the various schools which arose after the death of Hegel. A disciple of the great master, delivering a funeral oration at his grave, made, as Dr. Kahnis many years ago remarked, a very true prophecy: "No after-conqueror," he said, "will ascend the vacant throne of Alexander." And so it was, the Hegelians divided the inheritance of their master into at least as many kingdoms as the Macedonian generals. We are taken rapidly through these; one chapter, the thirty-first, being given to an old man, Dr. Arnold Ruge, who has lived for many years peaceably in Brighton—few, I dare say, of his neighbours realising that he had taken so important and so honourable a part in the forward movement of his age. The forty-fourth chapter is rather unluckily named "The Republican Darwinists;" the three persons specially alluded to being Karl Vogt, Virchow, and Büchner. Vogt and Virchow were important names in politics when Darwin was chiefly known by his delightful voyage round the world; and Büchner, a far less authoritative name, belongs even scientifically to a very different school, the school of the materialists, to which Señor Castelar is in as violent opposition as he is to the Socialists. This part of the work ends with an appeal to the Germans to bring their philosophical ideas, which have done so much to overturn the old order of things, more distinctly into practical life, and then Señor Castelar passes once more into France.

He begins by a bird's-eye view of the Republican schools of that country. The reader is introduced to Vacherot, to Pierre Leroux, Michelet, Tocqueville, Laboulaye, to the Federal group of Chaudey, Barni, &c., to the Jacobin group of Peyrat, Delescluze, &c.; to Barbes, Charras, and many more. In the pages devoted to Ledru-Rollin there occurs a very interesting account of a conversation which Señor Castelar had with him in 1868, and in which he recounted, from his own point of view, his share in the revolution of twenty years before. The thought of the many mischiefs that have been brought on the cause of the Republic by the madness of demagogues, next leads Señor Castelar to sketch Blanqui as the type of all that is worst in demagogism, and then he passes on to a long discussion of the Republic and its prospects as they were under the Presidency of M. Thiers. Next comes a very clear review of the Conservative and Radical Republicans of France, as represented by the works of the younger Duvergier de Hauranne and M. Naquet respectively, as to which Señor Castelar decides that to the views of M. Naquet belongs and ought to belong the Future, while to the views of M. Duvergier de Hauranne belongs and ought to belong the Present. The key-

note of the whole of this immense forty-sixth chapter is "no heat, no haste; work for the Republic unceasingly, but do not expect to arrive even at the Conservative Republic—a Republic, that is, tempered by monarchical traditions, by leaps of any kind, least of all by Leaps in the Dark." To say that there are many digressions, is only to say that Señor Castelar is the writer. In one of these occurs a passage in which, speaking of the genius of Southern Spain, he curiously describes his own.

"The genius which is evaporated by the soil of Andalucía, by the banks of the Guadalquivir, by the Sierras of Cordova—exuberant, hyperbolic, audacious, most powerful, Asiatic, burning like our earth and like our sky, like the blood that courses through our veins, like the passions in our breasts."

All honour to the man whom reflection and experience have taught so to school such a disposition as to make him the most eloquent advocate of the policy "*Ohne Hast, doch ohne Rast.*" With chapter forty-seven begins a long narrative of the fall of the Second Empire, which, as we have already seen, Señor Castelar's banishment from Spain enabled him to watch very closely. It abounds in striking passages; as, for instance, one in which he compares Europe in 1867 to a Roman Amphitheatre just when the gladiatorial combats were about to begin.<sup>1</sup>

An excellent description of the oratory of M. Thiers, a summing up of the principles scattered over Europe by the French Revolution, a portrait of Garibaldi, and much, much else call for quotation here; but this probably is the part of the book in which, had the writer revised it, he would have used the pruning-knife, if not the axe, most freely, and I shall accordingly pass over a large part of the third and of the fourth volumes, taking up the thread again in the autumn of 1868.

What was it prevented war breaking out then? Señor Castelar replies, as many others have done, the Spanish Revolution; and then he proceeds to detail, at a length perhaps not too great for a Spanish, but somewhat alarming to a foreign reader, the circumstances which led to the fall of Queen Isabella. Scattered, however, through eight hundred and thirty pages, in which he treats this theme, are not a few very notable passages, bright and telling sketches of character, just comparisons evincing a careful study alike of the present and past, memorable sayings worthy to be treasured by all politicians. Take the following description of Gonzalez Bravo:—

"He had all the qualities of the ancient demagogue—courage, audacity, eloquence, volubility of character, even greater volubility of ideas, no scruple in agitating like the Tribunes when he was in opposition, and none in oppressing like the Cæsars when he was in power; incredible facility in changing his flag,

(1) Vol. iii. p. 286.

ingenious sophistry in sustaining all principles, temerity in political combats, extreme faith in his destiny . . . . . Who could better represent the system of adventures to which the Court gave itself up? He, who had been the flatterer of the people, knew well how peoples are bowed down. He, who had been Tribune, knew how tribunes are enervated. He, always a conspirator, knew how conspiracies are frustrated. Catiline put on the robe of a friar."

And this, about the marriage of the Princess of the Asturias with her cousin the Count of Girgenti, one of the Neapolitan Bourbons. "The dead embraced the dead in the common grave of their history." And the following on the newspaper-writing of the Liberal party during the campaign against the Court, in which we need hardly say its critic was *pars magna* :—

"Unite the austere convictions of Armand Carrel with the picturesque sentimental language of Camillo Desmoulins, all tinted with that Oriental lustre which is given to ideas by the richest and most hyperbolic of modern languages, and you will understand what it was—nervous, imaginative, spontaneous, most eloquent."

Or, again, this from an article addressed to Queen Christina, on her return to Spain in the winter of 1864 :—

"Ah, madam! this is the way that History advances! The men who were yesterday great hopes, are to-morrow hardly recollections; the world goes on devouring, in its feverish activity, idols, crowns, dynasties . . . When your Majesty returned to France, did you find there that dynasty of Louis Philippe which used to give laws to the south of Europe? When you went to Italy, did you find there your own dynasty? We feel, madam, that we were born under the malediction of those who dried the tears of our mothers, and opened a home in their own country to our fathers. But there is no help for it. Every revolution is born under the curse of the revolution which preceded it."

\* Or these few lines from the masterly sketch of Olozaga :—

"Do not look in him for those sublime ideas of Donoso Cortes which lost themselves in the depths of the infinite. Do not look for that lyrical fervour of Lopez which gave rhythm to prose and converted speeches into odes. Do not look for that rich literary erudition of Alcalá Galiano which made his spoken style as correct as if it were written, and evoked in the modern tribune the language of Granada and of Cervantes. Look, and you will find the deep intensity, the delicate irony that ever hits its aim, the Attic wit, the sober phrase, the incomparable simplicity, and the supreme eloquence of an oration of Demosthenes."

Or this on the death of Alcalá Galiano, who was concerned in the melancholy affair of the 10th of April, 1865, to which I alluded in my last paper :—

"His already weak health became so much worse that he died of a stroke of apoplexy at a meeting of the Cabinet, and in dying carried with him perhaps the easiest, most sonorous, and chastest eloquence which ever was heard in the Parliaments of Spain. His last phrase was a terrible accusation against the dynasty. 'Compulsus feci,' he said, and expired."

And again :—

• If the world gives itself up to Domitian, history gives itself up to Tacitus."

Or this, about the speech of a Catholic orator, who thought, as the storm beat against his illusions, that the world was going to ruin :—

“For him all was dying, all coming to an end. As we heard him, we looked up to the atmosphere, and it was so clear; we looked to the sky, and it was so charming; we looked to the sun, and it was so bright; we looked around us, and we saw young men who felt the pleasure of living; we looked before us, and saw beautiful women who were or were to be mothers; and we could only compassionate Senor Aparici, who thought that he heard the trumpet of Judgment, the voice of Antichrist, the utter destruction of the planet, when the only thing that was going to be destroyed was some poor little idol or other, some consorship, or the like.”

And again :—

“The ultimate causes of revolutions are ideas. Christianity was that of the first revolution of modern society, Philosophy was that of the last; but the immediate causes are economical evils and errors.”

Or this, from an article written by Señor Castelar in March, 1868 :—

“We repeat that celebrated dictum of a Spanish guerrillero: ‘General, I want to be one of the killed.’ ”

And the following with regard to the opinions of the Liberal party :—

“It is impossible to live outside of our ideas; they are the atmosphere of the age, and he who renounces them has the fate of lungs which renounce the air—he is suffocated.”

Or this account of Rios Rosas :—

“He loved the tempest as eagles do, the combat as warriors do, difficulties as all the great workers of the world do; and there was the same force and ardour in his character as in his burning words.”

Or this :—

“Kept far for three long ages from the modern spirit, we lay as if in the vacuum of an air-pump. Our great traders were the Jews, and we expelled them in the fifteenth century. Our great thinkers were the philosophers, the theologians, who felt the necessity of reform in the national spirit, and we burnt them in the sixteenth century. Our great cultivators were the Moriscos, and we expelled them in the seventeenth century.”

Again :—

“The army begins our revolutions, and the revolutions take the course which the people wishes.”

Or this :—

“The Queen had agreed to make some concessions to the Liberal party, but with the usual Spanish indolence she put them off, without considering that in our country the summer is the time which is propitious alike for the tempests of the material and of the political world.”

I have selected these extracts as being characteristic, and as not requiring explanations, which others that might be cited with equal propriety would require.

The event of the year 1868 which came next in importance to the



Spanish Revolution was the determination to call together a council at the Vatican; and to this event Señor Castelar devotes a long and interesting chapter, which, however, does not contain much that is new. The following passage sets forth the existing phase of his own religious views:—

“The simple religion of the future, the religion whose dogmas are summed up in the two fundamental ones of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, completed by the purest morality, which breathes forth a disinterested love of goodness for its own sake.”

All the criticisms of this great orator about oratory are important, and not least this:—

“I have never been able to explain to my own satisfaction the decay of religious oratory in this age, which has engendered political oratory; when the voices of Chatham, of Mirabeau, and of Vergniaud are hardly silent. Theological ideas are eloquent of themselves. It was very easy for Bossuet to touch the inmost fibres of the human heart with the simple phrase ‘Madame is dead,’ and it was very difficult for Pitt to move any one by a figure in the budget. If religious eloquence had been possible in our times, it is inconceivable that it would not have been embraced by two orators so great as Lamartine and Donoso. The first would have been sweet and tender, like St. John when he wrote his gospel, and the other thundering and sublime like Ezekiel or Isaiah, intoning their dirges. Since these two souls did not embrace a religious career, it is manifest that the age was not favourable to religious vocations.”

This passage occurs in an account of Père Hyacinthe, of whom, considered merely as an orator, Señor Castelar speaks very highly.

From Italy he returns to France, and follows from 1868 onwards, through the latter part of the sixth and seventh volumes, the gradual decline of the French Empire. The story of the Baudin trial and the first appearance of Gambetta is told with great spirit, and there is an endless series of portraits sketched with a bold and generally a successful hand. Everywhere Señor Castelar's intense love of democracy, and bitter hatred of demagogism, socialism, and violence, comes out very clearly. In contrasting the views of the younger generation of Frenchmen with those of their fathers, whose fears of the Red Spectre did so much to make straight the paths for the *coup d'état*, he says:—

“To the eyes of the new generation, Utopias appear as comets do to the eyes of Science; they are not bodies whose movements can be fixed with the same exactitude with which the movements of the other heavenly bodies can be fixed, but neither are they disturbing and anarchical bodies in the planetary system. Their coming in contact with our earth would produce no more effect than the collision of a fly with a train.”

This, too, is happy:—

“The new generation abhorred that empire which the Catilines from above erected against the Catilines from below.”

And this:—

“The amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes should be the result

of all the forces of society, and not exclusively of political formulas. For the solving of the social problem, we must take count not only of liberty, justice, form of government, but also of economical and even cosmological laws which do not easily subordinate themselves to political combinations . . . No one is opposed to the social amelioration of the disinherited classes; but that to which common sense and political sense are jointly opposed is that, under pretext of ameliorating their condition, men should attack property, which is the root of individual liberties, and promulgate communistic ideas, which are at bottom reactionary ideas."

Chapter eighty-six, called a Leap in the Dark, and showing that the reckless phrase of a reckless politician has crossed the Channel, though, happily for the English aristocracy, Señor Castelar forgets the name of the man who spoke it, treats of the *volte-face* of the Imperial Government towards Liberalism, and closes with this fine image:—

"When the evolution had been made, a new horizon opened for the Empire—an horizon like the sky of those summer nights in which there is not one single cloud, but in which gleam all around and in every direction the silent lightnings of the tempest."

Speaking in chapter eighty-seven of an absurdity of Rochefort's at an electoral meeting, Señor Castelar says:—

"The streets!—a deputy has nothing to do with the streets. His commission is legal, his business is with discussion, with ideas; his arms are speech and vote, his barricade the tribune."

Treating again of the illusions of the extreme party in 1848, he censures those Republicans "who, drawing their lessons from the miserable traditions of a revolution in delirium, believed that the Republic was a tempest, a whirlwind in which all passions were boiling, when the Republic ought to be a secure harbour in which the essential principles of modern society have cast anchor, authority, and liberty, things necessary in all places and in all times—more than necessary, indispensable for a true democracy."

One who can write like this may well laugh at M. Ledru-Rollin for having learnt so little in England as to suppose that when we want to change any of our institutions we shall require to proceed by revolutionary methods.

In the seventh volume Señor Castelar tells the story of the Ollivier ministry, and of the events which led to the great ruin of 1870; but his political principles prevent his doing justice to the gifted though erring Minister whose weakness had so much to do with that catastrophe.

The eighth volume is chiefly devoted to the war, and I take from it a few more extracts. Here is a scene from the first days of September:—

"The Imperialist deputies were raging against those who had placed the seals of the State on the doors of the Corps Législatif. Nothing was wanting

but the final *mot*. Thiers had been keeping it by him for twenty years. It is the moral of all this great tragedy, a moral distilled and reduced to its quintessence. Hear it! hear it! Not the first tragic poet of the world, not Æschylus, not Shakespeare, not Calderon, would ever have found a more fitting last word for the Empire. History disgusts us with novels, for there is no novel so dramatic, so logical, so interesting as history. 'What are you complaining of,' asked Thiers: 'is it because they have scaled up the building of the national representation? It was worse to seal up the national representatives; and to this day I have not forgotten the mark which the 2nd of December put upon us. I am an old prisoner of Mazas.' Thus ended the assemblies of the Empire. There is a Providence."

And a little later:—

"The European revolution, the European democracy, has gained at Sedan a battle with the powder of divine right. The arms forged by the kings are the docile instruments of the peoples. The King of Prussia has brought on the west the invasion of his Uhlans, and now the west will bring to the King of Prussia the invasion of its ideas. Monarch of Divine Right, thou hast destroyed with thy cannon the Pope and the Caesar, the two columns of thy throne! Thou art undone in the midst of thy victory."

I said some time ago to a friend of Señor Castelar's: "He would be much the better of a long visit to Germany; he has much to learn there."

"Ah!" was the reply, "he is too Latin for that."

Latin he is, no doubt, but he is also just and open-minded beyond perhaps any politician of his time. To speak of the King of Prussia or Emperor of Germany as a monarch by divine right, is natural enough for any one who remembers the coronation at Königsberg, but much has happened since.

Again, just before the storming of the Porta Pia:—

"One more ruin of privilege. That Pontificate which has divorced democracy from religion, which has divorced liberty and equality from the gospel, which has been the supporter of all tyrannies, the enemy of all rights, which has made its own apotheosis by declaring itself to be a god, infallible and impeccable amidst a progressive and human society, that Pontificate is disappearing like a shadow, because amidst so many struggles and so many martyrdoms the hour of emancipation for the conscience has sounded. 'Te Deum Laudamus, Te Deum Libertatis!'"

Here is Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe:—

"Sometimes he goes into the neighbouring villages, stops the children as they come from the schools, asks them about their games and their studies. He ought to say to them, looking at them fixedly with those eyes of a bird of prey: 'Grow, grow in peace, there will come no other Napoleon to mow down the generations in their flower upon the fields of battle. Look abroad upon the cornfields and the vineyards, you are Labour and Life, I am the last shadow of Cæsarism and War.'"

The latter part of the eighth and the whole of the ninth volume contain a detailed and most brilliant account of the hideous Commune, the greatest calamity, as M. Castelar thinks, which has occurred in modern times to the cause of the Republic. It is full of admirable pages. Not the least admirable are those which sketch the

chief actors — the stoical Jacobin, Delescluzes, who, abhorring Socialism and Federalism, enthusiastic for a strong state and an authoritative Republic, found himself in the hard necessity of choosing whether he would hold with the chiefs of the Republican party, which he detested, or the rank and file which he despised; Tridon the Hébertist, who dreamed that the Republic of 1871 had the same enemies to fight as that of 1792, that the powder of the Bastille was still in the air, the shade of the feudal castle still over the land, and the cinders of the fires of the Inquisition still in the middle of the squares; Grousset, the dilettante in revolution; Rigault and Ferré the Terrorists, to whom murder was sacramental, and so many more.

Amongst the most interesting of these sketches is that of Félix Pyat, the author of several works which M. Castelar greatly admires, such as his play *Diogenes*; but yet often showing himself as a writer of the Decadence, with extravagant images, absurd parallels, improbable hyperboles, far-fetched antitheses, who in his political character is thus described:—

“Not a tribune, not a statesman, but a dramaturgo who cares above all things for his phrases of effect, for his scenes of anxiety, for his arguments of interest, for the knots which he skilfully ties, for the sudden and unexpected untwining of those knots, as if the whole world were an eternal theatre.”

How strange is the difference of human fates! If this obscure revolutionist had had the good fortune to have been born to the north of the Straits of Dover, precisely the same qualities might have brought him into the position of the honoured chief of a proud aristocracy, the defender of an apostolic church, the pillar of an ancient throne.

The time has not yet come to write the real history of the Commune, and those who are best acquainted with it would have much to object to in Señor Castelar's narrative. It is, however, extremely interesting, and so full of quotable passages that I must pass a self-denying ordinance against lingering upon it, since there are still one or two works of Señor Castelar's on which I must say just a word.

All the world knows that the events of January, 1874, in consequence of which Señor Castelar retired from Spain, were the beginning of the end, and that a military pronunciamiento led, in the end of that year and the first few days of the next, to the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of King Alfonso, the son of Isabella II.

The following passage from a book called *Cartas sobre Política Europea*, which consists of two volumes of letters contributed during a series of years to South American periodicals, but collected in 1876, is interesting, as showing that Señor Castelar, in spite of the fate of his beloved Republic, bates nothing of heart and hope. •

"To-day, with the same faith as in my first days, I sustain and defend the alliance of liberty with democracy, and of liberty and democracy with order, because if in that way social renovation is more slow and gradual, it is also more enduring and more secure, for there is nothing more terrible than the reactions which are brought about by the excesses of peoples, and the abuse of justice and right."

Another volume, published as late as last year at Barcelona, contains speeches made by Señor Castelar in the Cortes of 1876 and of the earlier part of 1877, many of them of the very highest merit, and showing that his being supported by, if I remember right, only one other republican in the Chamber, does not in the slightest degree disconcert him, while the admirable, high-minded, and kindly attitude which he preserved towards the Monarchists when he was in power, has attained for him a sympathy and respect such as is rarely accorded in any country to political adversaries. I will quote only two passages where I might quote a score—two passages which, like many others that I have cited, may well be read, marked, and inwardly digested in countries which are far away from Spain.

"I know no demonstration so evident of the inefficiency of political Powers in the religious question as that last journey of Julian's to the foot of Parnassus, to the margin of the Castalian fount, to the edge of the wood where the Pythoness spoke her oracles, when on passing through the inter-columnium where Apollo used to touch his lyre and Greece drank her inspirations, the Emperor found the columns without ex-votos, the altar without victims, the shrine without offerings, the tripod without fire, the sacred vases without the ancient hydromel, in spite of his having restored Paganism in the schools, in the laws, in the empire—vain restoration, I repeat, for it avails not to open the bosom of the State to a belief, if that belief takes not hold where all beliefs root themselves profoundly, in the immortal bosom of our spirit."

And near the end :—

"The blind woman in the Gospel seeking Christ in his sepulchre of stone reminds me of these reactionary schools. Yes, they seek Christ where he is not, in the sepulchre of the Middle Age, in the walls of the feudal castles, in the fetters of the slave, when Christ has risen in liberty, risen in equality, risen wherever a truth is enunciated or a work of justice done."

The speech of the 9th May, 1876, from which these two short paragraphs are taken, should certainly be translated. I do not believe a finer has been delivered in our times, and if I am to be perfectly honest I rather doubt whether a much finer of its sort has been delivered in any time.

The hour has happily not yet arrived to take a final estimate of Señor Castelar; he has, we may hope, many years of activity before him. In England, indeed, he would be, politically speaking, an infant, although in Spain, which so many suppose to be a dead and torpid country, he has risen without any advantages of birth or fortune to have been already some years ago, for a time, the first citizen. It is peculiarly difficult to forecast the future of so fair and open-minded a man. If Señor Castelar changes an opinion, we

may be sure he will say so, and a larger intercourse with the world outside Spain would probably lead him to change some opinions although no principles. I have already said that he has much to learn about Germany, and although he knows more of England, he has much to learn about her also; so much that it is most heartily to be desired that he should carry into effect a project which he is understood to have cherished, and should pass some time in this country amongst English public men. The truth is that no European politician who aspires to be really a statesman can afford nowadays not to know pretty intimately France, Germany, England, and we may add Italy. If he does not take the trouble to do this, he is quite sure to nourish prejudices from which a wider survey of men and things would have saved him. For certain purposes of course such a wide survey is undesirable. For the obtaining of immediate applause, and the kind of success that comes of it, a politician perhaps does well to keep his mind a blank about other countries, because then he is always free, when their affairs come up for discussion in his own, to adopt the particular view that seems most popular with his party, and shriek it forth at the top of his voice. That, however, is not at all in Señor Castelar's line, and he will be well content to sacrifice some illusions which he cherishes about England, and which are useful enough for rhetorical purposes at home, if he is convinced that they are not founded on fact.

The reader who has followed me through this and the preceding article, will have seen that he is not being introduced to a speaker and writer who has not a reasonable share of faults. He will have observed amongst other things that I have not been able to point to a single work, putting isolated speeches and essays out of the question, which seems to me quite as good as Señor Castelar could make it if he gave himself more time; but I have been singularly unfortunate in my selections if I have not left on his mind the impression that he has been making acquaintance with one of the most gifted, purest-minded, and interesting of contemporary politicians.

Some one said in the newspapers, the other day, that he was rather the Spanish Sheridan than the Spanish Gladstone. He seems to me to be quite unlike any public man we have ever had, alike in his merits and defects. But if a man who has drunk of the modern spirit, as no English statesman of first-rate importance has done, were to arise amongst us with the oratorical genius of Señor Castelar, and that acquaintance with affairs which almost every one gets in the House of Commons, he would, in ten years, be the most powerful man in England.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

## DAVOS IN WINTER.

It has long been acknowledged that high Alpine air in summer is beneficial to people suffering from lung disease, but only of late years, and in one locality, has the experiment of a winter residence at a considerable elevation above the sea been made. The general results of that experiment are so satisfactory that the conditions of life in winter at Davos, and the advantages it offers to invalids, ought to be fairly set before the English public. My own experience of eight months spent at Davos, between August, 1877, and April, 1878, enables me to speak with some confidence; while a long previous familiarity with the health-stations of the Riviera—Cannes, Bordighera, Nice, Mentone, and San Remo—furnishes a standard of comparison between two methods of cure at first sight radically opposite.

Accustomed as we are to think that warmth is essential to the satisfactory treatment of pulmonary complaints, it requires no little courage to face the severity of winter in an Alpine valley, where the snow lies for seven months, and where the thermometer frequently falls to ten or fifteen degrees Fahrenheit below Zero. Nor is it easy, by any stretch of the imagination, to realise the fact that, in spite of this intense cold, the most sensitive invalids can drive in open sledges with impunity, expose themselves without risk to falling snow through hours of exercise, or sit upon their bedroom balconies, basking in a hot sun, with the world all white around them, and a spiky row of icicles above their heads. Yet such is a state of things which a few months spent in Davos renders quite familiar; and perhaps the best way of making it intelligible is to describe diffusely, without any scientific pretence or display of theory, what sort of place Davos is, and what manner of life sick people may lead there.

Davos is the name given to a district, the principal village of which is Davos-am-Platz, situated at an elevation of 5,200 feet above the sea. It is an open and tolerably broad valley, lying almost exactly south and north, and so placed as, roughly speaking, to be parallel with the Upper Engadine, on the one side, and the Rheinthal, between Chur and Landquart, on the other. The mountains which enclose it are of no commanding altitude; only one insignificant glacier can be seen from any point in the valley, but the position of great rocky masses both to south and north is such that the most disagreeable winds, whether the keen north wind or the relaxing south-wester, known by the dreaded name of *föhn*, are fairly

excluded. Comparative stillness is, indeed, a great merit of Davos; the best nights and days of winter present a cloudless sky, clear frost, and absolutely unstirred atmosphere. At the same time, it would be ridiculous to say that there is no wind in this happy valley. March there, as elsewhere, is apt to be disturbed and stormy; and during the summer months the valley-wind, which rises regularly every morning and blows for several hours, will cause discomfort to invalids who have not learned how to avoid it by taking refuge in the pine-woods or frequenting sheltered promenades. All travellers in Switzerland are well aware that where there is a broad valley lying north and south they will meet with a *thalwind*. At Davos it is not nearly so strong as in the Upper Engadine or the Rhonthal; nor is it at all dreaded for their patients by the physicians. Colds, strange to say, are rarely caught at Davos, and, if caught, are easily got rid of; and, for my own part, I can say with certainty that no wind there ever plagued me or imperilled my recovery so much as a *mistral* at San Remo or a *sirocco* at Palermo.

Davos was settled in the middle of the thirteenth century by the Austrians, who held it till the people freed themselves in the sixteenth century, and, together with the population of the neighbouring valleys, formed the independent state of the Graubünden. The mountaineers are a hardy, sober, frugal race of peasants, owning their own land, and sending the superfluous members of each family, for whom no work can be found at home, forth into the world. In old days the Davosers preferred military service. I have before me the pedigree of one family, called Buol, who now own a large hotel at Davos. I find from it that between the years 1400 and 1800, thirty-eight of its members held various offices in the French, Austrian, Venetian, Dutch, Milanese, Spanish, English, and Neapolitan armies, varying from the rank of General down to that of private soldier. Nearly as many served their country as governors of districts, captains, generals, and ambassadors. A curious history might be written of this family's vicissitudes, and a strange list of its honours might be drawn up; for it claims one Austrian earldom, and two German baronies, as well as a French title of nobility, dating from the reign of Henry IV. Nor is this a solitary instance. Several Grisons families have old historic names; and, were they not republicans, would bear titles as ancient as any but a select few of the English peerage. They are, however, simple peasants now, and, instead of seeking glory in foreign service, they content themselves with trades and commerce. Until the year 1865 Davos remained in the hands of its own people, who lived substantially and soberly, each family in its great farm-house of stone or fir-wood, at a discreet distance from its neighbours. Platz was



the capital of the district, where the church with its tall sharp spire stands, where the public business of the Landschaft is transacted in the ancient Rathhaus, and where in those old days there was but one primitive little inn. In that year a German physician of repute and experience, Dr. Unger, determined to try whether high Alpine air was really a cure for serious lung disease. The district physician of that epoch, Dr. Spengler, who is now one of the most popular *Kur-aerzte* of Davos, had previously observed, first, that phthisis was unknown among the inhabitants of the valley; and secondly, that those Davosers who had contracted pulmonary complaints in foreign countries, made rapid and easy cures on their return. He published the results of his observations in the *Deutsche Klinik* for 1862, and the reading of his paper impelled Dr. Unger to test the truth of his opinion by personal experience. Fortunately for the future of Davos, Dr. Unger was himself far gone in consumption, and he was accompanied by a young friend in the same plight. In spite of having to rough it more than invalids find safe or pleasant, both Dr. Unger and his friend, Herr Hugo Richter, derived so much benefit from their first visit, that they persevered and ultimately recovered their health. The result was that Dr. Unger and his fellow-workers have transformed Davos during the last thirteen years from a mere mountain village into a health-station, frequented by nearly one thousand invalids, who pass the winter with every comfort of good accommodation, excellent food, and not a few amusements. The large majority of these visitors are Germans; but Poles, Belgians, Russians, Danes, and a good many English and Americans, may now be found in the colony. It speaks volumes for the place, and for the genuine nature of the cures effected there, that it has grown up gradually in this short space of time, without the attraction of mineral waters or fascinating specialities of treatment; without the intervention of speculative capitalists, intent on floating a new watering place; without the charms of a luxurious climate, and without the patronage of royal or illustrious names. Until quite recently it has been known to few but middle-class Germans; and, if its fame is now spreading more widely, every step it makes is made through its own merits. There is absolutely nothing in the place—no social advantages, no distinguished beauty of scenery, no delightful southern air—nothing but the fact that if you go there ill, it almost always happens that you come away well, after a sufficient time spent in the cure process, to recommend a residence in the austere monotony of this frost-bound, snow-clad valley.

The method of cure is very simple. After a minute personal examination of the ordinary kind, your physician tells you to give up medicines, and to sit warmly clothed in the sun as long as it is

shining, to eat as much as possible, to drink a fair quantity of Valtelline wine, and not to take any exercise. He comes at first to see you every day, and soon forms a more definite opinion of your capacity and constitution. Then, little by little, he shows you to walk; at first upon the level, next up-hill, until the daily walks begin to occupy from four to five hours. The one thing relied upon is air. To inhale the maximum quantity of the pure mountain air, and to imbibe the maximum quantity of the keen mountain sunlight, is the *sine quâ non*. Everything else—milk-drinking, douches, baths, friction, counter-irritant applications, and so forth—is subsidiary. Medicine is very rarely used: and yet the physicians are not pedantic in their dislike of drugs. They only find by long experience that they can get on better without medicine. Therefore they do not use it except in cases where their observation shows that it is needed. And certainly they are justified by the result. The worst symptoms of pulmonary sickness—fever, restless nights, cough, blood-spitting, and expectoration—gradually subside by merely living and breathing. The appetite returns, and the power of taking exercise is wonderfully increased. When I came to Davos, for example, at the beginning of last August, I could not climb two pairs of stairs without the greatest discomfort. At the end of September I was able to walk 1,000 feet up hill without pain and without fear of hemorrhage. This progress was maintained throughout the winter; and when I left Davos in April the physician could confirm my own sensation that the lung, which had been seriously injured, was comparatively sound again, and that its wound had been healed. Of course, I do not mean that the impossible had been achieved, or, in other words, that what had ceased to be organic had been recomposed for me, but that the disease had been arrested by a natural process of contraction. For such personal details I hope I may receive indulgence. It is only by translating general into particular statements that a layman can express himself in these matters to his brother-laymen.

The fact, however theorised, that colds are rarely caught in this keen Alpine climate, and that recurrent fever tends to disappear, enables the patient to inhale a far greater amount of air than is possible under almost any other conditions, and renders him much freer in the indulgence of his appetite. He need not be afraid of eating and drinking what he chooses, while the bracing of his system makes him very ready indeed to eat. The result is that he speedily increases in weight; and if he has the strength to take exercise, his whole body loses the atony of wasting sickness. Davos does indeed seem to offer the advantages of almost unlimited air and general invigoration which we seek in a long sea-voyage or a journey up the Nile, without the confinement of the former or the many drawbacks

which the latter presents to one who is seriously ill. It has, besides, its own quality of bracing dryness and the stimulus that only comes from rarified cold air. Those who are enthusiastic for this new Alpine method assert that it alone offers a radical cure. Sick-folk, they say, may have their lives prolonged, their sufferings mitigated, on the Riviera; they may live with happiness in Madeira, or may enjoy existence above the first Cataract; but they can only return from the brink of the grave to an active home-life after passing through the summers and winters of the high Alps. Whether this proud claim be really justified must be left to experts to decide. To the same tribunal must be referred the question whether, if the case be established, the result is obtained by checking and obliterating the germs of a disease that tends to reproduce itself in the affected organ; or by fortifying the constitution and rendering it less liable to the attacks of cold; or by the diminished pressure of the atmosphere on debilitated organs of respiration; or by the perfect purity of air that travels over boundless fields of snow, untainted by exhalations, charged neither with dust nor gases, nor yet with Professor Tyndall's redoubtable bacteria; or else by the tension of the nervous system that reanimates and rallies the last sparks of life in an exhausted organism. I am myself inclined to believe that somewhat too much is claimed for Davos by its devotees, and that instances of quite as complete a cure can also be adduced by rival methods—by the long sea voyage, the Dahabeeyah, and the residence in tropic or sub-tropic climates. But this at least seems proved, that a large percentage of almost hopeless cases attain rapidly and without relapse at Davos to the condition of ordinary health, and that this desirable result is effected at a very small pecuniary outlay, with no collateral risk, and with no sacrifice of the common conveniences of civilised life. Not only the cases recorded in technical treatises, but the testimony of many persons with whom I have conversed upon the details of their cure, together with my own experience, based upon a comparison of Davos with Italy and the Riviera, convince me that it is the soundest, surest, and most radical system as yet discovered.

It is a great injury to any new system to describe it in too roseate colours, or to withhold the drawbacks which it shares with all things that are merely ours and mortal. No candid advocate can conceal the fact that there are serious deductions to be made from the great advantages offered by Davos. First and foremost stands the fact that life in a confined Alpine valley during winter is monotonous. It is true that the post comes regularly every day, and that the Swiss post for letters, books, and parcels is so admirably managed that almost anything a man desires can be had within forty-eight hours from London. It is true that the Alps, in their

winter robe of snow, offer a spectacle which for novelty and splendour is not surpassed by anything the fancy can imagine. It is true that sledging is an excellent amusement, and that a fair amount of skating can be reckoned on. It is also true that the climate enables weak people to enjoy all opportunities of rational amusement without stint or hindrance. But, in spite of this, life is monotonous. The mechanic paces to and fro, which are a condition of the cure, become irksome; and the discontented invalid is apt to sigh for the blue Mediterranean and the skies he remembers on a sunny Riviera shore. Then it cannot be denied that a great deal of snow falls in the winter. The peasants concur in telling me that it is rare to have four fine weeks together, and my own experience of one winter, not exceptionally bad, leads me to expect two snowy days to three fine ones. Snow fall is, however, no interruption to exercise, and I never found that my health suffered from bad weather. On the contrary, I had the exhilarating consciousness that I could bear it, harden myself against it, and advance steadily under conditions which in England would have been hopeless. Another drawback to the system is the stern and strict rule of health which the invalid must observe if he wishes to secure its advantages. He must be content to rise early in order to enjoy the first gleams of sunshine, and to retire to bed early in order to get the prescribed quantity of sleep. He must not shirk his daily exercise upon the same frost-hardened roads, varied by nothing better than sledge exercise in favourable weather, or by the Canadian amusement of "tobogginning." Many who have not moral energy enough to live the ascetic life for several months together, neutralise the good of the climate by lounging in cafés and billiard-rooms, by smoking and drinking, by sitting up late at night, and by trading on the stimulus of the air to pass a lazy, good-for-nothing existence, which leaves them where it found them. Still, it might be argued that, in this respect at any rate, Davos does not differ from other health stations. It is well known that people who spend the winter at Cannes or Mentone often disobey the directions of their doctors, and suffer in consequence; while Davos offers less enticements to imprudent living than places where nature and society are more alluring. Another disadvantage, shared in common with the Riviera, is the problem, where to pass the spring? It is pretty generally conceded by the doctors that to stay on in Davos after the second week in April is unadvisable. The great mass of winter snow is then melting, the roads are almost impassable by walkers, and the sun has acquired great power. Chills, almost unknown in the winter or the summer, may now be taken, and the irksomeness of the protracted residence in one place is beginning to tell on nerves and spirits. Therefore the colony breaks up. Some go to German baths, some to Montreux.

on the Lake of Geneva, some to the Italian lakes. But wherever the invalids may go, they feel the transition from the bracing mountain air to a fewer climate very trying. Strange to say, they now suffer cold for the first time for many months. They have borne forty-two degrees of frost with only an increased sense of exhilaration during February and March; they have driven in open sledges over the Splügen with only a delightful consciousness of freedom and security; they have been half buried in avalanches and snowstorms on the Fluela and Maloja: but they settle at Bellagio, and shiver in a temperature of sixty. Accustomed to the most perfect dryness, they resent the tepid moisture of the plains. Having been indulged all through the winter with double windows and warm rooms, they hate the draughts and stagnant chilliness of an Italian residence. Nothing can make up to them for the loss of the subtle, all-pervasive stimulus to which they are habituated. After a while, indeed, the disagreeable sensation passes away, and they recognise that they are only returning with an immensely increased vital force to the ordinary conditions of their old existence. But it requires some self-restraint and much observance of hygienic rules to effect the transition without injury. I think they would do well to use sub-Alpine situations, like Glion, on the Lake of Geneva, or Monte Generoso, above Como, as intermediate stations between the Grisons and the plains of Europe. Mere dry cold they need not dread. Davos has surrounded them with triple brass to brave it. But they have to fear dampness, heat, and all those elements which go to make up what is called a relaxing climate. After all, no one who has once benefited by a Davos winter would shrink from another season there because of this slight drawback, when his own sensations and the verdict of his medical adviser assure him that he is far more capable of bearing adverse influences than he was six months ago.

So much of the cure at Davos depends on exercise that it is wise for those who are very weak to seek it tolerably early in the autumn, not later than the middle of August perhaps, in order that they may acclimatise themselves while the season is yet warm, and get upon their legs before the snow has fallen. The first snow generally comes in the middle of November; and if an invalid arrives at that time, he may be debarred from the benefit of the winter by not being able to leave his room. That some occupation is desirable during the winter months need hardly be stated. Those only suffer from the monotony of the place to any serious extent who are absolutely without resources in themselves; but any one who is able to amuse himself with reading will find to his delight that he can study with increased facility, all his faculties, both mental and physical, being quickened; and his only regret will be that so little

time is left after the prescribed hours of exercise and rest have been observed.

There are many excellent hotels at Davos, all of which have grown up under the inspection of the medical authorities, and are therefore above the average in sanitary arrangements. All fear of typhoid or malarious fevers, those too real bugbears of many southern watering-places, may at present, at least, be dismissed from the mind at Davos. The water supplied is first-rate in quality, and the food is both abundant and well-served. The houses are solidly built of stone, with double windows for the winter months. All are warmed throughout, but not on the same principle. The Kur-haus and the hotels, Post and Schweizerhof, for example, have a system of steam-heating which may, I think, be fairly criticized. Stoves of brick and china are used in the other houses; and these work so admirably that one never suffers from closeness or overheating. Before I tried it, I confess that I dreaded a winter at Davos on account of these stoves and double windows, which I knew were necessary in a climate of such rigour. But I never suffered the least inconvenience from them. It may here be incidentally remarked that in ordinary weather one lighting of the stove a day suffices. A temperature of  $56^{\circ}$  in a sitting-room, and of  $45^{\circ}$  in a bedroom, is quite agreeable to an invalid who feels chilly in England with his room below  $65^{\circ}$  by day and  $60^{\circ}$  by night. This I know to be the fact, for I am at present shivering on Monte Generoso, with my thermometer at  $62^{\circ}$ , to an extent I never knew at Davos-Platz. Two inns, standing outside the village, close to a convenient pine-wood, and well exposed to the southern sun, are in my opinion those which English people would prefer. The larger is called the Hotel Buol, and is kept by a family of whom mention has already been made. The smaller is the Hotel Belvedere, kept by an admirable German landlord, Herr Coester, where the English chaplain lives and holds his Sunday services. The prices of both houses are much the same. You may live well for a pension of six francs a day; and it is not possible, I think, in these two hotels to pay a rate exceeding ten francs. Excellent wine—no small matter for invalids in a cold climate—is quite common at Davos, where the people, ever since the days when they held the Valtelline as a subject province, have engrossed the best vintages of Sassella and Grumello. Sassella is, in fact, a wine which cannot be tasted outside the valleys of the Inn and Davos, except in its own district; and Sassella is the Rhetian praised by Virgil as comparable with Falernian.

From observations made by our own party between the dates November 1st and April 3rd, I find that in November the greatest amount of cold registered by a Negretti and Zambra minimum thermometer was, on the 22nd  $6^{\circ}$ , and on the 27th  $8^{\circ}$ . In December it

was, on the 21st,  $-1^{\circ}$ ; on the 26th,  $-2^{\circ}$ ; on the 16th,  $1^{\circ}$ . In January it was on the 11th,  $-5^{\circ}$ ; on the 12th,  $-10^{\circ}$ ; on the 13th,  $-4^{\circ}$ ; on the 14th,  $-4^{\circ}$ . In February it was on the 1st,  $-5^{\circ}$ ; on the 2nd,  $1^{\circ}$ ; on the 3rd,  $1^{\circ}$ ; and on the 13th,  $1^{\circ}$ . In March it was on the 16th,  $-8^{\circ}$ ; and on the 17th,  $-9^{\circ}$ . The minus marks mean degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. In November there were two days when the registered minimum was below  $10^{\circ}$ ; in December, twelve; in January, seventeen; in February, six; and in March, nine. The maximum sun heat registered by a "blackened bulb thermometer in vacuo" was, in November, on the 14th,  $141^{\circ}$ ; on the 23rd,  $142^{\circ}$ ; on the 25th,  $143^{\circ}$ . In December, on the 1st,  $137^{\circ}$ ; on the 9th,  $134^{\circ}$ ; on the 11th,  $149^{\circ}$ . In January, on the 22nd,  $145^{\circ}$ ; on the 23rd,  $133^{\circ}$ . In February, on the 6th, 7th, and 13th,  $141^{\circ}$ ; on the 17th and 23rd,  $143^{\circ}$ ; on the 18th,  $145^{\circ}$ ; and on the 24th,  $140^{\circ}$ . In March, on the 21st,  $164^{\circ}$ ; on the 28th,  $153^{\circ}$ ; and on the 29th,  $149^{\circ}$ . In November there were eighteen days when the thermometer in the sun marked above  $120^{\circ}$ ; in December, thirteen; in January, seventeen; in February, nineteen; and in March, fifteen. Many of these days are noted in our book of observations as having been extremely hot. The number of days on which the wet and dry bulbs marked the same degree were only seventeen, and it was not unusual to notice a difference of from six to ten degrees. Over the same period there were fifty days on which snow fell; ninety-eight on which no snow fell; four on which rain fell; and only two on which any fog was remarkable. Snow fell pretty continuously on the 13th, 25th, 27th, and 30th of November; on the 8th, 17th, 18th, 25th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of December; on the 8th, 9th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 24th, and 25th of January; on the 28th of February; on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 24th, 26th, and 30th of March. The days on which it was quite agreeable to sit for several hours together in the open air were the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 22nd of November; the 1st, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd of December; the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, and 28th of January; the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 13th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 27th of February; the 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 16th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, and 27th of March; the 1st and 3rd of April. There was not a single day in the whole winter on which I was debarred from taking a moderate amount of exercise, and on a large majority of days I spent from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. in the open air, partly walking and partly sitting when I was not driving, often adding a walk at night before bedtime. At sunset there is no appreciable chill, though it is then advisable to supplement the loss of sun-heat by exercise. That delicate people should sit in the middle of the snow for hours to-

gether, under conditions of temperature described above, and that the snow itself should not rapidly begin to melt around them, may seem incredible; but such is the ordinary practice at Davos, and neither the extreme of solar heat nor the intensity of frost presents the slightest inconvenience.

The gradual approach of winter is very lovely at Davos. The valley itself is not beautiful, as Alpine valleys go, though it has scenery both picturesque and grand within easy reach. But when summer is passing into autumn, even the bare slopes of the least romantic glen are glorified. Golden lights and crimson are cast over the grey-green world by the fading of innumerable plants. Then the larches begin to put on fallow tints that deepen into orange, burning against the solid blue sky like amber. The frosts are severe at night, and the meadow grass turns dry and wan. The last lilac crocuses die upon the fields. Icicles, hanging from water-course or mill-wheel, glitter in the noonday sun-light. The wind blows keenly from the north, and now the snow begins to fall and thaw, and freeze, and fall and thaw again. The seasons are confused; wonderful days of flawless purity are intermingled with storm and gloom. At last the time comes when a great snowfall has to be expected. There is hard frost in the early morning, and at nine o'clock the thermometer stands at 2°. The sky is clear, but it clouds rapidly with films of cirrus and of stratus in the south and west. Soon it is covered over with grey vapour in a level sheet, all the hill-tops standing hard against the steely heavens. The cold wind from the west freezes the moustache to one's pipe-stem. By noon the air is thick with a congealed mist; the temperature meanwhile has risen, and a little snow falls at intervals. The valleys are filled with a curious opaque blue, from which the peaks rise, phantom-like and pallid, into the grey air, scarcely distinguishable from their background. The pine-forests on the mountain sides are of darkest indigo. There is an indescribable stillness and a sense of incubation. The wind has fallen. Later on, the snow-flakes flutter silently and sparsely through the lifeless air. The most distant landscape is quite blotted out. After sunset the clouds have settled down upon the hills, and the snow comes in thick, impenetrable fleeces. At night our hair crackles and sparkles when we brush it. Next morning there is a foot and a half of finely-powdered snow, and still the snow is falling. Strangely loom the chalets through the semi-solid whiteness. Yet the air is now dry and singularly soothing. The pines are heavy with their wadded coverings; now and again one shakes himself in silence, and his burden falls in a white cloud, to leave a black-green patch upon the hillside, whitening again as the imperturbable fall continues. The stakes by the roadside are almost buried. No sound is audible. Nothing is seen but the snow-



plough, a long raft of planks with a heavy stone at its stern and a sharp prow, drawn by four strong horses and driven by a young man erect upon the stem. So we live through two days and nights, and on the third a north wind blows. The snow-clouds break and hang upon the hills in scattered fleeces, glimpses of blue sky shine through, and sunlight glints along the heavy masses. The blues of the shadows are everywhere intense. As the clouds disperse, they form in moulded domes, tawny like sun-burned marble in the distant south lands. Every *châlet* is a miracle of fantastic curves, built by the heavy hanging snow. Snow lies mounded on the roads and fields, writhed into loveliest wreaths, or outspread in the softest undulations. All the irregularities of the hills are softened into swelling billows like the mouldings of Titanic statuary. It happened once or twice last winter that such a clearing after snowfall took place at full moon. Then the moon rose in a swirl of fleecy vapour—clouds above, beneath, and all around. The sky was blue as steel, and infinitely deep with mist-entangled stars. The horn above which she first appears stood carved of solid black, and through the valley's length from end to end yawned chasms and clefts of liquid darkness. As the moon rose, the clouds were conquered and massed into rolling waves upon the ridges of the hills. The spaces of open sky grew still more blue. At last the silver light comes flooding over all, and here and there the fresh snow glistens on the crags. There is movement, palpitation, life of light through earth and sky. To walk out on such a night, when the perturbation of storm is over and the heavens are free, is one of the greatest pleasures offered by this winter life. It is so light that you can read the smallest print with ease. The upper sky looks quite black, shading by violet and sapphire into turquoise upon the horizon. There is the colour of ivory upon the nearest snow-fields, and the distant peaks sparkle like silver; crystals glitter in all directions on the surface of the snow, white, yellow, and pale blue. The stars are exceedingly keen, but only a few can shine in the intensity of moonlight. The air is perfectly still, and though icicles may be hanging from beard and moustache to the furs beneath one's chin, there is no sensation of extreme cold.

During the earlier frosts of the season, after the first snows have fallen, but when there is still plenty of moisture in the ground, the loveliest fern-fronds of pure rime may be found in myriads on the meadows. They are fashioned like perfect vegetable structures, opening fan-shaped upon crystal stems, and catching the sunbeams with the brilliancy of diamonds. Taken at certain angles, they decompose light into iridescent colours, appearing now like emeralds, rubies, or topazes, and now like Labrador spar, blending all hues in a wondrous sheen. When the lake freezes for the first time, its

surface is of course quite black, and so transparent that it is easy to see the fishes swimming in the deep beneath; but here and there, where rime has fallen, there sparkle these fantastic flowery and ferns and mosses made of purest frost. Nothing, indeed, can be more fascinating than the new world revealed by winter. In shaded places of the valley you may walk through larches and leafless alder thickets by silent farms, all silvered over with hoar spangles—fairy forests, where the flowers and foliage are rime. The streams are flowing half-frozen over rocks sheeted with opaque green ice. Here it is strange to watch the swirl of water freeing itself from these translucent shackles, and to see it eddying beneath the overhanging eaves of frailest crystal-frosted snow. All is so silent, still, and weird in this white world, that one marvels when the spirit of winter will appear, or what shrill voices in the air will make his unimaginable magic audible. Nothing happens, however, to disturb the charm, save when a sunbeam cuts the chain of diamonds on an alder bough, and down they drift in a thin cloud of dust. It may be also that the air is full of floating crystals, like tiniest most restless fire-flies, rising and falling and passing crosswise in the sun-illuminated shade of tree or mountain side.

It is not easy to describe these beauties of the winter-world; and yet one word must be said about the sunsets. Let us walk out, therefore, towards the lake at four o'clock in mid-December. The thermometer is standing at 3°, and there is neither breath of wind nor cloud. Venus is just visible in rose and sapphire, and the thin young moon is beside her. To east and south the snowy ranges burn with yellow fire, deepening to orange and crimson hues, which die away and leave a greenish pallor. At last, the higher snows alone are livid with a last faint tinge of light, and all beneath is quite white. But the tide of glory turns. While the west grows momentarily more pale, the eastern heavens flush with afterglow, suffuse their spaces with pink and violet. Daffodil and tenderest emerald intermingle; and these colours spread until the west again has rose and primrose and sapphire wonderfully blent, and from the burning skies a light is cast upon the valley—a phantom light, less real, more like the hues of molten gems, than were the stationary flames of sunset. Venus and the moon meanwhile are silvery clear. Then the whole illumination fades like magic.

All the charms of which I have been writing are combined in a sledge drive. With an arrowy gliding motion one passes through the snow-world as through a dream. In the sunlight the snow surface sparkles with its myriad stars of crystals. In the shadow it ceases to glitter, and assumes a blueness scarcely less blue than the sky. The journey is like sailing through alternate tracts of light-irradiate heavens, and interstellar spaces of the clearest and

most flawless ether. The air is like the keen air of the highest glaciers. As we go, the bells keep up a drowsy tinkling at the horse's head. The whole landscape is transfigured—lifted high up out of commonplaceness. The little hills are Monte Rosas and Mont Blancs. Scale is annihilated, and nothing tells but form. There is hardly any colour except the blue of sky and shadow. Everything is traced in vanishing tints, passing from the almost amber of the distant sunlight through glittering white into pale grey and brighter blues and deep ethereal azure. The pines stand in black platoons upon the hill-sides, with a tinge of red or orange on their sable. Some carry masses of snow. Others have shaken their plumes free. The chalets are like fairy houses or toys; waist-deep in stores of winter fuel, with their mellow tones of madder and umber relieved against the white, with the fantastic icicles and folds of snow depending from their eaves, or curled like coverlids from roof and window-sill, they are far more picturesque than in the summer. Colour, wherever it is found, whether in these cottages or in a block of serpentine by the road side, or in the golden bull-rush blades by the lake shore, takes more than double value. It is shed upon the pallid landscape like a spiritual and transparent veil. Most beautiful of all are the sweeping lines of pure untroubled snow, fold over fold of undulating softness, billowing along the skirts of the peaked hills. There is no conveying the charm of immaterial, aerial, lucid beauty, the feeling of purity and aloofness from sordid things, conveyed by the fine touch on all our senses of light, colour, form, and air, and motion, and rare tinkling sound. The magic is like a spirit mood of Shelley's lyric verse. And, what is perhaps most wonderful, this delicate delight may be enjoyed without fear in the coldest weather. It does not matter how low the temperature may be, if the sun is shining, the air dry, and the wind asleep.

To give anything approaching to an exhaustive account of Davos in any of its winter aspects has been far from my intention. For its climatic qualities as a health station I may refer people to Ramann's *Davos in Seiner Eigenschaft als Klimatischer Sommer und Winter Kurort* (Basel, Hugo Richter), to Waters's *Klimatologische Notizen über den Winter im Hochgebirge* (Basel, Richter; London, Williams and Norgate), to Karl Stoll's *Die Hohenkurorte als Heilstätten für Brustkranke* (Halle, Ludw. Hofstetter), and to Steffen's *Meteorologische Verhältnisse von Davos* (Basel, Richter, 1878). Those who are interested in reading what an English physician of eminence thinks about the new system of cure, may consult two letters by Dr. Clifford Allbutt, of Leeds, in the *Lancet* (Oct. 20th, 27th, 1877); while every kind of general and particular information will be found presented in an attractive form by the little anonymous publication entitled *Davos-Platz, a new Swiss*

*Retreat for Invalids and Tourists* (London, W. H. Sweeting, 1, Cambridge Place, Hyde Park, W.). It may be added, that though Davos owes its reputation to the cure of pulmonary diseases, nearly all chronic cases of debility, whether nervous or resulting from the weakening effects of fevers, are known to do well there.

In conclusion, I ought perhaps to modify the tone of enthusiasm taken in this article. I can well conceive that many invalids would not profit to the same extent as I have done. Those especially who feel even dry cold very acutely; those who by previous experience have found a residence in the high Alps trying to their health or spirits; those who cannot do without distractions and society; and those who have not strength enough for moderate exercise; ought, in my opinion, to be very careful before they enter on a winter season at Davos. In any case it is prudent to visit it as early as August, in order that the effect of the climate may be tried while there is still time to form other plans for the winter. It is, however, worth observing here that five hours' driving will in all seasons bring people who wish for change to the railway at Landquart. The verdict of the Davos physicians as to the probability of a cure, may, I am confident, be trusted. They are extremely averse from encouraging patients to stay who would not be likely to thrive and do credit to the place. One of them, Dr. Karl Ruedi, speaks and understands English perfectly. Lastly, it is well to be provided with some mental occupation; for, though my own experience is that one suffers less *ennui* in the bracing monotony of the high Alps than in the more enervating but attractive climates of the South, yet there is no doubt that the cheerful spirits so important to recovery from illness are severely tried in a winter of the Grisons.

J. A. SYMONDS.

## A WORD FOR INDIGNATION MEETINGS.<sup>1</sup>

MR. BRODRICK, in his article on Liberals and Whigs, gave expression to a sentiment which no doubt is common enough among public men, by speaking disdainfully of "the capacity of indignation meetings to regulate foreign policy." The great Whig journal extends the rebuke to the House of Commons, which it designates with questionable accuracy as "a popular assembly," forgetting that the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht were submitted to Parliament, and that this special right divine of kings and ministers to govern wrong in foreign affairs is of comparatively recent growth. The Whigs were not so afraid of anything popular in 1832.

The work of statesmanship as a rule ought to be left to trained statesmen, especially in diplomacy and in the defence of the nation; not because these questions do not belong as much as any others to the nation at large, though such seems to be the impression in certain quarters, but because they, most of all, require special knowledge, educated aptitude, and in case of national peril, the prompt and unshackled use of the executive power. So much is cordially admitted; and it is admitted not less cordially that, so long as the objects pursued by those in power are really national, and such as commend themselves or are not decidedly repugnant to the sense and morality of the great body of the people, wisdom as well as generosity requires that the support given to the Government should be hearty, ungrudging, and, in cases of extreme danger, almost blind. Reason can hardly put the case for the executive of a free community higher than this. The *Quarterly* puts the case for the executive a good deal higher; but we may be permitted to doubt whether the ideal community of the *Quarterly* would in our sense of the term be free.

But suppose the object pursued by the men in power is not really a national object, suppose it is an object repugnant to the national sense of interest, and to the national morality, is the nation not to protest? Would Mr. Brodrick contend that no responsibility attaches to the people, under free institutions, for following their government into what they believe to be an unnecessary and un-

(1) I do not revert to the question which is the main subject of Mr. Brodrick's article, because I do not wish to be a mischief-maker. I have only to say that I pointed to facts—to the secession of the Whig aristocracy from the Liberal party, which has been going on ever since 1832, notwithstanding Mr. Brodrick's theory as to the superiority of the guarantees afforded by birth to those afforded by mere conviction; and to the conduct of the Whigs, as a body, and their principal organ, towards the Liberal chief and his followers in 1874.

righteous war? Would he condemn the Englishmen who protested, whether by public meetings or through any other organs of popular opinion, against the war with the American Colonies, the war with the French Republic, the Crimean War? Would he condemn the Frenchmen who the other day offered such opposition as they could to what the Empress truly called "her own war" with Germany? If not, he must admit that the duty of passive concurrence on the part of the people has its bounds. It is bounded, roughly speaking, by the line which runs between the main object of a policy and the diplomatic or military means.

In the present instance, no "indignation meeting," so far as we know, has presumed to interfere with any question of diplomatic or military means, unless it were with regard to the employment of Sepoys—an exception which emphatically proves the rule. It was against the main object of the Government, or what was with strong apparent reason suspected to be its main object, and was certainly the object of some of its leading partisans, that the protest was made. People met together to say that they did not want to be dragged into a war for the maintenance of Turkish rule in Europe. They may have been right or wrong; but the question, the decision of which they sought to influence, was not one of technical diplomacy or of military defence; it was a question of common sense and common morality, entirely within the competence and responsibility of all the citizens of a free state. It was the counterpart, in this respect, as in some other important respects, of the question whether England should ally herself with Slavery in the American Civil War.

National morality, above all, must, in doubtful cases, be declared, not by administrative experts, but by the nation; and assuredly the present case was not one in which that duty could be safely handed over to the men in power.

"We may, indeed, and we must, feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished in the suppression. We have been upholding what we knew to be a semi-civilised nation, liable, under certain circumstances, to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us, cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one which can be followed with due regard to our own interests."

Such was the language of the trusted and favoured representative of the Government, the man whose presence at Constantinople, with the signet ring of the English Premier on his finger, probably

determined, more than any other influence, the resistance of Turkey to demands for reform, and thus brought about the war, with all the entanglements that have ensued. The language and behaviour of the Prime Minister, of the Court, of the leading supporters of the Government, all pointed in the same direction. So did the mission of Mr. Layard, and his whole conduct in that mission. The Government, had it pleased, might at once have allayed the agitation, or deprived it of justification by decisive language. It is needless to say how far it was from doing anything of the kind. Just after the Bulgarian massacres, when the cry of the nation against complicity with such infamies was loud, Lord Derby's policy veered for a moment to the side of humanity; but it soon veered back again, and no serious attempt was made to enforce the demand for the punishment of the principal offenders. It may be said by those who embrace the principles of Sir H. Elliot and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the agitation was foolish, because the crime which the people sought to prevent was useful; but some assurance would be required to assert that the agitation was needless.

Again, when after the publication of the treaty of San Stefano the people protested against an unprovoked war with Russia, they were acting fully within the competence of citizens, responsible not for the special conduct of diplomacy or war, but for the moral acts of the nation. The agitation in this case perhaps took the form rather of petitions and delegations than of meetings; but at all events its object was in the broadest sense national and moral; it trenchanted upon no function of a constitutional executive, however it might trench upon the functions of an executive which chose to deem itself the organ not of the community but of the Crown. That the war would be unprovoked, and therefore criminal as well as ruinous to the interests of the people, if entered upon without a trial first made of friendly negotiations, was a proposition level with the intelligence of any sensible and moral artisan. The interests of England had been solemnly set forth by the leaders of the party of aggrandisement itself; the treaty of San Stefano did not visibly touch any one of them; and if there was danger of a Russian occupation of Constantinople, it was manifestly caused by the presence of the English fleet, in defiance of treaties, in the Sea of Marmora. The whole treaty was published as "preliminary," that is to say, as subject to discussion and rectification. It was communicated in a manner perfectly courteous and respectful to England, with a positive assurance that nothing had been kept back. The demeanour of the Czar had been persistently friendly, in spite of very irritating demonstrations on our part, and the insults which we were asked to believe that England had received from him appeared, from the Loftus and Welleseley despatches, to be like the insults received by

France from the King of Prussia at Ems. So much was manifest to all, and all could remember that the Czar, before drawing his sword, had tried to bring about a European settlement, and had been defeated in that attempt principally by the suspicions of the British Government. The more instructed were aware that the treaty of San Stefano had been in substance confidentially submitted to the British Government in the summer of last year, and that they had expressed satisfaction at the communication and had allowed the terms to pass without protest. If mischief were, on further inspection, discerned in the treaty, this was proper matter for criticism and negotiation; it was not a sufficient ground for hurling at the Russian Government a hostile manifesto and then rushing into war. But the violent section of the Government having ejected the leaders of the more moderate section, proceeded amidst rapturous applause from the music-halls and the Jingo press to urge on the Czar a humiliating formula, implying a renunciation of his title to anything that he had acquired in a war recognised as regular by our proclamation of neutrality, and to thrust it down his throat with menaces and military demonstration. Unless he would swallow this formula they refused to negotiate with him, and they declined to make known what it was they really wanted. The moderate section of the community came in effect to the aid of the moderate members of the Government, and compelled the violent section to return to the path of negotiation and make a Congress practicable by stating to Russia in an amicable way their real and substantial requirements. It may safely be said that before many years have passed it will be the general conviction that the undiplomatic multitude which wanted to try negotiation first, and to fight if necessary afterwards, was wiser, or at least knew its own interests better than the "master of flouts, jibes, and jeers," who by "one of the ablest of our recent State Papers" brought us, as it is a matter of positive certainty that he did, to the very verge of war. For Czars, even Czars of a naturally pacific disposition, when you proceed to put them in the pillory, are not deterred from resistance by regard for foreign creditors or by anything that the Stock Exchange reverses.

The most undiplomatic could see that the formula on which our Government insisted was not worth a war, since, the Congress being a mere meeting, not a tribunal, even if the formula were accepted, Russia, as well as the other members, must necessarily be at liberty to retire when she pleased; and at the same time that the demeanour of our Government and of Mr. Layard towards Russia had unquestionably been such as to render a guarded reserve in submitting to anything like the arbitrament of England, or of any assembly under English influence, perfectly natural on her part.



The censors of the English people are bound distinctly to bear in mind the resignation of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby. Those resignations manifestly indicated a difference of opinion not on anything merely executive (practical statesmen do not separate themselves from their colleagues at a dangerous juncture on such grounds), but on the general policy which was being pursued. They were a plain warning from the two most trusted members of the Cabinet that if the people did not bestir themselves they would be dragged into a causeless war. Stronger warrant for bestirring themselves the people could not possibly have. The case was strengthened by Lord Beaconsfield's characteristic attempt to destroy the significance of Lord Derby's resignation by assigning it to what proved, as might have been expected, not to have been the real cause.

Mr. Cowen says he is an Englishman first and a Liberal afterwards. This is a high-sounding phrase, and has tickled many ears. But what does it mean? Would Mr. Cowen say that the Government, whether it be in the right or in the wrong, whether it really represent the whole nation or only a class, is England, and must be supported in any line of policy it may choose to take on international questions, however much at variance with the interest and opposed to the moral sense of the mass of the people? Would he have said this in the case of the war against the American Colonies, or of the war against the French Republic? If he had lived under Lord North or Pitt, and had opposed their policy, he would certainly have been assailed with the same charges of lack of patriotism and complicity with the enemy, which he and Mr. Roebuck cast on the Opposition now. In the present case, Mr. Cowen being himself pro-Turk, is at one with the Government, and he is sacrificing no opinion of his own to the alleged duty of supporting the administration: he is only enjoining others in the name of patriotism to suppress their opinions while his own is carried into effect. He supports what he believes to be right; he calls upon us to support what we as firmly believe to be wrong. Either liberalism is mere faction, or it is a sincere conviction that a certain policy is the best for England. In the first case, the sooner Mr. Cowen and everybody else renounce liberalism the better; in the second case, to talk of being an Englishman first and a Liberal afterwards would be to talk nonsense.

If a government, at what it conceives to be a national crisis, wishes to receive general support, irrespective of party, it must itself lead the way, by dropping for the time its party character, and suspending everything like party warfare and party moves. Need it be said how far the present Government has been from fulfilling this condition? It has throughout manœuvred quite as much for a party victory at home as for a diplomatic triumph abroad. The diplomatic triumph has, in fact, been sought evidently for the sake of the party.

victory. Appeals have been made to the war spirit and to Toryism as identical with each other, and through the same electioneering agencies, which have probably played on this as on other occasions, no small part in moulding the policy of the Government. The demand for six millions, when the sum was admitted by the Government not to be wanted for the public service, was evidently a device intended to draw the Opposition into a battle on ground which the Government regarded as advantageous. Whenever, in the course of this controversy, Jingoism has seemed to be in the ascendant, there have been signs of an intention to seize the opportunity of dissolving Parliament, and snatching for the Tories a new lease of power. National union in face of the public enemy, to which we were so earnestly exhorted, was to be secured by a general election turning on the Eastern Question! The Prime Minister has always identified his foreign policy with his party leadership, and he did not shrink from encouraging a Jingo Lord Mayor in turning his Mansion House into a party propaganda, and posting a party manifesto on its portals. The party alliance between aristocracy and rowdyism has been brought prominently before us through the whole struggle, and the excesses of rowdyism have certainly not been frowned upon by the Government. More than this, advantage has been palpably taken of the alleged national peril, and of the preparations for war, to carry into effect a home policy of reaction by stretches of the prerogative, by promulgating maxims of personal government,<sup>1</sup> by lowering and curtailing the authority of the House of Commons, by the introduction of an unconstitutional force drawn from the Indian Empire. Ever and anon, throughout the progress of these affairs, we have been warned that if the conspiracy against the integrity of Turkey was on the banks of the Neva, the conspiracy against English liberty was on the banks of the Thames.

In this Sepoy business, besides its constitutional aspect, we have a notable illustration of another feature in the character of the present Government, which might well excite general uneasiness and warrant the leaders of the people even in somewhat overstepping the usual line. From Pitt, Castlereagh, Liverpool, or Peel, you would have had reason to apprehend a reactionary foreign policy; you would have had no reason to apprehend trickery or deceit. Not one of those Tory chiefs would have stooped to resort to what Lord

(1) Mr. Brodrick treats with contempt the people "who have discovered a grievance in the supposed influence of the Crown, which," he says, "is trifling compared to that of the American President." It may be so, though our ideas on the subject have been considerably enlarged of late, and it has been made pretty clear among other things that the personal influence of the Crown may exert no contemptible force in pushing the country towards war. But the American President is an elective magistrate; his power is defined by a written constitution; it is openly exercised; it terminates in four years; and he is personally responsible for abuse.

Salisbury called "legerdemain," and every one of them would have been stung to the quick by the slightest suspicion of his having deviated from truth. Would the same thing be said of their successor, even by his own partisans? Does anybody seriously believe in the mysterious and incommunicable emergency which the Prime Minister now pleads as his excuse for having ordered his mouthpiece in the Commons, not only to withhold information respecting the Sepoys, to which the House was plainly entitled, and which from any minister not bent on curtailing its authority it would have received, but to hold language which could not possibly fail to mislead?<sup>1</sup> Does anybody doubt that the real reason for choosing above all the available forces of the Empire, British and Colonial, to defend England in her peril, these barbarian mercenaries, was connected with the Orientalizing policy which turned the Queen into an Empress of India, and which is always limning itself in gaudy pictures of England as a great Asiatic power? The insignificant number of the mercenaries belied the protest of a great emergency; and to show that we were compelled to have recourse to them, was not an obvious mode of demonstrating our national strength. It has been impossible to put faith in the words of the Government. The Prime Minister opened Parliament with a positive declaration that there was no dissension in the Cabinet; soon it appeared that at the time when he spoke dissension had already reached the point of resignation; and the common people can hardly be expected, in questions of veracity, to be so easily satisfied or so submissive as the House of Lords. The fleet was sent to Constantinople at a risk of war so obvious as to justify suspicion of an actual intention to provoke it, on the pretence of protecting British life and property, which the whole tenor of the transaction, as well as the total absence of any evidence of the alleged danger, proved to be feigned. A great example could not fail to affect those under its influence; and subordinate ministers, who would never tell a fib, have been constantly instrumental in producing illusion.

On the whole, there seems reason to believe that posterity will partly forgive the people of our day for having failed to accord to Lord Beaconsfield the unquestioning support due to an impartial, unselfish, and single-minded Father of his Country. It may be even doubted whether it would be easy to find among his own followers many who would affirm that, if compelled to choose between war and the failure of his party and personal game, he would greatly hesitate to choose war. The only motive of action with which he was generally credited beyond his game was an Oriental sympathy, with which

(1) This concealment and this practical deception were the real offence of the Government, on which it would have been better to insist, than to wander in the mazes of historical precedent and constitutional law.

"snub-nosed Anglo-Saxons," and "gutter-blooded barbarians," as the race of Shakespeare and Cromwell have been graciously styled by the author of *Alroy* and the "friend" of Lord George Bentinck, could have nothing whatever to do. Those who maintain that by his conduct in Opposition he had earned a title to special forbearance, seem to have forgotten that at the crisis of the Crimean War he supported Mr. Roebuck in a motion for inquiry equivalent to a vote of censure, which could have no other object but that of turning out the Government in the midst of its desperate struggle with what the leaders of the Opposition must have well known were the administrative difficulties of a machine that had long been rusty and out of gear. That he did not reap the fruit of his coalition with Mr. Roebuck on that occasion was due, not to his own disinterestedness, but to the hesitation of his chief.

But it was not against the apparent tendencies of the Government alone that the indignation meetings and the popular movement generally were directed. They were directed fully as much against an adverse body of opinion, if Jingoism ought not rather to be called a body of emotion. We have at least to thank this controversy for giving us an English equivalent, and more than an equivalent, for Chauvinism, which was foreign, and the origin and precise meaning of which were known to few. To our ear the name represents with singular felicity not only the fire-eating patriotism of Chauvin, but all the elements, social and moral as well as political and military, which enter into the character of this new substitute for the high-bred, and in its way high-principled Toryism of former days. Among the most important of those elements is that derived from the propensities of the new men of wealth, who have been so prodigiously multiplied of late years, or rather of their sons, who are apt to be political as well as social fashionables of a "loud" pattern. "I have turned Tory," said one of this class to an acquaintance of ours, "because it is a short cut to being a gentleman." He might have added that the measure of gentility reached was as short as the cut. However, we may be sure that he who so spoke was a Jingo: it was, indeed, a Jingo, not a Tory that he had turned. Nature has broken the mould in which Pitt and Castlereagh were cast, and Lord Beaconsfield, who fancies that he has resuscitated Toryism, has, in fact, created or rather organized Jingoism, being the Auto-Jingo in his own person. A stroke of his policy, the Reform Bill of 1867, consummated the political alliance between upper-class Jingoism and its rowdy counterpart, which so remarkably reproduces the political alliance between the Southern slave-owners and the rabble of the Northern cities. Of a spirited foreign policy, and of warlike demonstrations, the Jingo is of course the friend, and it is with this phrase of his complex character that we have been made familiar of late;

but he is also the patron of a spirited morality, of the morality of the music-hall and the pot-house, the morality (to borrow a phrase from Thackeray, on the inventor's responsibility), of "doing as we d—n please." At the restraints of justice, humanity, moderation, he gloriously spurns; indignation against massacre he calls pseudo-philanthropy; and principles to which Pitt bowed are now, with the two extremes of society, becoming objects of derision and contempt. It cannot be doubted that into the enthusiastic sympathy shown for the Turk, and the equally enthusiastic homage offered to Baker Pacha, there entered a feeling of pleasure in trampling on the moral sentiments of the less spirited portion of the community. Perhaps to give a full account of Jingoism, we should have to go deep into the influences which, in breaking up old religious beliefs, have at the same time shaken the foundations of popular morality. Violence, it has been truly said, is in the air; it is in the air of the Stock Exchange and in that of the music-hall, as well as in that of the tavern and in that of the slum which sends forth disturbers of public meetings. Blackburn is a centre of Tory rowdyism not less than of Unionist bitterness, and certain politicians of that school, intimately connected with the beer interest, have been conspicuous abettors of the strike. We have had this before, though not in so prominent a form. Jingoism formerly sympathised with the Southerner as it now sympathises with the Turk, and from the same motives. It winked at the violence and cruelty of the slave-owner, as it now winks at the violence and cruelty of the pacha. The struggle in England was one between Jingoism (though then nameless and but half-developed) and Anti-Jingoism; and the division of parties among us was in the main, and allowing for the usual number of eccentricities, the same then that it is now. In that case too it was a battle of national morality, and however great may be the inconvenience to the Foreign Minister and the clerks of the Foreign Office, a battle of national morality can be decided only by the nation.

Besides, people could not fail to see that the country had come to a turning-point of its destiny. It was called upon to choose, perhaps irrevocably, between two paths. Here lay the path of honest industry and of the foreign policy, to industry essential, of kindly relations with other communities, and rational self-defence. There lay the path into which the aristocratic and military element, backed by the music-halls and the Jingo press, were trying to strike, of territorial aggrandisement, with its necessary accompaniments, "bloated armaments" and frequent wars. Let the process of deciding interfere as much as it would with the diplomatic game of brag, the decision could not be averted or delayed. If war is the game of kings, it is both the game and the policy of aristocracies. Not that

the members of an aristocracy are more bloodthirsty than other men ; but a true instinct teaches them that the prevalence of the military spirit, and of the general sentiments which it engenders, is favourable to their system, while industry is by nature democratic, and at the same time that war or exciting controversies abroad are the best antidotes to political thought at home. The two great motive powers of modern reaction, as exemplified above all by the French Empire, are in fact sensuality and war. That the aristocracy of England was not indifferent to its class interests, or unwilling to secure them at some expense to the general interests of the nation, it had recently shown by its conduct respecting the extension of the suffrage ; first refusing the franchise to the more intelligent and respectable part of the working classes, then enfranchising the ignorant populace of the cities, and turning it by demagogism or worse against the better-educated artisans. A scheme is now promulgated by the *Times*, and backed by the organs of the Government, which, if adopted, would irrevocably commit the country to a career of aggrandisement on the most tremendous scale. It is proposed that England shall assume the sovereignty of the whole of Asiatic Turkey. England would become not only "a great Asiatic power," but as the author of that aphorism evidently wishes her to be, more an Asiatic power than anything else ; and it cannot be questioned that the spirit of her own institutions, if not their form, would undergo a sympathetic change. Meantime, the stakes for this splendid game are to be supplied by the wealth of the country, and a voice in the matter may surely be claimed by the industrial producers of that wealth, as well as by its unindustrial (the accounts of the game-bags forbid us to say idle) consumers, and the ignorant and irresponsible populace which follows in their train.

United on questions of foreign policy, such as the present, England cannot be, while she is herself drawn different ways by the party of industry and the party of military aggrandisement. Nor is it possible to suppress or to hide this disunion, though foreign governments must by this time be pretty well aware that it does not extend to any case of national self-defence, or to anything affecting the solid interests or the genuine honour of the country.

In political, at least in parliamentary action, there is likely to be a considerable pause. One era of progress has closed with the aged statesman who has just been laid in his grave ; the motive powers of the next are as yet but half developed, and its measures exist only in embryo. But the interval will be filled by a conflict of general sentiment, the chief burden of which, on the Liberal side especially, will fall mainly on the press ; so that men of intellect excluded from Parliament by want of wealth may feel that as journalists they are likely, for some time to come, to play at least as important a part as

that which will be played by members of the House of Commons. In this respect the Liberal party is fortunate; whatever may be its condition and prospects in Parliament, it still retains in the press a superiority which shows that in spite of the influence of wealth, now lavishly put forth in every quarter, intellect remains true to itself and to the public. And never were the resources of intellect better employed than they will be in preserving the higher life of the English people from being sunk in Jingoism, Sepoyism, the political tinsel and bombast of Bevis Marks, and all that is most alien to English greatness.

Once more, we are not advocating platform diplomacy. We consign diplomacy, as the art of carrying the national wishes into effect by negotiation, to professional diplomatists. Only when the wish of the nation on some broad question of interest or morality is misconstrued by diplomatists, or remains to be disclosed, do we justify the intervention of the people. Democracy will "put a live coal under the Foreign Office," if the objects which the Foreign Office pursues do not commend themselves to the sense and morality of the nation; while if they do, diplomacy will receive a support infinitely more powerful than that of mere submission. Nor have we any demagogic views as to the superiority of the popular judgment on practical questions to that of the trained statesman. Superior judgment, it is to be hoped, will be found, as a rule, in union with the most extensive knowledge, the most elevated point of view, and the gravest responsibilities. But when there is a question between class and class, with regard especially to peace and war, those who earn their bread by daily labour, who are always on the verge of want, and constantly see multitudes beyond that verge, are likely to be more strongly impressed with certain very practical considerations, than the dweller in a palace, whom no war will really deprive of a single luxury, and who, however tender by nature his heart may be, seldom has a chance of cultivating its sympathies by contact with toiling and suffering humanity. We may extend the remark to the case of a writer whose days perhaps are spent in discussing points of law, and his evenings in imbibing the sentiment of aristocratic dinner-parties. Such a man will advocate a murderous and devastating war for some petty legal question between nations, with as much coolness as he would advise the filing of a bill in Chancery, not because he is inhuman, but because he has nothing to counterbalance his litigious habits and his upper-class passions. Even a walk through one of the miserable quarters of London is enough to make one feel more keenly that there may be grounds of solicitude and proper objects of national expenditure, if we have any millions to spare, nearer home than Batoum and Bayazid. From the super-subtle fears and fancies, the nightmares, as Lord Salisbury called them,

of the pundit, ignorance is free. It suffers no learned agony about the old caravan route to Trebizond, it is not inclined to rush into war to-day lest in the next century the fell Muscovite should invade the Cape of Good Hope by way of the valley of the Euphrates, or lest the march of his armies from Constantinople across the Levant should "cause trepidation" in the Suez Canal.

All popular movements, however good the cause, run into extravagances of feeling and language. In this respect the indignation meetings held at the time of the Bulgarian massacre may very likely have been open to Mr. Brodrick's criticism. But to measure their extravagances fairly, we must consider that they were not "philo-Bulgarian," if Mr. Brodrick means that phrase to be taken in its proper acceptation. They were protests against a massacre ten times worse than the massacre of Cawnpore, and still more against a policy which would render England an accomplice after the fact. It should always be remembered, too, that while popular mobs meet in public, aristocratic mobs meet in drawing-rooms: when an aristocratic mob does meet in public, a Whig duke shows his "coolness of head" by calling Mr. Gladstone a Russian agent. Mr. Brodrick speaks of certain people as "under the nominal guidance of Mr. Gladstone, though with undisguised impatience of his conscientious reservations." We can hardly imagine a more desperate undertaking than any attempt to separate the case of Mr. Gladstone from that of his followers on this occasion. But the want of "conscientious reservation" in a speech perhaps as often arises from lack of rhetorical skill as from lack of conscientiousness, or even of just perceptions. A speaker like Mr. Gladstone is master of every shade of expression, and of all the oratorical forms of qualification. When a common man comes to protest against a crime or an immoral policy, it is as much as he can do to deliver his protest; and after all, nobody takes it for anything but a protest, or imagines that it is a precise and exhaustive survey of the question.

"Unpatriotic self-abasement," like "hearty sympathy with the designs of Russia," is rather a serious charge, and, if it is to be taken as an expression of Whig feeling towards the Liberals, it illustrates the difficulties of the Whig-Liberal combination. Those against whom it is levelled would probably reply that, in trying to avert a needless war, they were doing what to them appeared best for their country as well as for mankind, and that neither the Muscovite nor anybody else could reasonably infer an unwillingness on their part to defend the interest or the honour of England if her interest or her honour were really assailed. The same charge of want of patriotism, and complicity with the enemy, was brought against those who supported the remonstrances of the United States in the matter of the *Alabama*. Then, no doubt, as now, things were



said in the excitement of the struggle which had better not have been said; but we were saved from a desperate quarrel with the people of the United States. On this occasion we may have been saved from a desperate quarrel with Russia, to remain on decent terms with whom is, after all, a necessity if we would have any but an intolerably unquiet and expensive tenure of our possessions in the East. It is possible, of course, that the Czar may have been encouraged to refuse concessions by seeing that there was a party in England anxious to try negotiation before making or threatening war. But, on the other hand, concession may have been rendered easier to him by the consciousness that there were Englishmen who would respect his moderation, and ascribe it to better motives than fear. What is our own feeling in such cases? Do we yield most readily to kicks or to friendly representations? And do we suppose that pride has no seat in any but English breasts?

After all, there is danger in freedom of speech about foreign policy, as there is danger in freedom of speech about all public affairs. But the danger is not confined to those popular demonstrations which have given offence to Mr. Brodrick. Why is the discussion of foreign affairs in St. James's Hall more noxious than the discussion of them in the Guildhall or at Aylesbury? Why are speeches delivered on a platform more noxious than writings in the press? An eminent Turcophile and war journal the other day intimated its wish that public meetings should be put down. It would have found some difficulty in showing why journalism should not be put down at the same time.

No doubt it would have been better in every way if the work could have been done, without popular agitation, by the Opposition in Parliament. But the Opposition in Parliament showed its inability to do the work from the beginning. In the case of the American Civil War, many Whigs and a few Liberals in both Houses were Southerners; in the present case, many Whigs and a few Liberals have been Turks. The leaders could never venture on any enunciation of a policy, even of a negative kind. When directly challenged by the six millions vote, they answered the challenge not with an amendment declaring a Liberal policy, but with an amendment taking a fiscal objection;<sup>1</sup> and even to this they did not stand. The burden of opposing the Turkish tendencies of the Government was distinctly cast upon the people and their leaders out of Parliament; as in the case of the American Civil War, was the burden of opposing the forces which were then dominant in the House of

(1) Mr. Brodrick greatly misunderstands me if he thinks that I assume the expediency of Mr. Forster's amendment. Far otherwise. But I do hold that the abandonment of the amendment, in panic, real or affected, about a most suspicious telegram from a most suspicious source, was an act of calamitous weakness.

Commons, if not in the Cabinet, and which were dragging the country into a war for the maintenance of the Slave Power. Wealth prevails in the elections; it prevails more and more. The House of Commons grows every day more and more a house of the rich; and, as a natural consequence, when any question specially interesting the masses presents itself, the masses have more and more to look to themselves. That the House of Commons is declining, declining visibly and rapidly, is a fact in English politics which it is no longer possible to doubt; unless the House soon finds some way of renewing its life from the sources whence that life originally flowed, it may fall a victim to the designs against its authority, which its present condition has evidently inspired.<sup>1</sup>

In the meantime, if Mr. Brodrick, or any one of the same political temperament, is repelled by the extravagances of indignation meetings, and by their lack of conscientious reservation, there is one source from which he may derive at least negative comfort. For the Liberal cause, and even for the Whig cause, if the Whigs mean ever to return to power, bad as the excesses of popular feeling may be, popular apathy would be much worse, and popular apathy is a danger now not remote. So long as the people are willing to leave their work or their amusement for the purpose of showing their interest in great political or moral questions, there is hope for Liberalism and Progress; Toryism and Reaction have something to fear. The flax still smokes; it does little more, and Mr. Brodrick would hardly wish to quench it.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(1) It is a serious question for the Irish "Obstructionists" whether, in damaging and discrediting the House of Commons, they are not paving the way for the advent of a régime far more unfavourable to the hopes of Ireland, than that of a representative assembly in which Ireland has a hundred votes. The suggestion comes, at all events, from one who is no enemy to Ireland or to Home Rule.

## OCTAVE FEUILLET.

THE reader of a certain section of French literature is sometimes tempted to make reflections similar to those which occurred to the excellent Babouc during his visit to the city of Persepolis. "Il conclut qu'une telle société ne pouvait subsister : que la jalousie, la discorde, la vengeance, devaient désoler toutes les maisons : que les larmes et le sang devaient couler tous les jours : que certainement les maris tueraient les galants de leurs femmes, ou en seraient tués : et qu'enfin Ituriel faisait fort bien de détruire tout d'un coup une ville abandonnée à de continuels désordres." It is true that, as in Babouc's case, these lugubrious sentiments are not likely to be un-mixed. We read of the Scythian that by degrees "il s'affectionnait à la ville, dont le peuple était poli, doux et bienfaisant, quoique léger, médisant et plein de vanité." But still it is a little difficult for persons of other races than the French, in reading the average novel of French society, to abstain from a certain wonder how French society manages, on its own showing, to subsist. For my own part I do not know any novelist who produces this sensation of wonder more forcibly than M. Octave Feuillet. This is doubtless owing in great part to the excellence of his workmanship, but it is owing also to the moderation of it. M. Feuillet is never eccentric, even though there be in these days a greater license of eccentricity allowed to academicians than of old. He is never abnormal or paradoxical ; he does not go to the ends of the earth to catch one vagary of passion, and then laboriously elaborate its strangeness. It is not from him that we should expect the grave remark made by another writer, "Heureuse elle-même, elle trouvait naturel de faire les autres heureux," that is to say, the lady referred to was so exceedingly fond of her husband that she could not find it in her heart to be cruel to her lover. M. Feuillet, moreover, appears to be guided by something more than taste and common sense in the selection of his subjects. He proceeds distinctly upon the lines of religion and morality ; he deplores the disorders which he relates as sincerely as may be ; he endeavours as best he can to point out their remedies ; and in his descriptions he very carefully avoids undue complaisance and undue luxuriance of language. Yet in every one of his larger novels, except *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* and *Bellah*, the principal parts, or some of them, are taken by lovers whose love is unrecognised by law, and the fact of the general prevalence of such love is as much taken for granted as by Balzac himself.

The unpleasant effect which is thus produced is to my fancy much

increased by a curious peculiarity of the author. I do not know whether it be a consequence of the orthodoxy upon which M. Feuillel prides himself, but in almost every case his Adams and their Eves observe strictly the traditional relationship. Eve is always the tempter, and generally speaking Adam yields in a half-hearted, remorseful, and (I fear I must say) rather currish manner. This proceeds, not so much from any intellectual conviction uncomplimentary to women, as from a kind of unacknowledged artistic predilection. The particular situation is one that M. Feuillel feels he can treat, and he treats it accordingly. It certainly produces incomparably the finest scenes in his novels, and perhaps the finest of these are those in which the temptation is unsuccessful. I should choose as M. Feuillel's masterpieces the fatal passion of Julia de Trécœur for her step-father, and the piteous efforts of La Petite Comtesse to soften the savage breast of her learned lover. Next to these comes the scene in which M. de Camors finds his honour too weak to guarantee him against the fascinations of the Marquise de Campvallon. Varying illustrations of the same theme occur in the *Histoire de Sibylle*, where Madame d'Estrény and Clotilde fight for the hero; and in *Les Amours de Philippe*, where the part is played twice, once in the vicious sense by Madame de Talyas and once in the virtuous by Jeanne. Even Marguerite, in the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Paurre*, wayward as she is, unmistakably makes the first advances. Only *Un Mariage dans le Monde* is without this motive. But *Un Mariage dans le Monde*, like all the rest, exhibits M. Feuillel's general theory of what may be called the caducity of the feminine sex. His heroines demand in one way or other to fall, or at least to be fallen in love with. The author would apparently recommend that this weakness should be met by a sort of series of fallings in love on the part of the husband—a rather herculean task which it must be admitted has not often been attempted by those to whom it is prescribed. *Un Mariage dans le Monde* does indeed contain an instance. But the possibility of that instance is chiefly owing to the part played by the house-friend, M. de Kévern, and, as the author himself feels bound to remark, "les Kévern sont fort rares." Beyond this M. Feuillel has nothing to recommend except an improvement of feminine education, which he represents as being at a very low ebb in France. This is dispiriting at the moment that our authorities on the subject in England are discussing whether the increase of feminine education will not end in the disuse of marriage altogether. If the water is going to choke us in this fashion, what are the modest devotees of marriage, which shall be at least "bon," if not, according to the maxim, "délicieux," to do?

However, M. Octave Feuillel is clearly not responsible for this difficulty. He has to do with things as he finds them, and if we are

to believe him, what he finds is a lack of culture in women, a lack of sympathy in men, and a lack of principle in both. This latter want he finds to be partially supplied by a sort of vague feeling of honour, and great part of his books is occupied in demonstrating the insufficiency of the substitute. Philippe and M. de Camors are instances of the break-down in men. In the other sex M. Feuillel seems to consider it rather more efficient. The aversion of the ermine to the mud is a phrase which recurs in his books with curious frequency, and nothing but this aversion seems, according to him, to have, as things go, much restraining power over his heroines.

I have dwelt rather longer than usual upon these peculiarities, because there is much more moral purpose in the writer with whom I am dealing than in any other that I have yet discussed. M. Sandeau is equal, I should rather say far superior, to his colleague in moral tone; but he is less didactic, and indeed has of late years quite left off handling this particular subject. To pass to the more purely literary characteristics of M. Feuillel's work, the first thing which strikes the critical reader is its remarkably dramatic character. Nearly all French novelists have had more or less to do with the drama, and it is not to any peculiarity of M. Feuillel in this respect that I am alluding. But his purely narrative work is often much more distinguished by dramatic than by narrative peculiarities. The incident of the tree-climbing in *M. de Camors* has, I believe, struck several people in this light. So is it with the incident of Clotilde's setting her dog at the madman in *Sibylle*, and of the Jeune Homme Pauvre's solution of the difficulty at the Tower of Elven. These dramatic moments often, though not always, have little importance in the narrative as such; and from this arises a sense not exactly of incongruity, but of incompleteness. Another thing which has struck me strongly in M. Feuillel is that his execution is rarely equal to his design. No novelist introduces a subject better, no one has such a faculty of exciting expectation and engaging attention. Furthermore—and this is perhaps additional proof of his specially dramatic faculty—no one knows so well how to arrange all the accessories of his story. His descriptions are not only models of style, but models also of proportion; his by-play is excellent; his comic interludes (usually supplied by some self-indulgent old lady of the inveterate Parisian type) are capital. No one has hit off more admirably the woman of the Second Empire, whose one ambition was to be *tapageuse* in dress and in conduct, whether the *tapage* be the comparatively refined manner of la Petite Comtesse and Madame de Rias, or the mere boisterous vulgarity of Mesdames Bacquière and Van Cuyt, who run races up and down a drawing-room with their feet in their husbands' hats. But with all this excellence of design and of detail the central interest is often badly preserved. When about two-thirds

of the book have been read, a great disposition to yawn is apt to come over one, an incurable desire to count the remaining pages, to look at the end, to resort to any illegitimate means of finishing. The real end of *M. de Camors* is at the cruel death of the general; the real catastrophe of *Sibylle* is the dinner-party where Raoul makes his unfortunate profession of unfaith. *Bellah*, which, despite much charming description, I think quite unworthy of its author, has neither beginning nor end, properly speaking, though the beginning would have been an admirable one for a different book. It is not so with the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* or with *Julia de Trécœur*, and these I shall accordingly take for abstract. Neither has the attempt at elaborate analysis of character which distinguishes *M. de Camors*, and neither comes quite up to the pathos of *La Petite Comtesse*. But for several reasons they are better suited to my purpose.

Julia de Trécœur is the daughter of an accomplished and amiable but good-for-nothing father and of an angelic mother—rather a favourite pedigree with M. Feuillel it may be observed. Her father does his utmost to spoil her, and succeeds very fairly, so that she is the terror of her grandmother and of all her mother's friends. Madame de Trécœur is released from her rather trying partnership by the death of her husband when Julia is still very young, and as soon as a decent period of widowhood has elapsed, her mother, the Baroness de Pers, decides that she had much better marry again, a proposal to which the disconsolate widow is by no means averse. She has a cousin, and the cousin has an inseparable friend. Their names are respectively De Moras and De Lucan; they have lived together, have fired their shots in the American Civil War together, and resemble each other in being persons of great probity and honour. Madame Clotilde de Trécœur has fixed her affections upon the friend, and the friend is nothing loath to receive them. The great obstacle, however, is Julia, who is passionately devoted to the memory of her father, and of whose violent temper her mother stands in considerable awe. The young lady indeed abstains from quarrelling with her mother when the announcement is made to her. But nothing will induce her to see or enter into friendly relations with her father's supplanter, and accordingly, when the marriage approaches, she retires to a convent. After a time a fancy seizes her to take the veil, and she is on the point of so doing, when Pierre de Moras, her mother's cousin, avows his love for her, and asks her hand in marriage. She accepts this rather startling change of plan without much reluctance, but she still refuses to see her step-father, M. de Lucan, and sets off with her own husband to Italy. In her letters to her mother, however, she shows some signs of relenting, and it is at last arranged that she and her husband shall come and pass the summer at M. de Lucan's château, near Cherbourg, for, as may be noticed in

passing, M. Feuillet's country scenes are almost invariably Norman. It is thus that the meeting takes place:—

"It was in the beginning of June. Clotilde set out early, and Lucan followed on horseback at a slow pace some two hours later. The roads of Normandy are charming at this season. The hawthorn hedges perfume the country, and throw their tufts of rosy-tinted snow here and there over the edge of the path. The slopes of the ditches are covered with a profusion of fresh greenery dotted with wild flowers, the whole making under the bright morning sun a charming feast for the eye. M. de Lucan however, contrary to his custom, gave but divided attention to this spectacle of Nature in her smiles. He was occupied to a degree which surprised himself by his approaching meeting with his step-daughter. Julia had been so constantly in his thoughts that she had left on them an exaggerated impression. He tried in vain to reduce this to its due proportions, which were after all only those of a child, once a spoiled child, now a returning prodigal. He had grown accustomed to clothe her in his fancy with mysterious importance, and with a sort of fatal power of which he found it difficult to disrobe her. He felt amused and half irritated at his own folly. But he could not avoid a sensation of curiosity and vague disquiet at the moment of seeing face to face the sphinx whose shadow had so long disturbed his life, and who was at last about to come under his roof. At length an open carriage, covered with an awning of sunshades, appeared at the top of a rising ground. Lucan saw a head leaning out of the carriage and a handkerchief waving; then he set forward at a gallop. Almost at the same instant the carriage stopped, and a girlish figure jumped lightly out. She turned to say a word to her travelling companions, and then came forward alone to meet Lucan. Not wishing to be outdone, he dismounted, gave his horse to the groom, and walked forward eagerly to meet the lady whom he did not know, but who evidently was Julia. She came towards him at an unhurried pace, with a gliding step, and a slight swaying motion of her figure. As she came near she pushed back her veil, and Lucan recognised in her youthful face, in her large and somewhat melancholy eyes, in her beautiful brows, some traces of the child he had once known. When Julia's glance met his the pale face reddened. He bowed low, and, smiling, said, 'Welcome.' 'Thank you,' said she, with a voice whose grave melody struck him; 'we are friends, are we not?' and she held out both her hands to him. He was about to draw her towards him, but feeling a faint resistance in her arms, he contented himself with kissing the wrist of her gloved hand. Then pretending to regard her with an admiring gallantry, which for the matter of that was sincere enough, 'I really think,' said he, 'that I ought to ask you to whom I have the honour of speaking.' 'You think me grown,' said she with a smile, which showed her dazzling teeth. 'Immensely,' he replied, 'immensely. I do not wonder at Pierre.'"

So the meeting passes off, the friends glad to meet again, Madame de Lucan delighted with Julia, and Lucan himself admiring his step-daughter's beauty, and half amused, half pleased by her quaint manner. Julia immediately takes a great fancy to the château, and this increases her step-father's approbation of her. She displays, however, a certain flightiness, often amusing herself by mimicking her rather solemn and prosaic husband, by burlesquing Italian music, and so forth. Every now and then, too, when she is alone with her step-father, slight relapses of temper appear, of which, however, he takes little notice, putting them down as the remains of her spoilt child humours. About a fortnight after her arrival a ball takes

place in the neighbourhood, and as both Madame de Lucan and M. de Moras have no particular affection for balls, they go home early, leaving Julia to be escorted back by her step-father. She makes a gesture of impatience when she is told of the arrangement, but says nothing.

"About an hour afterwards she grew tired of being worshipped, and asked for her carriage. As she was wrapping herself up in the hall, Lucan offered to help her. 'No,' she said pettishly, 'please don't. Men know nothing about it.' Then she threw herself into the carriage with an air of weariness. However, as the horses started she said, in a more amiable tone, 'Won't you smoke?' Lucan thanked her, but did not avail himself of the permission; and then, as he settled himself in his corner, he said, 'You were very beautiful to-night, my dear child.' 'Sir,' said Julia, coolly but positively, 'I forbid you to think me beautiful, and to call me your dear child.' 'Very well,' said Lucan; 'you are not beautiful, then, you are not dear to me, and you are not a child.' 'A child,' she answered; 'I should think not.' She buried her face in her veil, crossed her arms, and leant back in her corner where the moonlight from time to time flashed on her white skin. 'May I go to sleep?' asked she. 'Why, of course,' he replied. 'Shall I shut the window?' 'If you like. But won't my flowers annoy you?' 'Not in the least.' After a silence, 'M. de Lucan,' said Julia. 'Well, my dear lady?' 'Will you be kind enough to give me a lesson in etiquette, for I don't understand it? Is it allowable and proper to let a gentleman of your age and a lady of mine come home from a ball alone together at two o'clock in the morning?' 'But,' said Lucan, gravely enough, 'I am not a gentleman; I am your mother's husband.' 'Ah, yes!' said she, 'you are my mother's husband,' and she raised her voice over the words in such a manner that Lucan thought an explosion was about to follow. But she seemed to choke down something and went on almost in a lively tone. 'Yes, you are my mother's husband, and it seems to me that you are a very bad husband for my mother.' 'You think so,' said Lucan, quietly. 'Why?' 'Because you do not suit her at all.' 'Pray have you asked your mother about that, my dear lady? For it seems to me that she is the best judge.' 'There is no need to consult her. One has only to look at you. My mother is an angelic creature, and you are not.' 'What am I then?' 'You are romantic, excitable. . . . In fact, just her opposite, and some day or other you will be false to her.' 'Never,' said Lucan, a little severely. 'Are you quite sure?' said Julia, looking straight at him from the depths of her hood. 'My dear lady,' answered Lucan, 'you asked me just now to be good enough to teach you what is proper and what is not. Well, then, it is *not* proper that we should make your mother and my wife the subject of a pleasantry of this kind. Consequently it *is* proper that we should hold our tongues.' She was silent, made no movement, and closed her eyes, but in a minute he saw a tear drop from her long lashes upon her cheek. 'I have hurt you, my child,' said he; 'I beg your pardon most sincerely.' 'You may spare your excuses,' she replied in a muffled tone, but opening her great eyes suddenly. 'I do not want them any more than I want your lessons. I should be glad to know what I have done to deserve such a humiliation. What harm was there in my words, and what else could I have said? Is it my fault that I am alone with you, that I am forced to talk to you, that I hardly know what to say? Why am I made to suffer this? Why am I asked to do more than I can? Is not the part I have to play daily enough and too much a thousand times? God knows I am tired of it!' Lucan had some difficulty in repressing his painful surprise at this outburst. 'Julia,' he said at last, 'you were good enough to tell me that we were friends, and I thought it was true. Is it not so?' 'No,' she said with energy, and then wrapping her veil round her she remained during the rest of the journey plunged in a silence which M. de Lucan did not disturb."



of a heroine as she whips and forces an unfortunate horse to accompany her in her search for worlds not realised. These quite surprising blemishes are evidence of an occasional wrongheadedness at critical points which is characteristic of M. Feuillel, and of which I may have to mention some other examples. But with this single exception the story is nearly faultless. The art—difficult to reproduce in excerpts—by which Julia's succumbing to her fatal passion is depicted, is admirable, and not less admirable is that which saves Lucan from the proverbial fate of the man in whose case ladies are willing. He is virtuous without being *niais*: and his total lack of coxcombry gives him a remarkable advantage over the average French novel hero. Most remarkable of all, however, are the perfect proportion and scenic arrangements of the piece. The parts of the minor personages are adjusted to a wonderful nicety, and in no novel known to me are the character and quantity of the descriptions so excellently proportioned. In pathos of a certain kind *Julia de Trécaur* yields among modern works of the class only to *La Petite Comtesse*.

Strikingly different in plan and in sources of interest is *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, to which must, I suppose, if comparative freedom from faults be taken as the characteristic of a masterpiece, be awarded that position among M. Feuillel's works. It is autobiographic in form. The hero at the age of thirty finds himself left heir to the title of marquis and to the remains of a singularly embarrassed fortune. He is like many of M. Feuillel's heroes and heroines, the son of an angelic mother and a spendthrift father. The latter has so thoroughly dissipated his fortune and that of his wife, that at the settlement of affairs, which is confided to an old notary and family friend, M. Laubépin, a balance of some two thousand pounds on the wrong side is all that remains out of a fortune of a hundred times the amount for the young Marquis and his sister Hélène, who is twenty years his junior. When making this dismal announcement, the notary adds that he has a deposit of jewels, made secretly by the young man's mother, in fear of such a catastrophe, and which need not therefore be sacrificed. But the new Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive does not thus understand honour, and he insists that the creditors shall be paid in full, the deposit giving the means of doing this. The question is then how he shall maintain himself and his sister. M. Laubépin has several suggestions to offer. A speculator will be only too glad of the Marquis's old name as a bait for his prospectus, and offer a round number of paid-up shares in return. But this does not suit the Marquis any more than the retention of the deposit; nor has the proposition of a rich merchant's daughter, who will be delighted with the title of Marquise, any better success. The consultation thereupon terminates, M. Laubépin appearing to be rather pleased than otherwise by the rejection of his

offers. It is understood that he is to settle the matter, to pay over the few pounds which may be left, and to look out for some situation which may at least promise bread to his client.

For a time the young man—Maxime is his name—hears nothing of his lawyer, and being totally destitute of ready money he is on the brink of starvation. He tries to eat the leaves of the trees in the parks, he visits his little sister in her convent, and, by immense good fortune carries off, under pretext of giving it to a deserving person, a huge slice of bread which she cannot eat. At last he nearly gives in, and is only saved by the charity of the porter's wife at his lodgings, who has formerly been in his service, and who cajoles him into accepting a dinner. Then M. Laubépin, who has been on a country visit, returns, and after upbraiding his client and protégé for not informing him of his condition, proceeds to inform him of certain things moderately to his advantage. He has procured him the refusal of an appointment as land steward to a rich family in Brittany at a fair salary, and besides this he has succeeded in saving about a thousand pounds by legitimate means out of the wrecked inheritance. The worst is therefore past.

The family who are honoured with this rather singular steward consists of an old sailor and privateersman, who has amassed a great fortune long before in the wars of the empire, of his widowed daughter-in-law, a creole lady of eccentric but amiable character, and of her only child Marguerite. The grandfather is very old, and practically in his dotage. His family receive the Marquis (who has adopted his family name Odier, as a more suitable travelling title) very amiably, and he is installed in a separate dwelling, being, however, frequently invited to join the circle at the château. The chief frequenters of this circle besides an aunt, Madame Aubry, and a young ex-governess, Mademoiselle Helouin, are the doctor of the district and a certain M. de Bévallan, a gentleman of great estate in the neighbourhood, for whom Maxime conceives a decided dislike.

He soon becomes rather a mystery to the inmates of the castle, reserved as his situation necessarily makes him. They cannot understand how a land steward should know all about fashionable matters not only in Paris, but in foreign capitals and courts, and (which seems more odd to an Englishman) they cannot understand his being a good rider. His accomplishments in these respects even create a certain doubt in Madame Laroque's mind as to his professional capacities, until this doubt is removed by his handing over to her on the renewal of a farmer's lease the premium which his predecessor had always been accustomed silently to pocket. His incognito is also partially betrayed by an old Breton lady who conceives a great fancy for him. This is Mademoiselle de Porhoet, an ancient dame whose possessions are almost limited to blood of the bluest and to a literary

Château en Espagne, that is to say a claim on a vast Spanish property, which she has never been able to establish.

Meanwhile Marguerite Laroque, the daughter and heiress of the house, is a greater mystery to Maxime than he himself is to his employers. She is very beautiful, and not specially inclined to treat him haughtily. It is obvious that the rich M. de Bévallan is ready to be her very humble servant. But she seems to labour under some undefined cause of melancholy, and is almost ostentatious in proclaiming her disgust for things in general. She, too, is a great favourite with Mademoiselle de Porhoet, and one day the two meet at their friend's house.

"When the talkative old lady had finished her reminiscence Marguerite kissed her, and waking her dog Mervyn, who slept at her feet, she said that she must go back to the château. I made no scruple of setting out at the same time, sure that I was not likely to cause her any annoyance. Setting aside the insignificance of my person and my position in the young lady's eyes, she is not at all disturbed at the idea of a tête-à-tête, her mother having resolutely brought her up in the same liberal fashion in which she herself had been educated in the English West Indian Islands. The English method, as is well known, gives to women before marriage all the independence with which we wisely refuse to intrust them until an abuse of it becomes irreparable. We went out of the garden, therefore, together. I held her stirrup while she mounted, and we set out. After a few steps she said, 'It seems to me that I disturbed you very unseasonably. You were enjoying a tête-à-tête.' 'Yes, mademoiselle, I was; but as it had already lasted some time I forgive you, and, indeed, am rather obliged to you.' 'You are very kind to our poor neighbour. My mother is quite grateful to you for it.' 'And your mother's daughter?' said I, smiling. 'Oh, for my part I am more difficult to move. If you want me to admire you you must wait a little longer. I am not in the habit of hastily judging human actions, which have generally more than one aspect. Your behaviour to Mademoiselle de Porhoet looks well, I admit—but—' she hesitated, shook her head, and went on in a serious, bitter, and indeed insulting tone, 'but I am not quite sure that you are not paying court to her in hopes of becoming her heir.' I could feel myself grow pale. However, reflecting on the absurdity of taking the high tone with a young girl, I restrained myself, and answered gravely, 'Allow me to say, mademoiselle, that I am sincerely sorry for you.' She looked much surprised. 'You are sorry for me, sir?' 'Yes, mademoiselle; you must permit me to express to you the respectful pity which you seem to me to deserve.' 'Pity!' she said, reining in her horse, and turning slowly upon me eyes half closed with disdain; 'I am so unfortunate as not to understand you.' 'Yet it is very plain, mademoiselle. If disbelief in good, mistrust, and a seared heart are the bitterest fruits of lifelong experience, nothing in the world better deserves compassion than the same feelings in the heart of one whose experience of life has not begun.' 'Sir,' replied Mademoiselle Laroque, with a briskness very different from her usual manner, 'you do not know what you are talking about, and,' she added severely, 'you forget to whom you are talking.' 'That is quite true, mademoiselle,' said I, bowing. 'I am speaking a little at random, and I am forgetting a little to whom I am speaking. But you have set me the example in both points.' Mademoiselle Marguerite, with her eyes fixed on the tree-tops, said to me with haughty irony, 'Must I beg your pardon?' 'Certainly, mademoiselle,' I replied, 'if one of us has a pardon to beg it is you. You are rich and I am poor; you can stoop, I cannot.' There was a silence, and the working of her countenance told of an inward struggle. Suddenly

lowering her whip in guise of a salute, she said, 'Well, then, pardon me.' And with that she struck her horse sharply and set off at a gallop, leaving me alone."

Mademoiselle Marguerite, however, bears no malice, and the next interview which she has with the steward is a water excursion in which they are accompanied only by an old man-servant. They journey up the neighbouring river, Maxime having an opportunity of displaying his prowess by rescuing her dog and her pocket handkerchief from the water. Soon afterwards, as if on purpose, she takes M. de Bévallon to the same spot, and makes him renew the experience, which he does with hardly as happy a result. The discomfiture of her lover does not disconcert her, for soon afterwards Maxime learns that the gentleman is all but accepted. Marguerite herself tells him the reason. She has a morbid dread of fortune-hunters, and has made up her mind not to accept any one whose fortune is not fairly equal to her own. As if matters were not sufficiently complicated, Maxime at this junction learns that Bévallon has been carrying on an intrigue with the governess, Mademoiselle Helouin, and the latter, after making a violent effort to entangle the steward also, throws him a formal declaration of war, asserting that she knows who he is, and that M. Laubépin has sent him to the Château Laroque in hopes of mending his broken fortunes by a marriage with the heiress. This view with embellishments she communicates to Marguerite, and that suspicious damsel takes fire at once. She publicly insults Maxime by giving him orders as if he were a menial, and only a certain inspiration of Bévallon's prevents an open quarrel between the two men. This storm past, another soon occurs, for the governess still has Marguerite's ear. Accident conducts her with Maxime to the ruins of the Tower of Elven, known to all wanderers in Brittany, and accident locks them in the ruins together. After he has in vain tried to force the door, the young lady has one of her ordinary hallucinations. It occurs to her that the Marquis (as she knows Maxime to be) has planned this for the purpose of compromising her, and she addresses him in the most outrageous language. Exasperated by this, and determined at any cost to show her the injustice of her suspicions, he swings himself from the top of the tower on to the branch of a tree, and reaches the ground with a broken arm but alive. Then he mounts his horse and manages to reach home, where he puts the household on Marguerite's track without indicating what has passed, and she is rescued without any one knowing that she has had a companion. After this, events march rapidly, as indeed they are bound to do. Maxime, in ransacking the family archives as a preliminary of the marriage contract, discovers that old Laroque's fortune was begun by a fraud upon his own ancestors. M. de Bévallon, dissatisfied with the provisions of

the settlement, disgusts his irritable fiancée so much that she breaks off the engagement. The governess is unmasked and banished, and lastly, Mademoiselle de Porhöet, having gained her Spanish castle by Maxime's instrumentality, dies leaving him heir to a fortune which enables him to marry any one he pleases. It is needless to say whom he does marry; but the reader will probably be of opinion that unless Marguerite as a wife was rather less suspicious and rather more placid in temper than she was as a maiden, the Marquis de Champeey D'Hauterive must have made a very dubious bargain. It is only fair to the author, however, to say, that this impression is much less vividly produced on the reader of the book than on the reader of an abstract of it. It is another dramatic peculiarity of M. Feuille's books that they do not lend themselves to abstract. As in the case of a drama, it is possible to give a mere argument of them, or simply to extract scenes, but scarcely to represent them in little.

In estimating this author's work it is well to remember that he did not make his appearance at once as a novelist. For some time his writings were of the class for which there is no special name in English, but which are well enough known to readers of French under the titles of *Proverbes* and *Scènes*—trifles in dramatic form and narrative in substance, of which most Frenchmen of letters in our day have written some, Alfred de Musset's being perhaps the best known. M. Feuille's first published prose tale was, I believe, *Onestà*, which appeared in 1848 when the author was approaching middle life. It is a Venetian story of the rather extravagant order which had been for some time popular—a story of daggers, love, wine, duels, assassinations, and all the rest of it. It displays the literary skill which is rarely wanting in its author's work, but does not appear to me to possess much interest. After some years appeared *Bellah*, an effort in another kind. This is a story of the Vendean, or to speak more correctly the Chouan, contest, the particular episode being dated just before the Quiberon expedition. Here too there is more promise than performance, the central interest being very small and coming to a decidedly premature conclusion. No such charge can be brought against *La Petite Comtesse*, which was published about the same time. The story of this novelette is very simple and very sad. A man of letters, past his youth, goes down on a government mission to make drawings of an ancient abbey. Chance throws him into the society of a neighbouring country house, the moving spirit of which is the Comtesse de Palme, a type of the fast young lady of the empire. The hero feels and expresses a deep contempt and pity for her brainlessness, and this little aversion brings them together. She makes advances to him, and he, though hardly aware of it, becomes deeply in love with her. But he has convinced him-

self that her passion is a mere passing fancy, and that both would repent their union, and so he steadily repulses her. The reaction throws her into the arms of the most worthless of her admirers; but she soon repents and dies, the too wise lover falling soon after by the hand of his temporarily successful rival. This is the only novel in which M. Feuillel has in my judgment been wholly successful. The pity of it is the one thought that occurs to the reader, and the infatuation which prevents two people who love each other from being happy is not felt as a drawback. In *La Petite Comtesse* M. Feuillel indicates his theory as to the causes of feminine weakness and insufficiency in France; in the *Histoire de Sibylle* he develops it. Sibylle is an orphan brought up by her grandparents and an Irish governess, Miss O'Neil, in drawing whom M. Feuillel permits himself to indulge in much dubious wit. The orphan is the type, we may suppose, of what young ladies ought to be, and if this be so we can hardly wonder that she excited protests. She is a very religious young lady, and at an early age is caught offering violets at the altar of an unknown god in the woods. She abandons Catholicism because the parish priest sometimes goes to sleep after dinner, and returns to it (converting Miss O'Neil) because he leaves off coffee and becomes strongly ascetic. Then she goes to Paris and plays good angel to her other grandparents, a couple who live in orthodox estrangement from one another. Here she meets her fate, Raoul de Férias, a gentleman who is the object of the desires of all his married lady friends. All is going well, when Sibylle suddenly faints at hearing Raoul make profession of infidelity at a dinner party. After some trouble, however, she converts him also and then dies.

M. Feuillel's two latest books—for of *Julia de Tréceur*, the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, and *M. de Camors*, enough has been or will be said—are *Un Mariage dans le Monde* and *Les Amours de Philippe*. *Un Mariage dans le Monde* is a clever and amusing book, again illustrating the author's views on the conjugal state. The husband is vexed because his wife confuses the eighth and eighteenth centuries, the wife because her husband does not like her gaieties. The result is a tacit agreement that each shall go his and her own way. This of course means danger, and the danger is only averted by the devotion of a friend, M. de Kévern, who saves Madame de Rias from herself. The most amusing thing in the book to an English reader is the cause of the indignation with which M. de Rias's excellent mother-in-law regards him. Unfortunately the very difference of manners which makes this amusing, prevents it from being more distinctly alluded to. *Les Amours de Philippe* tells the old story of a young man for whom a cousin is destined, who rejects her in order to follow the example of the prodigal son, and who returns after many days to the slighted maiden. The interval is

taken up by two great passions. The first is for an actress, Mary Gerald, who accepts Philippe under the notion that he is a great dramatic poet, and very promptly deserts him when his piece is damned. The second is for Madame de Talyas, the wife of his commander in the war of 1870. In this case it is the lady who insists upon being fallen in love with. Philippe is finally extracted from her clutches by the bravery and devotion of his cousin Jeanne, with whom and with a comfortable fortune the scarcely deserving young man is at length rewarded.

I have already noted in *Julia de Tréceur* a curious instance of what may perhaps be called obliviscence on M. Feuille's part. There are two other instances of similar false notes in his work, which are even more fatal, because, instead of occurring at the end of the book where the interest is so to speak secured and beyond danger of destruction, they occur in its course. One of these is in *M. de Camors*—the scene, to wit, in which Madame de Téele, rejecting Camors' love, proposes as a compensation that she shall educate her daughter as a wife for him. Here again the preposterous takes a touch of the revolting. The topsiturvification, to use a word which Thackeray invented under the inspiration of this very form of literature, becomes altogether too strong. From that moment the reasonable reader holds Madame de Téele responsible for Camors' future aberrations, and when they arrive he has nothing to say to her but *Tu l'as voulu*. Again in the *Histoire de Sibylle* there is a passage which rings false in a somewhat similar way. The wicked heroine Clotilde has set her cap at the hero, has failed, and to console herself has enchanted—to the utmost limits of enchantment—his scientific and impassible friend Gandrax. But she tires of Gandrax, as she does of most things, and what is the method which she takes to rid herself of this light of science? First of all she caresses her husband in his presence in a very offensive manner, and when he asks for an explanation, she informs him that she has never loved him, that his dictatorial manner is odious to her, and that he had better go. He goes, takes laudanum, and expires, gesticulating and making gruesome remarks, as if he had wished to add one more to the deathbeds of the philosophers. The reader of the scenes ought to be impressed, but he is not. He gathers from them only the notion that M. Feuille, unlike the Laureate's Madeline, is far from perfect in love lore. Clotilde is certainly a vulgar vixen, and her husband is an unfortunate person. But the lover has, in nautical phrase, the weather-gauge of both. He is long past the stage of being jealous of the husband, and to the lady herself he can reply that if she did not love him, so much the worse for her. In both these cases the false note is fatal to the interest of the following portions of the book.

There is yet a third charge which I must make against M. Feuille.

Skilful draughtsman as he is in many ways, he rarely—never would be perhaps a truer word—attains to the drawing of a really representative character. In *Julia de Tréceur* and in *La Petite Comtesse* he is not far from this success, but he does not quite attain it. In his other characters he misses it altogether. It may seem a paradox, but is not so, that the portrayer of a strong individuality always at the same time, whether he knows it or not, creates a type. M. Feuillel never portrays a strong individuality, and therefore he never creates a type. His most elaborate attempt at this is of course *M. de Camors*. Camors is intended to be a sort of Marlborough of private life, a man who utilises and enjoys everybody, who hates and loves nobody, who simply *exploits* the human race. It would not interfere with this conception that he fails in his plan. Failure in such a plan is pretty nearly certain, and the representation of it is moral to boot. But he not only fails, but fails ludicrously, fails so as to make his plan a mere absurdity. He has only to meet a Lescande, a Madame de Télec, a General de Campvallou, and he compromises himself at once after the fashion of a schoolboy. He is worse than the *faisfaron des vices qu'il n'a pas*, he is the *faisfaron des vices qu'il ne peut pas avoir*, a much more contemptible being. Except in his connection with Madame de Campvallou, where, guilty as he is, he is the victim of a greater and nobler viciousness than his own, he is a painful mixture of coxcomb and prig.

It is, in fact, in the choice and conception of his characters that M. Feuillel's weakness consists, just as his strength consists in the choice and conception of the framework and minor incidents of his stories. It is impossible to lay down off-hand the principle that such and such a type of character is unfitted for a hero or a heroine. If the type is rendered sufficiently faithfully and sufficiently forcibly, if it is, in Spinosian phrase, brought *sub specie eternitatis*, that is sufficient. From this point of view, though Lord Foppington and Lady Booby are certainly not persons of much moral worth or weight, they conquer their place, a place far indeed from Hamlet and Rosalind, but in the same gallery and on the same line. M. Feuillel has contributed no single character of this kind, and the cause is clear, he has not been able to conceive any such contribution. His characters generally have indeed very singular antecedents. Their author is on the one hand strongly impressed by the society, by the prevalent tastes, and by the ordinary views of morality which he sees around him; in the second place he is desirous, and very creditably desirous, of fighting on virtue's side rather than on the side of vice; lastly he has, though fitfully and at intervals, the artistic impulse of working with a view to nothing but the goodness of the work. These motives each operating separately might have each produced something really good. His power of observation, his



knowledge of what would interest his readers, his theory of the principles which ought to guide life, and his mastery of the art of writing books, are all good, but each seems to trip up the other. He tries to make his heroines fascinatingly sinful and at the same time improvingly moral. The result is that they do not fascinate and that they do not edify us. The term *honnête femme* is always on his lips when he is describing their temptations. But as one of his French critics remarks with admirable bluntness, "*une honnête femme n'a pas de ces tentations.*" So also is it with his heroes. They stand shivering on the bank, hesitating between the "I dare not" of their honour, and the "I would" of their inclination, until when, as they always do at length, they take the plunge, we have no feeling left for them but rather wearied contempt. M. Feuilleton cannot draw a strong immoral character because of his ideas of morality; he cannot draw a strong moral character because of the hankering which he feels after a certain class and kind of interest, maudlin not to say immoral; and he cannot write a book which is interesting merely as a book, because of the pre-occupations which these different motives cause him. Once and once only he has got out of his toils and worked with free hands, and the result is *La Petite Comtesse*. Again in *Julia de Trévère* a study of real power is produced. It has been thought by some people that the style of analytic novel-writing is after all not his forte, and that he would have done better to follow out the paths on which he entered in *Bellah* and in *Onesti*. I do not myself see in these books any promise of greater excellence than that which he has elsewhere attained. As a novelist, and it is as a novelist only that I am speaking of him, M. Feuilleton seems to me to have had the thus far and no farther set before him very clearly. He has undeniable talent, talent so considerable as frequently to appear greater than it really is, and to excite astonishment that he has done no better, even in those who estimate it correctly. But he is limited. He walks over his dubious and hollow ground with dainty but uncertain step, and declines altogether to pierce to the accepted hells beneath. His vogue, such as it is, appears to be due in part no doubt to real merits of style and workmanship, but still more to his curious sentimental compound of propriety and impropriety, to his faculty of treating dubious subjects in a tone of the strictest virtue, and to his amiable weakness for excusing the sinner, and making him interesting while shaking his head very gravely over the sin. It is consoling, perhaps, to some people to meet with a teacher of undoubted morality who is so thoroughly convinced that offences must needs come, and so well skilled in making the offender amiable. To other people, however, this tone is not agreeable, and they do not find in it an excuse for the shortcomings of these novels considered as works of art.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE POSITION OF SOCIOLOGY AMONG THE SCIENCES.<sup>1</sup>

SUPPOSE a being of superhuman powers to approach our planet, and floating above it at any convenient distance to observe its works and ways; and suppose further that his modes of observation and of reasoning, though a thousand times greater than our own, were yet similar in kind. The attention of such a one would be drawn first by those massive facts which are either common to the earth with all the globes of space, or which most strikingly and obviously distinguish it from them. He would note its spherical form, its reflected light, its motion round its axis and round the sun. He would remark its gaseous and liquid envelopes, and the two large masses of solid material that pierced through the latter—the Aso-African parallelogram fissured by the two deep creeks that we call the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and the two American cones united, wasp-like, by a slender thread.

He would admire the green veil of forest and field; but for the moment would pass it by, noting only how thin it was, how little it had to do with the solid substance of the planet. Nor would the graveyards of these green things, called by us palæontological strata, materially alter his opinion. For even these, he would see, were hardly more than a thousandth of the earth's thickness. He would pass on to note the physics and the chemistry of the total mass, the specific gravity of the whole and of the parts, the varying temperature from centre to surface, the rate of diffusion of heat, the electrical and magnetic facts, the mineralogical structure of the principal masses, their chemical composition. I suppose our spirit to be well versed in modern theories of molecular physics and of vortex-atoms. Availing himself, I will not say of the highest modern mathematics, but of a mathematic of his own, exceeding them in altitude by as much they surpass the methods used for the first standard of our primary schools, he constructs a series of equations by which these physical and chemical facts are shown to result from complicated motions of the ether. All the actions of bodies that come under the head of Weight, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Chemical Crystallization, Chemical Affinity, are intelligible to him. And by intelligible I mean this: he can see that they are applications of a principle well known to him; he can deduce them from that principle, can foretell their future behaviour. Just in the same way as a modern astronomer sees the motions of Mars or Saturn to follow from two or three simple mathematical principles, and can foretell how those planets will

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behave on a given day next year or next century, so to our super-human observer would it be with all the physical facts of the earth ; with its weather, its tides and storms, its earthquakes, its magnetic disturbances, its treasure-houses of precious minerals, its transmutation of chemical elements. He would have a clear insight and mathematical prevision of all these. His Cosmology would be complete.

The attention of our observer would be next directed to the thin green layer of life overlaying the solid substance of the earth. He would be struck at once by the startling differences between the behaviour of this substance, and that of the rocks and minerals and gases that he had been previously examining. He would remark indeed that in many respects they were in nowise different. He would see that, like other substances, they gravitated towards the earth's centre; that they were composed of similar chemical elements to the earth and air and water around them ; that as to the facts of light, heat, electrical and magnetic disturbance, they shared the common lot. But none the less would he be struck with a combination of phenomena wholly unlike any that he had before noticed. Undeterred by the myriad complexity of vital forms, he would penetrate at once to those simplest and most general facts of life which all forms showed in common. He would note the persistency of the form combined with incessant change of the substance, the extreme chemical complexity of that substance, its no less remarkable chemical instability. The perpetual making-up of this highly complex substance from the outer world, and the giving out again of decomposing substance to be resolved into the simple elements of this outer world, would strike him as widely different from any such process as the growth of a cloud or of a crystal.

Then he would study the three great facts common to all the bodies which possess life : the fact of Growth, the fact of Death, the fact of Reproduction. Admitting his insight into the abysses of past time to be as keen as his intelligence of present facts, he would remark the modes in which the more complex forms of life had been developed from the simplest, partly by competition for existence and survival of the fittest, partly in other ways the evidence of which for human senses has long since and irrevocably vanished ; but he would dwell with far more enduring wonder on the old familiar fact of the long-continued Permanence of species—on the fact that, through long courses of ages, each living thing produced after its kind, reproducing often the special tint or shape of some forgotten ancestor. Advancing further to the study of the motions of living things, from the primitive stir of the protoplasmic matter in each organic cell to the highest developments of the musculo-nervous system in the higher mammalia, he would be struck by the fact that in the higher

animals at least these motions were by no means invariably consequent on any direct stimuli of light, or heat, or contact with foreign substances, but were correlated frequently with facts in the surrounding world very distant both in time and in space. The motions of the bird building her nest, of the beaver constructing his dam, of the savage sharpening his flint, adapted as all these motions are to facts in the outer world not as yet in existence, would appear to him divided by the widest possible contrast from the motions of the most cunningly devised automaton.

Summing up the whole group of facts known to us as the science of Biology, he would now endeavour to account for them in the same way as he had successfully accounted for the facts of inorganic matter. He had accounted, we have supposed, for the minerals, liquids, and gases of our planet by resolving each mass of matter into its various molecular motions, and decomposing further each molecule into its own system of ether-whirlpools. How the motion of the ether itself originated, we may suppose him perhaps to be as ignorant as a mere Newton or Helmholtz. Still, so far as he had gone with inorganic matter he would now strive to go with organic. And I think it will not be too much to suppose that his mathematical calculus, which we have already been obliged to imagine as surpassing the transcendental calculus of human universities as far as that exceeds the arithmetic of national schools, would fail him when applied to the facts of life. Just as the geometry of the Greeks dealt successfully with the circle, the conic sections, the spiral, and a few other curved lines, but failed utterly in dealing with the infinite variety of curves generated by the simplest motions of nature, as, for instance, by a point on a travelling wheel, or by the weight of a chain suspended at both ends, just so would it be with our superhuman visitor. Yet we may fancy still that he would not be deterred. By patient thought, or by the aid of some spiritual colleague from a happier star, he would construct a calculus yet more transcendental and potent, capable of accounting for the motions of protoplasm, for the infinite differentiation of its forms, and for the transmission of "physiological units" from one generation to another. His Biology is now complete.

But as he continued to apply his spiritual microscope to the more complicated facts of animal life, certain new phenomena, or, at least, certain modifications of the old ones, would meet his eye. He would not fail to remark that animals of the same species, working in combination, produce results which were not visible when they lived alone. Not, indeed, that such a case as that of the coralline zoophytes would detain him long; for though he saw them changing gradually islands into continents, and diverting the course of ocean currents, he would at once perceive that the relation of each indi-

vidual to the rest was slight, and that the total result was one of mere mechanical addition, like the growth of trees in a forest or the increase of a crystal. But amongst the higher Articulates the difference between the solitary and the social insect would be extremely startling. Contrasting the solitary bee or wasp with the hive-bee or the ant he would find something very different from the mechanical aggregation of heaped-up labour which he had found in the coral-reef. The hive or the ant-hill is not like a brick wall, homogeneous in structure throughout, and capable of indefinite increase. The most careless glance, either at the structure or at its inhabitants, shows evidence of a common purpose aimed at by different parts in different ways. Not to speak of minor distinctions, the fact that the function of production, whether of food or of lodging, and the function of reproduction are performed among the bees and the ants by different classes, would form a wide gulf between the social and the solitary insect. And the width of this gulf would be in curious contrast with the extreme narrowness of the structural differences between them. The most startling of these distinctions, the atrophy of the female reproductive organs among the labourers, is obviously the consequence, not the cause, of the social state. The enlarged hind-leg of the bee enabling it better to collect its honey might also seem to be the result of long exercise through generations; yet it would hardly be a sufficient explanation of its sociability, any more than the structure of the hand in man. But in almost every other respect the structural resemblance between the social and the unsocial bee would appear to be very close. Our superhuman observer, indeed, would look to the brain of these insects for the explanation. Having been able to see the difference in the behaviour of each molecule of a bar of iron when magnetized and when unmagnetized, he might expect in each cell of the brain tissue to appreciate the infinitely small differences of molecular action due to the difference of function in the case of the social and the unsocial bee. And putting the activities of all these brain cells together, estimating their actions and reactions, summing them up by the power of his superhuman calculus, we can suppose that he would end by constructing a mathematical Theory of the Bee-hive or the Ant-hill.

We need not follow him in his difficult ascent through the sociology of the vertebrate races, whether bird or beast. Penetrating into abysses of the past whither human eyes are unable to follow, he would observe numerous species among the higher Mammalia joined in co-operative federations, which became stabler as each year, each century passed by, if not with accumulative products, yet at least through the more perfect adaptation of muscle and brain to the varying needs of the social state. Each species so federated would speedily absorb or crush any unsocial varieties; and would,

moreover, by its own simple expansion tend to encroach on other species. One alone of these federations could be master of the planet; and with the triumph of Man after a long and fierce struggle, the other animal varieties sank into insignificance.

Human history began. Generation knit itself to generation in unbroken continuity. Customs grew. Reverence and Loyalty appeared; stained as yet by the wintry soil which they pierced, yet ever putting forth fresh leaves to the light. Last and rarest of all new growths, I do not say the most precious, scattered here and there in lonely places, the speculative intellect appeared: "the large discourse of a being looking before and after."

We have allowed to our angelic visitant range after range of superhuman faculty. He has constructed in succession the mathematics of the earth, the mathematics of a plant, the mathematics of a bee-hive. That is to say, he has regarded each of these as groups of highly involuted motions, and of these motions he has constructed the equations: deducing them, in other words, from one or two elementary principles of motion and number. You may if you please carry the conception one step further. You may imagine him applying his calculus, a new calculus, of higher power, to human history, and constructing the mathematical theory of the brain of Shakespeare. Only if you care to imagine this problem solved, I would ask you to imagine that he who solves it would stand removed by four orders of intelligence, or it may be by four thousand, above the highest standard of human intellect: each remove being as far beyond that immediately below it, as the powers of Newton or Lagrange are beyond those of an idiot or an infant.

You will ask me why I have detained you so long by this chimerical fancy. I had more reasons than one. And the first is, that the extremely limited nature, not merely of man's knowledge, but of his power to know, appears to me one out of those many old-world truths which it is useful at the present time to clothe in new words and circulate in every possible way. People are ready enough to admit that our knowledge is limited. But they are much more unwilling to admit that our *faculty of knowing* is limited. Because we can travel nearly as fast as a bird, because we can write and talk through wires to the other end of our little planet, because one day we shall be able perhaps so far to modify the structure of bodies as to be able to see through a mill-stone, because we have found out that there is hydrogen gas, or something like it, in Sirius, because we have discovered that the human race is a hundred thousand years or so older than we had thought it—people are waxing as triumphant as though they stood on the threshold of omniscience.

Yet the questions asked by Job thousands of years ago remain unanswered still. We do not know, and still less can we guide, the

balancings and spreadings of the clouds; we have not entered into the treasury of the snow and the hail; we cannot "bind the sweet influencings of the Pleiades, or loose the girdle of Orion." We cannot reproduce in our laboratories the humblest creature that has life, how far less can we "give the horse strength, or clothe his neck with thunder."

And the second reason for the introduction to your notice of my imaginary angel-philosopher was to contrast his mode of examining the facts of nature with that which the wisest among men are forced to follow. The angel, you observe, deals with all these facts mathematically. Having satisfied himself that every molecule of matter is an ether-whirlpool or collection of whirlpools, he interprets all the phenomena of matter as an assemblage of highly complex motions, and by his very transcendental calculus explains all these motions in the past, foretells them in the future, just as the two or three ablest mathematicians of Europe are able to tell very nearly, though not quite, what the place of the moon in the sky will be on any day for many years to come. Just dwell on this example for a moment. If there is any force in nature which we can be said to know something about, in the sense of knowing how much work it can do, that force is Gravitation. We know pretty accurately the weight of the sun, the weight of the earth, and the weight of the moon; that is to say, we can measure accurately the tendencies which each of those two bodies taken separately from the third has to fall towards the other. But from the moment we add the third body the difficulty of accurate measurement becomes enormously great. This is the celebrated Problem of Three Bodies which cannot be said yet to be perfectly solved. Think of it for a moment. Three molecules, called sun, earth, moon, are enough to puzzle our wisest calculators when we ask them to foretell their motions. This gives you an idea of the limitation of the power of mathematics as an instrument of research. And now suppose your first-rate mathematician set to solve the problem, not of three, but of thirty, three hundred, three million bodies! Yet mathematical truth remains the ideal type of knowledge. Truths not known mathematically cannot be said to be quite so perfectly known as others. And consequently a course of mathematics well arranged, and not disconnected, as unfortunately most of our universities are disconnecting it, from a course of studies of human nature, is admirably calculated not merely to fortify the intellect by toilsome struggle in pure bracing air, not merely to give that clear conception of certainty which no other study can implant, but also to stamp out the absurd illusion, so prevalent nowadays, that we are on the point of understanding the universe.

Mathematics, then, has not been our instrument of discovery except

in the case of the very simplest of the laws of matter, the gravitation of the masses of the solar system. Had these masses been more numerous and more nearly of a size, mathematics would have been of very little use to us in discovering the laws of these movements. We should have had to content ourselves with observing them, as the Chinese and Egyptians used to do before Greek geometry was known, or as we do now with regard to the facts of weather. In studying the more complicated internal activities of any mass of matter, its heat motions, its electricity motions, its behaviour with reference to light, to sound, the relations of its molecules to the molecules of other masses of a different kind, we have to resort to quite different methods summed up in the words, Observation and Experiment. In the first place, we have to observe each of these activities separately, and to make what is called a separate or abstract study of it. We have no science of weather, but we have sciences of all the activities which taken together make up the facts of weather—electricity, heat, gravitation, and so on. In the second place, we have to recombine all these separate abstracted activities, and to see how they work in the concrete fact—a task belonging to the practical as much, or more than, to the speculative intellect; in which the artisan, the navigator, the dyer, the medical practitioner, have often as much to say as the man of pure science whom they consult.

And if mathematics is inapplicable to any but the simplest part of Cosmology, what can we hope from its application to the infinitely more complicated motions of living matter? Yet it is no fable but a truth that mathematicians of high eminence have endeavoured to apply algebraic analysis to even higher spheres than this. There is a very elaborate treatise, for instance, in three hundred and four quarto pages, by no less a man than Condorcet, in which he uses the highest power of algebra to determine how many votes in a jury should be allowed to determine the verdict, or what mode of popular election is likely to select the best candidates. You will remark that, if men were automata, as some people think, there would be nothing so very absurd in this problem. But seeing that men are made up of several billion cells of protoplasm bound together and wrapped up in all sorts of intricate ways, and that we cannot apply algebra successfully to the movements of one single cell out of those billions, it does not seem very likely that algebra is the thread which will help us to unravel the secrets of human nature.

Without further delay let us come to the questions, What do we mean by Sociology, and what is its place among the sciences?

The facts or phenomena studied by Sociology are the actions of animals that have lived for many generations in society: what Aristotle called long ago *political animals*. The first and most salient feature of this form of life, perfectly well illustrated in the bee-hive or



the ant-hill, is division of labour. Different sets of individuals do different sets of things. The functions of production of food and lodging, of reproduction, of nursing the young, of aggressive or defensive war, and so on, are performed by distinct classes. And the second character of the social state is also seen in these simple instances—the convergence of actions towards the permanent good of the society. We have nothing to do at present with the motives of bees or ants; perhaps we shall never know anything about them. But it is easy to see that many of their actions tend far more to the good of the society than to the good of the individual. They are very different from the actions of a sheep or an ox in a field, solely intent upon fattening itself. The storing up of the honey, the periodical slaughter of superfluous members, the concentration of the procreative functions in two or three individuals, these and many other things show the convergence of separate actions towards the preservation of the community.

We might expect to find similar things on a far larger scale among the animals more akin to man—among the warm-blooded vertebrates for instance. And it is permissible to suppose that at one time many such vertebrate societies existed. But the dominion of any one among them would be incompatible with the existence on any large scale of the rest. Like Australians or Red Indians when white men come, they would break up, and sink back into the lower life of individualism. The beaver, since man has interfered with his wonderful constructions, lives now the life of a mere water-mole. Strange survivals, one-sided developments, remain as relics of their former state. The jackdaw, that steals gay rags and bright bits of metal, once, perhaps, built up fabrics as beautiful as the bower-bird of Australia.

We are brought back, then, to the study of the supremacy of that one member of the mammalian vertebrates, whose social life has made the development of any other than its own impossible. And our original question, What do we mean by Sociology? now assumes this form, What is the scientific way of studying the facts of human society?

Some people, perhaps, would raise a previous question: Are there any "laws of nature," as they are called, to be discovered in facts relating to free human agents? Is not the very notion of being bound by law repugnant to our sense of freedom? Does it not savour of materialism?—a word of dread, and also a word of vagueness and mist, but having, as I freely confess, a real meaning in the kernel of it. Is it not a new way of bringing back the notion that man is an automaton?

Well, as I do not think that even a jelly-fish is an automaton, much less a cat or a dog, you will acquit me of supposing that man

is one. The movements of a speck of protoplasm are very wonderful to me. I cannot account for them by any play of mechanical forces known to me. My wonder increases as I go up the steps of the ladder, the scale of life, from the monad to the ascidian, thence to the fish, the bird, and the beast. Still greater is the marvel as I rise yet upwards, from the highest ape to the lowest savage, and from the lowest savage to a Dante or a Shakespere. On no step of this ladder, from the lowest to the highest, have I found a steam-engine or an automaton.

But are there no laws of nature discoverable in living things? Let us be sure that we clearly understand what we mean by a law of nature. I, for my part, mean something very simple by it. I mean a regularity perceived by our poor understandings in the midst of irregularities; a unity visible amongst plurality; a common tendency followed by things otherwise divergent. It is a law of nature, for instance, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. That is to say, among the infinity of triangles all of different shapes, there is this one fact common to all, the sum of their angles is a constant quantity. In every department of nature we find these uniformities in the midst of variety. It is no new-fangled idea of modern times that we find them in man. The beauty of Homer's poems, as of every other great poet, is that his characters are consistent; that is, that their actions conform to law, that they spring naturally from that general consensus of their spiritual qualities which we call character. We don't get heroism from a Thersites, or cowardice from Ajax. *Noblesse oblige*. The noble-natured man is bound by a law, and you know how he will act under given circumstances. It is the double-minded man, unstable in all his ways, who is apparently not amenable to the laws of moral life; part of him being paralysed and dead.

The proof of things or events being subject to law is, that when you know the law you can foretell those to some extent. If I take oil of vitriol and pour it into water, I know that I shall have a great evolution of heat. If in any part of the world a piece of bunting, marked in red and blue with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, be torn down from its staff or mast and dragged in the mire, I know also, and with quite the same certainty, that the population of a certain island situate on the meridian of Greenwich, and between the 50th and 60th degrees of north latitude, will be thrown into a fever-heat of excitement. The one of these things is as much a law of nature as the other. But are Englishmen the less free because they respect their flag?

On the whole, then, we may dismiss from our minds altogether the fear lest the subjection of man's life to law be some new-fangled and pernicious heresy. It is a truth as old as wisdom herself, one which

guided the conscious or unconscious efforts of poets, teachers, and thinkers of all times. Any notion of materialism that may have fastened on to it of late, is due simply to the subject being studied in a materialist way. If you study your speck of protoplasm as though it were simply a chemical product, you fall into materialism—you catch merely the coarser wider truths common to all matter, and miss the subtler special truths peculiar to protoplasm. In the same way you are materialist if you study the animal as though it were simply a mere complicated vegetable, limiting yourself to microscopic examination of the cells of its brain; and again, if you study man, modified by long generations of the social state, as though he were solely the highest among the higher animals. The chemistry or the electricity of life, the vegetality common to all animals, the animality shared by all men, these are indeed most important things to be borne in mind: it is the dwelling on them *exclusively*, the belief that from the truths of the larger and coarser science you can deduce the truths of the finer and more special science, which constitutes the materialist frame of mind.

You may see my meaning better by looking at the opposite form of error—the spiritualist tendency. It used to be common to study living things in ignorance or indifference to the chemical, electrical, gravitational truths which we now apply to them just as to other matter. A living fish was supposed to be lighter than a dead fish. That is spiritualism. So again very many students of human nature and of human history have gone on in utter carelessness of the animal basis on which it rests. Aristotle combined the two points of view. Man, he said, is a political animal; a being living in society, formed, moulded, developed by long generations of the social state, but remaining an animal to the end; none of the nutritive, reproductive, combative instincts have disappeared.

Thus far, then, we have got in answering the question of this lecture: What is the place of Sociology in the sciences? We have a series of three terms, Cosmology, Biology, Sociology: the laws common to all matter dead or living; the laws of living matter; the laws of living beings living in society—practically the laws of human society. Each term in the series stands on the one before it as on a pedestal, could not exist without it, yet has inductions of its own which must be studied independently. The plant cannot exist without the soil from which it springs; but the chemistry of soils will not explain the plant. You want the botanist.

I come now to the way in which Sociology should be studied.

You are aware that the scientific societies of our day have not as yet taken much notice of this science. The British Association for the Advancement of Science does not advance it at all. The South Kensington Department, which devotes much public money and zeal

to the establishment of science classes, has not, so far as I know, established any classes on sociology. We hear a good deal in London of universities that are going to be established in certain great manufacturing centres. On inquiry you find that mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, are all to have their professors; but some of these universities do not as yet seem universal enough to take in the science of man. It is true there is a benevolent association for the encouragement of what is politely called Social Science, at the meetings of which people who have their own views on drainage, soup-kitchens, the boarding out of pauper children, or law reform, and are willing to pay the penalty of listening to other people's hobbies, have an opportunity of riding their own. Surely the word science was never more strangely used. Had it been called the Association for the Discussion of Useful Projects, no one could have complained. But mere collections of facts and objects, whether of flint knives and stuffed birds in a museum, or of papers on cottage hospitals and trades-unions in an annual report, do not constitute science. Science, in any order of phenomena, is the study of the general facts, the uniformities, the unities visible amidst the pluralities, multiformalities, irregularities of special facts. To these uniformities we give the name of laws of nature.

Perhaps, however, I am going too far in saying that the science of man has not found an entrance into the academics. The word Anthropology seems to refute it. Anthropology, the science of man; it has a very hopeful sound about it, it seems to be the precise thing of which we are in search. Alas! the promise to the ear is kept, but broken to the hope. You hope for some insight into the constitution and development of human society, some light to be thrown on the dark and tangled question of where we are in our development, what direction we are following, how far the long history of the social state has modified human nature, what changes may be expected in the future. This is the bread you ask for, but you receive a stone. You are presented with several cases of flint knives and bone implements, and you become acquainted with the truth that of the barrows scattered thickly on the Yorkshire wolds, the long barrows contain skeletons with long skulls, the round barrows skeletons with short ones.

Now, without at all denying that from the examination of these and other traces of prehistoric men we may gain certain reflected lights which will be useful ultimately in more important inquiries, I would remark that not the prehistoric races, but the historic, would seem to be for a long time to come the most fertile and hopeful field for this new science of Anthropology. In a new science it would seem rational and natural to begin not with the least known and the least accessible phenomena, but with the best known and the

most accessible. If the first anatomists and physiologists, instead of occupying themselves with man, had devoted their lives to the study of bacteria, or to the hypothetic restoration of the brains and circulating systems of fossil species, it is not likely that the science of biology would be as far advanced as it is now. So with sociology. Begin, I would advise you, where the evidence is good and plentiful, not where it is dubious and scarce. Of Dr. Schiemann's three cities, piled, one on the top of the other, on the plains of Hissarlik, there is independent evidence bearing on the two uppermost—the poems of Homer in one case, the literature and history of the Alexandrian period in the other. But of the underlying village fifty feet below the surface there is no independent record. It may be five thousand years old, it may be twenty thousand. On the whole, considering how much there is to do, we can put off the study of it till the science of sociology is very much further advanced.

But from Homer's time, or at least from a time very shortly after Homer, down to our own we have something like a continuous chain of generations, the foregoing acting upon the following in ways that we can watch and analyse. It is no mere case of palæontology here. We have very different materials to work on from such meagre records as those with which the student, say, of Central American antiquities has to content himself. We have not merely the dry bones, the hard tissues capable of being fossilized; we have the soft tissues now to deal with, those in which the specially characteristic facts of life take place—the flesh and blood, the nerves and brain. For twenty-five centuries we know not merely how men piled up earth and stones, not merely whether their skulls were long or short, but how they lived, how they acted, how they thought, how they suffered. We can see, too—at least the way is open to us to search if we will—the way in which the accumulated forces of those twenty-five centuries affect our modern life, how they have become in the truest sense part of it, so that to emancipate ourselves from their influence is as impossible as to get rid of the law of weight, or to jump away from our own shadow. Granted that human nature is the proper study of mankind, the study *par excellence* amongst so many others that are excellent, the search into these twenty-five centuries for that in them which is still living and working as a power over us, would seem to be one of those things which a new university that really aimed at being universal, and not merely a technical school for the improvement of dye-works and drawing-frames, would place very high among her list of subjects.

Thus, while I would give to the science of Sociology the whole sphere that really belongs to it; while I would include in it all that can be really known of the way in which human societies have grown in the past or present; while I should regard the study of Oriental

and African societies as a most essential branch of the subject; while I would give glad welcome to such elements of prehistoric culture as can be interpreted by, and in their turn interpret, much that is obscure in the description of savage communities existing in our own time—I should yet regard the life and growth of man in the European peninsula from Homer to modern days as being the central trunk-line of the science; as being in sociology what the study of the human body is in biology. And this on theoretical no less than on practical grounds. I should do so, that is to say, not merely because it was more clearly related to human interests. This, indeed, let me say in passing, would have much weight with me. I think that science, pursue it as widely and unrestrictedly as you may, lift it above dye-works, steam-engines, and practical philanthropy as you ought, should yet be penetrated through every fibre with secret aspirations for the ennoblement of human life. Yet not alone because the history of European life was more important to us should I give it such prominence, but rather because most light is to be drawn from it. And this for two reasons; first, it is nearer to ourselves, and better known to us; secondly, it shows the highest development of social life. We call the mammalian vertebrate the highest form of animal life, because there is the greatest amount of variation in the different parts, and the greatest amount of harmony in the whole. The tissues of the muscles and nerves are more different from the tissues of the skin in the vertebrate than in the invertebrate kingdom; the limbs are more clearly defined and with a greater number of distinct parts in a horse than in a fish, the brain is more distinct from the spinal cord, the heart more distinct from the blood-vessels; and yet with all this the animal is more indivisible, is more of a whole; an injury to any part affects every other part more speedily. The consensus is more complete.

So with the sociology of Western Europe and its dependencies. It is obvious at the first glance that the development of life there is more various and many-sided than elsewhere—than in the great theocracies of the East, for instance, or of ancient Egypt. Certain essential social functions are clearly separated from one another, which in the older societies are confused and hardly discernible. Above all, belief, the operation of the speculative intellect, begins to be set free from statecraft and policy. The Church—using for the moment that word to express all the opinions and aspirations of man that rise above the mere satisfaction of his animal wants—the Church in this wide sense tends to more and more complete separation from the State. And at the same time, going along with this separation of functions, we find a far more complete consensus. What happens in one part of the system affects the other parts, far more keenly and promptly. In old Egypt it is

probable that the exodus of the children of Israel produced very little impression in the upper part of the Nile valley. In the European state system, imperfect and discordant though it be, a street riot in Madrid or an exciting debate in the English or French Parliament is telegraphed in a few hours to every large village between Copenhagen and Palermo.

Therefore, I repeat, it will be wise for a long time to come for the student of sociology to give the same great prominence to the instance in which the social functions show the maximum of distinctness and of consensus, as is rightly given in biology to the highest order of vertebrates. It is wise to begin with the best known and the least obscure; thence afterwards to throw light on the obscurer cases, and to fetch from them what light they may afford. The central object of sociological study is, therefore, the history of Western Europe during the last twenty-five centuries.

Here, however, I have been met by an objection. Some time ago I was pleading with a member of your society that in any new universities or institutes of science that might be founded in the North of England the study of history should find a place; and that not merely under the head of graceful and entertaining narrative, as one of the forms of artistic composition which we class as literature, but as a subject to be treated by the same scientific methods of observation and comparison that we apply to the sciences of biology and physics. One of the objections raised by my friend was this: the facts of the historian, he pointed out, were special and singular, whereas the facts of the biologist are general. Now it is essentially with general facts and not with singular facts that science has to deal. If I describe accurately the organs of a dog or a snake, I describe with approximate accuracy the organs of all other dogs or snakes. Whereas, if I relate the actions of Hannibal or of Napoleon I., I am telling you nothing else. Hannibal crossed the Alps and won the battle of Cannæ; Napoleon escaped from Elba and lost the battle of Waterloo. This may be very interesting, but clearly it is not science. It is not the detection of a law, it is not the unravelling of a general and uniform fact amidst a multitude of special heterogeneous facts; and this, as we saw before, is the proper object of science.

But let us look at the matter again, and rather differently. In each of the twenty-five centuries I am speaking of, there are, by the usual computation, three generations, each generation exhibiting the features characteristic of all forms of the social state; that is to say, a separation of functions among different classes, some form of family life, some form of government, some species of language, some form of religious faith. Assuming, therefore, that these generations, from first to last, can be regarded as continuous, a point on

which I have a word to say afterwards, we have seventy-five of them to consider—a number quite wide enough to give free play to the full generalising power of the inductive method. We may remember that Kepler, one of the most powerful inductive reasoners that the world has seen, occupied himself for long years with the vagaries of five planets; and was thought, and justly so, to have gained immortal fame by finding the three general facts to which they all conformed. The problem of the sociologist is more arduous, but not more hopeless, and the reward of successful effort is even greater.

Note further that the problem, as I have now stated it, falls under two principal heads: the study of those aspects of the social organism that remain permanent throughout the series of generations; and the study of the changes undergone in the course of development, with the view, if possible, of finding the general law of those changes. It is this last point of view which is distinctively modern. The statics of sociology—the study, that is, of the permanent organs or functions of society—were investigated more than two thousand years ago with much success by Aristotle, who pursued a strictly inductive method of research in this matter. Collecting together some hundreds of constitutions among Mediterranean communities, he examined the facts and attributes common to all of them. For the dynamics of sociology—for the scientific study, that is to say, of the modifications undergone by society from generation to generation—the knowledge of the past possessed by Aristotle was too slight. That was reserved for our own day. We saw the first germ of it in Pascal's conception of the human race as a single organism continually growing; in Leibnitz's remark that the Present, child of the Past, was pregnant with the Future; we have it brought out more clearly still by the great thinkers of the eighteenth century—Vico, Turgot, Kant, Condorcet; and finally in the early part of this century we have seen it worked out in a systematic and detailed way by Auguste Comte.

I have said enough to show that the sociological study of history is something widely different from history as a branch of literature. I will dwell for a moment upon some of the more salient contrasts.

The history of Western Europe, from Greece and Rome to our own time, presents itself to the sociologist as a series of social states, each with its own organs and functions, each with its own mode of consensus, and each linked on to those that preceded and those that followed it, just in the same way that the successive stages in the life of an embryo are linked to one another. It becomes, therefore, necessary to look at each of these states as a whole, and not to limit our inspection to any part of them. Now I think that almost every one who looks back on the books of history that he may have read,



will allow that overwhelming preponderance is given in them to narratives of campaigns, great battles, royal marriages, schemes of ambitious statesmen, plans for altering the machinery of government, and so on. In fact, events of this kind have come to monopolize to themselves the word *political*, whereas the word was really intended to cover all the dealings whatsoever of men with one another in the social state. It should include all the ties of custom and law by which the family is held together, the links that bind man to the soil, his arts and commerce; above all, his belief as to his place in the universe, his science, that is to say, his philosophy, and his religion. How little do the best histories tell us of all this! I know not of a single history of the Greeks which even pretends to give an adequate account of the greatest of the gifts bequeathed by that nation to the human race—the rise and progress of geometry—although it is on this foundation that the whole fabric of European science in the last three centuries has been built up. And if you think for a moment of the stupendous issues—the moral and social, far more than the merely industrial, issues—which are connected with the spread of scientific conceptions as to man's place in the world, if you call to mind the struggle between old and new phases of belief that has been going on from the time of Galileo's imprisonment down to our own time, and then reflect that Galileo and Descartes were simply carrying on the work begun by Archimedes and Hipparchus, you may be inclined perhaps to consider that scientific discovery should take its place in the record of political events; that it is a part, and a most fundamental part, of history.

So again we have repeated attempts to separate so-called political history from religious history—to describe the fall of the Western Empire or the establishment of feudalism quite apart from the history of the mediæval Church. Now, if I am at all right in my way of looking at the matter, all such attempts are, from their nature, futile. The history of the early mediæval Church is the central focus of mediæval society, that round which all the rest converges. The doings of the various barbarian or half-civilised chiefs were one of the modifying influences which it is most important to study, but which it is quite useless and misleading to examine apart from the central force.

So, too, with the attempts made within the last hundred years to separate the industrial and mercantile life of any generation from the rest of the social organization, and to make a special science of it. The error is even greater when to this science is given the misleading name of political economy; a name which covers the whole aggregate of social arrangements, governmental and religious, as well as industrial. But in truth the attempt to isolate the industrial arrangements of a people from its general standard of political development, from its religion, and its morality, is one predestined to

fail. The most cursory glance at the different degrees of civilisation seen in the past or the present shows how closely the institution of property is bound up with all other institutions. Where land is held in common, as in parts of Russia and India; where it is to be divided every fifty years, as in the book of Leviticus; where its ownership, as in ancient Italy, has a host of the most sacred religious feelings clustering around it, and disturbed by any change—in such cases surely the attempt to treat land as a mere article of sale and purchase cannot lead us very far. And if you look the world over, these complicated cases are the rule rather than the exception. The one-sided and wholly exceptional industrial development of our little corner of the planet is, perhaps, a phenomenon not destined to be either universal or permanent. On the whole, then, the construction of a science of plutology, or wealth of nations, would appear to be analogous to an attempt in the biological sphere to construct a science of hepatology or of cardiology—a science of the liver or a science of the circulating apparatus.

And again, another grand distinction between the sociologic treatment of Western Europe during the last twenty-five centuries, and the point of view of the literary historian, would be the principle of Continuity. The notion, for instance, of regarding the history of England as a separate subject, beginning with the landing of Hengest and Horsa at Ebbsfleet, is wholly foreign to the sociologist. To him the old conception of English history, as told to children by Mrs. Markham, or indeed as told to grown-up men by John Milton, with all the errors of detail, is essentially far more true. He cannot persuade himself that the story of the Ancient Britons, of Roman conquest, of the entrance of Roman arts, Roman roads, Roman cities, are matters to be shut out. He remains very much of the old opinion that the sanguinary buccaneers who landed at Ebbsfleet had but a slender title to the name of Englishmen. But when they had made the roads, and the brick-kilns, and the cities of Rome their own; when the captives that they conquered had been fixed as slaves round their homesteads; when the daughters of these captives had become the mothers of their children; when the full flood of Mediterranean civilisation, Asiatic, Greek, and Roman, summed up in the word Catholic Church, streamed in with Augustine; and when finally the Norman Conquest had made the dwellers of these isles incorporate in the feudal system of Western Europe—then the word Englishman begins to have a definite meaning. An England born in the Teutonic forests, an England cut off from the fountain-heads of the past, is not the England that Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton would have owned. To have sprung from the soil was the vain conceit of the Athenians. The nobler Roman was proud to draw his lineage from older nations and from beyond the seas.

The conception of the continuity of modern history with the

Greco-Roman world has grown feebler of late; owing, perhaps, partly to a school of writers in Germany and England, who regard it as of great importance to talk of Charles the Great instead of Charlemagne, and think that modern civilisation, nay, even the modern standard of morality, began with the Teutonic races. I venture to predict that a closer study of the subject will bring us back to the older notions of Gibbon and of Arnold—that the history of Western Europe is not many, but one; that our true spiritual ancestors are not the Celt, Iberian, or Teuton, but the men who fought at Salamis and Cannæ. It is the glory of the great ruler whose tribe gave their name to France to have recognised this truth; to have shown the most profound practical indifference to the theory of races, and to have defended the Roman world against the barbarians who spoke his own language. It is not without a reason that his name was Latinised; and Karl the Great will be content, it may be, after all, to keep the name of Charlemagne.

From Homer to Shakespere, from Scipio and Cæsar to Richelieu and Cromwell, from Archimedes to Newton, from Aristotle to Descartes, the continuity is unbroken, amidst all the modifying influences from the east and from the north. St. Paul gloried in his Roman citizenship; and though the societies which he founded in Asia Minor were fatally misinterpreted by Trajan, yet the work of one no less than the other is woven into the web which forms the vesture of our modern life.

I have said enough to convey to you my conviction that history is not simply a branch of literature. It offers materials for scientific study; that is to say, for the discovery of laws or conformities. Those seventy-five generations show certain functions and organs that are unchanged and permanent, others that are changing; and by ranging them in order as you would range the successive stages in the growth of an embryo or in the scale of animal life, we may hope to detect the general laws and directions of those changes, and thus, by conforming our conscious action to these laws, to avoid deviations, collisions, and waste of energy in the progressive movement of our race. I plead, then, for the admission of Sociology to a recognised place among the sciences; and the question follows, What place?

The answer must vary with our point of view. Assuming that the highest thing in the world is to know, assuming further that our capabilities for attaining knowledge are not limited either by its inaccessibility or by the feebleness of our brain-power, it might perhaps be said, as by many it has been often thought, that the point of view to aim at was that occupied by the superhuman visitant introduced to you at the beginning of this lecture, who stands outside the world and watches how it is made. To such, if such there be, no one department of science is more precious than another. No hierarchy of the sciences, no mutual subordinations of them, are desirable or

possible. All objects in the world are alike manifestations, more or less complex, of the working of a few elementary axioms, to which they can be brought back, from which they can be deduced. The attainment of this result constitutes what has been called the Objective Synthesis—the putting together of things by one who stands outside them.

But there are others to whom this point of view seems less possible and less desirable. From the time when Copernicus and Galileo showed to men that this planet, instead of being a centre of the universe, was but an atom in an ocean of infinity, it has become more and more clear that man must provide for himself his own central standpoint. Since an infinite ocean cannot be crossed by a finite traveller, what remains is to find a home within the vast expanse, and to make it beautiful and abiding for those that shall follow after. If we knew as much of the constitution of the sun or of the star Sirius as we know of the earth, we should be exactly as far, in the strictest mathematical sense as far, from knowing the universe as we are now; since, relatively to infinity, a yard or a million of miles are mathematically equal lengths.

Abandoning, therefore, as a chimerical waste of energy the attempt to know the universe, true science will take a juster measure of her powers. The highest object which comes within her ken is neither the starry heaven nor the green earth, but a human life. In the endeavour to understand in some degree such a life, we look to the forces which have acted upon it, upon which it has reacted. We ask the parentage, the nation, the religion, the stage of scientific and industrial development; we examine the whole range of phenomena that form the Social Order.

That social order when probed and analysed leads us back to the organic life whence it arose. Man, with all that marks him off from other animals, is an animal still; and the attempt to understand the phenomena of society is vain for him who takes no account of the animal basis on which human society stands. As in the bones and muscles, as in the structure of the heart and brain, so also in the elementary instincts and passions, the analogy between man and the higher vertebrates is complete; it is but a question of greater or less, of more simple and more complex; and the study of the elementary state is needful as the introduction to the study of higher and completer development.

And from the Vital Order we pass to the Mundane Order; to the study of those conditions and activities of inorganic matter without which the word Life has no meaning for us. Life without incessant molecular change, without chemical affinity, without electricity, without gravitation, is a conception which the student of science finds himself unable to realise. The position of our planet in the solar system, the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit, its

rapidity of rotation and of revolution, are all factors needful to be taken into account in examining the phenomena of life.

The mundane order, the vital order, the social order, or, if the Greek words be more familiar than the Latin, cosmology, biology, sociology—this is the natural succession of the three great branches of science.

And thus the question which forms the subject of this evening finds its answer. The place of sociology among the sciences is at once the centre and the summit, for as the biological order implies the order of the inorganic world, so the social order is dependent upon both, while itself consisting of laws more subtle, more complex, and more modifiable than they.

It is by this large view of the succession of the sciences that we escape the dangers of materialism and of fatalism. The materialist is he who, being too exclusively occupied with the wider, the more general, and the more common phenomena, from the study of these deduces crude and premature explanations of the more subtle and complex; explaining life by chemistry and human society by natural history. But he who takes a more modest view of the scope of human faculties, is content to do without these ultimate explanations of the origin of things, and asking simply in each order of phenomena what are the regularities amidst the mass of changes, to avail himself of such means of observation as the case may require, not regarding the plant as accounted for by the soil, but simply watching how the plant grows.

Strange, too, is the mistake of those who regard Law as alien to Freedom. There is a regularity of the falling stone, another of the growing plant, another of the unfolding of character. Which is the freer, the plant stunted and distorted by darkness and frost, or the plant following the full law of its development? the man whose action is uncertain, because he is at the mercy of his own caprices or lusts, or he whose action can be foretold because the whole spiritual nature moves in conformity with the highest law?

The true purpose of science is to convey to man some conception of that order of nature which rules and moulds his life. Surely that were a mutilated science which, after revealing to him first the uniformities of planets and of atoms, and those of his own animal organization, should then stop short, and exclude from view a system of forces more intimately bound up with the conduct of his daily life even than they; the results of social union transmitted through a hundred generations—the government of the living by the dead. The uniformities which regulate the growth of social institutions and of individual character, so far from stunting our freedom, offer us a way of escape from the chaotic mass of slavery to caprice and avarice that modern life exhibits; for the highest freedom consists in obedience to the highest law.

J. H. BRIDGES.

## CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

### VI.—FORMS OF ADDRESS.

WHAT the obeisance implies by acts, the form of address says in words. If the two have a common root this is to be anticipated; and that they have a common root is demonstrable. Instances occur in which the two are used indifferently, as being the one equivalent to the other. Speaking of Poles and Slavonic Silesians, Captain Spencer remarks—

“Perhaps no distinctive trait of manners more characterizes both than their humiliating mode of acknowledging a kindness, their expression of gratitude being the servile “*Upadam do nog*” (I fall at your feet), which is no figure of speech, for they will literally throw themselves down and kiss your feet for the trifling donation of a few halfpence.”

Here, then, the attitude of the conquered man beneath the conqueror is either actually assumed or verbally assumed; and when used, the oral representation is a substitute for the realization in act. Other cases show us words and deeds similarly associated; as when a Turkish courtier, accustomed to make humble obeisances, addresses the Sultan—“Centre of the Universe! Your slave’s head is at your feet;” or us when a Siamese, whose servile prostrations occur daily, says to his superior—“Lord Benefactor, at whose feet I am;” to a prince—“I the sole of your foot;” to the king—“I a dust-grain of your sacred feet.” Still better when a Siamese attendant on the king says—“High and excellent lord of me thy slave, I ask to take the royal commands, and to place them on my brain, on the top of my head,” we have verbally indicated that absolutely-subject attitude in which the head is under the victor’s foot.

Nor are there wanting instances from nearer countries showing this substitution of professed for performed obeisances. In Russia, even in these days of moderated despotism, a petition begins with the words—“So-and-so strikes his forehead” [on the ground]; and petitioners are called “forehead-strikers.” At the Court of France as late as 1577, it was the custom of some to say—“I kiss your grace’s hands,” and of others to say—“I kiss your lordship’s feet.” Even at the present time in Spain, where orientalisms descending from the past still linger, we read—“When you get up to take leave, if of a lady, you should say, ‘My lady, I place myself at your feet;’ to which she will reply, ‘I kiss your hand, sir.’”

From what has gone before, such origins and such characters of forms of address might, indeed, be anticipated. Along with other ways of propitiating the victor, the master, and the ruler, will

naturally come speeches which, beginning with confessions of defeat by verbal assumption of its attitude, will develop into varied phrases acknowledging the state of servitude. The implication, therefore, is that forms of address in general, descending as they do from these originals, will express, clearly or vaguely, ownership by, or subjection to, the person addressed.

Of propitiatory speeches there are some which, instead of describing the prostration entailed by defeat, describe the resulting state of being at the mercy of the person addressed. One of the strangest of these occurs among the cannibal Tupis. While on the one hand a warrior shouts to his enemy—"May every misfortune come upon thee, my meat!" on the other hand the speech required from the captive Hans Stade on approaching a dwelling was—"I, your food, have come." A verbal surrender of life takes other forms in other places. It is asserted that during ancient times in Russia, petitions to the Czar commenced with the words—"Do not order our heads to be cut off, O mighty lord, for presuming to address you, but hear us!" And though I do not get direct verification for this statement, it receives indirect support from the still-current saying—"Whoso goes to the Czar risks his head," as also from the lines—

"My soul is God's,  
My land is mine,  
My head's the Tsar's,  
My back is thine!"

Then, again, instead of professing to live only by permission of the superior, actual or pretended, who is spoken to, we find the speaker professing to be personally a chattel of his, or to be holding property at his disposal, or both. Africa, Polynesia, and Europe furnish examples. "When a stranger enters the house of a Serracolet (Inland Negro), he goes out and says—'White man, my house, my wife, my children belong to thee.'" In the Sandwich Islands a chief, asked respecting the ownership of a house or canoe possessed by him, replies—"It is yours and mine." In France, in the fifteenth century, a complimentary speech made by an abbé on his knees to the queen when visiting a monastery was—"We resign and offer up the abbey with all that is in it, our bodies, as our goods." And at the present time in Spain, where politeness requires that anything admired by a visitor shall be offered to him, "the correct place of dating [a letter] from should be . . . from this *your* house, wherever it is; you must not say from this *my* house, as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent."

But these modes of addressing a real or fictitious superior, indirectly asserting subjection to him in body and effects, are secondary in

importance to the direct assertions of slavery and servitude; which, beginning in barbarous days, have persisted during civilization down to the present time.

Biblical narratives have familiarized us with the word "servant," as habitually applied to himself by a subject or inferior, when speaking to a ruler or superior. In our days of freedom, the associations established by daily habit have obscured the fact that "servant" as used in translations of old records, means "slave"—implies the condition fallen into by a captive taken in war. Consequently when, as frequently in the Bible, the phrases "thy servant" or "thy servants" are uttered before a king, they must be taken to signify that same state of subjugation which is more circuitously signified by the phrases quoted in the last section. Clearly this self-abasing word was employed, not by attendants only, but by conquered peoples, and by subjects at large; as we see when the unknown David, addressing Saul, describes both himself and his father as Saul's servants. And kindred uses of the word to rulers have continued down to modern times.

Very early, however, professions of servitude, originally made only to one of supreme authority, came to be made to those of subordinate authority. Brought before Joseph in Egypt, and fearing him, his brethren call themselves his servants or slaves; and not only so, but speak of their father as standing in a like relation to him. Moreover, there is evidence that this form of address extended to the intercourse between equals, where a favour was to be gained; as witness Judges xix. 19. How among European peoples a like diffusion has taken place, need not be shown further than by exemplifying some of the stages. Among French courtiers in the sixteenth century it was common to say—"I am your servant and the perpetual slave of your house;" and among ourselves in past times there were used such indirect expressions of servitude as—"Yours to command," "Ever at your worship's disposing," "In all serviceable humbleness," &c. While in our days, rarely made orally save in irony, such forms have left only their written representatives—"Your obedient servant," "Your humble servant:" mostly reserved for occasions when distance is to be maintained, and for this reason often having inverted meanings.

That for religious purposes the same propitiatory words are used, is a familiar truth. In Hebrew history men are described as servants of God, just as they are described as servants of the king. Neighbouring peoples are said to serve their respective deities just as slaves are said to serve their masters. And there are sundry cases in which these relations to the visible ruler and to the invisible ruler, are expressed in parallel ways; as where we read that "The king hath



fulfilled the request of his servant," and elsewhere that "The Lord hath redeemed his servant Jacob." Hence, as now used in worship, the expression "thy servant" has a history parallel to the histories of all other elements of religious ceremonial.

And here, perhaps, better than elsewhere, may be noted the fact that the phrase "thy son," used to a ruler, or superior, or other person, is originally equivalent to "thy servant." When we remember that in the rudest societies children exist only on sufferance of their parents; and that in patriarchal groups, whence the civilized societies of Europe have descended, the father had life and death power over his children; we see that professing to be another's son was like professing to be his servant or slave. There are ancient instances showing us the equivalence; as when "Ahaz sent messengers to Tiglath-pileser king of Assyria, saying, I am thy servant and thy son: come up, and save me." And we are not without more modern instances, furnished by those mediæval times when, as we have seen, rulers offered themselves for adoption by more powerful rulers: so assuming the condition of filial servitude and calling themselves sons; as did Theodebert I. and Childebert II. to the emperors Justinian and Maurice. Nor does there lack evidence that in some places this expression of subordination spreads like the rest, until it becomes a complimentary form of speech. "A Samoan cannot use more persuasive language than to call himself the son of the person addressed."

From those complimentary phrases which express abasement of self, we pass to those which exalt another person. Either kind taken alone, is a confession of relative inferiority; and this confession becomes the more emphatic when the two kinds are joined, as they ordinarily are.

At first it does not seem likely that words of eulogy may, like other propitiations, be traced back to the behaviour of the conquered to the conqueror; but we are not without proof that they do thus originate, certainly in some cases. To the victorious Ramses II. his defeated foes preface their prayers for mercy by the laudatory words—"Prince guarding thy army, valiant with the sword, bulwark of his troops in day of battle, king mighty of strength, great Sovran, Sun powerful in truth, approved of Ra, mighty in victories, Ramses Miamon." Obviously there is no separation between such praises uttered by the vanquished, and those subsequently coming from them as a permanently-subjugated people, or those commonly made by subjects to their militant and despotic rulers. We pass without break to glorifying words like those addressed to the King of Siam—"Mighty and august lord! Divine Mercy!" "The Divine Order!" "The Master of Life!" "Sovereign of the

Earth!" &c.; or as those addressed to the Sultan—"The Shadow of God!" "Glory of the Universe!" or as those addressed to the Chinese Emperor—"Son of Heaven!" "The Lord of Ten Thousand Years!" or as those some two years since addressed by the Bulgarians to the Emperor of Russia—"O blessed Czar!" "Blissful Czar!" "Orthodox powerful Czar!" or as those with which, in the past, speeches to the French monarch commenced—"O very benign! O very great! O very merciful!" And then along with these propitiations by direct flattery there go others in which the flattery is indirectly conveyed by affected admiration of whatever the ruler says; as when the courtiers of the King of Delhi held up their hands crying, "Wonder, wonder!" after any ordinary speech; or in broad day, if he said it was night, responded—"Behold the moon and the stars!" or as when Russians in past times exclaimed—"God and the prince have willed!" "God and the prince know!"

Eulogistic phrases first thus used to supreme men, of course descend to men in less authority, and so downwards. Illustrations are supplied by those current in France during the sixteenth century—to a cardinal, "the very illustrious and very reverend;" to a bishop, "the very reverend and very illustrious;" to a duke, "the very illustrious and very reverend lord, my much-honoured master;" to a marquis, "my very illustrious and much-honoured lord;" to a doctor, "the virtuous and excellent." And from our own past days may be added such complimentary forms of address to those of lower rank as—"the right worshipful," to knights and sometimes to esquires; "the right noble," "the honourable-minded," used to gentlemen; and even to aldermen and men addressed as Mr., such laudatory prefixes as "the worthy and worshipful," "the worshipfull, virtuous and most worthy." Along with flattering epithets there spread flatteries more involved in form, especially observable in the East, where both are extreme. On a Chinese invitation-card the compliment, gravely addressed to an ordinary person, is—"To what an elevation of splendour will your presence assist us to rise!" Tavernier, from whom I have quoted the above example of scarcely credible flattery from the Court of Delhi, adds, "this vice passeth even unto the people;" and instancing the way in which he was himself classed with ancient men of the most transcendent powers, adds that even his military attendant, compared to the greatest of conquerors, was described as making the world tremble when he mounted his horse: a description harmonizing with the instance Mr. Roberts gives of oriental compliment to an ordinary person—"My lord, there are only two who can do anything for me: God is the first, and you are the second."

On reading that in Tavernier's time a usual expression in the East was—"Let the king's will be done," recalling the parallel,

expression—"Let God's will be done," we are reminded that various of the glorifying speeches addressed to kings are identical with those addressed to deities. Where the militant type is highly developed, and where divinity is ascribed to the monarch, not only after death but before, as of old in Egypt and Peru, and as now in Japan, China, and Siam, it naturally results that the words of eulogy addressed to the visible ruler and the ruler who has become invisible are substantially the same. Having reached the extreme of hyperbole to the king when living, they cannot go further to the king when dead and deified. And the substantial identity thus initiated continues through subsequent stages with deities whose origins are no longer traceable.

Into the complete obeisance we saw that there enter two elements, one implying submission and the other implying liking; and into the complete form of address there enter two analogous elements. With words which seek to propitiate by abasing self or elevating the person addressed, or both, are joined words suggestive of attachment to the person addressed—wishes for his life, health, and happiness.

Professions of interest in another's well-being and good fortune are, indeed, of earlier origin than professions of subjection. Just as those huggings and kissings and pattings which indicate liking are used as complimentary observances by ungoverned, or little-governed, savages, who have no obeisances that signify submission; so, friendly speeches precede speeches alleging subordination. Among the Snake Indians of North America, a stranger is accosted with the words, "I am much pleased, I am much rejoiced;" and in South America, among the Araucanians, whose social organization, though more advanced, has not yet been developed by militancy into the coercive type, the formality on meeting, which "occupies ten or fifteen minutes," consists of detailed inquiries about the welfare of each and his belongings, joined with elaborate felicitations and condolences.

Of course this element of the salutation persists while there grow up the acts and phrases expressing subjection. Along with servile obeisances we saw that good wishes and congratulations are addressed to a superior among negro nations, alike of the coast and the interior; and among the Fulahs and the Abyssinians inquiries concerning personal welfare and the welfare of belongings are elaborate. It is in Asia, however, where militant types of society are more highly developed, that the highest developments of these speeches occur. Beginning with such hyperbolic utterances as—"O king, live for ever!" we descend to addresses between equals which, in like exaggerated ways, signify great sympathy; as among the Arabs, who indicate their anxiety by rapidly repeating—"Thank God, how

are you?" for some minutes, and who, when well-bred, occasionally interrupt the subsequent conversation by again asking—"How are you?" or as among the Chinese; who thus directly assert their affection, on an ordinary visiting billet presented to the porter when making a call—"The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, presents himself to pay his duty and make his reverence even to the earth." Among Western peoples, in whose social organizations personal power has never reached so great a height, professions of liking and solicitude have been less exaggerated; and they have decreased as freedom has increased. In the fourteenth century, in France, at the royal table, "every time the herald cried—"The king drinks!" every one made vœux and cried—"Long live the king!" And though both abroad and at home the same or an allied form of wish is still used, it recurs with nothing like the same frequency. So, too, is it with the good wishes expressed in social intercourse. Though the exclamation—"Long life to your honour!" may still be heard, it is heard among a race who, till late times under personal rule, are even now greatly controlled by their loyalty to representatives of old families; while in parts of the kingdom longer emancipated from feudal forms, and disciplined by industrialism, the ordinary expressions of interest, abridged to "How do you do?" and "Good-bye," are uttered in a manner that conveys not much more feeling than is entertained. It is interesting to note that along with these phrases, very generally diffused, in which divine aid is invoked on behalf of the person saluted, as in the "May God grant you his favours" of the Arab, "God keep you well" of the Hungarian, "God protect you" of the Negro; and along with those which express interest by inquiries after state of health and strength and fortune, which are also widespread; there are some which take their character from surrounding conditions. One is the oriental "Peace be with you," descending from turbulent times when peace was the great *desideratum*; another is the "How do you perspire?" alleged of the Egyptians; and a still more curious one is "How have the mosquitoes used you?" which, according to Humboldt, is the morning salutation on the Orinoco.

There remain to be noted those modifications of language, grammatical and other, which, by implication, exalt the person addressed or abuse the person addressing. These have certain analogies with other elements of ceremony. We have seen that where subjection is extreme, the ruler, if he does not keep himself invisible, must, when present, not be looked at, on pain of death; and from the idea that it is an unpardonable liberty to gaze at an exalted person there has arisen in some countries the usage of turning the

back on a superior. Similarly the practice of kissing the ground before a revered person, or kissing some object belonging to him, implies that the subject person is so remote in station, that he may not take the liberty of kissing even the foot or the dress. And in a kindred spirit the linguistic forms used in compliment have, in part, the trait that they avoid direct relations with the person addressed.

Special modifications of language having, as their common result, the maintenance of a distance between superiors and inferiors, are widely diffused, and make their appearance in some comparatively early social stages. Of the superior people among the Abipones we read that "the names of men belonging to this class end in *in*; those of the women, who also partake of these honours, in *en*. These syllables you must add even to substantives and verbs in talking with them." Again, "the Samoan language contains 'a distinct and permanent vocabulary of words which politeness requires to be made use of to superiors, or on occasions of ceremony.'" Among the Javans, "on no account is any one, of whatever rank, allowed to address his superior in the common or vernacular language of the country." And of the ancient Mexican language we are told by Gallatin that there is "a special form, called Reverential, which pervades the whole language, and is found in no other. . . . this is believed to be the only one [language] in which every word uttered by the inferior reminds him of his social position."

The most general of the indirectnesses which etiquette introduces into forms of address, appears to have its root in the primitive superstition respecting proper names. Conceiving that a man's name forms part of his individuality, and that possession of his name gives some power over him, savages almost everywhere are reluctant to disclose names; and consequently avoid that use of them in speech by which they are made known to hearers. Whether this is the sole cause, or whether, apart from this, utterance of a man's name is felt to be a kind of liberty taken with him, the fact is that among all races names acquire a kind of sacredness, and taking a name in vain is interdicted: especially to inferiors when addressing superiors. One curious result is that as, in early stages, personal names are derived from objects, the names of objects have to be disused and others substituted. Among the Kaffirs "a wife may not publicly pronounce the *i-gama* [the name given at birth] of her husband or any of his brothers; nor may she use the interdicted word in its ordinary sense. . . . The chief's *i-gama* is withdrawn from the language of his people." Again, "the hereditary appellation of the chief of Pango-Pango [in Samoa] being now Maunga, or Mountain, that word must never be used for a hill in his presence, but a courtly term . . . substituted." And then where there exist proper names

of a developed kind, there are still kindred restrictions on the general use of them; as in Siam, where "the name of the king must not be uttered by a subject: he is always referred to by a periphrasis, such as 'the master of life,' 'the lord of the land,' 'the supremo head;'" and as in China, where "the 'old man of the house,' 'excellent honourable one,' and 'venerable great prince,' are terms used by a visitor to designate the father of his host."

Allied with avoidance of the proper name in addressing a superior, there is, as sundry of the above instances show, avoidance of the personal pronouns; which also establish with the individual addressed a relation too direct to be allowed where distance is to be maintained. In Siam, as already exemplified, when asking the king's commands the pronomial form is, as much as possible, evaded; and that this usage is general among the Siamese is shown by the remark of Père Bruguère, that "they have personal pronouns, but rarely use them." Among the Chinese, also, this style of address descends into ordinary intercourse. "If they are not intimate friends, they never say I and You, which would be a gross incivility. But instead of saying, I am very sensible of the service you have done me, they will say, The service that the Lord or the Doctor has done for his meanest Servant, or his Scholar, has greatly affected me."

We come next to those perversions in the uses of pronouns which serve to exalt the superior and abase the inferior. "'I' and 'me' are expressed by several terms in Siamese; as (1) between a master and slave; (2) between a slave and master; (3) between a commoner and a nobleman; (4) between persons of equal rank; while there is, lastly, a form of address which is only used by the priests." Still more developed is this system among the excessively ceremonious Japanese. "In Japan all classes have an 'I' peculiar to themselves, which no other class may use; and there is one exclusively appropriated by the Mikado . . . and one confined to women. . . . There are eight pronouns of the second person peculiar to servants, pupils, and children." Though in the West the distinctions established by abusing pronomial forms have not been so much elaborated, yet they have been sufficiently marked. In Germany "in old times . . . all inferiors were spoken to in the third person singular, as 'er':" that is, an oblique form by which the inferior was not directly addressed, but merely referred to, as though in speaking to another person, served to disconnect him from the speaker. And then we have the converse fact that "inferiors invariably use the third person plural in addressing their superiors:" a form which, while dignifying the superior by pluralization, increases the distance of the inferior by its relative indirectness; and a form which, beginning as a propitiation of those in power, has, like the rest, spread till it has become a general propitiation. In our

own speech, lacking such misuse of pronouns as serves to humiliate, there exists only that substitution of the "you" for the "thou," which, once a complimentary exaltation, has now by diffusion through all ranks wholly lost its ceremonial meaning. Evidently it retained some ceremonial meaning at the time when the Quakers persisted in using "thou;" and that in still earlier times it was employed to ascribe dignity, is inferable from the fact that during the Merovingian period in France, when the habit was but partially established, the kings ordered that they should be addressed in the plural. Whoever fails to think that calling him "you," once served to exalt the person addressed, will be aided by contemplating this perversion of speech in its primitive and more emphatic shape; as in Samoa, where they say to a chief—"Have *you two* come?" or "Are *you two* going?"

Since they state in words what obeisances express by acts, forms of address of course have the same general relations to social types. The parallelisms must be briefly noted.

Speaking of the Dacotahs, who are politically unorganized, and who had not even nominal chiefs till the whites began to make distinctions among them, Barton says—"Ceremony and manners in our sense of the word they have none;" and he instances the entrance of a Dacotah into a stranger's house with a mere exclamation meaning "Well." Bailey remarks of the Veddahs that in addressing others, "they use none of the honorifics so profusely common in Singhalese; the pronoun '*to*,' '*thou*,' being alone used, whether they are addressing each other or those whose position would entitle them to outward respect." These cases will sufficiently indicate the general fact that where there is no subordination, speeches which exalt the person spoken to and abase the person speaking, do not arise. Conversely, where personal government is absolute, verbal self-humiliations and verbal exaltations of others assume exaggerated forms. Communities such as we find in Siam, where every subject is a slave of the king, are those in which the inferior calls himself dust under the feet of the superior, while ascribing to the superior transcendent powers, and where the forms of address, even between equals, avoid naming the person addressed. It is in social organizations like that of China, where there is no check on the power of the "Imperial Supreme," that the phrases of adulation and humility, first used in intercourse with rulers and afterwards spreading, have elaborated to such extremes that in inquiring another's name the form is—"May I presume to ask what is your noble surname and your eminent name?" while the reply is—"The name of my cold (or poor) family is —, and my ignoble name is —." Or again, if we ask where occur the most elaborate misuses of pronouns initiated by ceremony, we find them

among the Japanese, over whom chronic wars long ago established a despotism which acquired divine prestige.

So, too, on comparing the Europe of past times, characterized by social structures developed by, and fitted for, perpetual fighting, with modern Europe, in which, though fighting on a large scale occurs, it is the temporary rather than the permanent form of social activity, we observe that complimentary expressions, now less used, are also less exaggerated. Nor does the contrast fail when we put side by side the modern European societies that are organized in greater degree for war, like those of the Continent, and our own society, not so well organized for war; or when we put side by side the regulative parts of our own society, which are developed by militancy, with the industrial parts. Flattering superlatives and expressions of devotion are less profuse here than they are abroad; and much as the use of complimentary language has diminished among our ruling classes in recent times, there still remains a greater use of it than among the industrial classes—especially those of the industrial classes who have no direct relations with the ruling classes.

These connexions are obviously, like previous ones, necessary. Should any one say that along with the enforced obedience which military organization implies, and which characterizes the whole of a society framed for military action, there naturally go forms of address not expressing submission; and if, conversely, he should say that along with the active exchanging of produce, money, services, &c., freely carried on, which characterizes the life of an industrial society, there naturally go exaggerated eulogies of others and servile depreciations of self, his proposition would be manifestly absurd; and the absurdity of this hypothetical proposition serves to bring into view the truth of the actual proposition opposed to it.

HERBERT SPENCER.



## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IN the midst of Ministerialist exultation at the triumph achieved by Lord Beaconsfield at Berlin in the restoration of Ottoman sovereignty over the crests of the Balkans, we pause to contrast what English diplomacy has really won with what the country was told little more than a month ago it was about to win.

Lord Salisbury's Circular bears date the 1st of April. It dissected mercilessly the Preliminary Peace of San Stefano. It showed, sometimes hypercritically, but sometimes justly, in what respects that instrument offended against the rights of England, and, still more, against those of Europe. Prince Gortchakoff answered it on the 9th. His arguments on matters of detail might be sound or might be unsound; but the most vigorous of its retorts was the censure that the Circular was purely negative; that it contained no practical proposals for the solution of the difficulties of which Lord Salisbury himself did not deny the existence. English Conservatives, far from seeing any fault in the Foreign Secretary's abstinence from counter suggestions to those of San Stefano, discovered therein his master skill and loyalty to Europe. Russia had broken the Treaty of Paris of 1856 by not respecting the independence and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. She had broken the Treaty of London of 1871 by liberating herself from the engagements of 1856, and modifying its stipulations without "the consent of the contracting Powers." It was for her to come before the bar of Europe with the plans she had to offer for repairing the structure that Europe had built up, and she had demolished. When Prince Bismarck was supposed to have been making overtures for a preliminary Conference, at which a programme should be prepared for the future Congress, the self-appointed interpreters of the Ministerial mind, and keepers of that elastic thing the Ministerial conscience, professed to be shocked. Russia must first array herself in penitential garb and submit herself in form to the judgment of the Court of the nations, before scandalized England could allow herself even to take international cognizance that things were not as they had been left in 1856, with the modification introduced in 1871. What peer who listened on the 8th of April to the Prime Minister's reprobation of the "secrecy and mystery" which had clothed the negotiations between Russia and the Porte, could have imagined that, in the course of a few weeks, the English Foreign Office would be conducting with Russia negotiations infinitely more secret and mysterious? Who could have supposed the enthusiastically

received declaration that all questions in dispute between Russia and the Porte should be made matter of discussion in the Congress, would be found by the Prime Minister, and by his obedient Cabinet, compatible with a pledge, before two months were over, by the Queen's Government to "dispute no articles of the Preliminary Peace of San Stefano which are not modified by the two preceding points, if, after the articles have been duly discussed in Congress, Russia persist in maintaining them?" But these are difficulties and incongruities for Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury to explain to their inopportunately applauding followers. The question that the Conservative rank and file, including such Cabinet Ministers as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, have to answer is, how they can still remain comfortably satisfied that it has been left to a Conservative Government to recall to Europe the faith of treaties, and the imperative obligation on one party to a compact never to go behind the backs of the other parties to it, and cut a knot which half a dozen joined in tying.

If Lord Cranbrook's rhetoric at Bradford meant anything, if Mr. Cross at Preston laid emphasis on any principle, it was that no one Power is free to contract itself with another Power out of treaties by which several Powers have agreed they should be jointly and severally bound. It would be an insult to the English understanding to argue that this principle is not violated by the Secret Agreement of May 30, because the other Powers at the Congress are at liberty to dissent from the terms Russia and Great Britain have, through their Ministers, accepted. The other Powers are no longer at liberty when two of their fellow contracting parties have engaged themselves previously to accept certain conclusions. Prince Bismarck has been fond of comparing himself, in respect of the litigant cabinets concerned in the settlement of the Eastern Question, to a broker. Rather, in a more popular senso of the term, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury are the brokers; but they are brokers who have become parties to a knock-out. At present no evidence even has been produced that the other Powers represented at the Congress had any intimation of the Secret Agreement. Nothing could have cured the vice inherent in it *ab initio* from the point of view of the Conservative Government; but at any rate common decorum might have suggested that it should have been announced to the Congress at the commencement of its sittings. So far as we know at present, but for the deliberate indiscretion of some confidant of one or other of the conspirators, the Congress would never have heard that it was gravely consulting on a number of foregone conclusions. Certainly the English public had no suspicion of the intrigue. The opponents of the Government have often complained, as did Prince Gortchakoff in his answer to Lord Salisbury's Circular,

that Ministers never seemed to know what they wanted of Russia. They resisted the solution Russia offered of the difficulty; they propounded no alternative. Obviously the right course was for them to specify the changes and amendments they desired to read into the Treaty of San Stefano. That treaty was defective and unjust in a variety of points and ways. Lord Beaconsfield and his Foreign Secretary would have had the concurrence of all Parliament and the whole nation in stating frankly what the arrangement wanted, to make it possible for England to accede to it when it should be discussed before a Congress. That course would have guided Russia and Europe, and would not have pledged Great Britain against preferring some other scheme after conference with the assembled Powers of Europe. Any such policy was always met by Ministers in Parliament and out of Parliament with a *Non possumus*. They were unable even to find out what they wanted without open concert with the other parties to the Treaty of Paris. Even while they were making these professions, they must have been engaged in framing a sort of scheme of concurrent endowment out of the Ottoman Empire. They must have been promising Russia privately that if she would play the game of England, England in her turn would play the game of Russia. Russia might have Bessarabia; Russia might have Batoum; she might wrest the former by force from Roumania, and the latter by force from the Porte. But in return England, not even Europe conjointly, but England, was to be given by Russia a clear title to protect, *d'une mesure spéciale*, her Indian Empire, under the guise of Turkey in Asia, from the ambition, real or imaginary, of Russia.

Whether the Peace of San Stefano, as modified by the Secret Agreement, or as about to be modified by the Berlin Congress, be very superior to the Peace of San Stefano in its original shape; whether the modifications, good, bad, or indifferent, could not have been secured without threats of an European war, are questions we have not yet examined. Whatever the character of the Russian concessions, it is clear that they have been obtained by the Conservative Cabinet in a manner which every speech made by prominent Conservative statesmen had denounced with the most violent anticipatory condemnation. The changes, however, in the stipulations of San Stefano, such as they are, have cost this country at least six millions, and they must be worth considering.

Lord Salisbury, in his famous Circular, complained of the size and probable strength of the new Bulgaria; he has succeeded, by the Secret Agreement, in cutting it in two; and the Congress appears to have sanctioned the arrangement. The extraordinary argument which has impressed many Englishmen, seems to have been that any free Bulgaria was an evil, and that the smaller and weaker Bulgaria

could be made, the less the inconvenience. It was the same kind of reasoning which induced the Duke of Wellington to pare down the Hellenic kingdom to a size which left it only large enough to be a nucleus, not for national development, but for national conspiracies. The best hope for the region which constitutes Bulgaria was, that the state should be as wide and powerful and consolidated as possible. A weak Bulgaria may seek support and scope for ambition by truckling to Russia; a strong Bulgaria would have been as jealous of Russian influence as Roumania now is. Whatever strength was to accrue, in Lord Salisbury's judgment, from a Bulgarian state to Russia, will still manifestly accrue so far as the country north of the Balkans is concerned. We make Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield a present of such benefit as the world and civilization will derive from the Aegean coast being left to stagnate under the sceptre of the Porte, instead of becoming, in the hands of a young and vigorous state, a communication between Western Europe and the rich country washed by the Aegean on one side and the Black Sea on the other. A Government which has always set its face against any sentimental compassion for the oppression suffered by the Christian subjects of the Porte, suddenly awoke to a tender pity for the wrongs that "a considerable mass of population which is Greek in race and sympathy" would suffer by being "merged in the dominant Slav majority." Had Lord Salisbury proposed that territories where the Greek population predominates should be annexed to the Hellenic kingdom, his indignation at the Russian programme would have assumed a practical form. Otherwise we believe it would be better both for Greeks and for Bulgarians had a section of the population of high administrative capacity been left to attemper a mass of peasants who, with all their good qualities of tenacity and laboriousness, have too little variety of character and versatility to develop at once the faculty of self-government. The one thing needed is that a wide region which has been misgoverned should be well governed, and much of the controversy as to the proportions of the Slav and the Greek and the Turkish elements in the population is little more than ethnological hair-splitting. But Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury show much anxiety to revive the military power of the Ottoman Empire in regions that it has trampled on for centuries; they seem to think the happiness and prosperity of the mass of the population a merely secondary and sentimental object. Europe was longing to see the Congress discover a means for replacing Turkey in Europe by something which should be neither Russian nor Ottoman; we are bidden to be jubilant because a Prime Minister, who laments that the Turk has been driven from the Danube, has brought him back in the train of England at any rate as far as the Balkans. Instead of the regeneration of a people we have a diplomatic victory.

Lord Salisbury expressed fear in his Circular that the provision in the Peace of San Stefano for throwing the shield of Russian protection over Russian monks and travelling ecclesiastics or pilgrims, would be converted into a means of maintaining a system of Russian espionage in Turkey. It may have been so designed; but we fail to see how the Sultan's promise to Europe to protect equally on Mount Athos the monks of other nationalities besides the Russian will have any tendency to obviate the danger. The Circular dwelt much on the Russian stipulation that improved institutions for Thessaly and Epirus should be established under Russian supervision. We entirely concur in Lord Salisbury's criticism; but its teeth were drawn by Prince Gortchakoff's answer to the Circular, in which he explained that the Porte was left free by the stipulation to consult the representatives of other Powers before putting in force the new institutions for these Greek provinces of Turkey. No blame can be imputed to the Secret Agreement for giving the other Powers equal consultative rights over Thessaly and Epirus with Russia. But neither does the stipulation deserve any special praise. It simply carries out the construction Prince Gortchakoff had declared the treaty really bore. That construction, probably, had the question been put, he would have been ready without compulsion to adopt. Again, the Circular represented the extension of Bulgaria to the Black Sea, the alienation of Bessarabia from Roumania, and the acquisition of Batoum, as so many means for making "the will of Russia dominant over the whole vicinity of the Black Sea." If these stipulations of San Stefano be so many menaces to Europe, so is the Secret Agreement, which, while it maintains a very restricted control of the Sultan over Southern Bulgaria, does not veto its extension to the Black Sea, acquiesces in "the compulsory alienation of Bessarabia from Roumania," and surrenders to Russia "the important harbour of Batoum." To Lord Salisbury, in publishing his Circular in the beginning of April, the Russian conquests in Armenia appeared formidable perils to Asiatic Turkey and to British commerce. He and Lord Beaconsfield still hold them to be perils to Turkey; but they are ready to abide the danger on condition Russia yields them the right to spend British blood and treasure in fighting the battles of the Porte against further Russian encroachments. The Circular spoke of the Russian conditions for the payment of a war indemnity as a covert mode of establishing a mortgage over the whole Ottoman Empire. We are not defending the Peace of San Stefano, and the arrangement for the war indemnity may have been so designed: Prince Gortchakoff, in his reply to the Circular, denies that it was. But whether the denial were true or untrue, Great Britain by the Secret Agreement is made to accept mere assurances, such as Prince Gortchakoff's own, that Russia had no intention of commuting the indemnity for indefi-

nite territorial acquisitions. Subject to these assurances, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury pledge the country not to contest whatever final decision Russia shall arrive at with respect to the amount.

Lord Salisbury had himself observed in his Circular that such a treaty as that of San Stefano is not to be judged by the separate and individual operation of its provisions. It is their combined effect in tending to "depress, almost to the point of entire subjection, the political independence of the government of Constantinople" which Lord Salisbury dreads. That result, he thinks, or thought up to the beginning of April, arose "not so much from the language of any single article in the treaty, as from the operation of the instrument as a whole." Lord Salisbury proceeds: "A discussion limited to articles selected by one Power in the Congress would be an illusory remedy for the dangers to English interests, and to the permanent peace of Europe, which would result from the state of things which the treaty proposes to establish." His remedy for this grave condition of things was to settle the most material articles in this treaty in secret council with Russia. England and Russia thus in effect, by deciding on the rest between themselves, selected the articles to which the discussion in Congress should be limited. If the discussion so limited be not "an illusory remedy" for the perils to England and Europe, it will not be the merit of the Conservative Cabinet.

We were never alarmed by Russia's supposed threat to reserve certain articles of the Peace of San Stefano as matters with which Europe had no concern. The threat, in the first place, would not have been acted upon. Even if it had been, Europe would have been in no worse, but, on the contrary, in a yet better position than in the absence of a Congress altogether. Neither should we have perceived any impropriety in a separate negotiation between England and Russia on the basis of the Peace of San Stefano. But there is a grievous scandal in the eyes of Europe, in an English Minister first declaring the incapacity of this or that party to an international compact to negotiate for its amendment without the consent and co-operation of the rest, and then doing the very thing he had denounced. A yet more practical offence is committed against Parliament and the British nation, by removing the consideration of stipulations which must affect every taxpayer in the kingdom, from the free criticism of those whom they concern as intimately as the Turks themselves. The decisions of plenipotentiaries must come for review before the Legislature; but it is impossible to take hold of a compact which binds and fetters the discussion of the nation's representatives at a Congress not to moot particular matters, or, if they be mooted, to pronounce upon them according to a pre-arrangement. The nation appointed plenipotentiaries to concert with Europe a

settlement of the Eastern Question ; it now finds that, before entering on their functions, they signed away secretly half their powers.

The clamour for war, rather than brook the impulse given to Russian ambition by the Peace of San Stefano, has resulted in the weakening of Bulgaria by its division into two, and by the southern province being shorn of one half of its coast line. Let Bulgaria be as industrious as it may in producing the fruits of the field ; it will owe it to a British Minister that it is not allowed to export them for itself. We wonder what impression this portentous change will leave on the minds of those who repeated so valiantly a Minister's braggadocio of the capacity of Great Britain to maintain one, two, or three campaigns against the inroads of Northern encroachment. If the diplomatic wrangle had issued in one, two, or three campaigns, then two Bulgarias instead of one, and a revival of the baleful shadow of Ottoman domination in Roumelia, would have been the glorious prize we might have hoped to secure in exchange for a hundred thousand lives and a couple of hundred million pounds. But the diplomatic victories of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have, unfortunately, not ended here. The taste for secret treaties grows ; and the Memoranda of May 30 are evidently not the only " Memoranda " of which the British public has at the good pleasure of its Conservative Ministers to learn the existence. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have contracted themselves out of any right to contest at the Congress the advance of the Russian frontier in Armenia which, " they do not hide from themselves, may result in grave dangers." Whatever menaces, as, according to the Memoranda of May 30, does this extension of the Russian frontier, " the tranquillity of the populations of Turkey in Asia," menaces the tranquillity of the Turkish Empire generally. But to place the security and tranquillity of the Turkish Empire under the protection of an European guarantee was the object of the Treaty of Paris of 1856 ; and the end, we were told, the belligerent demeanour of the British Government in 1878 had in view, was to assert and vindicate the vitality of this guarantee. Yet on the 30th of May Lord Salisbury signed away the right of Great Britain to assent to any measures of opposition that the European conclave might concert against this Russian menace to the tranquillity of the Ottoman Empire. Great Britain has been made to barter the old right of Europe for a new right for herself. As circumstances change, the sanction of treaties necessarily changes, and Great Britain might have fairly repudiated her obligation to maintain an European right which Europe had virtually abandoned. But the position throughout of the Conservative Ministry has been that Europe had not abandoned its right, and that Great Britain had not repudiated, and would not repudiate, her obligation to maintain that right. The threat of war to uphold the right of Europe to interfere between Russia and Turkey has transformed itself into a right of England,

so far as regards the Turkish dominions in Asia, to exclude the right of any European Power but herself so to interfere.

This special obligation on Great Britain to protect Turkey in Asia goes apparently very far beyond a simple guarantee. It is not known as yet even whether the Porte has itself consented to our patronage. We may possibly find ourselves compelled to coerce our *protégé*, and forbid it by force of arms from entering into compromising engagements with more agreeable and complaisant guardians than ourselves. What if we should discover in some future year that the Sultan had been coquetting with the Czar? It would, we suppose, be our treaty duty and right to guide him back, even by duress, into the straight path of allegiance to ourselves. In the best of circumstances, we make ourselves responsible for the good government of Turkey in Asia, responsible to the conflicting and oppressed populations it contains, responsible, further, to Europe, including Russia, for seeing that an end is put to the scandals of tyranny and anarchy which have hitherto called aloud for international intervention. The obligation is a terrible burden for any nation to take upon itself; it is a burden such as no Minister since the Treaty of Dover has had the audacity to impose upon the English nation without its own privity and consent.

While the principles of British freedom have been suffering temporary eclipse from a Ministerial spirit of intrigue, Liberalism has won a welcome triumph on the continent of Europe in the electoral victory of the Belgian Liberals. Belgian popular feeling runs always in grooves parallel to that of France, and the national condemnation by France of the 16th of May has been almost as of course followed by the defeat of the Belgian Ultramontanes. In some respects a term of Ultramontane ascendancy has not been without its uses. It is an answer to those who assert that a constitution based on liberty will crush all but its professed friends—that on the plea of hatred of intolerance it will be itself cruelly intolerant. The reactionaries have shown at the polls that they were free to prove that the nation was with them; their defeat has now testified that, though they may win their way to office, they cannot so pervert the essence of the constitution as to secure themselves against ejection, as soon as the people have had time to bethink themselves who are the truest custodians of their liberties. M. Frère Orban has, however, now before him the task of training the people to understand better than hitherto to what conclusions Ultramontanism logically leads. The creation of a Ministry of Public Instruction is a wise though tardy step in a kingdom the breath of whose nostrils is liberty, but which has hitherto allowed the Roman Catholic clergy to monopolise the practical conduct of education. The Roman Catholic Church in Belgium,



on its part, if it restrict itself to its proper religious functions, may hope to retain the religious allegiance of the nation. Victories such as that won at the election before the last, by identifying it with a political cause, degrade it into the Church of a section of the community, and compel the more energetic half of the population to a political rivalry which may end in an ecclesiastical secession.

In the United States the recrudescence of Democratic indignation at incidents connected with the election of President Hayes has thrown a cloud on the President's title. Two resolutions passed on the 14th of June by the House of Representatives, disavowing any power in Congress or in Courts to reverse the previous decision of Congress in Mr. Hayes's favour, will not retrieve the deterioration of authority before the world which cannot but have ensued from proof that the head of the State owes his position to the party zeal of forgers. The struggle it required to induce the House of Representatives to provide for payment of the sum awarded by the arbitrators to Canada, as the balance due on the comparative value of reciprocal Canadian and United States fishery privileges, has lowered the credit of the House as much as does the original taint in his title that of the President. Little weight can be attached to questionings of an arbitrator's appointment, and of the competency of a tribunal to make an award after the withdrawal of one of its members, when the objections are supported by arguments which would make international arbitration a mockery.

In Germany the month began with a second attempt on the life of the German Emperor. The crime of Sunday, June 2, was the act of a man, not a workman by origin or associations, but who is charged with having had some connection with the Social Democrats. Whatever his relations with them, his madness, in the present mood of Germany, will be a blow to that party in the first place, and may very probably influence injuriously for a time the prospects even of the German Liberal party. That party has maintained less direct relations with Socialism than the Ultramontanes or German Conservatives themselves. But any innovation is set down by the masses to the score of Liberalism. The Liberals, on the pretext that Socialists are Liberals, will have to bear some of the brunt of a deed they abhor, done by a man whom the Socialists themselves absolutely repudiate. Prince Bismarck, in obtaining the dissolution of the Reichsrath, on the plea that it refused to grant the Government the extraordinary powers of coercion it demanded after Hödel's attempt on the Emperor, has manifested clearly enough his intention to make Conservative and reactionary capital out of the assumed affinity of Liberalism with Socialism. It will not be seen till the elections of next year to what degree, if at all, he has succeeded in what appears to be his policy.

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THE CONVENTION WITH TURKEY.

THE secret Convention with Turkey of the 4th of June is the most startling surprise ever recorded in history. The nation went to sleep one night with a sigh of satisfaction to think that peace was secured, and a tolerable compromise of the Eastern Question adjusted by the Congress, though not without misgivings that we had played a shabby part in making a secret agreement with Russia and in throwing Greece overboard. It awoke next morning to find itself mistress of Cyprus and committed to the most enormous responsibilities of defending Turkey and regenerating Asia Minor.

I will leave others to discuss how far a surprise of this sort is consistent with any tolerable theory of parliamentary government, or what becomes of the boasted control of the House of Commons over public expenditure, if the country can be committed, without having even heard of what is going on, much less deliberately considered it, to a course of policy, one inevitable effect of which must be to pitch the scale of estimates for several years to come some millions higher than it has been accustomed to. Great constitutional authorities will discuss this question, but for my own part I prefer to consider it from the point of view upon which, from Indian experience, I can myself speak with a certain amount of special authority. I propose to consider, not the mode of doing it, but the thing done, and to address myself to the question whether, on the whole, the Convention is a wise and politic act. This question is one which must be decided very much by Indian experience, for it is there that questions of Asiatic policy have occupied a foremost place in the consideration of statesmen, and that experiments have been tried in ruling Asiatic populations in dependent states.

The first question is whether India really has anything to fear from the extension of Russian territory or influence in Asia, sufficiently serious to make it worth our while to incur great expense and great responsibilities in endeavouring to guard against it.

The answer, given forty years ago by Lord Hardinge, and endorsed by the Duke of Wellington, is that an invasion of India by Russia is only possible by one route, that of Herat and Affghanistan, and that the obstacles by this route are so great that, practically, it may be set down as a "political nightmare." And this, observe, was the opinion of the highest military authorities forty years ago, when our position in India for defence relatively to that of Russia for attack was immensely weaker than it is now.<sup>1</sup> Since then Russia has not advanced a single inch in the only practicable line of invasion. On the contrary, Herat was then a disputed possession between Affghanistan and Persia, and a Persian army assisted by Russian officers had recently been besieging it.

On the other hand, our frontier has since been advanced to the mouth of the Khyber and Bolan Passes, and the Punjaub and Seinde, which were then independent states and sources of great danger, have been incorporated in our empire, and furnish some of the best and most trustworthy soldiers for its defence. The opening of the Suez Canal and the extension of steamboats and railways have also given us an enormous advantage over Russia in the facility of communications, and practically we could now concentrate on our North-west frontier the whole military strength of England and of India, with a tenth part of the effort, and in a tenth part of the time, that it would cost Russia to place there an invading army of one hundred thousand men, with reserves to keep open its communications.

Occupying this impregnable position, our wisest statesmen, from Lord Canning to Lord Lawrence, have held that our true policy is that of "masterly inactivity:"—not to rush into adventures in Affghanistan, involving ourselves in difficulties with a turbulent people in a barren country, for the sake of advancing our frontiers to a point where we and Russia should be within striking distance of one another, and where we must exhaust the resources and ruin the finances of India in the attempt to maintain our advanced position, and to occupy a vast extent of untenable outwork. If any confirmation of this high authority were needed, it would be found in the speech of the Earl of Northbrook in the House of Lords (July 18th)—a speech the most practical and weighty of any made in the recent debate, every word of which deserves to be attentively considered. He says, "I attach no importance to the argument advanced in support of the invasion of India by Russia. The power of Russia is a bugbear conjured up by Her Majesty's Government. I am supported in my views by the most experienced of Indian administrators—Lords Canning, Mayo, and Lawrence."

Once in the course of recent history this policy was brought to the test of actual experience. We set up a protected prince and occu-

pied Affghanistan, on precisely the same grounds as those on which we are now invited to take the protectorate of Asia Minor. The only difference is that the case was much stronger for assuming the protectorate of Affghanistan than that of Asia Minor, for Affghanistan really is on the line of a possible Russian advance on India, while Asia Minor is not. The idea of a Russian occupation of Kars or Batoum being a peril to India may be left to expire under the ridicule cast upon it by Lord Salisbury, when he advised the study of maps on a large scale. Now how did the experiment of an Affghan protectorate end? It ended, as we all know, in the greatest disaster that ever befell our arms in the East—a disaster which did a thousand times more to shake our *prestige* and endanger our Indian empire, than all the conquests the Russians have ever made in Armenia or Turkestan.

There is one simple test by which any one who brings ordinary common-sense to bear on the question, can judge of the relative advantages of the old and new policies. Let him take one of the maps, the study of which was recommended by Lord Salisbury, and place one finger on Peshawur and the other on Erzeroum. Two months ago, if England and Russia had gone to war in Asia, the vital strategical point that would have been the basis for the concentration of our forces, would have been Peshawur. Under the Convention it would be Erzeroum. Which is the most advantageous for England and which for Russia? In other words, at which could we concentrate the largest, and Russia the smallest force? At which would our communications be easiest and those of Russia most difficult?

The answer is obvious. At Peshawur we could easily place an army of one hundred thousand European soldiers and one hundred thousand natives, and feed it to any extent by the whole military resources of England and of India, transported without difficulty by steamers and railways; while Russia could not bring into line against us a single soldier who had not been first transported across the Caspian by a steam flotilla yet to be created, and then marched for more than one thousand miles across a most difficult and desolate country, sparsely inhabited by predatory tribes, destitute of military roads, and that can only be traversed by long and narrow defiles like the Khyber Pass, which are almost impracticable for extensive military operations. A camel and a half and one horse or bullock for each effective fighting-man is the carriage which, according to the best military authorities, based on actual experience, would be required for transport to the front, to say nothing of the force required to protect such a line of communication.

At Erzeroum, on the other hand, the whole force of the Russian empire, based on the fortresses of Kars and Ardahan, with flank lines of attack from Erivan and Batoum, could, in six marches, compel us

to fight a great battle, on the issue of which would depend the fate of Asia Minor, with which Lord Beaconsfield has, like Emile Ollivier, with a light heart, chosen to associate our *prestige* and power in the East.

Another advantage that we throw away by this extension to Armenia of the policy which led to the occupation of Cabul, is that we lose our liberty of action. Prior to this Convention we were absolutely masters of our own policy; we were not obliged to spend a single penny in defensive preparations so long as it did not suit us to go to war with Russia; and if ever it suited us to do so, we could choose our own time, place, and opportunity. But now, if the Convention is to be taken seriously, we have a partner whose signature may bind the firm. Suppose Turkey wishes to bring about a war with Russia, in which she is sure of the support of England, and may therefore hope to regain some of her losses in the recent campaign. What is easier for her than to force our hand by getting up some plausible ground of collision with Russia at some point along the extensive line of frontier? Or, even without any such settled policy at Constantinople, how hard it is to avoid accidental collisions along such a line.

Our Indian experience here again comes to our aid, and teaches us how difficult it is to keep the peace on our own north-western frontier. The position of the Russians at Batoum will be very similar to ours at Peshawur. That interesting tribe, the Lazis, are, according to the account of Dr. Sandwith, who knows them from personal intercourse, inveterate man or rather woman stealers. Their most flourishing branch of industry has been to export their own daughters, and when the supply of these ran short, to kidnap girls from the surrounding villages, and sell them for the use of the harems of Constantinople. Suppose the Lazis make a raid on some Christian village on the Russian side of the frontier, and carry off their plunder to the mountains, just as the Afreedees often do in the plain of Peshawur. We find by experience that the nuisance can only be checked by sending an occasional expedition into the hills to chastise the marauders. Are we to find the blood and treasure of England pledged to a tremendous war, perhaps at a most inopportune moment, if some Russian colonel of Cossacks does the same thing?

Another consideration is, that by this Convention we have to a great extent deprived ourselves of the chance of having some of the great powers of Europe as our allies in the event of a war with Russia. We have, as it were ostentatiously, taken Asia out of the sphere of European interests and European concert. Former wars between Russia and Turkey have been waged principally in Europe, and it was certain that if Russia pushed her successes too far, so as to grasp at the control of the Danube and Black Sea or the acquisi-

tion of Constantinople, other great military powers, such as Austria, which had a far greater interest than ourselves in preventing it, would unite with us in checking Russian ambition.

But now, in the event of a fresh war between Russia and Turkey, Asia would in all probability be the scene of operations. Turkey could not attack Russia in Europe; and it would clearly be the policy of Russia not to attack Turkey, where she could not do so without violating the Treaty of Berlin, and bringing Austria, and not improbably Germany, into the field against her, but to concentrate her forces on Turkey in Asia, where she could fight a duel with England under the most favourable conditions for herself and the most disadvantageous for us, without risk of interference from any other power.

If the position of Russia in Asiatic Turkey had really been a danger to India, I should have thought the first object of a far-reaching policy would have been, not to separate the question of Turkey in Asia from that of Turkey in Europe, nor to withdraw the former from the scope of European treaties and of European concert, but, on the contrary, to associate them as much as possible, so that in the event of a war we might not find ourselves isolated.

This view of the case is the more important as the Convention has already done much to alienate the Powers who have hitherto been our surest allies. France feels justly offended that, after professing to be the champion of European treaties, and insisting that there should be no secret or separate engagements affecting the state of things in the East, we should have concluded behind her back a secret treaty giving us Cyprus, and assuming a sole protectorate of Asiatic Turkey. She may almost say that we induced her to join the Congress under false pretences, as she made it a condition of doing so, that the scope of any settlement there should not include any changes in Syria or Egypt. This certainly she may say, that had she not been crippled by the German war, England would never have ventured to conclude such a Convention without consulting her; and nothing can be more calculated to incense a high-spirited nation than to feel that the ally whom she assisted in the Crimea, and who co-operated with her in the occupation of Syria, has taken advantage of her temporary weakness to ignore her as a Mediterranean power. The laboured apology of Lord Beaconsfield in the recent debate in the House of Lords shows that he feels this to be one of the weakest points of his policy. "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," and so much argument to prove that France ought not to be offended, would not have been needed, had it not been felt that something had been done because France was weak, which would not have been done had France been strong.

Italy is animated by the same sentiments as France, and Greece cannot but resent bitterly the way in which she has been led to rely

on English support, and then been thrown overboard in order to bribe Turkey to surrender Cyprus. There is no passage in the history of recent events more humiliating for Englishmen than the way in which her representatives have behaved to Greece. It is beyond all question that if Greece had struck in after the fall of Plevna, she could have gained Thessaly and Epirus, and in all probability Crete. She abstained from doing so in deference to English advice, and under a moral if not an explicit pledge that she should not be prejudiced by following that advice. We announced ostentatiously our patronage of Greece and moved for her admission to the Congress, and yet when the Greek question came under discussion, Greece found her bitterest opponent in Lord Beaconsfield, and only obtained a *minimum* of doubtful concession owing to the strenuous efforts of the French and Italian plenipotentiaries. When Austria, which is a strong Power, asks for Bosnia and Herzegovina, we support her and set aside in very summary fashion the objections of Turkey to this partition of her empire, which is not included in the Treaty of San Stefano. But when Greece, which is a weak Power, asks for Crete and the Greek Provinces, which are a natural part of the Greek kingdom, although precisely the same arguments apply as in the case of Bosnia, viz. that the retention of those provinces by Turkey is a source of certain disturbances in the future, and of real weakness rather than strength for Turkey, we are astonished at the presumption of Greece, we sneer at Hellenic aspirations, and we assume an air of holy horror at the bare idea of its being supposed that we could overrule the *non possumus* of Turkey, or that the Congress could do anything so lawless as to sanction any partition of Turkish territory. Truly "spirited foreign policy" seems to take as its motto the reverse of the old Roman maxim, and inscribes on the portals of the Foreign Office—

"Parcero superbis et debellare subjectos."

This line of conduct was no less impolitic than dishonourable; for, if one thing is clearer than another, it is that the Hellenic element is the rising element in the East, as Lord Beaconsfield himself admits in his recent speech, and is our natural ally if we wish to raise an effectual barrier against Russia, and to check the tide of Slavonic aggrandizement.

Consider, then, in what position the Convention leaves us. The one really serious danger which might threaten us in the future would be an alliance, directed against us, between France and Russia. Two months ago nothing seemed more remote. A long series of friendly and mutually beneficial intercourse between France and England had obliterated old animosities, and the general satisfaction with which the peaceful progress of the French Republic has been

hailed in England had done much to cement a cordial feeling. Now that feeling has been changed into one of irritation, and a long step has been made towards paving the way for a Russian instead of an English alliance. France, hemmed in on the side of Germany, will, as she recovers her strength, undoubtedly seek to regain her position as an important factor in European politics by asserting her influence in the Levant and the Mediterranean. She will do this, in conformity with her old traditions and the liberal policy of a republic, by supporting the Hellenic cause and that of the Catholic Christians of Syria. With France and Italy backing Greece to regain or extend their influence in the Levant, and England backing Turkey to prevent them from doing so, occasions of offence are certain to arise, and Russian diplomatists will have as fine a game in their hands as Ignatieff himself could desire. It is not surprising that Russia expresses no dislike to the Convention, and that Prince Gortschakoff shook hands cordially with Lord Beaconsfield in taking leave of him.

I turn now to another view of the question, viz. the meaning and extent of the responsibilities taken by England under the Convention for the good government of Asia. Here also Indian experience affords the surest, and indeed the only test, by which we can measure the conditions of the problem.

The first thing it teaches us is, that to be effectual the protecting power must be paramount. So long as the protectorate is confined to securing the native power against attacks from without or insurrections from within, without interfering with its independent action as regards local administration, the result is certain failure. The case of Oude is one precisely in point. The Nawaub, secured by British protection against those local risings and revolutions of the palace, which are the Oriental safety-valves against extreme misgovernment, ruled the country so oppressively that it became a scene of disorder, and after exhausting advice and remonstrance we were obliged to annex it. Baroda is another recent instance where we have been obliged to interfere to depose a sensual tyrant, who tried to poison the British Resident for giving him unpalatable advice. States like those of the Nizam and Scindiah only escape the same fate by the happy accident of having good princes or wise ministers, and by the consciousness that the protecting power is so paramount that they have no alternative but to conform to its wishes. And even here difficulties constantly arise, and would at once become serious, if the native princes had anything approaching to an equality of force, or if their states were within the range of foreign intrigues and foreign influence.

The first question, therefore, which has to be solved, before it is even possible to consider whether England can undertake such a



task as that of regenerating Asiatic Turkey, is, what is to be done with the Porte? If the Porte is to remain an independent power, nominating its own pachas, officering its own army, collecting and spending its own taxes, and administering justice after its own fashion, the answer is not far to seek—the task is simply and absolutely impossible. We all know by experience the value of Turkish promises and the efficacy of diplomatic remonstrances. No remonstrance could possibly be stronger than that which Lord Derby addressed to the Sultan demanding the punishment of Chefket Pacha, the author of the massacre of Batak. And yet, at the very crisis of her fate, when the support of England was all-important to Turkey, this remonstrance was not only disregarded, but Chefket Pacha was actually promoted to a high command.

The question of provincial reform hinges mainly on that of the appointment of pachas. So long as pachas are appointed and removed by harem intrigue and official bribery at Constantinople, any real improvement in the administration of the provinces is impossible. Again, any real emancipation of the Christian population is impossible so long as the Koran remains the law of the land, and the rayahs are denied equality of civil rights and the use of arms. It is idle to suppose that mere diplomatic representations at Constantinople, or the presence of a British consul or resident at provincial capitals, can alter this state of things.

To take a practical instance, the district of Bayazid, which has been restored by the Congress to Turkish Armenia, is one in which it is the most difficult and the most important to introduce order and good government. It is the most important, because a large part of the population is Armenian, and it closely borders on an Armenian province of Russia, so that refugees will constantly be passing, and cries of oppression will find a sympathetic echo. It is the most difficult, because the Christian and Mussulman populations are closely intermixed, it has been the scene of frightful massacres, and it is surrounded by a range of high mountains which are inhabited by the wildest tribes of predatory Kurds, who have a ready retreat across the Persian frontier.

To restore and maintain order and good government in such a district would task the utmost energies of a Jacob or a Chamberlain, supported by the whole Punjaub frontier force. And who is the pacha of the province? One Ismael Hakki Khan, a Kurd by birth, commonly known as the "Wolf Pacha," an appellation which he well deserved from the part he took in the treacherous massacre of a portion of the Russian garrison of Bayazid who surrendered under a capitulation—a massacre which was almost the exact counterpart of that of Cawnpore. He is described by the English correspondents with the Turkish army as an ignorant and fanatical Mussul-

man of the old school, who, at the crisis of the battle of Zewin, where he nominally commanded, had no other resource than to spread a piece of carpet on the ground, kneel down, and recite verses from the Koran. For a British resident to effect the regeneration of Armenia with such a pacha is evidently as hopeless a task as if, after the Mutiny, Nana Sahib had been confirmed as pacha of Cawnpore, and a resident sent there to give him good advice, but with strict injunctions to respect his independent authority.

Now this is only one instance of the sort of practical *facts* which are behind the fine-sounding *phrases* of the Convention. Lord Beaconsfield has told us, in one of his earlier novels, that men are ruled by phrases; and a signal illustration of this is afforded in his latest speech, in which he gravely tells us that all would have been lost if the Autonomous Province south of the Balkans had been called "Southern Bulgaria," while all is saved because, thanks to the superhuman efforts of the English Plenipotentiaries, it is to be called "Eastern Roumelia." *Men* may be ruled by phrases, but *facts* are not, and, in the struggle for existence, facts have an awkward habit of coming to the front. We talk of our civilising mission in the East, and assume a moral responsibility for seeing that good government and equality of rights between Mussulmans and Christians are introduced throughout vast and distant provinces where they have been unknown for centuries; and at the very first step we are confronted by the fact that even to attempt the task we must begin by reducing to the position of the Nizam or the puppet Emperor of Delhi, a Sultan who, in spite of his reverses, still reigns as absolute master over some twenty millions of subjects, and commands an army of some three hundred thousand Mussulman soldiers.

It is as clear as the sun at noonday, either that we shall confine ourselves to empty diplomatic notes with which viziers will light their pipes, or, if we take our task seriously, and at every step press the government at Constantinople and the local authorities with angry remonstrances, we shall make the whole ruling class of Turkey our bitter enemies, and lead them to look to Russia as a power under whose protection they may lead a quieter life.

In the meantime, the moral responsibility which we have so rashly assumed will remain in full force. It is our doing, and ours alone, that the Christians of this province of Bayazid, for instance, instead of being ruled by a general of their own race—a Loris Melikof or a Tergusakof—are handed back to the tender mercies of an Ismael Hakki Khan. It is our doing that the blood and treasure of England are pledged to maintain the integrity and independence of an empire in which slavery is an universal institution, and which affords the principal or, to speak more correctly, the sole remaining market for the black and white slave trades of Africa and Asia.

The attempt to reduce the Sultan to the position of an Indian protected prince is so impossible that we may almost suppose that it was never seriously intended, and that the policy of the Convention is to get hold of Cyprus by giving a guarantee contingent on an engagement by Turkey to govern well, which we know beforehand will never be kept—in other words, to filch Cyprus under false pretences. In this case the balance-sheet of this magnificent stroke of a spirited foreign policy is easily struck. Creditor by the island of Cyprus. Debtor to having done a shabby act; forfeited our character for straightforward and above-board diplomacy; alienated our best allies; and paved the way for formidable future complications.

Let us for the sake of argument take the opposite view of the case, that the stipulations of the Convention are to be taken seriously. Suppose the grand initial difficulty got over at Constantinople, and that the Porte resigns itself to be a passive instrument in our hands, and gives us *carte blanche*, both as regards men and measures, to carry out whatever may be necessary to give Turkey in Asia as large a measure of good government as is enjoyed by British India. In this case the task is no longer an impossible one; it is probably within the scope of the resources of the British Empire. But it is one of tremendous magnitude and difficulty, which unquestionably would strain those resources to the utmost. To form any adequate idea of it, compare the circumstances of Asiatic Turkey with those of British India. Every one must see at a glance that it is far easier to govern India than Turkey. India is a country of old civilisation; inhabited almost exclusively by a peaceful and industrious population; all enemies and warlike tribes within its frontiers have been suppressed; it has only one short piece of troublesome frontier; it is surrounded by the sea and traversed by railways, giving the greatest facility for communications with England; it is the seat of an immense and increasing commerce; it yields a large and certain revenue. And yet, with all those advantages, it requires an army of 200,000 men to garrison India, and with a revenue of £50,000,000 a year its financial position is strained to a point where we are compelled to create discontent by imposing fresh taxes, and where the slightest disturbance might compel India to fall back on British credit or British subsidies, to escape bankruptcy. In Asiatic Turkey all the favourable conditions of British India are reversed. There is an immense extent of territory, thinly inhabited by conflicting races, impoverished by centuries of misgovernment, destitute of internal communications, and with an enormously extended frontier line to guard in the most remote and inaccessible part of the empire. On the north, from Batoum to Bayazid, you must keep watch and ward against Russia; then, for the best part of one thousand miles against Persia and the Kurds, along a frontier line very

similar to that of the Punjaub; then from Mesopotamia, round by Damascus and Syria, to the frontier of Egypt, against the Bedouins of the desert. It is idle to suppose that anything like the military force which suffices for India would be sufficient for Asiatic Turkey.

To look at the matter more closely, what would be the first condition of introducing reforms and maintaining order in the interior, to say nothing of the task of guarding the frontier? Clearly you must have, as in India, administrative districts or circles, with an area not too large for personal supervision, at the centre of each of which you must have a British Commissioner supported by a police and small armed force of reliable troops. For these troops and police to be reliable, they must be officered by Englishmen and paid by England. In addition to this, you must have at the principal towns and strategetical centres larger divisions of troops stationed, so as, in case of need, to be able to support the local authorities and repress serious raids or insurrections. And, still further, you must guard the frontier, and have one or more general reserves, probably at Cyprus and Trebizond (for I do not suppose that Europe would allow us to occupy Sentari or Constantinople), to back up the local reserves and insure our mastery of the country in any event.

Now recollect that Turkey in Asia is as large as France, Spain, and Italy put together, and that it is, for the most part, a network of mountain chains, without a mile of carriage-road, and a country which is altogether dilapidated, where almost everything has to be done *de novo* from the very beginning. Then we may begin to realise what sort of a task Lord Beaconsfield has committed England to, if we are to take his Convention seriously.

I do not say it is impossible, if we are prepared to put our foot down firmly on the Sultan, and reduce him to the position of the Nizam; but I do say that it is only possible if we resign ourselves, not for one or two years only, but for one or two generations, to estimates which it would make the shades of Peel and Cobden shudder in their graves to contemplate. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that the occupation of Asia Minor could be a paying speculation. The imagination is fascinated by recalling the wealth of famous provinces under the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman Empires; but revenue is a question of actual industrious population, and not of past historic glory or natural capabilities. Algeria was the granary of Rome in the time of the empire; it has belonged to France for fifty years, and is within three days' sail of Marseilles, and yet it is a heavy drain on the French budget.

Mesopotamia and the Valley of the Euphrates were in the time of Herodotus considered to surpass even Egypt in the richness of their produce. What could any one now make of Mesopotamia? It is a

desert, with a few wretched hovels, scattered among dust-heaps, the remains of famous cities. To restore it to prosperity and bring it into a condition to yield a revenue, you must first expel the pachas, then fence it off against the Bedouins, then make roads, railways, canals, and works of irrigation, and, finally, import a population, or wait for two or three generations till one grows up.

England, if she undertakes this, may be fulfilling a grand mission of civilisation, but she is hardly making a good investment. It is scarcely a speculation in which John Bull could be advised to pay an extra twopence in the pound income-tax, in the hope that he or his sons after him would be likely to see a return for their money.

No, if we undertake the enormous responsibility thrown upon us by this Convention, of becoming answerable to God and man for the good government of Asiatic Turkey, let us at least look the matter fairly in the face. To carry it out sincerely commits us to immense efforts and immense expenditure. It is almost a Rule of Three sum. If India, with a revenue of £50,000,000 a year, is just, and only just, able to meet the expense of an Anglo-Indian army of 200,000 men and of an Anglo-Indian Administration, what is likely to be the deficit of an Asiatic budget with a revenue of certainly not over £10,000,000 a year, and an Anglo-Turkish army of certainly not less than 250,000 men? And yet somebody must pay the deficit or the thing cannot be done, and the experiment will break down, to say nothing of the first cost of indispensable works, such as fortresses, harbours, roads, telegraphs, and railways. Of these latter we shall soon have a foretaste in Cyprus, and the prediction that the occupation of the island by a contingent of 10,000 men will of itself add a permanent £1,000,000 a year to our estimates, may be sufficient to show that I have taken no exaggerated view of what is likely to be the expense of giving practical effect to a protectorate of Asiatic Turkey.

There remains only one argument to deal with, namely, that we were bound to do something, and that the Convention was after all but a choice of evils. The greatest mistakes both in private life and public policy are due to this notion, that we are bound to do something when there is really nothing to do. Why are we bound to do something startling in Asia, because Russia has defeated Turkey and taken Kars? I can imagine only two reasons: first, that the safety of our Indian Empire would be endangered by inaction; secondly, that the Jingo section of the Conservative party would be dissatisfied. I admit fully the validity of the second reason, but to the first I entirely demur. Why should the safety of our Indian Empire be endangered by the defeat of Turkey and the capture of Kars? Turkey has been defeated and Kars taken by Russia before, without

the slightest effect being produced on our Indian Empire, at a time when our position there, both military and political, was infinitely weaker than it is now. Surely the opinions of Lord Hardinge, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook, and the experience of our occupation of Cabul, are worth something on a question of this sort, and if I wanted more recent authority I might appeal to that of Lord Salisbury himself, six months ago, and refer him to his own large-scale maps.

Lord Beaconsfield excuses the Convention by saying that the alternative lay between that and "anarchy or Russian occupation." Even if this were a fact and not an epigram, why should the continuance of a state of anarchy in Asiatic Turkey, which has existed, more or less, for upwards of a thousand years without injury to us, justify a mortgage of the resources of the British empire to prevent it? It is no doubt a sad thing that Asia Minor should suffer from anarchy caused by misgovernment, but it is also sad that Persia, Affghanistan, Central Africa, and Mexico should be rendered useless to the world by anarchy, instead of being seats of commerce and civilisation. Are we to be the Quixotes of the world, and go tilting at windmills of misgovernment in the general interests of humanity? Once in recent history a great emperor did go tilting against such a windmill in Mexico, in the interest of the grand idea of extending the influence of the Latin races, and the result was hardly such as to encourage us to follow the example. To use a homely Scotch proverb, we had much better "keep our ain breath to cool our ain porridge." If we take the other branch of the alternative, it is more easy to assert than to prove that Russia would be strengthened, rather than weakened, by extending her frontier in the direction of Asia Minor. This much is certain, that, as regards India, the similar extensions which Russia has made in Turkistan have weakened and not strengthened her. They lock up a number of her available troops, they are a heavy drain on her already burdened finances, and they present, in case of war with England, more vulnerable points at which we could assail her with advantage. If this be true of Central Asia, why should it not be true if Russia were to attempt the same thing, on a ten times larger scale and under ten-fold greater difficulties, in Asia Minor? Suppose she occupied the whole country down to the Taurus range, where the military frontier of Syria commences, what would be her position? In the first place it would hopelessly ruin her finances, and in modern war money is power. In the next place it would lock up at least two hundred thousand of her best troops to preserve order, guard against insurrections, and keep open the long and difficult line of communications with Kars and Tiflis. And, finally, it would expose her along an

immensely extended flank, to counter-strokes from any power which had the command of the Mediterranean. I do not know that these results would be so disadvantageous to England, that we should incur certain heavy expense and serious obligations in order to guard against the remote possibility of their being brought about.

There is a prevalent idea that the security of our Indian Empire depends in our posing as a Mahometan Power and protecting the Sultan. There cannot be a greater fallacy. More than two-thirds of our Indian subjects are not Mahometans, and the most energetic and warlike of these, the Sikhs, Rajpoots, Mahrattas, and Ghoorkas, are strenuous anti-Mahometans. At the time of the Mutiny, if ever, the Mahometans should have stood by us, for only two years before we had lavished our blood and treasure in saving Turkey. And yet the Mussulmans were in the front of the risings against us, and we were saved mainly by the anti-Mahometan feelings of the Hindoo races in question.

The fact is, the immense majority of our Mussulman subjects in India are loyal and contented, because we give them good government and protect them in the exercise of their religion, which might be endangered, if our rule were overthrown, by the Hindoo majority. But there is a limited class of Mussulmans who, partly from religious fanaticism, mainly Wahabite and directed towards Arabia, and partly because Mussulmans constitute a majority of the dangerous classes and loose adventurers of large towns, will always be our enemies. These we must watch and keep down; but as regards the immense majority of peaceable subjects, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, the cardinal maxim of our rule in India ought always to be, to preserve the most absolute and entire impartiality as regards races and religions.

When Lord Ellenborough issued his famous manifesto about the Gates of Sumnauth it was justly condemned, because it was felt to be a departure from this attitude of impartiality, and making the British Government pose as the protector of the Hindoos as against the Mussulmans. Now many people want to reverse the position, and think that the surest way to conciliate the Sikhs and other hereditary foes of Moslem rule would be to issue a second Sumnauth proclamation, penned in Lord Beaconsfield's best style of Oriental grandiloquence, setting forth how the legend of "Defensor fidei," in her gracious Majesty's title, had been interpreted to mean, "Defender of the Mussulman faith and protector of the Sultan."

A much more real though more prosaic danger for our Indian Empire is created by the policy of the Convention—that of increased expenditure. The vital question which at this moment overshadows all others in India is that of taxation. Our Indian subjects care very little about distant rumours of what Russia and Turkey are doing in remote countries; very much about having to pay income-tax and

licence-tax. Now, unfortunately, two unforeseen calamities have overtaken Indian finance since it was thoroughly restored in the concluding years of Lord Canning's Administration—the fall in silver and the recurrence of famines. These have obliged the Government, most reluctantly, to impose new taxes, in order to balance their budgets and avoid drifting into bankruptcy. These new taxes have caused a good deal of discontent, and any aggravation of them would make that discontent general and serious. On the other hand, if it were possible to reduce the salt-tax, and repeal the licence-tax, the popularity of our rule would be greatly increased.

Now, to avoid fresh taxation, and to have a hope of reducing existing burdens, there is one condition, and one only, that of economy; and in India economy practically means military reduction. What chance is there of reduction? or rather, what chance is there of avoiding increased expenditure under the policy which is to occupy Cyprus, and become responsible for the good government of Asiatic Turkey, relying to a great extent on native Indian troops? Admitting that England may pay the bare cost of those troops while employed beyond India, an increase of depôts, reserves, recruiting, and other military establishments in India, is inevitable, if we are to look to the native army of India to supply not only the 120,000 men required for its own garrison service, but as many additional men as may be required to assist in meeting the vast responsibilities that we have undertaken in Asia.

This point is so important that I will not rely on argument only, but will quote what I believe every one will admit to be the highest authority. When I went as finance minister to India in 1860, and first met Lord Canning, he used these words, which made an indelible impression on me, "Danger for danger, I would rather govern India with 40,000 European soldiers without the income-tax, than with 80,000 with it."

And again, when we were reducing the native army from 300,000 to 120,000 men, and discussing how the disbanded soldiers were to be absorbed, Lord Canning said, "We must teach them to turn their swords into ploughshares."

In other words, the maxims of our Indian Government must be to reduce our army to a minimum in order to diminish taxation, and to let the military spirit of the warlike races die out under a régime of peace and prosperity.

It certainly seems to me that, under the pretext of strengthening our Indian Empire against Russian aggression, we are incurring certain and immediate dangers which far outweigh the remote and improbable contingencies of which we are afraid, and acting in diametrical opposition to the teachings of Indian experience and the



maxims of Indian statesmen. The question of increased taxation is not so urgent in England as in India, for no one doubts the ability of England to support a larger expenditure in a necessary cause. But it is a very serious one even for England, for foreign countries are every day running us closer in the race of competition; and when the cost of living ought to be diminishing to enable us to retain our supremacy, the tendency is the other way, and our working classes will have to put up both with lower wages and higher prices. If even the present scale of expenditure is kept up, and, still more, if we undertake seriously the burdens and obligations imposed on us by the Convention of the 4th of June, it is inevitable that we must raise a larger revenue by taxation than the country has been accustomed to. The excess of naval and military estimates will be much larger than can be met from the income-tax alone, and the problems of future budgets will be—How much is to be added to the malt-tax? How much to the tea and tobacco duties? And whether it would be wiser to risk an increase of the already high spirit duties, or to reimpose a duty on sugar? All this means that living is to become dearer in England, at the very time when foreign competition makes it important that it should become cheaper.

It is a true saying that the foreign policy of a country makes its budgets. Certainly the present is not a time when we can afford to forget that our greatness is based on our manufacturing and commercial supremacy, and that to handicap ourselves in the race of production with foreign rivals, is not the best way to maintain intact the resources which, if carefully husbanded, and not frittered away in schemes of showy and sensational policy, might, in the event of real danger threatening us, enable us to defy not Russia alone, but the united strength of Europe.

S. LAING.

## ICELAND.

STARTING the other day on a cruise to Iceland, in the steam-ship *Mastiff*, fitted out for the purpose by my friend Mr. John Burns of Glasgow, I thought it might be well to follow out what has become an old practice with me, and write some short account of what I might hear and see upon the way. But when I got on board I found, provided by our host for the delectation and instruction of his guests, so extensive a library of Icelandic memoirs that I was obliged to declare to myself that nothing more could be wanted. Not to mention Von Troit's letters written in the last century, there has been a constant succession of books of every description, grave and gay, philosophical, historical, and social, depicting the present and past state of Iceland, given to us during the last eighty years,—beginning with the quarto of Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, published in 1811, and continued up to Mr. Burton's *Ultima Thulo* in 1875. With Sir George Mackenzie in 1810 went to Iceland our old friend Sir Henry, then Dr. Holland, who seems to have departed from us but the other day, and who renewed his acquaintance with Iceland by a second visit after a lapse of fifty years. He wrote a preliminary dissertation to Mackenzie's book, which is probably, as a short account, the most useful history we have of the state and political condition of the island up to that period.<sup>1</sup> The fullest work we have is, perhaps, Ebenezer Henderson's journal of a two years' residence in Iceland in 1814 and 1815, but this will hardly be much read now, unless by those who are in want of extensive Icelandic information. We have John Pfeiffer's journey there in 1845, and in 1856 Lord Dufferin's *High Latitudes*,—which no doubt to present English readers is more familiar than any other story of travels in the country. Who does not know Wilson, and the Latin speech, and the astonished traveller? Then there is *Burnt Njal*,—Sir George Dasent's book,—being a picture of life in Iceland in the tenth century,—an Icelandic Saga,—or novel after the life as we might call it, though it has much more of truth in it than the novels to which we are accustomed. To this is prefixed an explanation of the history and literary merits of the Sagas, which is quite as interesting as the tale itself. Mr. Murray also has published a guide to Iceland in connection with his guide to Denmark. I cannot mention all, but

(1) A considerable portion of this work, beyond the preliminary dissertation, was from the pen of Dr. Holland;—so much so, indeed, that the reader is surprised that the two names together should not have appeared on the title-page. Portions also are from the pens of other writers.

I found that above twenty different books about Iceland, in the present century, had been published in the English language. I must own that my energies were depressed by this discovery, and that it was not without a little editorial encouragement that I was enabled to add these few words as to what I saw in the country during the week that I passed there.

We anchored in the harbour of the capital, Reykjavik, with the intention of riding up to the Geysers and back again. This we did, and no more. But, through the hospitality of our host, Mr. Burns, we had an opportunity of seeing something of the manners of the people; and I think that I learned something of their ways of life,—of which I certainly knew nothing before my visit.

My readers probably do know that Iceland is what we should call a Crown Colony dependent on Denmark, and that Reykjavik is its capital. I shall take the liberty of presuming that they know no more,—merely because my knowledge was confined to so much before I went thither. One matter of information I was unable to obtain even by going; and that one, which is generally considered to be of importance. I could not ascertain where Iceland is. We had two charts on board, both recent, and both authoritative, as I was assured by competent nautical authorities. One declared Iceland to extend beyond the Arctic circle, and the other says that it falls short of it. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which for all Britons is supposed to be a gospel of information,—and by no Briton more faithfully than by me,—settled the question twenty years ago by declaring Iceland to be altogether south of the Arctic circle. I can only say that the charts now in use differ as I have described. We had two British admirals on board, and their minds were left in doubt!

There can be no doubt, however, that Iceland is near enough to the pole to be very cold and to enjoy perpetual daylight in the summer months. We were there in June and July, and the daylight never waned. The name of the country is I think hardly deserved. Occasionally, but only at the interval of many years, by certain operations of winds and floods, its northern shores become clogged and enveloped by floating ice from the northern seas. Such was the case during one of the early attempts at colonization made by the Norwegians; and such was the effect of the cold superinduced over the whole island, that the strangers departed from the inhospitable land, and gave to it its present name. But Iceland is not peculiarly a land of ice, though it is a land of snow.

There is an old myth which I would fain believe if I could, that Iceland was first discovered by Irish Christians who settled themselves and left behind them crosses and other symbols of their religion when they perished, probably during some such ice invasion as that mentioned. But the Icelandic, and even the Norwegian,

accounts are at variance with each other, and the stern historian had better accept the Irish period with a doubt. Then came Norwegians, probably driven here in the first instance by storms, then induced by the beauties of the summer to remain, and then again driven away by the inclemencies of the winter. So there grew up in Norway a knowledge of Iceland; the first Norwegians coming over about the year 860. Not long afterwards, towards the end of the ninth century, there was a tyrant in Norway, one Harold Harfagra, under whom certain landed yeomen could not live in comfort, as certain English yeomen could not do under that British tyrant James I. So, as the indignant Britons went to Massachusetts in the *Mayflower*, did the Norwegians to Iceland. Such is the real history of the population of the country. For four centuries there existed a Republic, and the progress of the people during that time both in learning and social comforts seems to have been marvellous when we remember the difficulties of their position. Then, apparently with the consent of the people, the country passed under the dominion of Norway. In the dynastic changes which have since taken place among the Scandinavian realms, Iceland has ever gone with Denmark, and is now, among Denmark's external possessions, probably the most important. She has a Governor sent to her from Denmark—with whom in managing the affairs of the island is comprised a council, a little parliament we may perhaps call it. The power exercised is probably that of an absolute Crown, but the exercise of the power is mild and beneficial.

We are apt to think in London that we are the very centre and navel of the world. Perhaps we are. But in so thinking we are led too frequently to believe that the people who are distant from us, and altogether unlike us in these circumstances, must be very much behind us indeed. There are those Icelanders, with almost perpetual night during a great portion of the year, without a tree, living in holes for protection against the snow,—almost we may say without any comfort,—a barbarous unfortunate people certainly! But when I was in Iceland, especially when I was in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, I did not think the people whom I saw to be at all unfortunate, and certainly in no degree barbarous. Everybody seemed to be comfortable. Everybody was well clothed. Everybody could read and write. I saw no poverty. I saw no case of a drunken man, though I heard of drunkenness. I found a taste for prettinesses,—notably as shown in the ornaments and dress of the women; a very general appreciation of literary pursuits; a tendency to religious worship; orderly easy comfortable manners, and a mode of life very much removed, indeed, from barbarism.

\* Reykjavik at present contains a population of 2,500 souls. Such

at least was the information given to me on the spot. Sir George Mackenzie gives the number as having been only 446 in 1806. The total population of the island was stated to me as being 90,000. This is probably in excess of the true number. Sir George gave it as 48,063 in 1808,—stating that it had amounted in 1703 to 50,444. These numbers are, if true, very startling,—showing that the increase for a century, say for the eighteenth century, had been nil. There had been, in fact, a small decrease; whereas the increase in the existing century has been very great, the population of the whole island having nearly doubled itself, and that of the capital having more than done so. .

It is, however, to be remembered that there do come in Iceland periods of great want, almost of general starvation, as to which nothing can as yet be done in foretelling them, and but little in preventing them. The northern portion of the island becomes blocked with floating ice. A lowered temperature falls upon the entire land. Grasses die, and with the grasses the flocks and herds which feed upon them. With the flocks it is impossible but that men and women should perish also. Then too there come volcanic eruptions which are equally destructive. Mackenzie gives us a table showing that between 1783 and 1784 the numbers fell, of cattle from 21,457 to 9,986; of horses from 36,408 to 8,395, and that from 1770, the last year as to which the number of the sheep is given, to 1784 the number of sheep fell from 112,809 to 42,243. In the year 1783 there had been the great eruption of Skaptaa Yokul, a second Hekla; but bigger and higher than Hekla. I can find no statement to show what was the immediate effect on the population of this terrible misfortune; the return given by Mackenzie simply states that the population in 1801 was the same as in 1783 just before the eruption. There had indeed been a very small decrease, from 47,287 to 47,207. But the immediate effect on the cattle and sheep is stated above. The author adds, however, that the loss as given in the table appears to have been exaggerated. These misfortunes do not appear to be frequent enough to cause immediate fear. "It is true," one man said to me in answer to my enquiries; "but it is very seldom."

. When on shore we soon made acquaintance with many of the inhabitants. The ladies, for we had a bevy of ladies with us, demanded to be taken to the jewellers and purveyors of knick-knacks. We bought silver ornaments, dog whips, and shoulder-bags,—every lady her silver ornament, her dog whip, and her shoulder-bag, and every man one of the two latter articles. The dog whips were for the ponies we were to ride, the bags to carry our small travelling gear, and the ornaments for our general delight. The whips and bags were made in the island, and were good as mementos. The ornaments we were told were the old decorations of bygone Icelandic

beauties. They had probably reached Reykjavik from Birmingham, via Copenhagen. They will now come back to England much raised in value by their travels. \*

We all called in a body, sixteen of us, upon the Governor, by whom we were received not only with courtesy,—but cordially. Afterwards we made acquaintance with his wife, a dear motherly woman, handsome withal, who delighted to make new friends and to talk about her children. I do love to find a human being, a woman by preference, who under the sanction of sudden and somewhat unusual circumstances can throw herself into sudden intimacies. The precocities of Mary and the ailments of Jack become interesting to me, and I find myself talking about them as though my whole heart was there. One's whole heart is not there; but there has been a little green spot which never becomes wholly dry or desecrated afterwards. There was the Bishop too, with a delightful daughter,—Bishop Pjetursson with his wife and his daughter Thora,—with the latter of whom we really did form an abiding friendship. There was a good deal of pleasant raillery displayed by our young men, four or five of them, at the expense of Miss Thora. The Icelandic beauty was able to receive all their shafts on her little shield, and to return an answer to each from her own quiver of wit. And she had to do this in English, as none of her opponents could touch her in her own language. One and all we lost our hearts to the Bishop's daughter.

There were four languages going, English, French, Danish, and Icelandic. Of the latter two, none among our party could speak a word, and yet there seemed to be very little lack of the means of conversation. I was astonished to find how many there were who could speak English. The intercourse between Iceland and Scotland is no doubt frequent, the regular steam-boats which come from Copenhagen every month during the summer stopping first at Leith before they make their way up to Thorshavn in the Faroe Islands, and thence to Reykjavik. But such communication between two ports does not teach us English people a foreign language. The difference, I suppose, has to be found in the fact that English is necessary to their comfort, but that Icelandic is not needed by us for ours. The Leith shopkeeper or mariner will not trouble himself to talk to the stranger in other language than his own;—but the Icелander must trouble himself to maintain the needed communication. In the old Roman days, the great Roman held it to be below his dignity to talk to any barbarian in other than his own language. The normal Englishman is somewhat like the great Roman. The result, however, shows itself in extended information on their part, and in intellectual aspirations which cannot but be useful.

\* Reykjavik is a dear little town, pervaded no doubt by a flavour of fish which is to the Icелander an article of important commerce, with two main streets, and a little square in which there is a statue

of Thorwaldsen, whose father was a native of Iceland. In one corner of the square is a large well-arranged church, with galleries and an organ, very much like an ugly English church of fifty years ago. The glory of the church consists of a font given by Thorwaldsen, with bas-reliefs by the great artist on the sides of a square pedestal. The houses are of wood,—all of which has to be imported. They are comfortable and sufficiently spacious. I was inside four or five, and was surprised at finding how very much an ordinary sitting-room in Iceland is like to one in an English provincial town. No one would say the same of France,—or even of Germany generally. In Reykjavik the Governor's house and the Bishop's house and the Postmaster's house, with various little shops into which I made my way, had to my eyes hardly any air of strangeness. One morning early I rambled about a photographer's house, anxious to find the room in which he was at work, and wandered by chance into an inhabited bedroom. My speedy retreat did not enable me to see whether I had disturbed the slumbers of a lady or a gentleman; but the occupant showed no signs of annoyance, or, as far as I could see, of surprise.

The harbour of Reykjavik is landlocked, secure, and very picturesque. As you lie there you are surrounded by islands and headlands which block out the open sea. On one of these islands we found a farm of eider-ducks who are fostered and nurtured for the sake of their feathers,—eider-down being, as we all know, much in quest by those who love soft feathery coverings to their bed. The unfortunate maternal bird thrice strips her own bosom annually to make a nest for the preservation of her young ones. Twice are the feathers taken away. The third time she perseveres, but should she be a third time robbed, she will give up her work in despair. But the nest, when she has had her use of it, is still serviceable;—so that three crops per annum are garnered from her prolific breast. The owner of the birds showed us his operations, and allowed us to picnic on his island. He sold a pound of his feathers to one of the ladies of our party for, I think, 12s.

I was surprised to find that a town which seemed to be so well civilized as Reykjavik should be without the ordinary resources of a bank. The trade of the island is considerable, and was of importance enough for well-arranged statistics even so far back as the period of Sir George Mackenzie's visit. He gives lists of the articles imported and exported. Of the former there are thirty-eight named, consisting chiefly of cereals, strong liquors, tobacco, coffee, tea, soap, iron, and salt. Singularly enough he does not mention timber, which of all articles brought into the island, must be the most important and the most necessary. The exports consist chiefly of fish, and the oil taken from fish, and of wool and woollen goods. To these are to

be added tallow, skins, and eider-down. Since the beginning of the century the trade has very greatly increased, the people having been accustomed to luxuries of which they then knew nothing. But yet there is no bank! When I spoke to the Governor about it, he acknowledged the want and surmised that it would come. This he said with the air of a man who did not quite like to hear his deficiency exposed. At present all payment for goods imported must be made with goods exported. When we go to the bottom of things, we learn that this must be done in truth by all importing countries. Unless a country has something to sell, it cannot go into the market and buy. But a medium for the making of purchases has been found to be essentially necessary for commerce in these latter days;—and this medium takes the shape of paper promises which can be negotiated only by means of bankers. In Iceland there is no banker, and paper promises are therefore useless. English money in the shape of sovereigns,—even in the shape of shillings and half-crowns, is acceptable everywhere in Iceland. But a £5 note is of no service, unless a man has such communication with England as will enable him to send it thither by post in a letter. Cheques, promissory notes, and bills of exchange are of no avail in Icelandic commerce. The man who takes thither timber or tea, must be content to take back fish or feathers. The Governor, however, was probably right. It will come. Reykjavik with its college, its education, and its comforts will not be long without its bank.

I have spoken of the necessity and the want of timber. It must be remembered that there is not a tree in all Iceland. This is the case now. There is, however, ample evidence that it was not so always, as large lumps of old timber are found imbedded in the bogs,—as is the case in Ireland. It is probable from many signs that there has been a time in which the cold was less severe or at any rate less enduring. At present there is nothing bearing the resemblance of a tree,—nothing that can be called even a shrub, except a low spreading ground birch, which creeps along over large extents of land, but which does not rise above a foot in height. There are willow plants also of the same description. All wood therefore for useful purposes must be imported; and yet the houses are generally constructed of wood. The difficulties arising from this want are, of course, infinitely enhanced by the fact that there is no means of carriage throughout Iceland otherwise than by ponies. There is no such thing as a wheeled carriage. A few miles beyond Reykjavik there is no road on which wheels can travel. A log of wood or a few planks will be fixed on lengthwise to the pony, and so the little beast will travel, trained to the work.

. The length of the summer, joyous and pleasant as is the summer, .



does not suffice for the growth of trees, hardly for that of corn or even vegetables. There are four months which are not wintry—June, July, August, and September. September, however, though not wintry, cannot be called warm. And then throughout the summer the nights become cold, though the light is as clear then as at mid-day. When travelling on horseback during the night I found the air so cold as to make it necessary that I should have a woollen comforter with me ready for use. The days were extremely hot, hot as to make riding at noon very disagreeable, whereas the nights were so cold as to feel almost like frost. The consequence is that all growth is stunted, that flour and other cereal provisions must be imported, that vegetables are rare, and that there is no such thing as a tree on the island. .

. In walking round Reykjavik I found the people hard at work getting in their peat for fuel,—turf as we call it in Ireland,—very much as the Irish do. There is a little lake at the back of the town, and in the soft marshes round this they were piling up the sods for drying. The importance of these operations will be borne in mind, when the length and severity of an Iceland winter is remembered, and also the fact that there is neither coal nor wood provided by nature. Coal we did find at Reykjavik, imported from England,—or more probably from Scotland,—and sold at prices not much exceeding those which we pay at home. But that was close to the sea-side, whither coal can be carried cheaply by water. The conveyance of coal into the interior of the island without roads, or wheels, or water carriage is of course impossible. .

• There is a college at Reykjavik with learned professors, professors whom I believe to be ripe scholars—as regards the classics; and, latterly, inferior schools have been established. It may I think be taken as a fact that everybody,—almost everybody,—can read and write. There are five newspapers in Iceland, two of them published in the capital, a copy of one of which is now before me. It begins with a poem in fourteen stanzas, and devotes only a part of one out of eight columns to advertisements. From this it may be argued that the Icelanders are given more to noble, and less to mean, pursuits than ourselves. Four columns are devoted to one essay or leading article. I wish I could read it, so as to make known the subject which at present dwells most in the minds of the Icelanders. I can perceive that a notice of two lines is devoted to the Congress at Berlin, and that the arrival of our vessel and party is chronicled in nine lines. The printing is very good,—the type being excellent. On Sunday, on board ship, we sang two hymns, which had been printed for us, of course in English, on the Saturday. There is not an error in them. I have brought home with me an Icelandic translation of Macbeth, translated, printed, and published at Reykjavik.

I presume this may be taken as evincing some appreciation of our great writer in the country. .

• The amount of erudition among the people is certainly remarkable, and is attributed by themselves to the necessity of passing the long evenings of winter in occupation within doors. I do not, however, believe that any amount of incarceration, from long darkness or from other causes, would produce such a result in a tropical country. The mind of the Icclander is active and does not allow him to remain ignorant. I think that this is the case more in Scotland than in England ;—much more in England than in Spain ; more in Spain than in Cuba, where the white Creole has no objection to any amount of ignorance. At what most northerly point this peculiarity may cease, I am not prepared even to guess. An Esquimaux is not I presume a peculiarly intellectual human being. Perhaps my surprise in Iceland was occasioned by previous misconception on my part,—by a mistaken idea that an Icclander was no better than a semi-Esquimaux. That the traveller should meet there a Tyndall or a Huxley, a Macaulay, or a Tennyson, or a Gladstone, I will hold out no hope ; but that the ordinary Icclander who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow will be found to be a more agreeable companion than the English labourer by any educated traveller who can use a language in which to talk to him, I feel quite sure. -

I never quite believed in that Latin speech of Lord Dufferin's. It was too super-Sheridanian to have been delivered at the spur of the moment. But it suffices to tell us that he had found it necessary to exchange ideas in the old classical language with a people who, though so far removed from the world, had dabbled with the classics. When our party was riding out to the Geysers,—as I will tell a page or two farther on,—one of us was met by the parson, or minister, of a district in which we intended to halt for the night. "Via lapidosissima," said the parson, intending to express his pity for any sufferings we might have endured. The conversation was not I think carried farther at the moment. But that may have been the fault of the Briton rather than the Icclander.

On our ride we were accompanied by five guides, of which the chief had with him a nephew who acted as one of them. He was a young man about twenty, who told us that he had just left the university, and was mingling holiday work and business while thus assisting his uncle. He could speak English almost fluently, and I fell into conversation with him as to his past studies. I had a little Horace in my pocket, and he read to me the first ode. How far he may have gone with his Horace I could not say, but he himself led the way to Cicero, and I found him to have a much more ample knowledge of the author than is common to young Englishmen of that age who have had all the advantages of education which money

can give them. He was very enthusiastic as to the Pro Archia, and knew all the details about Catiline.

Some of us attended the church service on Sunday morning. The mode of worship is Lutheran. The hymns were very long, and five different hymns were I think given. The Bishop, with whom we had previously made acquaintance, did no part of the work ; nor, as I think, did he attend. He was probably preparing a charge for his clergy. The service took nearly two hours and a half, and was well attended. After service the clergyman walked away amidst the reverential feeling of his flock, conspicuous for an enormous Vandyke ruff round his neck. Whether he would have been so much regarded without his ruff I cannot say.

Mr. Burns gave a dinner party on board the *Mastiff* and ten or twelve of the principal inhabitants of Reykjavik sat at his table. The Governor and his wife were there, and then it was that I became so pleasantly acquainted with the lady who sat next to me. There was the Rector from the College, and the Governor Prefect or Amptman, and the Treasurer, and the Judge of the Superior Court, and the Bishop, and the Sheriff, and their wives and daughters in proper Iceland costume. We drank the Queen's health ;—that of course first ;—and then the King of Denmark's, and then the Governor's. The Governor responded in French. Then we drank the ladies, and after that we had a dance upon the deck. Waltzes were quite common to them, but when some of our Scotch friends danced a reel, they were highly delighted.

We had time but for one inland trip, and that was to be made to the long-famed Geysers. The question would naturally be between the Geysers and Hekla to those who like ourselves could not do both. But Hekla was not in motion, and is difficult of ascent ; and on the road to the Geysers, independently of the hot springs themselves, there is more of interest to be seen. The ride to the Geysers for two or three men is not much of an exploit. The distance is about seventy miles, and though the road is in parts rough enough, —via lapidosissima,—it is not difficult. It is generally performed in two days, with a night's rest at Thingvall, half-way, and thus forms a not inconvenient little excursion for four or five days. But the work is no doubt hard to ladies, especially for those not accustomed to riding ;—and even for gentlemen not frequently in the saddle the exercise is almost more than sufficient when carried on for four consecutive days without bed. Taken as a whole we were a hardy lot ; but some of us at the end were tired enough, among whom I do not scruple to name myself, who was probably the oldest of the party.

• We started from Reykjavik with sixty-five ponies, a cook and two servants, and with five guides whose duty consisted chiefly in looking

after the ponies and the baggage. Everything necessary for eating and sleeping we had to take with us on the backs of ponies. Mattresses were carried for the ladies;—for the gentlemen a blanket apiece and whatever coats and rugs the individual tourist, thoughtful of himself, might manage to have introduced among the luggage. As to food I may say here as well as elsewhere that during my visit to the country I did not eat a mouthful of anything which had not come from Scotland, except milk and curds. I saw none of their bread or meat. The Governor told me that their mutton was as good as the world produces; but it is not cheap enough,—or in other words there is not enough of it,—for common consumption. It is generally eaten salted. The people live very much on salt fish,—and very much on milk. I fancy that European travellers in this country have generally endeavoured to carry with them as far as they could their own provisions. We took with us for our party over a hundredweight of cooked meat, with bread, butter, tea, coffee, and potatoes. Wine and spirits of course we took also. It is not to be supposed that there are inns on the way to the Geysers.

It was arranged that each equestrian was to have two ponies for his or her own personal use. As we began to know the ponies and their qualities, we did not stick to any rule, all of us encroaching on the others, and deserting the bad beasts very much at the cost of the good beasts. I began with a brute, doing the first half-day's journey on him, so abominable in his nature that I refused to mount him again on any consideration. I have ridden many a horse with a bad nature, but of all equine natures that I have known his was the worst. He would linger wilfully and knowingly, in opposition to all provocatives, till he was the last of the procession, and then when some turn of the path, some rock or some hill had placed all his companions out of sight, he would turn suddenly, and with dogged, resolute purpose, and a lowered head, endeavour to make his way back. Once he succeeded in getting me in this way out of sight of the world beyond, and then I had a battle with him which needed all my strength. But for the dog whip of which I have spoken, he would certainly have conquered,—and then how mean would have been my position at Reykjavik while all the others went on to the Geysers! I must own, however, that remorse for the evil done to me, and then perhaps some recognition of my equestrian capabilities, procured for me afterwards a relay of wonderful little animals who never flinched beneath my weight, and never made it necessary that I should lag behind. The ponies generally were very good, marvelously safe, travelling with us very frequently at about eight miles an hour, and never as far as I could see giving signs of real fatigue. Our head guide was named Zoega,—a man of European celebrity. He was contractor as well as guide, supplying everything. As far

as I could learn, the ponies cost about £1 each in the expedition,—all other expenses incidental to them, such as that of the guides themselves, being included. But as our host paid for everything, refusing to move on any other terms, I am unable to speak with accurate certainty.

We took tents with us, which Zoega supplied,—as he did the boxes in which our provisions were packed. Going and coming we were to stop at Thingvalla, where the ladies, we were told, might be allowed to sleep in the church. At the Geysers we must all lie in tents. We might have been taken in at a farmhouse with willing hospitality, but the farm is too far from the Geysers to admit of a rush out to see the eruptions when they might be pleased to erupt. We agreed therefore, ladies and all, to remain upon the ground in the neighbourhood of the hot springs.

After our first day's journey over rough and somewhat uninteresting ground we reached Thingvalla. "Few countries in the world," says the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "present a more forbidding aspect, than Iceland." With this opinion I can by no means agree. Nowhere is the route we had passed devoid of some charm. Nowhere is it flat, or without distant hills. Quick bright streams have to be passed frequently. A traveller in many countries will have come over many miles infinitely more tedious than that first day's journey to Thingvalla. At Thingvalla the scenery is romantic and magnificent, and continues to be so almost up to the Geysers.

The description of Thingvalla with the sudden descent into the valley which bears the name,—a descent which is made down the almost perpendicular side of a riven crag,—has been so clearly given by Lord Dufferin that I do not care to repeat it. The rider,—or walker as he probably then becomes, allowing his pony to follow him,—makes his way down into a broad green valley, through which runs a rapid bright river to a magnificent lake, which has been seen long before, and remains in view long afterwards. Here he finds the stream and comes to a church and the minister's house close to it. Behind the church, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is a spot to which the name of Althing is given. Here we are told was held in ancient days the Parliament of the country,—by which it should probably be understood that here was the supreme justice-seat of the nation. It is a peculiar spot, because it lies amidst the singular rifts or clefts in the rock made by volcanic eruption, and is so surrounded by these clefts that it can only be approached at one narrow entrance. It was covered with wild flowers and the greenest of grass, when we were there, and was altogether most interesting and picturesque. The field is about four hundred yards long, and on an average fifty broad.

The grasses around were very rich, showing what is the agricultural or rather pastoral capability of the island. Grass is its one great source of rural wealth, and during the summer months is extremely exuberant. The cattle and sheep are fed plenteously on the mountains during the warm weather, when hay to a very large extent is made in the villages. When the hay harvest is over, the stock is brought down, and is kept out till the heavy snow falls. Then the animals are housed and fed during the inclemency of winter. In the early spring they are again enabled to pick their own living, and in May they are sent out again to the mountains. I am told that in some places sheep remain out all the winter; but I am inclined to think that this must be very occasional and that they still must be fed with hay. Mackenzie tells us that these regulations as to bringing in and sending out the stock at fixed periods were enforced under stringent laws. The practice seems to remain nearly the same, but with less of legal obligation.

On our arrival we found that our tents had been pitched in the churchyard, and that the cook was already busy within the same precincts. The minister was soon among us with his "*via lapidosisima*,"—not by any means disposed to find fault with our intrusion or to reproach us with want of reverence. The church was altogether at our service for any use to which we might put it. One room with two beds for a lady and her husband he could lend us. One of our party, a lady, had become so fatigued that it was thought better that she should not go on. It was arranged therefore that she should remain as the guest of the minister's wife. We became very familiar with the minister's house and all his family, to whom we seemed to have come as a special Providence in the way of excitement. The house was commodious, with many rooms, each of the chief rooms taking the form of a gable. There were four gables, all looking in the same direction. The pitched roofs on the other side came down to the ground, and were all covered with growing turf. So the house on the three sides looked like a collection of large mounds rising from the ground, as might so many large green hillocks. Thus the snow lies as it would upon hillocks, and serves only to keep warm what is beneath it. On the side where are the door and the windows,—the side to the south which is the least exposed to the beating snow,—labour is of course needed to keep the egress and the ingress free. Such is the form of all the houses which we saw in the country parts of Iceland.

From Thingvalla to the Geysers the scenery is very attractive. There is a broad green valley among the hills, where all the mountain sides have been blasted by subterranean fires, but where the turf at the bottom is beautifully rich. Then we crossed a river called the Brüarä, which comes foaming and bright down a broad

rocky bottom. In the middle of the channel is a vast rift, perhaps twenty feet broad, into which the waters tumble from each side, almost meeting with their crests as they fall. The traveller fords the breadth of the river, but over the rift there is a little wooden bridge, over which the ponies accustomed to the spot pass without a tremour. Around on all sides there are jagged hills, and then, close at hand luxuriant grasses. I deny altogether that the country has a forbidding aspect. But it may be that half a century ago the taste for the wilder beauties of nature had not grown to its present strength. A hundred and fifty years ago the Alps and Pyrenees were horrid only,—not beautiful.

We were of course full of the Geysers as we rode on. During our journey we had seen Hekla on our right, about thirty miles off,—quiet as an infant. We had not expected Hekla to exhibit herself for our sakes, and were contented to know that we had seen snow on her summit. But we had expected much from the Geysers. Our party had at least expected much. I had seen the Geysers in New Zealand, and knew that those in Iceland would fall very short of my New Zealand acquaintances. We paused awhile at a farmhouse to which some of us rode so rapidly that others were more than an hour behind us, and there we feasted on curds and cream. It was very much like the minister's house at Thingvalla, but larger. There were I think six gables. We went into every room in the house including the kitchen larder and dairy, which were behind, and saw all their stores and all their comforts. Of milk and cream there was the most profuse abundance. We saw, too, meat and hams hanging, and what I may call a full larder. But bread seemed to them to be rare. A few crusts, or biscuits, which were brought in were eaten up carelessly, and then we were told that there was no more. But coffee was given to us with white lump sugar. And of cream there was no end.

A mile farther on we came upon the blighted field of the Geysers. It is a blighted field, near to a river side, with a hill rising above it, with no peculiarity of formation excepting that of the hot springs. Our tents had not yet come. A few who were first therefore took their saddles off their horses, and proceeded to walk carefully among the boiling springs. There were two ladies with us and we went very cautiously. In a quarter of an hour we had seen pretty nearly all that there was to be seen. Then came the tents and we bivouacked and dined among the Geysers.

There was no darkness or even twilight, and from this time we gave up all idea of dividing the twenty-four hours into day and night. After dinner we wandered about and saw what there was to be seen. There is the Great Geyser. This consists of a pool of boiling water about fifty yards in circumference, two or three deep, in the midst of which there is a deep round funnel about eight feet

broad, up which the boiling water is emitted. There is always a supply coming, for there is always a certain amount of hot water running out on two opposite sides of the pool. Here the visitor may amuse himself by dabbling with naked feet, scalding his toes if he goes too near the pool, warming his toes comfortably at an increased distance. Excavations suitable for bathers there are none,—as there are, so delightfully formed and so deliciously filled, at the Geysers in New Zealand. At a little distance, in a ravine, there was a hole in which some of us, one after another, endeavoured to sit and wash ourselves. Had it not been in Iceland, it would have been thought to be a most uncomfortable tub. Occasionally, perhaps once in every four hours, a larger, and somewhat violent supply of hot water is thrown up the funnel, which has the effect of emptying the basin and ejecting from it the hot water rapidly. This occurs with a noise, and is no doubt the indication given of a real eruption when a real eruption is about to take place. But the indication too frequently comes without the eruption. This, when it does take place, consists of a fountain of boiling water thrown to the height of sixty, eighty,—some beholders have said two hundred feet. During the twenty-four hours that we remained at the place there was no such eruption,—no fountain,—although the noise was made and the basin was emptied four or five times.

About half a furlong off from the Great Geyser, or Geyser Primus, as we might call him, is Geyser Secundus, to which has been given the name of Strokr. This name we may perhaps write as Stroker. Stroker is an ill-conditioned but still obedient Geyser. It has no basin of boiling water, but simply a funnel such as the other, about seven feet in diameter, at the edge of which the traveller can stand and look down into a caldron boiling below. It is a muddy filthy caldron, whereas the waters of the Great Geyser are pellucid and blue. The Geyser Secundus will make eruptions when duly provoked by the supply of a certain amount of aliment. The custom is to drag to its edge about a cart load of turf and dirt, and then to thrust it all in at one dose. Whether Stroker likes or dislikes the process of feeding is left in doubt. He bubbles about furiously with the food down in his gullet for half an hour, and then ejects it all passionately, throwing the half-digested morsels sixty feet into the air with copious torrents of boiling muddy water. As far as we could judge the height was sixty feet. We are told that in 1789 Sir John Stanley saw water thrown up from this well 132 feet. That last figure in the total will be held to be convincing by many minds.

These are the two Great Geysers. Around are an infinite number of small hot springs, so frequent and many of them so small, that it would be easy for an incautious stranger to step into them. And the ground sounds under one's feet, seeming so honeycombed and



hollow, that a heavy foot might not improbably go through. Some of these little springs are as clear as crystal; in some the appearance is of thick red chocolate,—when some red earth has been drawn into the vortex of the water. Sometimes there is a little springing fountain, rising perhaps a few inches or a foot. Had there been no other Geyser, no other little lakes of boiling water known in the world, these in Iceland would be very wonderful. When they were first visited and described, such was perhaps the case. For myself, having seen and described the Geysers in the Northern Island of New Zealand, I cannot be ecstatic about the Geysers in Iceland. There is too a lake of boiling water in the Cape Colony, near to the town of Worcester, which I have also described, and which throws into the shade the little lake through which the Great Icelandic Geyser makes its eruptions. But from the South African boiling lakes there are no eruptions.

After a day among the hot springs we returned by the same road to Reykjavik, riding chiefly by night so as to escape the heat. Very pleasant were those gallops in the cool evening when some of us, more or less vainly, attempted to keep up with the adventurous young ladies who led the way. From Reykjavik there had been a fishing expedition by some of our party, and they had returned laden with an enormous booty of trout. Stirred by this success, and having heard that in a stream running out from the Lake of Thingvall at some considerable distance from our route, there was quite a miracle of fishing to be found, they resolved, though at a great access of labour, to go to the river and fish it. It required that a day's riding, already consisting of eight hours, should be extended to sixteen. But the temptation was great. Only let them beware of—flies! They went gallantly, clothed in mosquito nets, boots, caps, gloves,—impervious we might say. They caught one fish, and then the flies expelled them. It was impossible to stand on the spot after the flies had discovered their whereabouts. Elsewhere we were not plagued. There has never been, I am assured, a mosquito in the whole island. We certainly did not see one.

I was much amused by finding at the end of Sir George Mackenzie's book a recommendation that England should take possession of Iceland! What part of the world has it not been thought at some time expedient that we take into our own hands or under our protection! Sir George tells us that his friend Mr. Hooker had thought this to be the only way of "relieving" the inhabitants, and that he thoroughly agreed with Mr. Hooker! Happily for ourselves, happily for Iceland probably, we abstained. Unhappily at the present moment we are in a more triumphal mood. It is pleasanter for us to look back at the idea of taking Iceland without a cause, than to think that we have been made to take Cyprus with such a cause.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## BELGIAN POLITICS.

THE Belgian elections of the 11th of June last were a triumph for vote by ballot in its purity. The outlines of the electoral system of Belgium are as follows. The suffrage belongs of right to all citizens of full age who pay taxes to the amount of twenty florins of the Netherlands, which are equal to forty-two francs, or about thirty-three shillings. The electoral district is the *arrondissement* formed for administrative purposes, which is itself a subdivision of the province, each *arrondissement* having a representative for every forty thousand inhabitants, and a senator for every eighty thousand. But, as the population is unequally distributed, there are some districts which return but a single member, as for instance in Luxembourg; while in others, such as those of Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels, seven or eight, and in one instance thirteen are returned. The voting takes place by secret ballot in the chief town of each district, but before the last reforms secrecy had no real existence. The voting paper might be written. In the first place, therefore, paper of recognisable kind was employed.\* Then the agent who wished to check a vote would himself write the paper, adding to the candidate's name certain designations, official or personal, arranged in a particular order. When the voting paper had by these marks been rendered recognisable, the agent who had given it to the voter would himself be present at the opening of the boxes, and if the marked paper was not found he knew that a promise had not been fulfilled. These marked papers caused gross abuses. Landlords would furnish their tenants with voting papers warning them that, if these were not found at the counting, the farm would be given to others. Parish priests would make house to house visits, distributing voting papers for the clerical "ticket," and menacing those who dared to vote for the Liberal candidates with the withholding of the sacraments, and especially of the first communion from their children. In the rural communes the number of convents is very large. Ten years ago there was one convent to every two communes, and the number has since increased considerably. Now each convent has a very large custom to offer to brewers, bakers, butchers, fishmongers, grocers, and clothiers. The tradesmen, indeed, are in a great degree dependent on the custom of the convents, and whatever might be their private opinions, they were forced to vote as the clergy wished under penalty of seeing their business seriously diminished and perhaps ruined. On the polling day the priest would summon together the electors of his village, and very few dared to refuse their company. He went

with them by rail or road to the poll; he gave them their voting papers at the last moment, and kept his eye upon them at the box so as to prevent their receiving another paper or writing one for themselves. The Liberal party were not indeed behindhand in using the marked or recognisable papers, but it is clear that they had not the same means of influence.

The revision of the register gave occasion to another class of abuse. The taxes which go to make up the twenty florins necessary for qualification, include the hearth-tax, the tax on movables, and that on horses kept wholly or partly for pleasure, that is to say in the latter case used both for field work and for riding or driving. The clerical associations obliged the taxpayers over whom they had influence, to increase their returns so as to make up the necessary qualification, and undertook the reimbursement of the surplus, thus in reality manufacturing voters at pleasure. The second class of horses—*chevaux mixtes* is the technical term—were made the occasion of the most absurd devices. In such and such a village all the farm-horses would suffer a sudden metamorphosis into mixed steeds. The priest bought a saddle, and this saddle was lent to one peasant after another, each of whom would mount his beast and parade in front of the taxgatherer's house. This clerical cavalry was levied to assure the triumph of religion. But the revision of the registers gave rise to endless litigation. The Liberal associations opposed the claims of those electors who were suspected of belonging to the opposite side, and the Catholic associations did the same to the Liberal voters. The consequence was an immense accumulation of disputed claims which blocked up the courts of justice.

In order better to secure the secrecy of the vote, a first effort was made at reform. A stamped paper was supplied to the electors, and they were bound to write the name of the candidate on the paper, without adding any designation which might serve to distinguish the vote. This plan was quite insufficient. The elections of 1876 witnessed such an abuse of undue influence, that the success of the scheme was discredited. An inquiry instituted under the care of the central society, called the Liberal Federation, furnished proofs that the independence of the electors was an idle word, in consequence of systematic intimidation and organized persecution on the part of the clergy. The premier, M. Malou, could not resist the evidence, and he promised to bring in a bill for securing the secrecy of the vote by the application of the system of voting employed in England. This was called the *Couloir Electoral*. After lively debates the new system was adopted. At present the candidates have to inform the local authority of their candidature five days in advance. Voting papers are then printed containing the lists of the candidates side by side, distinguished by differently coloured ink.

As there are only two parties concerned, only two lists and two colours are necessary. The elector who wishes to vote for a whole list must make a cross in pencil in a space reserved at the head of each. The elector who wishes to vote for certain candidates out of either list must make his cross in a space reserved opposite each name. At the moment of voting the presiding officer delivers a paper to the elector, who retires into a compartment which hides him from all eyes, makes his pencil cross, folds his paper, and gives it back to the presiding officer, who places it in the box. In this manner the vote is really secret, and the elector is made independent, nor is it any longer possible to force on him a marked ticket under penalty of persecution and ruin. Undue influence is almost entirely neutralized. The clergy can indeed persuade a certain number of unenlightened country electors that their votes will still be recognisable, and thus it is still possible for the priests to enforce their will. But very soon the most benighted peasant will learn that this is not so; and as for the towns, it may safely be said that the votes of the electors on the 11th of June were free. It is a great honour for the Liberal party to be able to say, that as soon as ever freedom and purity of voting were established, the country has given them a majority which would be much greater if a general election were held.

The recent elections have entirely altered the relative strength of parties. The Liberal party possesses to-day a majority in the Chamber and the Senate sufficient for the carrying on of the government. Belgium presents the curious political peculiarity, that in elections candidates can, so far, be divided with exactness into two lists, and be designated by two colours without further differences or even shades of difference presenting themselves. In the Houses, too, divisions take place straightforwardly, without the presence of doubters, of trimmers, or of independents. One single question dominates all others, "Are you for or against the clergy?" That is to say, "Are you Catholic or Liberal?" Differences of opinion on questions of taxation, of economical or administrative reform, are merely accessory. It is understood beforehand that if it be necessary you must sacrifice your private predilection in such matters, in order not to overthrow or weaken the ministry which represents your opinions. This inflexible party discipline has its advantages and its drawbacks. The advantage is that it gives authority, strength, and duration to governments, because they can demand from their adherents the sacrifice of their private ideas, which if they were to refuse they would be accused of treason. It is a question of life or death; the danger is pressing; the situation is that of a besieged town, and deserters and faint hearts must expect no mercy. In Italy, where there is not this strict party division, governments are very

short-lived, and can effect hardly anything. Malcontent groups are constantly formed, party intrigues are incessantly woven and unwoven, and the Chamber is full of ex-ministers who hope to return to power. The soil of politics is a shifting sand on which no stable and solid administration can be built. While in Belgium the same personages return to office when their party triumphs, there is, in Italy, a continual succession of new men, even though there may be no new manifestation of the sentiments of the electoral body. Thus the parliamentary machine works with greater precision when parties are so sharply divided as they are in Belgium. But there is on the other hand an attendant inconvenience. It is very difficult for new ideas to make way. Originality is bound to conform itself to the common level of discipline; men march round in the same circle; instead of advancing, they mark time.

From another point of view, it may be said that in Belgium is pursued most logically, most vigorously, and with most personal feeling, the struggle against Ultramontanism, which is beginning to take a place in the political foreground in France, in Germany, and in Italy. This struggle began about 1840, and is now at the critical point. All intermediate shades of opinions are disappearing—shades which were formerly composed of Liberals who preserved an attachment to the faith of their fathers, and of Catholics who were friends of liberty, the one set being Gallicans, after the fashion of the old French Parliamentary party, the others Liberal Catholics like Montalembert. At the present moment the Church condemns and pursues these as her worst enemies, and the saying of M. Louis Veuillot will soon come true: "There is not," said he, "and there cannot be, such a thing as Liberal Catholicism. A Liberal is not a Catholic, and a Catholic is not a Liberal."

M. Laurent, the great historian and jurist, who is an ornament of the University of Ghent, published recently an article which attracted much attention. The title was, "What shall we do if we win?" and the answer was, "Make war against the illegitimate influence of the clergy." To judge from a letter recently addressed to the Prince of Caraman-Chimay by the new Minister of the Interior, M. Rolin-Jacque-Myns (well known as the secretary of the Institut de Droit International), this seems to be in reality the programme of the new ministry. We come into power, says M. Rolin, at a critical moment, to defend our constitutional liberties against their implacable enemy, Ultramontanism. The head of the new cabinet, M. Frère-Orban, used similar language. It is in truth a strange situation which presents itself in most Catholic countries. It dates only from the last century, and it seems to have no historical precedent. A large part of the nation, sometimes a powerful minority, sometimes a considerable majority, is at open war with

the established Church and its ministers. The form of worship is not deserted, but it is violently opposed, it is even—as happened at the time of the French Revolution—proscribed: the churches are confiscated, the priests who refuse the oath of obedience to the constitution are hunted down, endeavours are made to replace the ceremonies and the holidays of Catholicism by new feasts and by rites borrowed from Greece and Rome. At present, however, there is no inclination to carry the question into the domains of religion proper, and all that is wished for is the independence of the State and the civil power. But as the Catholic Church does not admit this independence, and as its dogmas condemn modern liberties, the friends of those liberties are drawn against their own wish to attack the dogma and the ministers who are its organs. It becomes necessary to deprive the priest of the influence which has been yielded to him over education, and even of that which he exercises over conscience, for he employs this influence to make war upon the rights of the civil power, for the purpose of subjecting it to the omnipotent authority of the Pope. We must not deceive ourselves on this point; what Liberalism has to fight everywhere is the Church.

The bishops express astonishment and complaint at the hostility which pursues them. Consider, say they, the countries where schism, heresy, or Mahommedanism prevail. Do we see the Russians, the English, or the Turks attack the ministers of their faith? Whence then comes all this hatred and injustice to us? Are we who are Catholic priests less accomplished or less devoted to our fellow-creatures? The fact is certainly strange; but the peculiarities of Roman Catholicism supply the explanation. While other Churches and other bodies of clergy are national, and as such subject to the authority of the State, Catholicism is universal, and claims not merely independence, but supremacy over populations and sovereigns alike. The moment that this supremacy is no longer accorded, a struggle becomes inevitable. The logical consequence of such a fundamental opposition of interests and doctrines should evidently be the abandonment of a faith which is no longer in accordance with the groundwork of modern civilisation. Some nations took this way of enfranchising themselves in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and in their case the struggle has not broken out. With those who, on the contrary, remained subject to Rome, it is bursting forth with ever-increasing violence. On the one side these nations are actually engaged in the life of to-day, and on the other they wear the yoke of a mediæval religion, which asserts itself to be unchangeable, and which not only does not renounce any of its claims, but even adds thereto new dogmas, and revives the most eccentric superstitions. Between tendencies so opposed, how can there be aught but struggle and combat?

Belgium is likely to become a field of curious experience and to supply other Catholic countries with useful information. The struggle with the clergy has assumed such an acute and decided character, that it becomes necessary to deal seriously with it. It will be the first time since 1792 that efforts have been made to throw off the domination of the Church without revolutionary violence, and without any attempt at religious reform. How is this to be managed? Evidently the Liberal effort must concentrate itself on the education question. Here action is most urgently needed, and here it will be most fertile of result. The share of the clergy in the work of education is enormous in Belgium. For the higher teaching they have the University of Louvain, which has nearly as many students as the two State universities put together. For intermediate education they have twice as many establishments as the State and the municipalities. As for primary instruction, they have the numerous boys' and girls' schools kept up by the religious orders; and besides this—in virtue of the law of 1842—they have the right of inspection and supervision in the communal schools. Hence the parish priest really directs the schoolmaster, who trembles before him. Of the normal schools, which send out the communal teachers, the bishops have five and the State two, both of which have clergymen at their head. As soon, then, as electoral reform shall have been completed, by checking as far as possible the manufacture of faggot votes, the new cabinet will give its whole attention to education.

The law of 1842 will be amended. Religion will no longer be taught by the schoolmaster, who is not fitted for the task, but by the clergyman, who is there in his right place. Thenceforward the necessity of granting to the priest the right of inspection and supervision disappears. The instruction given by the public authority will thus acquire the secular character which it ought necessarily to have. It must also be made obligatory. Belgium lies, with France and England, in the intermediate space between the Protestant countries where illiterate persons do not now exist, and the countries of the south where the numbers of the illiterate exceed one-half or three-quarters of the population. For a country so rich, so covered with industrious inhabitants, so furrowed with railroads, this condition of ignorance is one which should put us to the blush, and to which we must put a stop at any cost. Under the head of intermediate education, it would be necessary to increase the number of the schools, especially in the smaller towns, which have only the diocesan schools. Finally, the higher teaching in the universities must be completed and strengthened. It will be of special importance to correct the effects of the right of granting degrees enjoyed by the private universities, by the institution of examinations for professions, and of a special degree necessary for entrance into the public

service, and particularly into the administration of justice. The Liberal party will also probably demand certain measures for arresting the rapid numerical increase of the convents, which are being established in evasion of mortmain laws that were passed even under the old *régime*.

The accomplishment of the programme which we have just sketched will meet with desperate resistance on the part of the clergy and their adherents. As the Clerical party makes for itself a weapon of the religious sentiment, the effort of the Liberal party will necessarily result in this sentiment becoming weaker. This raises an important question. Is the influence of religion likely to suffer continual diminution? Macaulay believed in the perpetual duration of the Papacy because, said he, in matters of religion the law of progress does not hold good. Inasmuch as the ideas and the hopes which are concerned are beyond the reach of experience and observation, we must not here expect the progressive advance which results from the accumulation and the survey of observed facts. This remark, however, profound as it is, is only half true. Little by little there is being formed an intellectual atmosphere, fatal to certain doctrines which are irreconcilable with reason. These doctrines die, just as certain species of animals have died, when circumstances have become unfavourable to their conservation and propagation. Catholicism has gained much ground in a material point of view, because it has known, with great ability, how to make capital out of the ideas and the desires of conservatism and tradition. It has more convents, more schools, and more wealth than it once had; but Catholic belief has grown strangely weaker. Among enlightened folk, among the town workmen, and even among the more cultivated countrymen, it is rare to find any who believe with conviction in the Immaculate Conception, in the Infallibility of the Pope, and even in the Real Presence. We should find, it is asserted, very few even among the Catholic members of the Chambers who have such beliefs. The bishops see and groan over the fact that Catholic belief grows weak and faint. If now the public schools of all grades are wrested from the control of the clergy, and if war is carried on against them by what is called the diffusion of enlightenment, there will follow, should the Liberal crusade succeed, a profound disturbance, if not the ruin, of religious sentiment. Unfortunately the independence of the State is at stake, since the Church, if it preserves its empire over souls, has but one end, namely, the subordination of every power to its supremacy. I shall not at present endeavour to examine what may be the consequences of this novel situation.

The disaster which the Catholic party has suffered at the hands of the constituencies, has sharpened the disagreement which held its two



subdivisions apart. The first of these subdivisions is that of the Conservatives, who dub themselves Catholic because they think the Church the best safeguard, and the best rallying point of Conservative and reactionary interests. They declare that they accept the Belgian constitution as admirable and final, and when they are told of the anathemas with which Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. loaded it, they equivocate or are silent. Their dream is to unite with themselves the more moderate Liberals, and thus to make up a party of the Centre. M. Malou, his ministerial colleagues, and the great majority of the Catholic members of the Chamber belong to this group. The other is that of the Clericals pure and simple. They take boldly for their watchwords the Syllabus and the restoration of papal supremacy. They put up with the constitution as a necessary evil, but they avow that the ideal to be aimed at is "the natural order of Christian societies;" that is to say, the order in which the civil body is subject to the priests, as the natural body is to the soul. This is the dream of unity under the ægis of the Holy See, a gorgeous dream, and one conceived by the greatest mediæval doctors. The Clericals are not ignorant that, in affecting these lofty views, they will scare the timid; but they believe that the troubles and the catastrophes which menace modern society, will finally drive it to seek shelter under the wing of the institution which is, in the West, the best representative of the principles of permanence and authority. The power and fascination of this ideal had need be great, since, even in Protestant countries, it has attracted more than one troubled soul.

The two subdivisions of the Catholic party are at this moment waging a bitter war with pen and ink; but their mutual dependence is too great to allow of a final divorce between them. The political Catholics of the Chambers cannot do without the support of the bishops and their journals. On the other hand the bishops have need of the political Catholics to defend their cause in Parliament. The party of the Centre could only be formed by the excesses of the deeper shades of the two parties actually existing; and in all probability this would only happen in the case of the complete triumph of one or the other. So long as Catholics and Liberals continue in their present state of equilibrium, the present understanding will continue of necessity, because the least dissension, if carried as far as the ballot-boxes, would bring about the victory of the opposite party.

From an international point of view, the incoming of a Liberal cabinet is a piece of great good fortune for Belgium. All over the Continent, in Italy, in Austria, in Germany, in Holland, and in France, since the downfall of the Government of the 16th May, power is in the hands of the adversaries of clerical supremacy.

Belgium had become the refuge of monks driven from other countries—the fortress and rallying point of Ultramontanism. Once and again already the provocations of the fanatical partisans of the temporal power had put the Belgian Government in an awkward position with regard to the Governments of Germany and Italy. Catholic as it was, M. Malou's cabinet found it necessary to interfere, and to request moderation from the bishops, the parish priests, and the clerical journals, which were not more polite towards King Victor Emmanuel than towards Prince Bismark. The sympathy of all Europe for Belgium is obviously the best pledge that her neutrality and her independent existence will be respected. This sympathy would little by little have cooled if the country had become a centre of opposition to the prevailing policy of Germany, Italy, and France. It is a clear advantage for a small State to pursue a course parallel to that of its powerful neighbours, as Belgium will now do. In every Catholic country a struggle of gigantic proportions, and as yet far from its conclusion, has begun between the modern spirit and the older spirit represented by the Papacy. Belgium is in the forefront of this battle, inasmuch as in no country has the question at issue been more clearly defined or the conflict waged longer. A powerful effort is on the point of being made to arrest and vanquish Ultramontanism; and it will be not a little instructive for other nations to watch closely the conduct and the result of the attempt.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

## RECTIFICATIONS.'

THE July number of the Fortnightly Review contained an article on the recent industrial conflict in North Lancashire, from the hands of the Editor, not only marked with his usual ability, and evidently compiled after much inquiry, but signalised by such a spirit of impartiality, and a tone and temper so moderate, dispassionate, and fair—characteristics unhappily too rare in these discussions—that it is with great regret that I have felt obliged to ask his permission to correct and controvert some of his positions, and to point out and endeavour to rectify a tendency to some views which seem to me clearly unsound, and likely, if unopposed, to do mischief, by the sanction they appear to give in a periodical of high character to some prevalent errors of the day. This permission he has kindly accorded, and I will endeavour to exercise it in a spirit as candid as his own, and I am quite sure with as friendly feelings towards the operative classes, and as earnest a desire to reach some satisfactory solution of the chronic controversy between capital and labour, and the disputed problems connected therewith—which, if not settled on a sound foundation, threaten untold danger, loss, and suffering to the whole community, as well as to the parties immediately concerned, for many years, if not for many generations. I can plead, as my reason for asking to be heard with patience, the practical experience of one quarter of a century followed by the anxious watchfulness of another quarter, and the deepest interest in the progress and elevation of the working classes—for which I may claim to have laboured, according to my lights and to the limits of my power, for the better portion of a lifetime. I will be as brief, too, as the subject admits; and in truth, I cannot but think that the principles which should guide us in dealing with it are too clear and simple to need prolixity, and that the main facts involved are neither obscure nor fairly disputable.

I will speak first of Mr. Morley's observations on some special features of the recent unhappy and wasteful struggle, both because this is the least important part of the subject, and because the conflict is now at an end. Mr. Morley does full justice to the better and, we believe with him, the more truly *representative* portion of both the employers and the employed. He describes the prevalent comfort, the decent and well-furnished dwellings, and the respectable habits of the cotton operatives as a whole—though I think that in contrasting their present condition with the past, he paints the latter in colours inaccurately dark. At least I was conversant fifty years ago with many factories to which his satisfactory picture of the body of the Blackburn working men might in all particulars be applied. The *élite*, too, of

the masters fully merit his high appreciation of both their talents and their character—the eminent capacities for organization and administration indispensable in their business, and displayed by most of them—their habitual benevolence, generosity, and kindness in dealing with their workmen—and, with only rare exceptions or interruptions, the maintenance of thoroughly friendly relations with them, as exemplified especially by two notorious facts: first, that even in the midst of an irritating struggle, those among the operatives who really needed it were quietly relieved or assisted by their employers; and next, that though most of those on strike dwelt in cottages belonging to these employers, no attempt was made or was thought of by the owners, or feared by the occupants, either to eject them or to exact the rent, though the custom is to pay this weekly. This *élite*, moreover, of these “Captains of Industry” (to use Carlyle’s epithet), it should be remembered, are, if not the majority, yet almost invariably the heads of the largest, the wealthiest, and the oldest firms.

Mr. Morley’s sympathies, it is plain, though kept well in hand by his careful inquiries and his strict equity, incline towards the men’s side in this most inconsiderate and disastrous conflict; and perhaps, in one or two matters of historical detail, he has accepted with too complete confidence the accounts furnished to him by the operatives, or, more probably, by their leaders. But it is not worth while to join issue on these minor points. The statement, however, at the foot of page 13, must not be accepted as a complete or accurate account of the transaction, though no doubt it is the one which Mr. Morley received from the weavers’ delegates. These delegates had sent no answer to the masters’ invitation to attend, and it was not known that they were coming. When they did arrive, however, ten minutes after the meeting had broken up, they were received by the chairman, and had a conversation with him. But they gave no intimation that they brought any authorisation from the body they represented to consent to a reduction of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or 5 per cent. Nor did the masters believe that the men intended to accept any reduction; and it soon appeared that they were right in this non-belief. But we need not dwell upon this discrepancy of detail; we will proceed to the more essential points of the case.

There was no difference of opinion between the parties as to the calamitous state of trade which led to the reduction of wages proposed by the mill-owners. They had borne serious losses for a long period before asking the men to share or mitigate this burden. The men fully admitted the statement of their masters on this fundamental point—they admitted even that it was an under-statement. But Mr. Morley blames the masters for proposing so large a reduction as 10 per cent. at once, and attributes the strike mainly to the enormity of this demand. That he is quite in error as to this there can, I

believe, be no doubt. Indeed, it is made manifest by many circumstances. First, the reduction was not enormous. For a large proportion of the weavers it was merely a diminution of their earnings from 20s. a week to 18s.; and where, as is most usual, two or three members of a family were in work, it meant a family income of £2 or £2 10s., instead of £2 4s. or £2 15s. Indeed, the aggregate earnings of a household not unfrequently reached £3, out of which they were asked to forego 6s., and this in order to relieve employers who had been losing, without murmuring, from £50 to £100 week by week for many months, in many cases, indeed, for a year, or even probably two years. Secondly, one of the points dwelt upon in the manifesto issued by the Union leaders in objecting to this reduction was precisely that it was inadequate, by itself, to meet the exigencies of the case, that it would not rectify the badness of the trade, nor suffice to turn their employers' losses into gains, nor even to square the account. Thirdly, a 5 per cent. reduction, to be followed after a short interval by another reduction to the same amount—as the men feared, and as was generally felt must be the case—would, it was generally thought, be a more disturbing, because an incomplete measure, would keep the question vexatiously open, and the renewed demand still hanging over the men's heads. Fourthly, the employers could not fail to remember that the experiment of the milder reduction of 5 per cent. had been tried at Bolton a few months previously, had been resisted just as promptly, and had been met, as in the Blackburn case, by a strike just as hopeless and unreasonable. Therefore I think it is clear that so far from Mr. Morley's condemnation of the masters' course being warranted, that course was wise, right, justifiable, and even kind. A 5 per cent. reduction would have necessitated a second reduction very shortly afterwards. A 10 per cent. reduction, if accepted frankly, would have made a second step in the same direction very difficult. As it is, the losses brought upon the masters by the strike have been very considerable; and as Mr. Morley, we believe, is aware, the probability of a further reduction is already spoken of in Lancashire.

One sentence in his article we cannot but regret and condemn. He says, "The employers were alive to the inadequate strength [in funds] of their opponents. If the weavers had been paying a substantial weekly sum to the Union, and had thus secured a stout capital at their backs, the employers' association would never have dreamed of marching straight to a 10 per cent. reduction." This assertion ought not to have been made without strong grounds, and I am satisfied there is no reliable foundation for it whatever. The step taken by the masters was based upon the absolute (as admitted by the advocates of the men) necessity of their position; if they were to carry on their business at all—most of them at least—it had become essential to enforce it, entirely independent of

the wealth or poverty of the weavers' union. Why the knowledge of this state of their funds and their unfitness for a struggle did not prevent the leaders of this class of operatives from entering upon it, is a question for them to answer. Indeed, their proceedings from first to last are so unaccountable, that until some reasonable explanation be offered, we shall feel entitled to condemn them in the most unmeasured terms, as on the face silly, short-sighted, and cruel to those for whom they acted and whom they led into so much suffering and mischief. For what are the simple facts of the case? I state only those as to which I believe there is no dispute. The leaders who put forth the manifesto signed by Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley on behalf of the weavers, admitted the heavy loss of the mill-owners and the equity of their demand that the men should share it; they avowed their incapacity to meet a prolonged contest; they declared themselves quite aware that they must be beaten in the end; yet they determined to enter on a course of resistance, and appealed to public sympathy and support. The only conceivable explanation—justification it is none—of this astounding illogicality is suggested by two sentences in the article I am criticizing, the inference from which seems to have escaped Mr. Morley. The first is the statement that the manifesto in question, though signed "by those who organized the strike," was in truth "*the work of another hand*,"—i.e., as I read it, of some literary advocate who had no real insight into the inner features of the case. The second is a letter to Mr. Morley from "one of the most influential of the employers," in which he says, "The spinners' delegates . . . are entitled to be regarded as the fair and legitimate representatives of their branch of the operatives, whom, so far as we know, they have never deceived nor exasperated. *Of the weavers' representatives this cannot be said; and it is only because the weavers themselves took the affair into their own hands that the strike has been settled.*" Indeed, it is impossible to read page 19 of the article, especially Mr. Birtwistle's own statement, without recognising the entire hollowness and falseness of the issue on which the dispute was based and the battle fought by the weavers' chiefs and spokesmen. Mr. Morley appears to think that this hollowness was not exclusively on the men's side, though I confess I cannot see his ground for this; unless it be that spirit of compromise which he has elsewhere analyzed and condemned, and that sort of candour

"Which finds, with keen discriminating sight,  
Black not so black, nor white so *very* white."

For what is the state of the case? The masters say: "We are losing so much, and have lost so long, and we have so much difficulty in finding a sale for all our goods at present prices, that *we must lessen the cost of production.*" The men's answer is, "Don't do that; keep up prices whatever happens; work short time, produce less, and so

starve your customers into paying what you ask." Now, since working short time (as everybody knows, none better than operatives and trade-union chiefs) simply means *raising* the cost of production, and raising it at least as much as 10 per cent. off wages could reduce it, I submit that, *as an answer*, the men's proposition was either an evasion or a mockery. The masters apply to the operatives to assist them in mitigating their loss. The operatives reply by proposing to them to double that loss. Was that business-like, sensible, or decent? That was the plain, undeniable meaning. That the men would have had to forego some earnings on their part if their plan had been adopted, does not mend the matter practically. I remember only one case which runs on all fours. When Sheridan was reeling home one night considerably the worse for liquor, he was accosted by a man in the gutter somewhat more tipsy than himself, who begged to be helped up. "My dear friend," hiccupped Sheridan, "that is obviously impossible. But—I can lie down beside you!" Of course, the employers could not listen to so futile and irrelevant a scheme—first, because it would worsen instead of bettering their position; secondly, because they knew, with their superior knowledge of the markets, that it would not effect the object the men professed to anticipate from its adoption—as the result of a nine weeks' strike (equivalent to about half a year's short time) has fully demonstrated—cotton not having perceptibly fallen, nor goods perceptibly risen by the experiment; and thirdly because, most probably, they were fully aware that there was no *bona fides* in the proposition. This, indeed, was frankly avowed afterwards by the organizer of the strike himself, Mr. Birtwistle, at a meeting held at Burnley. The real object aimed at by the weavers' delegates in their ostentatious proposals was "NOT (he told them) the short time which has been so much lauded as the means of improving trade;"—"not that surely, . . . but solely and simply by a prolonged strike, to prevent a reduction of wages, and thus force upon the employers the continued endurance of a loss which is calculated in this same manifesto at equal to 40 per cent. on the wages. And thus *we have had two months' conflict upon a false issue*, which has deceived at the same time the bulk of the operatives and not a small portion of the outside public."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Morley objects, in referring to the *Economist*, to the terseness of its statement as to the absurdity of the ostensible proposal of the workmen to accept the 10 per cent. reduction on condition of its being accompanied by short time. He represents that the proposal was so obviously and manifestly absurd that the *Economist* ought to have seen that it never could have been seriously made. The *Economist*, it would appear, gave the operatives credit for more sincerity and at the same time greater folly than they deserved. They

(1) Fortnightly Review for July, p. 19.

are not, Mr. Morley says, so senseless as the writer fancied. After much inquiry, he writes, "I feel very little doubt that the proposal was never serious, if it was not a cheap device for an outside reputation for being conciliatory and practicable. Everybody knew, if everybody did not avow, that it was desperate."<sup>1</sup> This is confirmed by the above statement of their spokesman, and at the same time by an apparently authoritative letter in the *Manchester Times* signed "A Factory Worker," which establishes and reconciles all our views. It appears that at a critical moment the leadership was taken out of the weavers' hands by an outsider without the slightest warrant, who marred the whole negotiations; and, strange to say, the chiefs of the weavers submitted to this usurpation.

The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* has done yeoman's service to the cause of practical truth in pointing out several of the most forcible objections to the illusive proposal by the workmen to refer the dispute between them and their employers to arbitration; but one—and that perhaps the most conclusive of all—he has omitted; and arbitration may be so valuable a resource at need that it should not be mismanaged or applied to inapplicable cases; and I therefore venture to supply the omission. Where the point to be determined upon relates to a *matter of degree*, a third party may rationally be appealed to to decide between two differing parties. Where it relates to a *matter of kind and fact*, as in this case, such appeal would almost always be irrational. Now here, for example, if the point at issue had been whether the men should forego one-tenth of their earnings, or the masters one-half or one-fourth of their profits, appeal, and welcome, to Lord Derby, or Lord Bateman, or Mr. Mundella, to settle the affair; they would be as likely to be right as wrong, and at all events no great harm could be wrought in any result. But here, the dispute was whether the men should forego one-tenth of their wages, or the masters *should continue to endure losses* which they had borne long, which amounted to many thousands a year, and which, if continued, might for numbers of them end in utter ruin;—and how could any outsider undertake to decide on a question such as this, or how could any party concerned be expected to bow to such a decision? The following quotation from the *Economist* of June 22nd puts the whole case in a clear and conclusive light:—

"Arbitration, councils of conciliation, and the like, may be of vast service in assuaging minor differences and preventing the commencement of strikes, because they can put before the workmen, on impartial and reliable authority, facts and considerations which would not be believed or received as conclusive on the statement of the masters; but deep-seated internecine conflicts between employers and employed can scarcely ever—we might almost say never—be reconciled or closed by such tribunals, unless the State confer on their awards the sanction of law and the power of enforcing them. This never can or ought

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(1) *Fortnightly Review*, p. 16.



to be done, for two conclusive reasons. In England, and in all free countries, it would be alike impossible and unjust to compel workmen to labour at a rate of wages fixed by others, and not by voluntary bargains made by themselves; for this would virtually be equivalent to forbidding them to seek more liberal employers or a more lucrative occupation; in a word, would reduce them to a position of serfdom. Equally would it be impossible and monstrous to compel employers to carry on their business on terms, or subject to paying a rate of wages which they know, or believe, will involve a loss or scantier profits than they choose to put up with, or than they think they can command elsewhere. Law can never usefully interfere between employer and employed in matters of remuneration, except to keep both to agreements into which they have voluntarily entered. It can never force a master to continue a disastrous and unprofitable manufacture, nor an artisan to continue working for wages on which he cannot live comfortably or does not choose to be content with. Yet to confer upon any tribunal of the sort we speak of the authority to enforce its awards would practically amount to such enactments, and we may be perfectly certain that neither party would dream of obeying its decrees. It is obvious that if a State once begins to ordain 'a fair day's wages for a fair day's work' in the interest of the operative, it must at the same time enact 'a fair year's profit' to the master who employs him."

While agreeing most cordially with one of Mr. Morley's propositions—indeed, regarding it as not only the most obviously sound, but perhaps also the most important of them all—I draw from it a very different inference. "Fluctuations of wages (he writes) are the worst of the evils to which the life of the artisan are exposed. . . . And, fluctuations apart, there is a level below which it is not to the advantage of society that its most industrious members should descend; and the great service which combinations of workmen have rendered to the rest of England is their tenacity in maintaining or raising this level by their constant sensitiveness on the subject of wages." Now I confess I am utterly surprised that the writer has failed to perceive (for if he had I am sure his candour would not have failed to declare) that against this flagrant and paramount evil of fluctuation of wages, the constant and habitual safeguard is found in the capital, the natural interest, and the conduct and kindly consideration of the employers, who equalise wages to their operatives in a way and to a degree which these too rarely equalise them for themselves by saving—who virtually and practically *save* for them—who, in a word, *bear the fluctuations for them*—who, as in this case, endure severe *losses* for many months, and even for a term of years, before asking the men to endure the most moderate reduction of their *gains*. All which is notorious, and not for a moment denied by the operatives themselves; yet recognised neither with gratitude nor gladness, and repaid only with that "constant sensitiveness" which our Editor refers to as a subject for approval.

One further rectification I must be permitted. "It is commonly assumed by academic economists that every reduction of wages will be sooner or later followed by a return to the former rate." If I may speak on their behalf, I venture to say that they assume nothing of the sort. They affirm that such reduction will be followed by

such return *in case* the then conditions of the supply of labour in the market in relation to the demand for it shall warrant and necessitate such return,—and *invariably* in that case,—and *only* in that case; and moreover that this will take place without any efforts of Trade Unions for that object, and in spite of any resistance on their part to the opposing operation. And that economists of the true faith hold these doctrines to be about as axiomatic as the propositions of Euclid. And, further, that they venture to point out as a fact, in opposition to the sentences of Mr. Morley, that the tendency for a very long series of years has been towards a decided and pretty continuous rise of wages. And, finally, they have not the least doubt—though they will not assert, because they cannot prove it in a court of law—both that this rise has not been brought about either by “constant sensitiveness on the subject,” or by those “Unions” which have made themselves its organs; but moreover that these have extorted from the operatives, in frequently reluctant subscriptions, far larger sums than they have ever extorted from the employers on their behalf. And now I am able to get to a branch of our topic which I, and I am sure our Editor, will be more anxious to discuss.

Mr. Morley puts the matter in a very distinct form. “The economic contest of the cheap races with the dear ones is sure to come.” It is in truth, to us at least, the gravest and the most urgent question of the day. It has come already. It is on us now, in at least three quarters of the globe—in California, in Australia, and at home;—and (what distresses and alarms me) in each quarter the parties most immediately concerned are entering on the contest in a wrong spirit, and are preparing to fight the battle with weapons to which success is impossible, and would be undeserved. In California, a territory peopled largely by Irish and German immigrants, as well as by the overflowing of the Eastern States, the established population seem resolved to hunt out in most unscrupulous fashion the Chinese, who have greatly assisted to develop their resources, and appear to have given no active offence; but are too quietly, steadily, and economically industrious, and are a sort of reproach to the rowdiness of the others, and at all events tend to bring down the remuneration of labour. In Queensland, a country of vast extent, needing and capable of absorbing incalculable numbers, the British settlers, sparse and scanty in the extreme, are doing whatever they can decently to discourage and prevent the landing of immigrants from the overflowing population of the great empire of Eastern Asia, which asks only to be allowed to toil, and they are pressing for measures which can scarcely be called decent. They will not permit those who can live on less to work for less, nor those who, like themselves, were redundant and half-starved at home, to seek, as

they had done, a less inhabited and more hopeful land. In Lancashire the working men are framing their plan for the coming campaign on an analogous mistake;—and it is this I am desirous to make clear. “The unionists might say, and say rightly,” says Mr. Morley, “that they will not, if they can help it, be parties to a process that means the gradual lowering of the material resources of the labouring population of the world to the standard that happens to suffice for that portion of it which is least able for political, historical, or other reasons to secure an ample share of the wealth of the earth, and of all the blessings and adornments of life.” Very good; only let them avoid the blunder of pitting their strength against the laws of nature and the principles of morality in their mode of proceeding to their end. “What Englishman,” he asks, “who has not bartered his soul away would consent for all the material gains in the world to see the whole labouring population of the Lancashire towns reduced to the condition of the Irish quarter of Liverpool, or Five Points at New York? Who would choose to see those endless rows of commodious, cleanly, wholesome, and decent cottages transformed into the bestial sties of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco?” I echo his exclamations to the letter;—only I say, “Let us set to work in a fashion likely to secure our aim, not in a way certain to render success impossible, and to leave us in the attitude of the celebrated Mrs. Partington with her mop, vigorously sweeping away the Atlantic Ocean.” The Editor and myself, I am convinced, have the same object at heart, and really the same ideal for the artisans and labourers in our fancy;—but perhaps he thinks more of what is desirable, and I of what is feasible; he considers the case in the light of cordial sympathies and a hopeful temperament, and with the aid of information diligently and conscientiously gleaned from those he desires to serve; I from the observation and experience of half a century, a large portion of it from the inside.

There is so great a diversity of judgment as to the danger which threatens us with the gradual loss of our markets from the competition of foreign countries, that he would be rash and unseemly who ventured to pronounce a confident decision. I have a strong opinion on the question, but I am so anxious to carry all my readers with me, and to assist the investigation rather than to disturb it, that I will endeavour to state nothing which can be open to dispute, leaving the conclusion to flow spontaneously from the premisses.

I. The state of affairs is this. Great Britain three or four generations ago had the start of almost all other nations in the chief branches of the productive arts. Her people seemed to have a special gift in that line, and her country possessed several incidental advantages. The British were ingenious and industrious, and soon accumulated the capital requisite for their needs. They became artificers for more than half the globe. Steadily, and with few interruptions,

they advanced ; produced more, better, and cheaper than their rivals, who began to envy and imitate them ; and nearly to this time their markets—that is, the demand of other countries in addition to the home requirements—have increased so fast as to allow and invite incessant additions to our manufacturing classes, pretty frequent augmentations to their earnings as well as to the profits of the capitalists,—

“ And all went merry as a marriage bell.”

Of late years, however, other nations have begun to manufacture for themselves, then to export their goods and rival us in foreign markets ; but considering that in nearly all cases they insist on a protectionist tariff, our producers may be excused for having treated their competition with some contempt. But now the matter begins to look more serious, and the plain features of the position are the following, at least as regards European countries.

The *advantages* of Great Britain in the rivalry in question are (or have been) three—unlimited command of capital, undeniable superiority in machine-making, and, usually, more efficient and energetic workmanship. Her counterbalancing *disadvantage* lies in the higher wages on which her artisans insist, in the more luxurious standard of living which renders these wages (in their belief at least) essential ; and in their common practice of living fully up to their income. The continental operatives have usually been less efficient than the English ones, but, on the other hand, they are content with much lower earnings, while their habitual requirements, their ideas, and their frugality combined with the greater cheapness of the necessities of life, enable them to live comfortably on those earnings. At the same time it cannot be denied that the comparative inefficiency of their labour is largely atoned for by their longer hours of work. This, I believe, will be admitted to be a fair and succinct statement of the truth.

Now the point to which I desire to call attention (and which, I believe, must equally be recognised as incontestable) is that year by year, the *advantages* of this country are lapsing or diminishing, while her one disabling *disadvantage* is tenaciously and rapidly insisted upon by the operatives, as if it were a privilege and a plank of safety in the storm. Capital to almost any extent can, as we well know, be obtained by every honest nation, and by many even to which this epithet could scarcely be applied. Our most perfect machinery is at the command of any of our rivals, just as frankly as at the beck of our own manufacturers, and also the services of our most skilful superintendents to set it going and to keep it in order. But, as to the efficiency of the labour of our organized manufacturing industry, we must remember that the regular hours of work, which used, here

as elsewhere, to be 72 per week, have been reduced, first to 60, and then generally to 54; and who is prepared to maintain, his hand upon his heart, that the work is as hearty, as persistent, or as conscientious as it used to be? The same amount may, no doubt, be turned out per week or per hour as was done ten years ago—even more, because payment is, in most cases, by the piece, and because the machinery has been incessantly improved, and its speed increased; but this does not warrant or involve the inference in question; and it must be observed that this same augmented efficiency of the spindle and the weaving shed is shared by foreigners as well.

Our *relative* position in the race of productive competition is, therefore, it would seem, deteriorating year by year. It may be many years before our exports actually diminish or our production has to be reduced, since the population of the globe and its demand for our manufactures *may* increase more rapidly than our rivals can supply it. It may be that for a time we shall still be able to produce more cheaply than most of those rivals. But it cannot be denied that the tendency has set in in the opposite direction; that in some instances it has made considerable progress; that it is aided everywhere by protectionist tariffs; and that many of our textile manufactures at all events are in the process of gradual exclusion from continental markets. In a word, we used to be the manufacturers for the whole of Europe: we are slowly ceasing to be so, and it is pretty clear are not, unless we change our tactics, to be so in the future.

This, however, is not all. We are threatened with the competition of two remote countries, utterly peculiar and dissimilar in their conditions, but both possessed of particular advantages—America and India. Both have the raw material grown on the spot; both have boundless access to English capital and English machinery. The manufacturing classes of the United States have even more signal inventive ingenuity than ours, quite British energy and efficiency, and perhaps more than British sagacity, though the remuneration of labour is higher than at home. The operatives of India are steadily industrious, if not energetic, curiously skilful manipulators, and unfettered in their hours of work—while they can live and live comfortably on earnings which would mean starvation to an Englishman. It is in these quarters, I incline to fear, that our most formidable competitors will be found; but the future depends on a variety of circumstances, and I do not venture to predict with any confidence.

II. About my next position, however, I will not affect the slightest doubt,—and it is the critical point of the whole controversy. The employers in the late contest, with only one or two exceptions, were perfectly convinced not only that they could not carry on their business any longer without a loss of capital for which they were not prepared, but that they would be unable to retain their markets,

to continue their production, or dispose of their goods, unless they could lower prices; and in order to do this it was notoriously necessary for them to *reduce the cost of production*; and this not only as a temporary measure, but probably for a continuance, in order to prevent being undersold by foreign competitors. The men—or rather the men's leaders—conscious that this reduction of cost meant lowering of wages, set their faces deliberately and avowedly against it, voted it unnecessary, and insisted upon raising the prices of goods instead by limiting production (thus *raising* instead of lowering the cost); fancying that success was possible by this proceeding. The discrepancy of view and plan between the operatives and their employers was thus obviously and notoriously irreconcilable from the outset. This principle of action appears to have been systematically and resolutely adopted by a large body of artisans in various branches of industry; and we confess to our surprise and regret at observing a manifest inclination on Mr. Morley's mind towards defending, or perhaps we ought to say excusing it. For surely many considerations would suggest that success by such means is unattainable, and that the attempt, if carried out, would be both suicidal and anti-social.

1. In the first place, its aim is to make the community pay more than they need do for the commodities they require in two ways—by keeping up the cost of production and enhancing it—by maintaining wages, and adding to the proportionate fixed charges on the capital employed. And as what is fair and wise in one set of workmen must, by parity of reasoning, be fair and right for others, the result would simply be that all articles would rise in price, and every one's income would purchase less than before; and the abundance and cheapness which for a generation we have been rejoicing over would have received a death-blow.

2. The amount of commodities created would be largely diminished, and the aggregate wealth of the country curtailed; the higher wages artificially secured to each class of labourers and artisans would be lost in the higher prices they would have to pay for the commodities they had to buy—their houses, their coal, their shoes, their clothes, and so on;—that is, would be taken out of the pockets of their fellow-workmen. And the producing classes, be it remembered, constitute three-fourths of the population.

3. Sooner or later foreign competition, whether we please or not, can neither be ignored or escaped—unless we surround ourselves with a *cordon sanitaire* of tariffs—nor even then, because we manufacture for export far more than for home consumption; perhaps one half or more of the English operatives in most lines are dependent on the export trade. Now the retention of this trade, as every one is aware if he will but reflect, depends upon our continuous power of underselling our competitors abroad; and the mode of

securing this power insisted upon by our sagacious Unionist chiefs is that we shall steadily refuse to cheapen production or to lower prices !

4. Limitation of production, which the producers' spokesmen are recommending as the panacea, involves sooner or later a vast reduction of the manufacturing population of these islands, especially when foreign competition shall begin to tell upon us ;—and we shall not always continue the industrial supplies of the habitable globe. *What then will become of the redundant millions ?* You do not fancy they will submit to be starved out by their selfish and organized fellow operatives. There are only three ways of disposing of them. They may be forced to emigrate, like the Irish and the Germans. They may refuse permission to come into the world, as in France. They may be bought off, and maintained by the union funds in disreputable idleness ;—and this would unavoidably be the first operation. But this would amount to a more serious reduction of the earnings of the working artisans than any proposed by their employers. And we may be pretty certain that long before any of these three courses are systematically resorted to, these redundant but honest and industrious operatives will go to their masters and offer to accept the wages those masters are able to afford. Therefore we hold that success in the scheme of keeping up wages by keeping down production is absolutely hopeless, and will cause vast misery if persisted in—losses to the masters, impoverishment to the men, repentance among their leaders, and deplorable bitterness of feeling among all classes.

If I anticipated, as Mr. Morley seems to do, that moderate reductions of wages, when the circumstances of the trade render them just and inevitable, must be the commencement of a course of continuous depression which will end in bringing down the condition of our Lancashire operatives to that of the Chinese or even of the Irish—or even if I believed that these reductions would necessarily lower their social status below the level of respectability and comfort—I should look upon the future with far greater uneasiness than I do. But I have no such fear, unless the men and their unionist leaders prove more pertinacious in their errors than I think they will be. I am not sure that such reductions may not produce a salutary influence by letting the earnings of the artisans fluctuate with the profits of the capitalists, and thus teaching them to know that these gains are not the certain and unvarying receipts they fancy, and that they and their masters are sailing in the same boat. I am quite sure that when trade revives and the demand for manufactured goods spreads, these reductions, if at all overdone, will be promptly given, or taken, back. I feel confident, moreover, that a reduction of 10 per cent., or even a larger one, need not involve any lowering in the standard of comfort in the operative life. I am not going to echo the too common charge of riotous living and alcoholic indulgence. The Lancashire

cotton operatives at all events are not fairly open to this accusation to any serious extent. People who are at their looms and mules at six o'clock in the morning, and who begin their week's toil faithfully on Monday, cannot drink much. But they may economise in three ways without trenching upon comfort, and a beginning has been made already. They may market better than they do, for the retail trade is to them an expensive process, and "co-operative stores" have already inaugurated a marked improvement. They may mend their habits of cooking so as to make their purchases go farther, to a degree that few would credit—and instruction on this subject is already sought and profited by. And they may save the hundreds of thousands of pounds which they now squander in strikes and labour conflicts, and the maintenance of union officials.<sup>1</sup> It has been calculated<sup>2</sup> that in these and other ways an economy of *thirty per cent.* is feasible.

In conclusion, I think it may be stated with conviction, that to lower the cost of production is the interest, the necessity, and the duty of the British manufacturer, and that to oppose this object is to fight against the stars in their courses. Cheap labour (if really cheap in reference to its productiveness) must in the end beat dear labour out of the field, and it is for the good of the world that it should do so because its success augments the mass of commodities divisible among mankind. But it does not follow that the condition of the producers will be deteriorated in consequence. In fact—awful and perverse mismanagement apart—the contrary result follows. One of the most calculable results of civilisation is that nearly all the necessaries and most of the comforts of life grow habitually cheaper and more attainable to them, as we have experienced during the last half-century—*e.g.* bread, beer, tea, sugar, locomotion, and clothing—most articles in fact except houses, meat, and milk. For the Lancashire operative to set his face against this tendency by insisting that, *in his particular branch of industry*, commodities shall not be cheapened, but that prices shall be kept up in order that wages may be kept up too, is to place himself in opposition to the best interests of his fellow-men. If he will only recognise that he is insisting that the article he *produces* shall keep *dear*, and all the articles he *consumes* shall become *cheap*, he will perceive the wholly offensive and untenable character of the position he has taken up.

I, as well as Mr. Morley, have my ideal of the condition of the operative. I am satisfied that this ideal is attainable if only equity and sound sense are suffered to prevail. I have seen it, in individual instances, approached with tantalising and gratifying nearness, and maintained for a generation.

W. R. GREG.

(1) I have worked out this argument elsewhere with great care, and I believe with no exaggeration, though I ought to apologise for quoting from myself. See "Mistaken Aims of the Artisan Class. Proletariat on a Wrong Scent," pp. 317—329.

(2) See Messrs. Chambers' tract on "Misexpenditure."



## A CHAPTER OF BUDDHIST FOLK-LORE.

BUDDHISM possesses an exceedingly voluminous literature, and it is a matter of some surprise that the number of works which have been preserved and handed down from periods of remote antiquity, is so great as we find it to be at the present day. It must be remembered, too, that the religion has suffered fully its fair share of persecution, and that manuscripts in the East are exposed to constant injury and destruction from innumerable creatures of the animal world, as well as from damp and other atmospheric influences, whilst until a comparatively recent period the art of printing has been of no assistance whatever in perpetuating the traditions and the records of former ages. Nevertheless, as Professor Max Müller tells us,<sup>1</sup> the collection of Buddhist MSS. which M. Grimblot was able to bring from Ceylon alone, and to deposit in the Imperial library at Paris, consisted of eighty-seven separate works, filling no less than fourteen thousand palm leaves; these palm leaves, or *olas* as they are called, are inscribed with an iron stylus, and would probably contain on an average about as much as would fill an ordinary octavo page. But many of the monasteries and temples in Ceylon contain large and valuable stores of Buddhist literature which until quite recently have been unknown to the outside world. Several of these libraries have been lately examined by a very able Pali scholar, L. De Soyza, Mudaliyar; and copies of the unique and more rare manuscripts have been added to the library which has been formed during the last five or six years at Colombo by the local Government. The collection which has been thus made has been supplemented by numerous donations, and is probably the most exhaustive series of the ancient Buddhist writings now in existence.

The sacred canon of Buddhism upon which numerous commentaries have been from time to time written in Elu, Pali, Sanskrit, and other languages, is known as the Tripitaka or Three Baskets. The first is called the Winaya Pitaka, or "The depository of discipline," and treats of the discipline and laws of the Buddhist priesthood; the second, or Sutra Pitaka, contains the discourses of the Buddha; and the third, or Abhidharma Pitaka, deals with metaphysical philosophy.

From the Mahawanso we learn that the whole Tripitaka were brought to Ceylon and recorded in the Elu language,<sup>2</sup> together with the Atthakatha, or commentaries upon them, by Mahindo, the son of Asoka, in the year 306 B.C., that is, 236 years after the generally

(1) *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 195.

(2) Some writers have considered that the difference between Elu and Sinhalese has not been precisely defined. Mr. Clough, in his dictionary, regards the two terms as synonymous, and Mr. De Alwis is clearly of the same opinion. The truth of the matter

received date of the death of the Buddha. "They were composed," says that chronicle, "in the Sinhalese language by the inspired and profoundly wise Mahindo, who had previously consulted the discourses of the Buddha authenticated at the convocations, and the dissertations and arguments of Sāriputto and others; and they are extant among the Sinhalese." Extant, that is to say, at the time when that part of the chronicle was compiled by Mahanama, about the year 460 A.D.

Again we find that in the year 92 B.C. King Walagambhaya directed that a collection should be made of the religious works of Ceylon. Five hundred priests were accordingly assembled in a subterranean rock temple called Aluwihara near the modern town of Matale, and they recorded in writing the Pali text of the Tripitaka, together with a Sinhalese Atuwawā, or commentary. The latter, however, has unfortunately been lost. A renowned and learned priest named Buddhaghosha, about the year 430 A.D., having learned the Elu Atuwās, retranslated into the Pali language "according to the grammatical rules of the Maghadas, which is the root of all languages spoken by the human race," to use the words of the Mahawanso, the whole Tripitaka as well as the commentary, as he found them probably in the old edition of Mahindo. The original text, or perhaps the oral record, was thus in a manner restored, while the real subject-matter of the Tripitaka which had survived heretical persecutions was further perpetuated.

The interesting account of the history of the Sinhalese language, given by Mr. De Alwis in the preface to his edition of the *Sidat Sangarawa*, enters fully into the various vicissitudes under which the sacred books of the Buddhists were preserved in Ceylon until the reign of King Parakrama Bahu IV. To that monarch, whose reign extended from the year 1319 A.D. to 1347, is due the credit of instituting a general revival of letters. "He devoted his time," says Mr. Turnour, "exclusively to religious observances, and to the building and embellishing sacred edifices at Kurunegala (the capital of his kingdom). Many religious and historical works, among them the Mahawanso (that is, a portion of the later part of that chronicle), were compiled under his auspices." The passage in the Mahawanso which refers to his literary achievements is thus translated by Mr. De Alwis: "Afterwards the king (Parakrama) appointed a royal teacher (in the person of) a very humane Mahā-thera, of the country of Chola (Tanjore), accomplished in different languages and in logic and religion; and having continually heard and studied under him all the Jatakas; and having

is, that the difference is more apparent than real; a large number of Elu words are dissimilar in form from the modern Sinhalese equivalents, whilst many are quite unknown to the literary and colloquial vocabulary of the present day. Elu is in fact the language of a past age, but, nevertheless, Sinhalese and Elu may be said to be the same, just as Chaucer and the *Times* newspaper are both English.

moreover committed to memory their significations, he thence gradually translated all the five hundred and fifty Jatakas from the Pali into the Sinhalese language, and having thoroughly revised them, after reading the same to an assembly of venerable priests who had mastered the three Pitakas, caused them to be written, and published them throughout Lanka. He next entrusted those Jatakas to a learned priest named Medhankara requesting him to have the same perpetuated without injury amongst the successive generations of his pupils."

The chief work thus composed under the auspices of Parakrama Bahu IV. is an immense book called the Pansiyanas Jataka, the history of the five hundred and fifty births which the Buddha underwent during the ages in which he was subject to Metempsychosis. It extends to upwards of twenty thousand lines, each line being twenty-two inches long. "This book," says Mr. Gogerly, "has by many writers been represented as one of the sacred books of the Buddhists. It is not, however, properly intitled to that character, not being included in either of the three Pitakas, but being a comment on a poetical book called Jataka, or births, which is one of the fifteen books contained in the fifth grand division of the Sutra Pitaka. It probably received the name of Jataka after the comment had been written; for a very large portion of it has no reference either to Buddha or to his births, but consists of moral aphorisms, proverbs, similitudes, and tales; some of the latter, indeed, professing to be accounts of the previous transmigrations of Gautama." The preface to the work itself gives a more precise view of the history and nature of the book. A part of it is quoted by Mr. De Alwis (Introduction to the Sidatsangarawa, p. 176), who appends a translation, from which, however, I would venture in some respects to differ, as the following seems to be the more accurate rendering: "The good minister Parakrama ordered that an Elu version should be composed of the discourses called the Five hundred and fifty nativities which the Buddha, after that he had first preached to many gods and Brahmins, and especially to the five orders of the priesthood assembled at the temple Isipatana, at Benares, the Sutra called Damsak, and had shewn to divers beings the great and immortal Nirwana, and had from thenceforth brought the faithful to land from the Ocean of Metempsychosis, delivered with a view to impart merit to gods, Brahmins, men and others; and in order to remove all doubts as to the various misdemeanors of the priesthood, and as to the various parables and histories of men, priests, and priestesses respectively."

The story of each successive birth of the Buddha is accordingly made the occasion for inculcating some moral lesson, or for illustrating some religious truth. The verse or text which prefaces one of them is as follows: "The wise and observing man will, even by small

means, raise himself to affluence, even as a large fire is kindled by few materials." And the accompanying legend relates how a poor man, following the advice of a great nobleman, sold a dead rat for a trifle in the market, and from this small beginning, by constant wisdom and prudence, kept on doubling his capital until he amassed a large fortune, and ultimately married the nobleman's daughter. The sequel explains that the Buddha himself, in a former state of existence, was this nobleman, while the man who had become rich from following his advice had been born again a priest, and through the influence of the Buddha had become great in religion, as he had similarly been made great in riches in his former existence. The story is translated at length, with others which are somewhat similar, by Mr. Gogerly. The text and the moral of another legend of a birth of Buddha is that "The energetic man found water by digging even in the sandy road frequented by travellers. Thus the sage endued with persevering energy, obtains by diligent exertion mental tranquillity." Another says, "If rational beings considered the wretchedness connected with birth and existence, they would not destroy each other; the destroyer of life will endure suffering." Another legend relates how a crane was outwitted and destroyed by a crab in an amusing manner; the crane and the crab respectively being the former states of existence of two priests, one of whom had succeeded in cheating the other, who was himself a very knavish fellow. The part which Buddha takes on this occasion of his birth is that of a god, who lived in a tree and witnessed the misconduct and ultimate discomfiture of the crane; and the moral of the story is that "Fraudulent cunning does not in the end produce permanent advantage. The fraudulent person may be circumvented, as the crane was by the crab." The circumstances of other births and periods of existence are illustrative of the moral and social side of Buddhism. "Never use harsh language, but always speak kindly," says the Nandawisala Jataka. "The heavy load of him who spake with kindness was drawn, and he rejoiced in the wealth he thereby acquired." And another has for its subject this text: "Those who reverence the wise and aged obtain praise in this world, and happiness in the world to come."

The Ummagga Jataka, however, which forms part of the compilation made by King Parakrama Bahu IV., enters more into detail in its description of the birth and childhood of Gautama Buddha, or rather of "the Bodhisat," for such is the name by which he is at this period more correctly called; the name Buddha, signifying as it does, "the enlightened one," was not assumed by him until the time when, having arrived at perfect knowledge, he had freed himself from the universal destiny of undergoing repeated birth and continually successive existences.

The history of the actual life of the Buddha himself has been

handed down with every circumstantiality, although some poetical fiction may have become mixed up with its real episodes. Suspicious analogies have also been pointed out between the Buddhist legend and the solar myth; but the individual existence of the Buddha cannot be doubted any more than the individual existence of Homer or even Shakespeare. "Il est clair," says M. Senart,<sup>1</sup> "que le Buddhisme a comme toute doctrine eu nécessairement un fondateur, un chef, si large que l'on fasse la part aux développements postérieurs de son enseignement, si étroit que l'on suppose son rôle propre, si mince son originalité. On fausserait, je crois, le caractère du Buddhisme en insistant sur l'importance, en accusant l'individualité de cet initiateur problématique de date incertaine qui représente un postulat logique autant qu'une réalité historique; mais c'est là une proposition subsidiaire." The story of the life of Gautama has been often told, and its leading incidents are too well known to require more than a brief recapitulation. The son of the king of Kapilavastu, he was born about the year 623 B.C., at a spot situated almost at the foot of the Himalayan mountains of Nepal and one hundred miles north-east of the city Varanasi, the modern Benares. Shortly after reaching the age of manhood he became, through the agency either of supernatural visions or his own experiences, profoundly moved by the sorrows and sufferings of mankind, until at length he resolved to renounce the advantages of his royal position and the ties of his family in order to devise a means of deliverance. He therefore devoted himself as a wandering mendicant to a life of severe self-denial and seclusion from the world. After years of earnest meditation, he at last attained the true knowledge for which his soul had yearned. He was visited, as it were, with a sudden inspiration, and from thenceforth he was Buddha. His age was then about thirty, and after a course of fifty years, during which he was occupied with promulgating his great religious system, he finally entered into Nirwana, at the age of eighty, beneath the Bo tree at Uruwela. During the period which preceded his assumption of the name Buddha, and which, of course, includes the epochs of his former births, he was known as a Bodhisat, a term sometimes expressed honorifically, in the plural form Bodhisatwayo, and signifying a candidate or probationer for Buddhahood. It is with part of this period that the Ummagga Jataka is concerned.

The prefatory part of the book abounds with extravagant metaphors and hyperbolic forms of expression. The virtues of the perfectly wise Buddha are said to be as pure as a crystal gem, as lofty as the Maha Meru Rock, as immovable as the great world, and as incomprehensible as the ocean. He is the friend of wisdom, the abode of mercy, the crest jewel of the three worlds, the Tilaka, or emblem of excellence of the three worlds, unequalled, and good in

(1) *La Légende du Buddha*, p. 518.

every way. He is compared to one who passes his days in the four noble walks of life, namely, friendship, kindness, pleasure, and equanimity, surrounded with every conceivable form of magnificence and splendour; and then his various qualities and the works of his wisdom are recounted in a large assembly of priests. Its universal applicability to every object of thought is declared, as well as its rapid and easy penetration into the obscure depths of knowledge. The eye of his mind being bright like a diamond, comprehends piercingly all the doctrines, just as the bodily eye looks through a crystal placed within the palm of the hand; and thus had he refuted the heresies which taught the eternal existence and transmigration of the soul on one hand, or on the other the doctrine of the annihilation of the existing soul. The controversies regarding the nature of the soul, and the ultimate conclusion to which Buddha came upon the subject, are in a sense connected with each other. The doctrines which he laid down following a middle course between two extremes, so far as his views can be gathered from the rather obscure method in which the question is treated.

The Sarswata sect held that the soul was eternal. It remained in the body as a jewel deposited in a casket; and upon death flew away as a bird from its cage; but material existence was the result of actions performed by a being which previously existed, but had become non-existent. The mango tree, by way of illustration, represented a man, and its fruit the good or evil conduct of that man. As from a stone of that tree another tree grows, which is not altogether different from the first tree being a result thereof, so from the good or bad actions of a man, another man is produced who is not, properly speaking, a separate entirely new being, but a continuation of the first; and therefore the performer of an action in a previous birth really receives in this world the result of that action.

The Uchcheda sect, believing in the annihilation of the soul, held that one person performed the action, and another suffered the results. A man performs good or bad actions: this is the antecedent. From these actions another being, another body and mind are produced: this is the consequent. They are in no sense the same; the latter is a result of the former, as a lamp which is lighted from another lamp, but there is no transmigrating soul. According to the teaching of Buddha, ignorance inasmuch as it produced merit or demerit, terms which are connoted by the expression Karma, was the ultimate cause of repeated existence, and a previously existing soul was not to be regarded as one of its inseparable conditions.

Various other persons are then enumerated whose arguments had been refuted, and their pride subdued by the greatness of the Buddha's omniscience. They include divers ascetics, and Brahmins; many cruel and violent thieves, devils skilled in eating human flesh, and the gods Sakra and Dewendra, who are void of the pleasure pro-

duced from the three gems, viz. Buddha, his doctrines, and the priesthood; whilst for others he had procured in heaven Moksha or Nirwana, the ultimate reward of a holy life, by the accomplishing correct conduct in the door of the body. And so ended the discourse of the assembled priests.

Buddha then arose after meditation, and with great mercy came to the assembly, having first clothed himself like one who covers with a red cloak a Dagaba of solid gold, and fastening his adorable girdle, which resembled forked lightning striking on an evening cloud, and wrapping himself in his great robe made of rags, which was like unto the colour of a ripe and mellow banyan fruit. His appearance causes the whole assembly to shine at one moment with rays of six colours; as he opens his eyes, which are long, broad, and bright, like two bees moving inside the lotus flower, or two windows of emerald sparkling in a golden palace. Then, addressing the priests, he asks whether any doubt has arisen in their hearts as to the matters upon which they have been holding discourse. He is answered by one of the priests, who, throwing his yellow robes over one shoulder, replies that the exceeding great virtues and wisdom of the Buddha were the subject of their consideration. They knew full well that he was now perfect in wisdom, but in his previous births he was unripe in wisdom, seeing that he was then walking in the accomplishment of the prescribed duties in order to attain that very omniscience; he prayed, therefore, with uplifted hands, that the enlightened one would unfold the nature of his former wisdom, which had been hidden from them by reason of his continued existence.

Thereupon, continues the narrative, Buddha told the tale of the past like unto one who removes a curtain and reveals a picture.

Once upon a time, a certain king named Wedeha ruled in the city Miyulu, and his ministers were four pandits, or wise men, who regularly instructed him in the duties of life. Now the king saw a wondrous vision in this wise: four flames of fire were burning at the four corners of the city wall, when suddenly a spark like a fire-fly appeared in the centre, and became gradually brighter, until it overpowered the light of the four flames of fire, and shone over the whole world. Men and gods were also seen walking in the midst of the fire, making offerings of scents and flowers, and they had no hurt. The king then woke, and trembling with the fear of death waited for the dawn. In the morning his ministers came to the palace, and having made obeisance, enquired if the king had slept happily. He answered that he had been greatly troubled by a dream, and told it to them. But they interpreted it, saying, that a fifth pandit would immediately be born unto the king, who would surpass them in knowledge; his wisdom would be unequalled among gods and men, and he would be incomparable in all virtues.

Now it happened that at the moment when the king saw the vision, the great Bodhisat departed from the divine world Tautisa, and became born again as the child of the Princess Sumana, wife of a nobleman named Siri-waddhana. The manner of his birth was, of course, miraculous; but the details which are given of the event are best left untranslated. In their Elu version, the infant was of a golden colour as the moon in her crescent. Moreover, Sakra, the king of the gods, had come in an invisible form when the child was born, and in order that he might be manifested to mankind as the future Buddha, had placed in his hand a divine knot of sandal wood. The mother wondered when she saw this in the hand of her child, but he gave it at once to her saying that it was a great drug, whereby all the diseases of men might be healed. She was exceedingly pleased, and gave the knot of sandal wood to her husband, who had suffered for seven years continuously from a headache. He therefore rubbed it upon his forehead and became instantly cured. From this time the fame of the child was everywhere spread abroad, so that all persons who suffered from any sort of disease came, and asked for the wonderful drug, and as soon as they were touched therewith they were healed.

Accordingly, when the day came for giving the child his name, the parents determined to call him Kumara Mahaushada, or as the sense of the word implies, the Prince of Healing. The boyhood of the great Bodhisat was characterized by wisdom and understanding above his fellows. One thousand children had been born upon the same day as himself, and they were his comrades and playmates, therefore he built for them a palace of great magnificence, and a park was provided for their sports, with an immense pond, which was adorned with five sorts of lotus flowers, and steps, and ferry-boats. A system of alms-giving was also instituted, and hospitals and resting-places for strangers and travellers were established.

When he had reached the age of seven years, the king called to mind his dream, and the interpretation which his ministers had given of it, and he determined to make a search throughout his kingdom for the fifth pandit, whose advent had been so foretold. So he sent the four ministers respectively to the north, east, south, and west, ordering them to prove, if possible, the truth of the prediction. It was from the east that the tidings came of the child. The minister who had gone in that direction saw the palace which he had built, and heard of his extraordinary wisdom and learning, and that his age was exactly seven years; he sent a messenger to the king and reported the matter to him, saying that the vision was certainly true, and that Mahaushada was indeed the fifth pandit whose appearance he had been expecting. The king, however, was not easily to be persuaded, and except he saw signs and wonders he would not believe; he therefore ordered his minister to remain in



the eastern village where he was, and to make trial of the child's wisdom.

Then follows the history of the various questions whereby the great Bodhisat was tried, and the details and explanation of the manner in which he successively solved them. They are seventeen in number. In the course of translating them, I have endeavoured as far as possible to preserve the forms of expression which are found in the original Elu text, although I have not adhered to the strict literal equivalents throughout; and in order to avoid a certain amount of repetition, as well as to keep somewhat within the limits of tediousness, I would select those which are more especially characteristic of the whole collection. It will be observed that they are not all, strictly speaking, questions; and in fact they would most probably be more correctly described as legends or stories of one of the boyhoods of Buddha. In one form or another there are many such legends, which constitute part of the national folk-lore of Ceylon. They are very popular amongst the Sinhalese people, who will sit up all night listening to their recitation, and in this way they are generally interesting, not so much for their exemplification of the cardinal doctrines of Buddhism, as for the reflex or illustration which they afford of the habits of thought and life of the people to whom they are familiar.

The stories or legends contained in the Ummagga Jataka occupy less than one-tenth of the subject-matter of that work. They follow immediately one after another, upon the conclusion of the narrative of which a brief outline has been given regarding the great Bodhisat's birth. Some are exceedingly simple and puerile, while others bear quite a different stamp, although they occasionally remind one, by their incongruous mixture of things human and things divine, of Livy's apology that "*Datur hæc venia antiquitati.*" To the former category belongs the first story, or the flesh question, as it is styled.

One day, when the one thousand princes or youths who were the companions of the great Bodhisat were playing together, they saw a hawk seize a piece of flesh from a butcher's block and fly away with it into the air. So they ran beneath the bird, and made a great noise in their endeavours to make it let the flesh fall, but the hawk heeded them not, and they stumbled and fell in stony places. Then the great Bodhisat reflected that he would display his superior power, and running with speed like the wind he trampled upon the shadow which the hawk threw upon the earth and clapped his hands. Immediately the heart of the hawk trembled with fear and was as though it would come out of him, and he let fall the piece of flesh which Mahaushada the Bodhisat caught with his hands before it reached the ground. The assembled multitude raised thousands of shouts of applause, and the minister of King Wēdeha sent

letters to the king and told him of the wonder. When the king heard of it he was pleased, and desired to send for the wise Mahau-shada to his presence, but his counsellor Seneka, who was void of good qualities, made light of the matter, and dissuaded him from so doing, for he thought within himself, "So soon as he enters into this city, the king my master will not know of my existence, and like unto a firefly which has looked upon the sun shall I go without light." The king therefore sent and ordered his minister, who was in the Eastern village, to make further trial of the wisdom of the child.

An opportunity soon occurred for testing his skill. One of the villagers had bought a yoke of oxen, and another had stolen them and disputed his ownership. But by an ingenious device the great Bodhisat determined which was the real owner. The story is hardly worth recounting at length, but the moral and ending of it is somewhat peculiar and practical. The thief was made to acknowledge his fault, and he was then taken away by the men of the great Bodhisat, and they beat him with their hands and with their feet until they made him weak. Afterwards he was brought to Mahaushada, who admonished him, saying, "From henceforth steal no more, and abstain from improper actions. Thou see'st what great suffering thou art come to in this very birth, but in the next world thou wilt be born in hell, and wilt endure great sorrow." He then instructed him in the five precepts which are obligatory upon all Buddhists. They forbid, firstly, the taking of life in any form whatever; secondly, the taking of that which is not given; thirdly, the sin of adultery; fourthly, the saying of that which is not true; and fifthly, the use of intoxicating drinks. The precepts to be observed by an Upasaka or devotee are eight in number, and include all the foregoing. They further forbid, sixthly, the eating of solid food after mid-day; seventhly, attendance upon dancing, singing, and music; and eighthly, the use of seats or couches above the prescribed height. The ten rules which are binding upon the priesthood forbid, in addition to the above, ninthly, the adorning of the body with flowers, and the use of perfumes and unguents, and, lastly, the receiving of gold or silver.

The application of the five precepts is next shewn in the case of a woman with a deceitful and covetous heart, who had obtained from another by false pretences an ornament made of knotted thread of divers colours, the detection of the falsehood and theft being due to the ingenuity of the Bodhisat. The story is very similar to the one which follows it, of which an outline may be given.

A certain woman, who watched a cotton *hena*,<sup>1</sup> plucked some of the full-blown cotton one evening, broke it carefully, and made it

(1) Corruptly called Chena. The word signifies high jungle ground, cultivated at intervals of generally from five to fourteen years, but in some cases at longer intervals. The jungle is cut down and burnt, and the land is then sown.

into a ball, which she placed inside her waist-cloth, and going to the village, proceeded to bathe in the beautiful pond which the pandit Mahaushada had made. She therefore took off her cloth and laid it upon the bank, and putting the ball of thread upon it, went down into the water. But another woman came by that way, and seeing the ball of thread, took it into her hands, and having a covetous heart, said, "Ah, ha! the fineness of the thread is very good; it is enough. O, my sister! did'st thou spin this thyself?" Then, without more ado, she thrust it into her own waist-cloth and ran away. The other woman hastened from the water and ran after her, and demanded back her own; but the thief replied, "It is mine, and not thine." The Bodhisat overhearing their quarrel, although he knew within himself which was the owner of the ball of thread and which was the thief, asked if they would abide by his judgment. They answered, "Be it so, O my Lord; we will abide thereby." He then asked the thief what she had put inside the ball in order to wind the thread. She replied, "I put inside a cotton seed." Turning to the other, he inquired similarly, and she answered, "I wound the thread upon a timbiri seed." Thereupon the Bodhisat, calling all the assembly to witness, opened the ball of thread and found the timbiri seed. The method of the decision greatly pleased the people, and they raised loud shouts of applause, but he suitably admonished the deceitful woman and sent her away.

The next story may perhaps be best given as a literal translation. It will thus afford an illustration of the style of the original text, whilst it will shew the curious parallelism which it exhibits with the account of the Judgment of Solomon recorded in the First Book of Kings.

A certain woman took her child in her arms, and went to the pond of the pandit, and having first bathed it and set it upon her cloth, washed her head, and went herself down to the water to bathe. At that very moment, a she-devil having seen her child and wishing to eat it, took the disguise of a woman, and drew near saying, "My friend, this child is very beautiful; is it a child of yours?" Upon her answering, "It is even so, my friend," she asked, "Shall I give the child milk to drink?" and the mother replied, "It is good." She then took the child in her arms, gave it a little milk to drink, and taking it with her, hastened away. The mother seeing her going with her child, ran and seized her saying, "Whither are you going with my child?" The she-devil replied fearlessly, "Whence did you get a child? this child is mine;" and so they went both of them quarrelling by the door of the judgment hall. The great Bodhisat, having heard the noise of their quarrel, sent for them both, and inquired, "What quarrel is this?" but knowing within himself this one is a she-devil, both because she does not wink her eyes, and also because they are red like two olinda seeds, he asked, "Will you.

abide by the decision I shall give?" They answered, "Even so, we will abide." He then caused a line to be drawn on the ground, and placed the child in the midst of the line, and commanded the two hands to be taken by the devil, and the two feet by the mother, saying, "Pull both of you together; let the child be adjudged to the one which pulls it to herself." Now they both pulled the child towards themselves, and the child being pulled by both of them came to sorrow; but the mother being in anguish like as when the heart is rent, let go the child and stood and wept. Then the Bodhisat asked many persons saying, "Is the heart of those who have brought forth children soft towards them, or if not, is the heart soft of those who have not brought them forth?" They said, "O Pandit, assuredly the heart of those who bring them forth becomes soft." Having heard that, the Pandit asked them all, saying, "What is this, think ye that she who now stands here with the child in her arms is the mother? or think ye that she who stands there having let it go is the mother?" They all replied, "O Pandit, the mother is assuredly she who stands there and has let go the child." Then he demanded, "What is this, do ye all know the stealer of the child?" They answered, "We do not know, O Pandit." And he said, "This, my friends, is a she-devil, she took the child in order to eat it." "O Pandit," they replied, "how knowest thou that?" "Because she winked not with her eyes, because her two eyes were red, because she had no fear towards any one, and because she showed no mercy; for all these reasons," he said. Afterwards having spoken in this manner he asked the she-devil, "Who art thou?" "I am a she-devil, O my lord." "Wherefore didst thou take this child?" he said. "In order to eat it, O my lord," she replied. "Oh! thou that art bereft of wisdom, being also a she-devil in a former state of existence from committing sin, now again art thou born, and art become a worker of iniquity, fie upon thee thou ignorant one!" he said, and having admonished her, he afterwards established her in the five precepts and sent her away. But the mother of the child gave thanks to the great Bodhisat, saying, "Long mayest thou live, O my lord," took her son in her arms, arose, and went her way.

The story which follows exhibits the wisdom of Mahaushada again giving judgment between two disputing persons, and the subject of their contention was the wife of one of them who was claimed by the other. The heading of the tale styles it the "Question of the Black Dwarf." His name, Kalagola, was indicative of his peculiarities, he was called Kala from his black colour, and Gola from his short stature, and in consequence of these disadvantages he had much difficulty in finding a wife. He therefore made himself the servant in the house of a certain Diktala for a period of seven years; and at the end of that time took her to wife as a matter of right.

One day he said, "Let us go and see our parents, do you make ready meat and drink, my fair one." But she was angry and answered, "Of what use are our parents?" At length he constrained her, and she dressed meat and prepared food for the way, and so they set forth taking pot herbs, rice, and other gifts, fit to give to their fathers and their mothers. Now as they went, they came to a river which had overpassed its banks and covered the road by which they were journeying; and howbeit the water was in no wise deep, they were afraid, and stood upon the bank. At that time it chanced that a certain poor man named Dikpitiya came by that way, so seeing him they asked, saying, "My friend, this water is surely deep, is it not so?" and he answered, "It is indeed deep," for he knew by their looks that they dared not essay to cross, and he said moreover, "It abounds with cruel animals, such as sharks and crocodiles." "How then, my friend," they inquired, "do you go to the other side?" "There is an intimacy," he replied, "between me and the cruel crocodiles and sharks, and therefore they do not eat me, and I have no hurt." "If it be so, then," they said, "take us also to the other side," and the man consented to their words, and they gave him meat and drink. When they had all eaten, he asked whom he should first carry over to the other side, and the black dwarf said, "My friend, first carry over your cousin and afterwards fetch me." So he made Diktala to sit upon his neck and taking all the food and the provision for the way, went down to the water, and falling upon his knees, and sitting down so passed to the other side. But Kalagola stood upon the river bank and said within himself, "The water is indeed deep seeing that even to a man so tall as this it did not become shallow." Dikpitiya then said to Diktala, "My fair one, let me be your protector, you shall put on your ornaments, and walk hither and thither like a goddess, attended by menservants and maidservants—what can he avail you, that black dwarf—give ear to my words;" and she forthwith forgot her affection for her husband, who had served for her seven years in the house, and said, "My lord, if you will not leave me, I will do as you bid." Then they rejoiced greatly, and turning to the black dwarf said, "Stand there you," and went on their way together.

But Kalagola, being angered exceedingly as he saw them going, said, "Let me die or let me be saved," and jumped into the water, and finding that it was not deep went easily to the other side, and coming near to Dikpitiya, said, "You wicked thief, whither are you taking my wife?" But he answered, "You little dwarf, from whence have you a wife; she is mine!" Thus they went quarrelling, until they came to the hall where the Bodhisat was, and he hearing the noise sent for them, and asked if they would abide by his decision. They assented; and he sent away the black dwarf and the woman, whilst he asked Dikpitiya his name, and the

name of his wife, as well as the names of his own father and mother, and the father and mother of his wife; but he knew not the names of his wife or her parents, and gave such and such names. The Bodhisat called the assembly to bear witness to his words, and sent him away. He then asked the black dwarf the same questions, but he knew the very manner in which they were, and told him the names without a mistake. Lastly, the woman was questioned; she knew not the name of her false husband, and like one speaking foolishly, gave wrong names for his father and his mother. The Pandit Mahaushada then asked the assembly, saying, "With whose words do her words agree?" and they answered, "With the words of Kalagola," and he made Dikpitiya acknowledge that he had spoken falsely, and he sent them away.

The chariot question which follows the story of the black dwarf is of no great interest. It represents the king of the gods, Sakra, as coming down to earth in the form of a man, in order to make Mahaushada manifest to men as the embryo Buddha. But he does this in a very clumsy manner, and is ultimately admonished by the Bodhisat himself for stealing the chariot which belonged to another man. The Bodhisat identified the king of the gods, because he did not wink with his eyes, because he shewed no fear, and because he was in no way fatigued by human exertion; and afterwards, Sakra having greatly praised the pandit's wisdom, displayed his irrdhi, or superhuman power, by standing in the air, and departed to the divine world in which he dwells. Several of the succeeding questions may be passed over, for they are much alike, and have no distinguishing features of originality or ingenuity. But at length King Wedeha and his counsellors determined to puzzle the Pandit Mahaushada by a seemingly impossible demand. So they sent a message to the eastern Yawamedum village, saying, "The villagers are said to be very clever, therefore let them send to our lord the king an ox which cries without breaking the three times, having the hump upon its head, its horns upon its feet, and with a body of pure white; and if they do not send it let them pay a fine of one thousand pieces of silver." Now the villagers knew not the meaning of the king's words, but the pandit gave to them the interpretation, saying, "The king surely requires a white cock at your hands. It has, as it were, fighting thorns upon its feet, therefore is it called that which has horns upon its feet. It has a flower or comb upon its head, and therefore it is said to have its hump upon the head. Also it cries, making its utterance perfect in the three times, namely, the short, the long, and the prolonged, and hence is it called one which cries without breaking the three times." Accordingly the villagers sent to the king a cock of that kind, and the king was pleased.

The twelfth trial of the skill of the pandit was unlike the rest, being of a mechanical nature. King Kusa had in time past

received from Sakra, the chief of the gods, a jewel, which was octagonal in shape, and he used to wear it suspended by a string, which had been miraculously passed through the centre, notwithstanding the eight bendings or angles, from one end to the other. The jewel had descended to King Wedeha, but the string by which it was suspended had become decayed and rotten, and no man knew how to pass a new string through the centre, by reason of the eight bendings in the jewel. Now King Wedeha wished to wear the jewel, and so he sent it to the villagers of the eastern village, where the pandit dwelt, and bade them take out the old decayed string from the interior part of the hole, and replace it with a new string throughout, that the jewel might be hung as before from the king's neck. But these villagers were not able either to take out the old string, or to put the new string in its stead. So Mahaushada, knowing their trouble, sent for them, and telling them not to concern themselves with the matter, ordered them to bring him a little honey. He then smeared some drops of honey in the holes at the two ends of the jewel, and having twisted a new string of woollen thread, he dipped the end thereof in honey, and pushed it a short distance into the hole of the jewel, and placed it in an ant hole from which the ants were coming out. But the ants issuing forth from the ant hole by reason of the smell of the honey, ate up the old thread which had rotted in the jewel, and taking in their mouth the end of the woollen thread which had been dipped in the honey, dragged it underneath and brought it out at the other side. When the pandit found that the string had been passed through the jewel, he gave it to the villagers, and bade them present it to the king. The people of the village sent it to the king, and when he heard the device by means of which the string had been put through the jewel, he was greatly pleased.

Again, the king wished to make trial of the Bodhisat, and so he sent and said to these same villagers, "I wish to play in my swing, but seeing that the old sand-rope is broken, I would that ye twist for me a new sand-rope, and send it forthwith. Now if ye fail herein, let there be upon you a fine of a thousand pieces of silver." But those men understood not the king's meaning, and went to the pandit and told him of the matter. Now the Bodhisat, considering within himself, "It is proper that this question should be explained by a like question," comforted the villagers, and calling two or three men who were clever in speaking, commanded them to go to the king's presence, and to say, "Oh, king, the villagers know not the size of the sand-rope, whether it be the fineness or the thickness thereof; be pleased then to send to them a piece from the old sand-rope of the length of a span; having seen the measure of that sand-rope, they will twist another such sand-rope according to its size in fineness and in thickness." But and if the king should say that there was never

aforetime a rope of sand in his palace, then should they make answer to the king, saying, "If then, my lord the king, it be so, in what way shall the villagers of the Eastern Yawamedum twist and send a sand-rope to the king?" So those men went and spake in the manner the great Bodhisat told them, but the king having heard their words, asked by whom the like question was thought of, and they answered by Mahaushada, the pandit, and the king was pleased.

The last question is similar to the preceding in its design and its solution, but it failed like all the others to procure for the pandit his acceptance at the palace of the king, owing to the adverse influence of Seneka, the pandit, void of good qualities. It runs pretty nearly as follows:—

Furthermore, one day the king sent and said to the villagers, "The king wishes to play in the water; let them send a pond abounding in five kinds of lotus flowers, red, blue, white, and others, and if they do not send it, let there be a fine of a thousand pieces of silver." Not knowing the meaning of the message they told it to the pandit, but he, thinking within himself that this also might be explained by a like question, said, "Call several men who are clever in speaking." And when they were brought, he spoke to those men in this wise, "Do you, having played in the water, making your eyes red like olinda seeds, having the hair of your head and the clothes which you wear wet through, smearing your bodies with mud, take in your hands clubs, stones, ropes, goads, and yokes, and go to the gate of the king's palace, and send and tell the king that you are at the gate. But when you have received the king's permission to enter into the palace say, O my lord, forasmuch as you sent saying, 'Let the villagers of Yawamedum send a pond adorned with five sorts of lotus flowers,' we are come, having brought to you a pond so adorned and fit for water sports; but because that pond had lived in the forest, so soon as it saw the city it trembled at the sight of the towers, walls, buttresses, gates, and ditches, and through fear broke our ropes and fled back to the forest; but we, having struck it with stones, clubs, and other things, were not able to stop it. Be pleased then to send to us a pond which was formerly received in your city from the forest, and we will unite it to our pond, and having joined them both together will bring them to you." The men thus went and spake as they were commanded, but the king declaring that no pond had ever aforetime been so brought from the forest, they asked, "How then should the villagers obey the king's command?" And Wedeha, the king, was pleased when he heard of the wisdom of Mahaushada the pandit, who had again given the true explanation of the question whereby he was tried.

The legends connected with Buddhism are no doubt exceedingly numerous and of great antiquity, but much of their interest lies in the fact that, they embody the beliefs or the traditions of an enormous



multitude of the inhabitants of the world. The lowest estimate of the total number of Buddhists at the present day places it at 369,000,000. Other calculations have made it upwards of 450,000,000; but these figures include the so-called Buddhists of China, and it should be recollected that Buddhism has not only undergone much corruption from its original simplicity at the hands of the majority of its followers, but that it remains the sole and exclusive religion of comparatively few; vast numbers of the Chinese, for instance, appear to profess three religions, Buddhism being one of them, whereas in Ceylon probably the majority of the Buddhists are also devil worshippers. Yet in one form or another there seems no doubt that the system elaborated by Gautama in his forest solitudes nearly twenty-five centuries ago, is now followed by upwards of one-third of the entire human race.

The most striking features of the religion are its moral and social code, and the personal character of its founder. As merely exemplifying the former, may be mentioned the ten *pāramitā*, or probationary courses, which every Bodhisat or candidate for Buddhahood, such as he of whom the Ummagga Jataka records the childhood, must observe and follow; and every one, be it remembered, who is born, will ultimately, after almost endless ages, become a Buddha. They include the giving of alms, the observance of the religious precepts previously adverted to, the abandonment of wealth, the virtue proceeding from wisdom, the virtue proceeding from determined courage, the virtue proceeding from forbearance, the virtue of truth, the virtue of unalterable resolution, the *maitri pāramitā*, or charity, in St. Paul's fullest sense of the word, and the virtue proceeding from equanimity.

"It is difficult," says M. Laboulaye, "to comprehend how men, not assisted by revelation, could have soared so high and approached so near to the truth." The life and character of Buddha himself occupies several pages in Professor Max Müller's well-known essay which has been referred to, and it is there forcibly summed up in the following words of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire: "Sa vie," he writes, "n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fautive, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d'un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c'est avec la sérénité d'un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d'avoir trouvé le vrai."

Can we wonder that Buddhism has exercised so vast an influence over the destinies of the world?

BERTRAM FULKE HARTSHORNE.

## HENRY MURGER.

OF all the words which, by dint of clumsy repetition and misuse, have become unwelcome to the ears of Englishmen, there are perhaps few that are more unwelcome than the words *Bohemia* and *Bohemianism*. The terms have not, in their modern acceptation, had a long life, and it is even doubtful who invented them, though George Sand has, I believe, the credit of the invention. They have been worked pretty hard even in France. But in England, from causes the discussion of which might be instructive but would certainly be out of place here, they have had singularly ill fortune. The lower variety of novelist and journalist has fastened upon them, and after his kind has altogether perverted their meaning. Sometimes it seems to be assumed that anybody who has any sort of connection with literature or art is a Bohemian, and the word would thus apply to colour-grinders and printers' devils. Sometimes, and more often, the assumption is made that Bohemianism consists in more or less senseless and vulgar dissipation, extravagance, and display. Indeed it would appear from certain writers that the differentia of the Bohemian man consists in smoking cheroots while he is drinking choice claret, and that the differentia of the Bohemian woman consists in wearing blue satin and diamonds when ladies would content themselves with ordinary apparel. It is no wonder that this sort of ignorant folly should have disgusted people of better taste with the word. The "green uplands of sacred Bohemia" have seemed to the novelists and journalists of whom I speak, as suitable a place of deposit for the paraphernalia of picnics as the uplands of his own country appear to the average sightseer. To put the thing briefly, the Bohemian ideal of France is not unlike Chatterton; the Bohemian ideal of at least some Englishmen bears a strong resemblance to Dick Swiveller.

The careful and affectionate historians of literary curiosities in France have distinguished three successive Bohemias. The earliest and greatest was the society which met nearly half a century ago in the crumbling buildings of the Rue du Doyenné, where painters soon to be famous throughout Europe frescoed the walls to compensate for the lack of furniture, and poets supplied the deficiency of firewood with inspiring sonnets. This first *Bohème* sent forth Gautier, Corot, Arsène Houssaye, who all lived to reap praise and profit from their tastes and talents; Gérard de Nerval, who divides with Mürger the honour of being the type of the higher Bohemia, Célestin Nanteuil, and others too long to tell. Of the second Bohemia, which dates from the last ten years of the July monarchy and the early

days of the empire, Murger himself, the ingenious author of *Les Excentriques*, and Privat d'Anglemon, a little-known man of letters who lived mysteriously and died wretchedly, were the most characteristic figures. The third and latest, which was only dispersed by the war of 1870 and in a fashion seems still to survive, has a sadder history and a faithful historian. M. Firmin Maillard, in a remarkable series of sketches which appeared in the Parnassian journal *La Renaissance*, and which were, I believe, afterwards reprinted with additions, gives us the history of this strange hive of paradox, genius, and I fear I must add folly, which gathered in the Brasserie des Martyrs, as Murger's society had gathered in the Café Momus. M. Maillard shows us men who made a real success in art and letters occasionally visiting this palace of literary sin, but never remaining long there. Those who did remain had, with few exceptions, one and the same end, *la fosse commune*. This curious book (*Les Derniers Bohèmes* it is called) fully illustrates, though in a negligent, sketchy, and almost phantasmagoric fashion, the warnings which Murger himself vainly addressed to his would-be followers years before. The Brasserie is the nominal haunt of the Muses, but these goddesses are not nine but two, the Green Muse of Absinthe and the Brown Muse of Tobacco. The talent that might have done good things if not great ones, wastes itself in paradox, in vain decrying of the accepted reputations of the day, in idle witticisms and careless fleetings of the time which might do for the golden world of Arden, but not for our lutter and leaden age. The critic who ought to be making a serious study, remarks that "Lamartine is a piano, Hugo is a great man, Dupont is a poet;" and feels that he has done his day's work in the effort. Two great but unrecognised birds are found following in the guise and attitude of mourners a van-load of empty wine casks, and on being asked for an explanation reply, "Il faut respecter ses morts." All alike forget that the garden has to be cultivated first; and before all in time yawns the pauper's grave, whither they have in turn followed their penniless comrades, and where the grave-digger, disappointed of his fee, politely remarks, "Ce sera pour la prochaine fois."

Henry Murger and his own set, to do them justice, if they did not justify their Bohemia by turning out from the Café Momus any Corot or Gautier, did not descend to the mere tavern haunting *fainéantise* of M. Maillard's dolorous heroes. It is admitted that many, if not the major part, of the scenes that Murger draws are historical, and we have to take account of the mistaken heroism of the "Buveurs d'Eau," as well as of the mere villonnesque vagabondage of Rodolphe and Schaunard. These two classes represent Bohemians of the upper and lower type. The Buveur d'Eau is a devotee of art or letters who expressly and absolutely refuses to descend to potboil-

ing, even of an honourable, much more of a dubious kind. Nothing will induce him to forge old masters for a picture dealer, or to write a pamphlet which a stupid deputy is to sign as his own. He even dislikes if he does not actually refuse perfectly respectable hack work, and hence in a majority of cases having, as Murger admits, no striking or phenomenal talent, he dies of sheer starvation and hardship. The jovial Bohemian is of a different order. He talks about the dignity of art even more than the water-drinker, but his practical respect for it cannot be said to be excessive. He is not exactly a swindler, though he is apt to regard landlords and publicans as dwellers beyond the line where there is always the license of war. He has no objection whatever to putting his talents to any profitable use in his pursuit of "that shyest of game, the five franc piece:" but when he has decoyed one of these animals into his clutches, it is sure to escape again directly. Unless he falls utterly under the domination of the two sinister muses, the Bohemian of this kind does not often come finally to the fate of Chatterton and Gilbert. He returns like the prodigal to his family; he marries a wealthy widow; or he adopts some sufficiently lucrative business. Sometimes even he makes himself a man of letters and of art in reality, and receives from feuilletons and portraits the daily bread which epics and allegorical designs have refused him.

Murger himself appears to have tasted both these varieties of Bohemianism. It does not fall within my plan to recount his life at any length. It is sufficient to say that he early experienced the resentment of the father who wishes to turn his son into a maker of coats, and finds that he prefers to be a maker of verses. He obtained a kind of secretaryship to the Russian Count Tolstoy, his duties being (after the tradition probably of Grimm's Leaves) to keep the Czar acquainted with the course of French literature. The duties were light and the payment was lighter, being about a pound a week, but such as it was it made him a capitalist among his penniless fellows. He does actually appear to have edited the great periodical *Le Castor*, over which his readers have so often laughed, and which, being professedly a trade journal for hatters and bonnetmakers, dealt with the highest subjects of literature and philosophy. It only lasted a few weeks however, and therefore the "hyperphysic" speculations of Gustave Colline must have been more limited than the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* represent them. At length Murger was introduced to the *Artiste* and its editor Arsène Houssaye. M. Houssaye and Gérard de Nerval at once recognised their colleague's genius, and from that time Murger had no difficulty in getting his copy taken wherever he chose. For the last dozen years of his life, so M. Fiorentino informs us, there was no journal which was not only too glad to have him. Yet, notwithstanding this, he was always em-

barrassed. He was by no means a rapid writer, often giving the work of an entire night from sunset to morning to a single newspaper article or scene. He also retained the specially Bohemian habit of never working except when in the vein, and he was not always or often in that vein. Still it may be assumed that during the latter portion of his life he was never in actual distress. The hardships, however, of his youth and early manhood, together with a certain peculiarity of disposition not attributable to those hardships, definitely moulded and coloured the whole of his work, even the latest of it. He never forgot the hunger and the cold which he had suffered, nor did he forget the sight of his comrades who, less fortunate than himself, had actually succumbed to the pressure of want. There is something hideous in the indelible impression which cold in particular seems to have made on him. Throughout his work, often quite unconsciously and in no special connection with the context, we come on little touches which show his shuddering remembrances of long fireless days in crazy lodgings with the winter winds blowing in on the lonely student; of nights when the wretched clothing of the day is added to the bedding, and both together are not enough. But joined to this physical and accidental impression, there is a profound discouragement and disbelief in happiness which is less attributable to outward causes. The *Ballade du Désespéré*, his latest poem, seems to express no fancy troubles. Murger's sorrow is not Wertherism or *Weltschmerz*. It is not vanity or posing of any sort. It is a simple conviction of the facts that in this world bread is hard to win, and love is impossible to keep. He is to me one of the most melancholy writers in all literature, and the sadness arises from the simplicity of his demands, and the sincerity of his conviction that they can never be granted. At mere *Katsen-Jammer* one can generally, if one chooses, laugh. Most people, however much they may admire *Werther* or *René* or *Childe Harold* or the *Enfant du siècle*, are perfectly well aware of the ludicrous points about these gentlemen, which are abundant enough. They are not wholly sincere to begin with, and if they were wholly sincere they would be unreasonable. But there is nothing ludicrous about Murger's sorrow. There is not the slightest affectation about it. There is none of that protest expressed or inspired against the upper powers for failing to recognise the extraordinary merit of the complainant, which is the weakest point of Byronism. Murger has merely in his own person experienced, and in the general interest bewailed, the old curse of insufficient nourishment for the body, and the old woe of unstable support for the heart. He has reduced his demands to their simplest terms, and the most ingenious economist cannot cut them down further, though he may possibly hint commonplaces about the superiority of the temperament which makes no demands at all.

There is no doubt that Murger was saved from the risk of following Chateaubriand, Byron, and Musset into the perilous border-land between the pathetic and ridiculous, by his genuine and healthy sense of humour. He never fails to see the joke of it as well as the pity of it: and when the writer sees the joke the reader is on his side at once. The absurd and the lamentable sides of Bohemianism present themselves to him quite impartially, and he renders them with equal fidelity. We are never asked to make heroes of the unheroic. Murger knows as well as we do that the young man who prefers, in the name of art and letters, hand to mouth idleness to honest work is a person very little to be respected. He urges pitilessly on the inglorious Miltons that, in the majority of cases, they are only inglorious Blackmores after all. He is as sound as Thackeray on the point of eccentricities of genius. Hence we can take his serious and comic delineations with equal confidence and comfort, knowing that there is neither melodrama in the one nor buffoonery in the other. The fact—which I believe is a fact—that a very large number of the incidents of his tales are personal experiences does not add to their interest in my eyes, but in this respect I am probably in the minority. I prefer for my part to pay attention to the legends, good or bad, which are told of his life and his death, only in so far as they bear out the impression of his character given by his works. “*Passons aux choses réelles*,” said Balzac, “*parlons d’Eugénie Grandet*,” when they told him of some death or failure. In the same way when any one talks to us about the Murger of Doctor Dubois’s *Maison de Santé*, let us say “*Passons aux choses réelles: parlons des Buveurs d’Eau*.”

As they are at present collected, Murger’s works fill thirteen volumes of prose and one of verse. I cannot here dwell on his poetry. It is of no rare or exalted order; but it has great freshness, sweetness, and sincerity, and the single volume which contains it is perhaps more satisfactory to poetical students than a good many volumes of far more famous poets. Three of the pieces, completely enough representative of the rest, have been translated with admirable fidelity and grace by Mr. Lang in his “*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* ;” and I cannot do better than reproduce one of them here :

“OLD LOVES.

“ Louise, have you forgotten yet  
 The corner of the flowery land,  
 The ancient garden where we met,  
 My hand that trembled in your hand?  
 Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,  
 As low beneath the willow trees  
 We sat ;—Have you forgotten, love?  
 Do you remember, love Louise?

" Marie, have you forgotten yet  
 The loving barter that we made?  
 The rings we changed, the sun that set,  
 The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?  
 The fountains that were musical  
 By many an ancient trysting-tree—  
 Marie, have you forgotten all?  
 Do you remember, love Marie?

" Christine, do you remember yet  
 Your room with scents and roses gay?  
 My garret—near the sky 'twas set—  
 The April hours, the nights of May?  
 The clear calm nights, the stars above,  
 That whispered they were fairest seen  
 Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love!  
 Do you remember, love Christine?

" Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!  
 Marie a sadder path has ta'en;  
 And pale Christine has passed away  
 In southern suns to bloom again.  
 Alas! for one and all of us—  
 Marie, Louise, Christine forgot;  
 Our bower of love is ruinous,  
 And I alone remember yet."

This note of quiet sadness places Murger at a distance alike from Beranger and from Alfred de Musset, and is repeated in most of his poetical works.

The prose works which concern us properly here consist in the main of collections of short tales. It was, indeed, in this specially French *genre* that Murger excelled. One is almost tempted to say that he could not write a regular novel on a large scale; certainly he very seldom attempted it. The unfinished story of *Les Roueries de l'Ingénue*, which was found among his papers, is entirely different from all his other works, and was evidently intended for a regular romance. M. Arsène Houssaye has eloquently analysed it—as it might have been; but the analysis rather suggests the polypragmatic editor, manager, novelist, and critic himself than it represents Murger. The *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* is really what it pretends to be, a series of scenes, and not a connected work. *Les Vacances de Camille* and *Le Pays Latin* are but long tales. *Adeline Protat* and the *Sabot Rouge* are, indeed, designed on the scale of full-sized novels, and the former is a most charming picture of country life, but it is little more. As *Adeline Protat* shows the agreeable side of such life, so does the *Sabot Rouge* exhibit the reverse of the medal. It is, however, at least to my taste, scantily provided with interest. The worse side of the French peasant is powerfully brought out in the hideous crime by which Derizelles rids himself of the daughter-in-law whom he schemed to obtain, and the final scene of retribution is, like

all Murger's dealings with his enemy, winter, a masterpiece. But these are hardly sufficient to redeem the book as a whole.

The shorter sketches, on the other hand, are for the most part pure nectar. Who can possibly, in his dullest or sulkiest moments, take up the *Vie de Bohème* without the certainty of laughter? Whether it is M. Mouton's ideas on journalism, or Schaunard's proposition to keep a tame lobster as a companion and helpmate, painting it red for the sake of cheerfulness, or the Père Médécis's daybook, with its extraordinary revelations, the inexhaustible gaiety is the same, and if the chapters of Mimi and Musette are not exactly gay, they have a charm which is certainly not inferior to that of the lighter portions. *Les Buteurs d'Eau*, with its revelations of the severer Bohemia we have mentioned, completes the picture appropriately from the other side, and the charming sketch *Hélène* should sufficiently rebuke those who assert that Murger could not draw a modest girl. Then there is the third view, that not of gaiety and amusement, not of passionate devotion to art, but of simple misery and failure, such as those given in the exquisite sketches of *Le Manchonde Francine*—partly and very injudiciously included in the *Vie de Bohème*—and *La Biographie d'un Inconnu*. The single volume, at the head of which stands *Madame Olympe*, contains samples of great and most varied power. *Madame Olympe* itself is not of the first class, though it is amusing enough. But how graceful a leaf from the book of artist-life is *Comment on devient Coloriste*, and what a charming fantasy is *Le Victime du Bonheur*, the history of a too serious Mark Tapley, who is with the greatest difficulty kept from suicide in his despair of finding occasions for Tapleian jollity. *La Fleur Bretonne* points once more Murger's mournful moral of woman's inconstancy; but how fresh and graceful is the treatment of the worn old subject! *Le Fauteuil Enchanté*, a little morality in a dozen pages, is of quite a different kind, yet equally perfect. In *Christine* there is tragedy, and of the truest. *Entre Quatre Murs* gives the reverse of *La Fleur Bretonne*, and, finally, *Les Premières Amours du Jeune Bluet* draws the most incomparable picture of boyish love since Rousseau and Mademoiselle de Vulson.

I have specified the contents of this volume rather because of their miscellaneous and representative character, than because they seem to me to be above the average of Murger's work. It is often not in the best or most striking of a writer's productions that his idiosyncrasy is most clearly shown, and though the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, and the *Buteurs d'Eau* between them perhaps exhausted all of actually novel that Murger had to say, his remaining volumes are at least of equal interest, as showing the inexhaustible freshness of his manner of saying it. One only of these is hardly worthy of him, and this is the *Propos de Ville et Propos de Théâtre*. The contents of



this volume are neither more nor less than a collection of the short funny paragraphs which used to be a regular department of all newspapers, and which still continue under the heads of *faits divers*, *nouvelles à la main*, and so forth, to figure in most Parisian journals. They are amusing in their way even now ; but if we had a collection of the jokes which Lamb used to elaborate at sixpence apiece for Mr. Daniel Stuart of the *Morning Post*, it is not probable that it would have added very much to our admiration of the author of *Elia*, and this is an exactly parallel case. *Le Dernier Rendezvous*, like the *Scènes de Jeunesse*, to which it is a complement, is touching enough ; and the *Resurrection de Lazare*, which is usually bound up with it, is perhaps its author's furthest excursion into the regions of broad farce, if we except *Son Excellence Gustave Colline*. Of the two, I personally prefer the latter. The delegation of the ex-tutor in the first disorders of the revolution of February as envoy to an impossible German principality is a capital idea, and it is not worked out at sufficient length to be tedious. With *Lazare* the case is different. The glorious confusion of the plot, in which a score of characters are playing at cross purposes, is delightful, and the little touches in the character of Blanche, the wise and provident damsel, and Louisa, the imprudent and imaginative, are masterly. But the tariff of the prison of Vincennes, where the prisoners are furnished with spiders tame or wild at their pleasure, and with plants, for carrying out the moral of *Picciola*, is too extravagantly burlesque to be quite in keeping with the central character of *Lazare*, a young man of excellent talents and morals who gets into the clutches of two fiendish aristocrats. The fiendish aristocrat, male and female, is one of Murger's weakest points, and it is fortunate that he does not very often attempt it. In order to give an idea of his manner I shall not make an abstract of any of his longer works, which are not well suited to that process. There is among his later sketches one which, though I do not think it received his final touches, exhibits his lighter mood admirably. This is *La Scène du Gouverneur*, which can be given nearly in full. Of his sadder and more poetical vein, it is hardly possible to find a better example than the charming fantasy piece, which, under the name of Ballade, though it is in prose, appears in his volume of posthumous poems, and which is entitled *Amours d'un Grillon et d'une Étincelle*. Here is the *Scene of the Governor*, which bears the sub-title of *Souvenirs de Jeunesse* :—

"Once upon a time I had two friends, whom I shall call Theodoro and Leon. Neither was more than twenty years old, and yet—wonderful to say—they were still young, for youth had not yet gone out of fashion. My two friends, who lived together, had for joint use a collection of furniture which appeared to have been selected from the ruins produced by an earthquake. The sternest of bailiffs would have declined to meddle with it. The tables were halt, the armchairs maimed, and when you sat upon them they groaned like a wounded

man whose injured limb is touched. The piano, one long array of false notes, sighed dolefully. The wooden clock struck hours entirely of its own invention. The variations of the barometer were enough to presage tempests and deluges. There was a compass which steadily pointed to the south, and not a piece of furniture in the room but rocked and quivered when a carriage passed in the street. One object, and only one, was in good order, this was a casket, a real strong box, fit to defy the forty thieves themselves, or even the ingenuity of a modern financier. It was a coffer fit to hold untold gold and wrought like a lock of Quentin Matsys, but its immediate purpose was that of a tobacco jar, and it was not always that it held any tobacco.

“However there was, somehow, good work done on these ricketty tables, and sound sleep enjoyed in the scanty stretcher beds, covered as they were with mattresses as thin and as hard as a ship’s biscuit. The situation of the room was sufficiently near the sky, but this gave it the advantage of an admirable view. On one side and in front there was the Luxembourg, and behind the eye had a range of gardens, almost in their natural state, to wander over. During the summer the two friends spent most of their time in a large balcony protected by an awning. As they were above hiding their affairs from their neighbours, most of their visitors were received here, and they even, on one occasion, gave a nocturnal fête in the Venetian manner which excited much attention in the quarter, and which an officer of police was kind enough to honour with his company. A system of communism prevailed between the friends, not merely as regarded their furniture, but also in financial matters. The amount of their monthly income would indeed have made a modern shopman turn up his nose, and would not at the tariff of our modern pleasures have sufficed to defray the expenses of a single ‘Sunday out.’ But in order to assist their economical resolutions and enable them to resist temptation, Leon and Theodore adopted a system which they had seen practised by one of their friends, a poet, who was more wont to take baths in Hippocrène than in Pactolus. The receipt may be useful to other young persons who are at once tender-skinned and extravagant. When their modest income came in, if they received it in gold they first changed it into five-franc pieces. They then further changed these pieces into the smallest silver coin they could get, and, finally, they scattered the sum into a faggot of the thorniest brushwood procurable. This precaution made the hunt after it so troublesome, and indeed so painful, that when a spendthrift fancy took them they hesitated to gratify it, very much after the manner of a drunkard who prefers sobriety to the trouble of going down to the cellar. Thanks to this economical arrangement, they had sometimes been known not to reach the bottom of their purse much before the fifteenth of the month. On pay-day, however, before consigning the sum to their thorny cash-box, they were wont to subtract a proportion which was destined half to the needs of the intellect, and half to those of the heart. Under the first head came the acquisition of half a dozen volumes of poetry and literature. Under the second came an amorous pilgrimage made on the first Sunday of each month to Sceaux or Meudon, in the company of two pink bonnets which the hands of the wearers had themselves fashioned. The bonnets were labours of love, but in this respect they yielded the palm to two crowns wreathed of apple and orange blossoms which were destined for the day that was to see the quartette seek the mayor’s office and the church.

One of the bonnets, Leon’s peculiar property, was named Laurence; the other answered to the name of Aline, and exercised over the heart of Theodore a tyranny which her subject did not find intolerable. The two girls were cousins and differed in beauty as in character. Aline was a brunette, wilful, flighty, and noisy. She was absolutely ignorant as far as book learning went, but she knew all that instinct could teach her, and in Dame Nature’s academy she would certainly have taken the first prize. The other, Laurence, was fair and gentle and quiet, and spoke with a voice as plaintive as the sigh of a reed.

She had very pretty feet, which she did mind showing, and which displayed blue shoes if not stockings. Indeed they accused her in the shop where she was book-keeper, of occasionally making out the bills in verse. It is doubtful whether Lord Byron or plumcake possessed her deepest affections. In the woods she admired the nightingale, but in a dish and truffled, she would have admired him more still. Such was Laurence. But the cousins, however much they differed, agreed entirely in being twenty years old, not merely in years, but in heart and soul and face.

"Our two friends had made their acquaintance by one of those chances which seem sometimes more than chance. Their love had lasted three whole months without their having taken the trouble to investigate its nature or origin; and they were indeed by no means inclined to such investigation, just as a wise drinker takes care not to shake the bottle whence he draws his wine. Aline and Laurence worked in a shop of the neighbourhood, and lodged in a house not very far from the two friends, the windows being visible across the garden from the balcony before mentioned. But the distance was too great to allow them to see into the rooms. Accordingly Theodore had one day suggested to Leon that they should invest in a field-glass. 'Why?' said Leon. 'Well,' replied Theodore, 'from our balcony we should have every opportunity for contemplating the stars. Our neighbours of the observatory announce a forthcoming eclipse. That will be just our time. Besides, the glass is a very nice one, and it costs only twenty francs. Will you pass the estimate?' 'My dear fellow,' said Leon gravely, 'I fear that your astronomical fancy is, in other words, a wish to play the spy. You want to know what our neighbours are doing when they are at home. This is an injudicious curiosity; and it seems to me that a glass which might show us spots in our stars would be a very bad investment. If the girls are going to play us false, we shall not require optical apparatus to discover it. I refuse the vote.' Whereupon Theodore appeared to give up the idea. A few days afterwards, however, as he was drinking beer in a café on the boulevard, he was accosted by an Alsatian Jew who sold padlocks, swordsticks, maps of the city, and other trifles. The fellow took out an opera-glass and offered it to Theodore. 'The usual price is eighty francs,' he said, 'but you shall have it for forty.' To get rid of him Theodore remarked that he would give half-a-franc for it. 'It is yours,' said the Alsatian, and when Theodore got home he had to excuse himself to Leon on the score of the bargain. But a few days afterwards, Aline, who was hunting through Theodore's possessions with much minuteness for a piece of sugar, discovered the glass. Instantly the fancy struck her to look at the Luxembourg clock, and leaning over the balcony she was so remarkably unfortunate as to let it drop into the street. It is equally remarkable that when it was picked up it was broken.

"Some time after this little episode, Theodore presented himself at an early hour at the office of his father's agent, to draw his allowance. He was not received with much cordiality, and the agent explained to him that, as he had had a difficulty with his father on business matters, he did not feel called upon to act as paymaster any longer. Theodore made no protests, and went away thinking it lucky that Leon was also drawing his stipend, which would give them something to go on with. Unluckily, at the very same moment Leon was experiencing a similar rebuff. He held what might be loosely called a private secretaryship, and his employer being on a journey, Leon expected to receive his salary from his man of business. 'But, my dear sir,' said the man of business, when Leon made his application, 'M. — has left me an account from which it would appear that you have been paid in advance certain sums which amount to a month's salary; therefore there is nothing due to you this month. Come to me next month and you shall have the money.' 'How lucky,' said Leon to himself when he got into the street, 'that Theodore has got his allowance!' But when the two met and learnt their fellowship in misfortune, they

were both for a moment somewhat downcast. 'Deuce take it!' said Theodore. 'Before I can let my father know, and hear from him, at least a week will have past, and during that time we shall be in the condition of Job.' 'And the worst of it is,' said Leon, 'that we shall not be able to take our holiday.' Our holiday was the famous four-handed excursion which was wont to take place on the first Sunday of each month. The vote for this extravagance was a regular one of twenty francs. For in those days, with four five-franc pieces and no more, two good fellows and two pretty girls could amuse themselves from dawn to sunset, without for a minute feeling envious of the riches of more elegant couples, who were taking a country Sunday in the hopes of blowing off their *ennui*. On the contrary, it was not unfrequently the gold which showed itself jealous of the silver."

Here occurs one of the protestations in which Murger often indulges against the costlier and more vicious amusements of the time of his manhood as compared with those of his youth. The tale goes on:

"While Theodore and Leon were in despair at the idea of the Sunday party being given up for want of money, they were visited by a young friend of theirs, who was the favourite dramatic author of a small neighbouring theatre much patronised by students. He had no percentage of receipts, but he was not unfrequently paid as much as a hundred francs for a melodrama in five acts, and was not expected to provide the scenery. When the piece ran fifty nights the manager asked him to breakfast; when it ran a hundred he asked him to dinner; and the summit of his ambition, never yet reached, was a run which might involve an invitation to supper. To-day he is not called Leopold, as he was then, and if he insisted that a Talma should be engaged to act one of his parts, no manager would dare to say him nay. 'My children,' said he to the friends when they had told him their difficulty, 'personally I can't help you, but indirectly perhaps I can. Perpend, I am all-powerful with my manager, or at least I can do something with him. In a fortnight his own benefit comes off, and he wishes to utilise a splendid painting of Windsor Castle, which a rising artist of the neighbourhood has executed in return for a free admission. Unluckily there is not a single piece in the repertoire which will do for the scene. Write him a vaudeville in one act which has something to do with Windsor Castle, and I promise you at least forty francs for it, there.' 'But,' said Leon, 'we want the money in three days.' 'Well,' said Leopold, 'there are two of you, and you have three days for writing one act. Isn't that enough? Pray how long would you take to put a girdle round the earth?' 'But,' said Leon again, 'to make a play one must have an idea, and in a vaudeville there must be verses. I don't know how to write verses, and I am sure Theodore doesn't.' 'It is very easy,' replied Leopold. 'Each verse is usually composed of eight lines. In the first seven you say nothing, either because it is your nature to, or intentionally. In the eighth, you make an effort and say something foolish. This is called the point; it is noticed, you repeat it, and there is your verse. Besides, there is no need for you to trouble yourselves about that; there is a copyist at the theatre who will make you admirable songs, as well as entries and exits for the chorus, at two francs a dozen. For three francs he will guarantee you an encore, but you have to supply the rhymes. Won't it do?' 'For my part,' said Theodore, 'I am rather shy of seeing my name on the bills.' 'Don't be afraid,' said the other, 'your name is not yet quite illustrious enough to set them on fire.'

"So Leon and Theodore made up their minds to take their comrade's counsel, and he carried them off to dinner in a little restaurant kept by an Englishman, who, when his customers asked for napkins, was wont to answer that they must be very slovenly people to want them. During dinner Leopold unfolded to his

companions the results of his dramatic experience, and as Leon persisted in coming back to his theory that to make a piece you must have an idea, the dramatist proceeded to lay down his professional principles. 'My dear children,' said he, 'nature and life surround us with ideas, and all we have got to do is to keep our eyes open. For instance, you see the gentleman who is carrying on negotiations with the cashier? That is an idea, and the results of it in drama are the *Quart d'Heure de Rabelais* and the *Epicure in a Fix*. Look at this other person who is wandering like a ghost round a table, because an intruder has taken his usual place. There is another idea; he is a monomaniac. Hence comes *The Monomaniac*, which some one has or must have written. If they have not, I will. See, again, that delicate girl who keeps the books, and is making up the bills wrong, while she is exchanging sweet glances with that clerk. There is another idea, an old one I grant you, like most other youthful ideas. 'Tis the idea of love. Well, you have only to suppose a gentleman coming in here to drink his punch and seeing those two babies. If he sees them in the right point of view, and if his name happen to be William Shakespeare, he will make you *Romeo and Juliet* out of that. You don't hunt for ideas, you find them. Waiter; bring me some tobacco!' The tobacco came, and as Leopold happened to look at the paper in which it was wrapped—'I told you so,' he said; 'here is your idea.' And he showed them a page of an English news letter, which happened to contain an anecdote of theatrical capabilities. 'Take it! Shakespeare, whom we have just mentioned, would have made something of it which would see the world out; do your best to make it into a vaudeville which may at least see out the evening. You have got two days to do it in, and you are not working for posterity. Good-bye! the bill is paid.'

"'I wish,' said Theodore, 'that it had occurred to him to lend us a little money till our own comes in.' 'He has thought of it,' said Leon gravely; 'but Leopold is modest in his kindness, and is afraid of hurting those whom he obliges. While we were putting on our coats at home I saw him stoop down and slip ten francs into the firewood, and he got quite red when the money jingled.' Two days afterwards the two friends were sitting at a table in their balcony, reading over for the last time the piece which they were to give to Leopold that night. As they read they began to dispute as to the ending, for which each had his own plan; and in their warmth they did not notice that a leaf of the manuscript had been wafted off the table by the first puff of an approaching storm. As it happened the paper, after falling at first in a neighbouring garden, was again caught up by the wind, which finally floated it through the open window of Aline's chamber. Meanwhile the dramatic partners continued their argument; and one of them, to prove his ending the best, began to search in the papers for the passage of which, as he said, it was logically the consequence. 'What a nuisance,' he cried at length impatiently, 'I cannot find the scene of the governor.' 'It is not difficult to recognise, however,' said Leon, rummaging in his turn; 'at least it is bad enough.' The unsuccessful search before long begat a quarrel, each accusing the other of carelessness. 'You have lost the scene of the governor,' said Theodore, 'if it had been the ingénue scene, which is all your own doing, it would not have been lost. You are a selfish brute, you only care for your own property, and yesterday you spoilt my set of handkerchiefs.' 'I had eleven excellent reasons for not spoiling my own,' replied Leon with much coolness, 'and besides, if I lost your handkerchief, what did you do with my umbrella? Cain that you are, what have you done with my umbrella?' 'What is the good of an umbrella except to lose?' replied Theodore; and the argument was too strong for Leon's logical mind. Still he went on. 'All the same, you are horribly careless. In the first place you have a fatal habit of lighting your pipe with the first paper that comes to hand. If we were so foolish as to possess any bank notes, I feel sure that you would convert them to the most improper purposes. I am certain that you have burnt the scene of the governor, and as it is laid inside Windsor Castle, I hope for Queen

Victoria's sake that the building was insured.' 'Nonsense,' said Theodore; 'this is trifling, nay, buffoonery. You didn't like the governor scene, which is mine, because it interforces with the effect of the ingénue scene, which is yours.' 'In other words,' said Leon, 'you suspect my integrity as a partner.' And they might have quarrelled once more but that Leopold came in. 'My children,' said he, 'you are expected this evening in the manager's study for the purpose of reading your work. He is so pleased with you for giving him an opportunity of using his new scene, that he intends to moisten the reading with a cool tankard, but don't be surprised if the price of it is stopped out of your fee. You had better read it me first,' added he, pointing to the papers. 'Impossible,' said Theodore, 'Leon has lost the scene of the governor. It is the very centre of the action.' 'Never mind,' said Leopold, 'read away, and when you come to the lost scene tell me its contents, that I may see the total effect.' 'But how about the style?' said Theodore with gravity. 'Do you mean to tell me that a piece written in two days has got any style? Phrases you mean, I suppose; let them alone, and let us have the masterpiece. Up goes the curtain.' Theodore began to read, and when he came to the lost scene he gave the gist of it. At the end Leon insisted that Leopold should hear his ending as well; and it was this that the great dramatist preferred. 'My children,' said he, 'your piece belongs to that order of masterpieces which should not be protracted over twenty minutes. Among other superfluities which it would be well to cut out, I must particularly mention the scene which you have lost. However great may have been the beauties of its style, they could not possibly equal its absolute uselessness. Chance in losing it for you has executed a masterly improvement.' 'What?' cried Theodore in consternation, 'cut out the governor?' 'Yes,' replied Leopold firmly; 'the governor must be cashiered. Reason, common sense, and good taste demand it. Let us go hence, for the manager expects us at six o'clock. You will be good enough to show signs of nervousness when you enter his presence.'

"When they left the theatre that night they were forty francs the richer, for Leopold had refused, at any rate for the present, to be repaid his loan. Before going home they went to see Aline and Laurence, to tell them to be ready the next day, which was that of the excursion. Laurence was out, but Aline gave Leon the key of her room that he might wait for her. When he had lighted the candles he noticed on the side-table a sheet of paper, the writing of which caught his eye. It was no other than the famous scene, the loss of which had caused his friend such poignant grief. Seeing that it was crumpled, he at first supposed that Laurence had used it to wrap something up. But on the back of the sheet he found the following lines, which were in an unknown hand: 'My dear child,' said this inscription, 'I came to see you to-day that we might have an explanation. I have told you, and I tell you again, that I hate not being able to see you when I wish, and this your work prevents. I hate coming to this out-of-the-way place, and climbing up these endless stairs. If any of my friends met me herabouts they would think I was a student. You must make up your mind to leave your shop. I can't wait any longer now, and so I write these lines on a piece of paper which the wind has just blown in, to tell you what I want. If you don't agree I fear that I shall be obliged to wish you good-bye. If you accept you need only send me back the pass-key, which I left with you, this evening. I am off to Baden, where I will take you if you do what I wish. Dozens of other girls would be only too happy. Good-bye, pretty child; remember, if you do not answer, it will be good-bye for good. Yours, ANATOLE DE ———.' 'I don't think,' said Leon to himself, 'that we want Theodore's opera-glass to make out what that means.' Then he took out his pencil and wrote at the bottom of the letter: '*Postscript.*—My dear child, at this season all decent people are going to watering-places. My health, which has suffered seriously, obliges me to quit the capital and take the waters of Asnières. You may therefore go to Baden with M. Anatole, who

wants to take you. Yours, the late LEON.' Just as he was going away the door opened, and Laurence came in. He placed the scene of the governor before her, kissed her hand, took his hat, and made for the door. 'Wait a minute,' said she, and she showed him, opening a little blotting-book a letter written in a schoolgirl hand. 'SIR,—I am glad to receive your farewell, and I shall stay where I am. I am not ill, and I don't want to go to Baden. I liked you for a little because your name was Anatole, and then I didn't like you at all, so good-bye. If I have made any faults in spelling, you must excuse me. Grammar does not come naturally to me. Yours, ALINE.' 'Well,' said Leon, 'what does that prove?' 'Can't you see that when she got his letter she came to show it me, and forgot it here, as well the answer, which I made her copy out properly.' 'It was not a bad answer though,' said he; 'then I am to believe that it was not me.' . . . 'Oh,' said Laurence, 'I should never like a man because his name was Anatole. If it were George now I am not so sure.' 'Because of Lord Byron, I suppose,' said Leon. 'But please let me know in that case.' 'Oh, yes,' she said with much frankness, 'it is too much trouble to humbug people. Aline always looked as if she were on thorns. But you won't tell Theodore?' and she put the tell-tale scene in the candle.

"A fortnight afterwards the friends, with the two girls, were present at the representation of their piece, which was a great success. 'It is all very well,' said Theodore, 'but I'm sorry for the scene of the governor.' 'You would not like it if you were to see it,' said Leon; and as he turned to Laurence, who was bowing to a young man, 'Who are you bowing to, dear?' said he. 'It is some one in the shop.' 'Whose name is?' . . .

"'George.'"

*Les Amours d'un Grillon et d'une Étincelle* runs as follows:

"In a wheatfield in Germany, there lived on terms of friendship an Italian beetle and a cricket. The beetle who had lived his life, possessed the second sight which is called experience, and which sees clearly and at the first glance to the bottom of the subject, which shows the mud under the clear water, and the reality under the illusion. Besides this the Italian was a light-o'-love, and few days passed without his adding some new conquest to his list. . . .

"The cricket was a lively contrast to his companion. Like most grasshoppers and crickets he was a poet, and he lived, poet-fashion, rather in an imaginary world than in the real one. He had early been left an orphan, for within two days his father had been trodden underfoot by a child who was gathering flowers, and his mother had been carried off by a swallow seeking food for her young. The remembrance of this double misfortune changed the cricket's natural melancholy to deep sadness, and he spent almost his whole days at the bottom of his hole. At blaze of noon, when his brethren of the furrows made the air ring with their clamour, he did not join them but remained musing alone. At even, when the concert began again, and when the frogs of the marsh hard by took their part, he still held aloof and still dreamed. Only at early morning he would steal softly forth, so as not to wake his friend, when the latter was not on one of his expeditions, and would climb to the summit of an ear of corn which he had chosen as an observatory, and where he spent whole hours in gazing at the sky."

The beetle (who has been brought from Italy in the bouquet held at a ball by a lady on the eve of an *clôpement*) is a very lively and pleasing personage, to whom I regret that space prevents my doing justice. He is the incarnation of good-humoured and epicurean shrewdness, and does his utmost to convince the cricket of the uselessness of his poetical reveries. He feels sure that the cricket is in love, and determines to find out the object with the magnanimous

and disinterested intention of sparing his friend his own victorious competition.

"One morning he followed the cricket as he went as usual to his observatory. The beetle hid himself in a tuft of grass, and watched his friend as, perched on the ear, he gazed as if entranced on the sky, and followed with his eyes the flight of a cloud from east to west. Suddenly the cloud passed, and the morning star hidden hitherto showed her glittering face. At this the cricket quivered on his perch and began to sing loudly. This was his song:

"'What art thou, fair star? Perhaps a flower that has bloomed in the gardens of paradise, whom the maidens gather before the sun has had time to wither thee. If thy perfume does not reach us, it is because it is too far from heaven to earth—too far, alas! from thee to me.

"'What art thou, fair star? The cloud of rosy plumage which hid thee just now, and which seemed like a seraph floating through the blue, has left thee behind in his flight. Canst thou be a diamond dropped by the heavenly way from the robes of the divine wanderer? How bright thou art, and how dark am I! How far it is from thee to me.

"'What art thou, fair star? Art thou a dew-drop trembling in the lilies that archangels bear? Art thou hope, shining in the morning, and seen no more at night? Art thou the smile of God blessing his creation at its awakening? Or art thou perchance the spirit of poetry whose voice all the songs of the morning do but echo? Thy song is too high for us to hear it, and it is far from thee to me.

"'Whoever thou art, fair star, I love thee. Before I saw thee in the heavens I had seen thee in my own soul. Thou didst illumine my solitude, and when I saw thee with mine eyes, I said—Is it then my dream which has flown from my heart to shine aloft? I love thee, fair star, though it be far from thee to me.'"

The honest beetle is quite aghast at this sentimental outburst, and discourses the most admirable common sense to the enraptured lover. He tries to excite his jealousy, but in vain, and is not more successful in a touching history of his own early passion for a white rosebud which was sundered by the death of the flower, and only consoled by a less ethereal and more solid affection for some one else. This rather shocks the cricket, who looks on his friend very much as the other bards looked on Tannhäuser at the Wartburg. However, the beetle's good temper is imperturbable, and he predicts for his friend a second edition of his own experiences.

"Shortly afterwards the cricket became very sad. He had not seen the star for a week, and the aspect of things had altogether changed. The blue sky was hidden behind dense clouds like great black curtains, and the sun could scarcely show his pale face through them each morning. The box-trees were sallow and withered, the wild rose bushes were nothing but thorns, the meadows shivered beneath the north winds which had replaced the summer breeze, and the swallows, shuddering under their plumage, made for the East. One day the cricket found his ear of corn laid low, and saw the last smile of the sun, which seemed to be following the swallows. It was long since the nightingale had ceased to sing, the butterflies had fled with the flowers, and the leaves were dropping from the trees."

The beetle explains the meaning of all this to the wondering cricket. Winter is coming, and he, the beetle, must die. As for the cricket there is a chance for him; he can get shelter in the



chimney of the nearest cottage and wait for the spring. For himself he has the true spirit of the Lucretian *conviva satur*. He has lived his life, his loves the flowers are dead, and he is ready to follow.

"The cricket wept, for he was much attached to his friend, although on certain points they were not of one mind. But the hope of seeing his star once more in the spring decided him, and after embracing the Italian, he set out for the cottage, which he reached that evening. When the poor man to whom it belonged saw him come in, he said, 'Here is the luck of the house; we must have a blaze.' And he threw a handful of wood on the hearth; but it was green, and made more smoke than fire.

"When he had chosen his nest in one of the cracks of the chimney, the poet of the fields made a pilgrimage round the narrow space which was thenceforward to be his home. The aspect of his dingy kingdom was not well suited to dispel his sadness, and at first he was inclined to regret having quitted the open country with its white snow-cloak for this prison with soot-smirched walls and smoky atmosphere. 'What will become of me?' said he, as he retired to his crack, 'and how can I wait for the spring in this dark solitude?' Then he did as folk often do when, having nothing good in sight for the present, they take refuge in the past which has been a little happier, and shut their eyes on exterior things, so as to use the inner eye better. He thought over all his days. They had begun in mourning, and reminded him of his entry into the world, an orphan, and weeping already, as all do on the threshold of life. He remembered his youth in the German land, where melancholy seems inbred in things and persons. He saw once more the grey sky, where the sun now and then ventured to shoot forth a pale ray. He heard the nightly duets of the breeze and the brooklet, the harmonies which had given birth to the harmony in his own soul. He remembered his earliest poetical efforts, improvisations ready fashioned in his dreams, and which he had uttered almost without a thought. He thought of his meeting with the beetle, that open-air philosopher and pleasure-lover, who had at the same time a love of truth. He recalled the sharp logic of his friend, and how often it had fallen blunted from his own golden dreams. Then suddenly, in the melancholy mirror of his memories, came the reflection of the morning star, with her moist and gentle radiance. Then did the poet's musings become deeper still. He ensconced himself in one single thought, around which his swarming hopes gathered, and so was happy. He forgot the dulness of the seldom-lighted hearth, the darkness of the cabin. The black depths of the fireplace were no longer black for him, for the memory of his love spread over them an expanse of azure in which shone the morning splendours of his star. And thus, perched on the dogs of the grate as once upon his corn-ear, the cricket would pass whole days singing the song which he had composed for his mistress. But the good peasant of the cottage thought he had given shelter to but a melancholy guest, and would much rather have had the cheerful chirp of the ordinary cricket than the poet's plaintive elegy.

"On Christmas-Eve he invited two neighbours to see the day in, and for this occasion he lighted his Yule log, a fine billet of oak with stout dry bark, which soon began to crackle and blaze gloriously. Warned by this unaccustomed heat the cricket, who was sleeping in his crack and dreaming of his mistress just as if he had been awake, drew near the hearth to thank his host who was giving him such a treat, but at the minute a neighbour stirred the log, which immediately crackled and shot forth a spark. 'Ah! heavens,' said the cricket, 'there is my star come back.' But the tiny spangle of flame had already fled, and another followed, to be in like manner extinguished, then a third, then a thousand others, so that the poet could hardly count them. He thought himself still asleep and dreaming, but a fresh spark passed so near him, dazzling his eyes and his heart, that he could doubt no longer. His dream had

come true, and his mistress the star was really before him. Then, in hopes of staying her flight, he sounded his tenderest notes, and addressed an appeal to the winged creature which still fled before him. Every verse as it burst from his heart seemed to shake from its wings the tears in which it had been steeped; yet the spark flod still ever brighter and faster. The singer gathered up all his dreams and flung them together in a strain which cold reason did not shape, and the verse poured forth more freely and in more passionate disarray. And still the spark floated on. He uttered all the hopes he had formed in his solitude, but still it fled. Then suddenly he was seized with one of those moments of delirium which occur but once in a life. All his desires, all his dreams, in their endless variations of the same theme, all his thoughts, all the nameless things which live in the heart, and by which it lives, and which quit it at once when passion breaks it,—all this came forth at once in one great flood of sobbing verse, and the poet, having thus caught up the whole of his love, and uttered it in a supreme prayer, waited for the passage of the spark. His post was red-hot by this time and his pain was sharp, but he heeded it not.

“ ‘Will she still fly?’ he sighed. But the spark halted for a moment in the chimney corner. ‘She is waiting,’ he cried; ‘she is waiting! she loves me!’ Then, with a happy timidity, he drew near his beloved mistress. The spark shone on the dark background of the hearth, like a diamond in an ebony case: and remembering the brilliant smiles of the morning star, the cricket cried, ‘She is just as I saw her first in my dreams, as I saw her in the heaven where she was so far, and now she is close to me.’ Then he began to celebrate his happiness in song. But the wind prisoned in the chimney stayed the flight of the verse, and scattered it. The spark was still, stationary in the angle of the hearth, but she seemed to pale. Her lover, as he slowly drew near, sang constantly, and touched in his song on all the now hopes that welled up in his soul in the long wished-for presence of his idol; yet still she grew paler. For a moment, at the passionate voice of her lover, she seemed to answer with a brighter flash, and as he approached her light grew clearer. No tenderer glance had ever come from the golden eyes of the morning star herself as she had listened to the dawn-songs of the cricket perched on his stalk. The lover still advanced and gazed on his mistress, who seemed to call him with a quiver of her brightness. He made one last step, and was so close to her that they touched. Then it seemed to him that he had been struck blind,—for the spark was extinguished. He looked at the place where a second before she had been so brilliant, and there was nothing there but a speck of ash. ‘Oh, my dream! my love!’ said the poet-lover. Then he went back to his crack and remained silent.”

These two extracts show, I think, fully and fairly the moral as well as the literary peculiarities of the bulk of Murger’s work. Nor does that work call for much further comment. He has two points of view from which he considers the facts of which he treats. One is a view of humorous common sense, which delights in exhibiting the absurd side of things, not ill-temperedly or morosely, but with geniality and an abundance of quaint side-thought and illustration. The other is a purely poetical, and more or less melancholy point of view, from which, again without bitterness or exaggeration, he bewails the mutability and the unsatisfactoriness of things. It is worth noticing, too, that Murger, like many other and greater novelists, is very limited in his choice of subjects, at least of the subjects which he could handle happily. He knew the Bohemia of his novels thoroughly, and he clung to this, only making

rare excursions out of it; excursions which are still more rarely profitable. Yet his work has no sameness, except to those who see nothing of a story but its argument, and who are ready to cry, *connu*, if an author after once describing a grisette jilting a student, afterwards endeavours to describe a student jilted by a grisette. The type may be the same but the individual is different, and the genius of the writer is shown precisely in the way in which the eternal old theme becomes new by his treatment of it. There is another excellence about his handling which deserves notice, because it also is common to most novelists of the better class. Each reproduction of the type adds something to our conception of it. Rodolphe, and Marcel, and Lazare, and Theodore, and Leopold, and a score more are all Bohemians, going through very much the same adventures. But while on the one hand they are all original, on the other their originalities all derive directly from the general type, and go to furnish forth the idea of the *ewig-böhmische* in our minds. This is exactly as it should be, and it contrasts very strongly with the practice of certain other writers who, with an immense number of nominally different characters, and a consequent reputation for untiring fertility, have at bottom but a meagre conception of any type, and never give it us fully and fairly drawn. The singular justice which marks Murger's conception and drawing is also worth noticing, and sprang, I think, from pure literary talent. The prose ballad of which I have endeavoured to translate part shows this literary skill remarkably. Not even in German itself can I remember any better picture of *clair de lune* sentiment.

I am not disposed to agree with those who hold that Murger's comparatively early death at the age of forty deprived the world of much novel or remarkable work. More sketches of the old themes he might have given us, and they could not have failed to be charming. Nor is it likely that he would, like his (in some sort) analogue Gavarni, have sunk into morose and visionary sterility when age and changed circumstances had put an end to the life that once he led. He had too kindly a soul for that, though there are not wanting in his later work touches of almost querulous discontent with the changed order of the world. But I think that his mind had been too thoroughly branded with the one idea ever to entertain another profitably. The sadness and the jollity, the vicissitudes and the consolations, of one special, artificial, and in a way transitory state of life, he had thoroughly seized, and has completely expressed. But he had not the faculty of adaptation which gave Diderot and Gautier, an unlike and yet like pair, long and joyous lives of hard and varied work. He would either have gone on doing worse the things he had once done admirably, or he would have—as has happened more than once in literature—done new things badly without much censure, because

he had done the old things well. The death of Murger seems to me better than the lives of the Campbells and the Lamartines.

One word must be said of Murger's influence on his readers. It has been great, and I suppose on the whole it has been bad, despite his own earnest protests against the follies, the unreason, and the suicidal expectations of his Bohemians. As Gavarni is declared to have actually sent voluntary pilgrims to Clichy, so have the ways of Bohemia, with their dismal termination, been peopled, we are told, by these books. This is unfortunate of course, but I cannot see that Murger is to blame for it. There is no attempt in his books—even if we put aside the direct dissuasives to which I have alluded—to conceal the truth or to throw a glamour over falsehood. The reader who takes his Bohemia for a *pays de cocagne* or an earthly paradise of any kind must be strangely constituted or unusually unobservant. The burden of his prose as of his verse is a burden of sadness and a note of warning.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a well-known passage, has formulated his idea of the literary and moral aspirations of France in the quotation, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee!" and there is perhaps no writer who reminds one of this more than Murger. His Ishmaelitish peculiarities are not, indeed, of the aggressive order, and he is rather Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba than Ishmael in the wilderness of Paran. His complaints of the order of the universe seem simple enough. There is so much bread on earth, and yet it is so hard to earn; the sun is in heaven, and yet the winter winds are so unkind; the fair women of the world are so many, and yet no one of them will sail with him "*à la rive fidèle ou l'on aime toujours.*" But these complaints he has put into a book—for, as he himself said, he has practically written but one—which is in its way a book final and perfect. Its literary charms, though great, are not supreme; its subject is limited, and from a moral or philosophical point of view it is easy to criticise and to gainsay it. But it strikes truly and skilfully a string which has vibrated at one time or another in the heart and brain of every man who has brain or heart, and therefore it deserves a place in the literature of humanity.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

### IV.—FROM 1852 TO AUGUST, 1873.

THE sensible public is never blinded by the vulgar glitter of stars and garters. Wise Frenchmen saw behind the splendour of the Tuileries the Man of December, and waited for Mexico and Sedan. Englishmen with good memories see under this new blue riband the political bravo who struck at Peel. The scenic effects have undoubtedly been good. Not satisfied with his triumphs on the domestic stage, Lord Beaconsfield was ambitious of performing a great part on foreign boards. To add to the theatric effect, he was attended, as the Court Circular says of royal personages and their humble companions, by the Marquis of Salisbury. This strange companionship has been one of the small surprises of the day. In an amusing passage in one of his speeches, Lord Beaconsfield accounted for the practice of twofold parliamentary representation. Two members, according to him, were chosen, because neither dared go alone. They travelled together, because they were afraid of robbers; they slept in the same room, because they were afraid of ghosts. We forget whether he added that each went to keep an eye on the other, whom he distrusted. Possibly Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have been associated on the principle which is said in the Roman Catholic Church to require that members of certain religious orders shall work and travel in pairs, so as to give an external guarantee for zeal and good behaviour. With the recollection of the things said and done by Lord Salisbury in Constantinople, Lord Beaconsfield may not have been prepared to trust his colleague out of his sight. In the presence of the Prime Minister the Foreign Secretary could be only in name a Plenipotentiary.

By remaining in the Cabinet, after the retirement of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury has probably secured for himself the reversion of the Premiership. To rise very high, he has stooped very low, and he may find it necessary to stoop lower yet. He has apparently adopted to the full those ethics of political adventure which he once denounced in the bitterest and the most scornful language, and in which he foresaw the degradation of English public life through the lowering of the character of English public men. In the controversy which followed his secession from Lord Derby's administration in 1867, he pointed to the character

and conduct of Lord Beaconsfield as of evil omen for England. Lord Beaconsfield smiled then; he has better reason for smiling now. The bitter assailant has become the humble disciple; the scandalized moralist has been the adroit abettor and imitator. The legerdemain of the secret agreement with Russia, balanced by the secret convention with Turkey, was not a combination of a very high intellectual order; but it showed a superiority to moral scruples, to which happily it is difficult to find a parallel in English diplomacy. The British Plenipotentiaries at the Congress were playing with cards in their sleeves. Lord Salisbury has acquired Lord Beaconsfield's art of answering, using words in a double sense, one intended to reassure his hearers at the moment; the other, when the trick comes to light, to furnish a justification for himself. His denial of dissensions in the Cabinet, and his repudiation of the *Globe* copy of the Anglo-Russian agreement, were conveyed in words which meant one thing to him and another to his hearers. His contradiction of Lord Derby's statement as to his motives in quitting office requires to be taken, therefore, with the greatest reserve. Henceforward, indeed, Lord Salisbury's statements will need an interpretation clause, such as is found in acts of parliament, determining that such and such a term shall be taken in such and such a meaning. Lord Salisbury has made a sacrifice of political character to his political fortunes. He will probably find before long that even from the point of view of personal ambition only, he has made a mistake which it will take many years to repair. The trick played upon the Congress by the two secret agreements with Russia and Turkey is, however, less censurable than the trick played through the same instruments upon England herself. The nation has been committed to a task not simply difficult and dangerous,—difficulty and danger may be confronted and overcome,—but to obligations which it is impossible to discharge. England and Turkey have been drawing bills upon each other, which cannot be paid, and offering them to Europe as good security. The protectorate over Asia Minor, of which the occupation of Cyprus is simply one of the conditions, is a piece of gigantic charlatanism. Lord Beaconsfield's triumphant entry into London, and the theatrical procession from Charing Cross, was a bit of harlequinade from which, one would have thought, the self-respect and reserve of an English statesman and gentleman would have shrunk. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor Lord Salisbury showed any shrinking. A troop of horse-riders visits a country town much in the same way, and endeavours to bring idlers to its booth, as Lord Beaconsfield tried to manage public opinion. The whole thing was mountebank to the last degree; but it was not the less in harmony with the career of the Cagliostro-Chatham who was its principal figure. Lord Salisbury was a secondary figure in the

parade. To some who, on the 16th of July, observed him sitting in the same carriage with Lord Beaconsfield, and humbly taking the dregs of mob applause after his chief had drained the cup, Sydney Herbert's indignant scorn may have recurred; and they may have applied to Lord Salisbury the remarks which he addressed to Mr. Disraeli sitting on the Treasury Bench, and professing a free-trade policy,—“If a man wants to see humiliation, which God knows is always a painful sight, he needs but look there.”

The apologists for Lord Beaconsfield may, however, plead excuses for him, which cannot be urged on behalf of Lord Salisbury. One of the earliest critics of *Vanity Fair* suggested a parallel which must have occurred to many other people. “If Becky could have changed sexes with her husband, all would have gone well. She might have canvassed a borough as a Radical, and a county as a Tory; might have gained the ear of the House by malignity, and kept it by effrontery; might have risen into notoriety by attacking the first men of the age, and become the leader of a party by joining one which all persons of sense had deserted.” In one most important respect, Lord Beaconsfield was more fortunate than his feminine counterpart. His Jes. Sedley and Rawdon Crawley periods, his coquettings with young England and Protectionist boobies, had a sequel to which there is nothing corresponding in the social adventures of Miss Becky Sharp. His alliance with Lord Derby (to speak in terms derived from the vicissitudes of the other sex) made a respectable man of Mr. Disraeli. Henceforth he was received into the purest and most virtuous society. A veil was drawn over the past, and no curious inquiries were to be made.

The death of Lord George Bentinck, in 1848, made Lord Beaconsfield the real leader of the Protectionist faction; and his acceptance by the late Lord Derby, then the head of the Tory party, made him, after Peel's death, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons. This officious position became official with his appointment, in 1852, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's first administration. Though Lord Beaconsfield has three times held this office, no one has ever thought of him as a minister of finance. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, in 1857, and in 1866, because it was necessary that, as ministerial leader in the House of Commons, he should hold one of the great offices of State, and because this particular office was the only one which it suited the royal pleasure that Lord Beaconsfield at that time should hold. The usage which made it necessary that one of the Secretaries of State should be the minister in attendance upon the Queen, was in force when Lord Derby formed his first administration in 1852; and the objection of the Queen to have Lord Beaconsfield as one of the ministers

in attendance upon her was, there is good ground for believing, the reason for his appointment to the almost ludicrously unsuitable office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Beaconsfield was a finance minister who never affected to know or care much about finance; and having mastered his budgets sufficiently to make the opening statement with credit, left the details to be fought out by Secretaries of the Treasury and other statistical persons—the calculating boys of the Government, who had a shopkeeper's acquaintance with Cocker and his rules. The sublime indifference with which Lord Beaconsfield used to look on, or scarcely to look on at these encounters, but rather to detach himself in apparently profound reveries from the details of the department of which he was the responsible head, will be remembered by all who knew the House of Commons during his Chancellorship. *Dux sum et super arithmeticom*—"I am the leader of the House of Commons, and have nothing to do with figures"—was a sentiment impressed on his whole attitude and bearing. The inconvenient limitation upon freedom of ministerial arrangements, of which we have spoken, and consequent hindrance to the efficient conduct of public business, exist no longer. But there were compensations. If the old usage had been departed from earlier, Lord Beaconsfield's decisive influence on the conduct of public affairs would possibly have been anticipated by some twenty years or so. The first condition of Lord Beaconsfield's success is that he has been a devoted leader. For more than a quarter of a century he has given himself up to the service of the Conservative party, abandoning his whole mind and energies to them, and making a sacrifice of literary taste and ambition and social leisure to the task which he had undertaken. He has not tried to serve two masters. He has acknowledged no conflict between a higher and a lower law. The virtue which he has shown is not the highest, nor is the recompense which he has reaped the noblest. But the one is appropriate to the other. He has been a vigilant and faithful party leader, and he has reaped a vigilant and faithful party leader's reward. His minutest attention has been given to everything which could keep his followers together. Youthful aspirants have been flattered and encouraged; disappointed vanities have been soothed, and elderly ambitions have been satisfied. Mr. Gladstone has had higher aims and has done a nobler work than Lord Beaconsfield; but he neglected the ordinary arts of party management while he was Prime Minister, and threw up the leadership when he grew tired of it. The mere party feeling which the two men excite, reflects the faults of the greater and better man, and the merits of the lower mind and character; and in both cases is natural and inevitable. The qualities



which have helped the one and hindered the other in Parliament and the world, may possibly have had corresponding effects at Court. Whatever Lord Beaconsfield's gifts, it is only since the retirement of the late Lord Derby, and his own appointment to the Premiership ten years ago, that he has had the opportunity of practising them at Windsor and Balmoral. His doctrines of the personal power of the monarch, and his or her place and work in the constitution, are naturally acceptable to holders and expectants of the royal office; and there is some truth probably in the current opinion that, since he has been First Minister of the Crown, the sovereign and the heir apparent have played a larger part in public business, and especially in the control of foreign policy, than at any period since the reign of George III. Lord Beaconsfield is not the man, like George Grenville, and perhaps later ministers, to be wearisome and dictatorial in the royal closet, and to present the decisions of the Cabinet as edicts to be registered in a royal bed of justice. The power of the sovereign has been revived and aggrandized under his direction. In any future contrasts which may be drawn between constitutional monarchy in England and the Republican system, it may be desirable to keep in mind that the former is not necessarily as pure an example of government by Cabinet government—that is to say, by a committee of both Houses, responsible to the elected Chamber—as it has of late been assumed to be.

Lord Beaconsfield's influence in debate is due, in part, to the qualities which we have described, and is certainly not owing to that business-like directness and knowledge of affairs which it is customary to represent as the essential conditions, in our times, of authority in the House of Commons. As a parliamentary orator, he may claim the verdict of success. There is no man who is more to the taste of both Houses, whose rising has always been hailed with more expectant curiosity, who is rewarded with closer attention, and who is greeted with prompter laughter and applause, with that gathering and swelling murmur of cheers which is to the parliamentary speaker what the sound of meeting palms is to the actor. Yet Lord Beaconsfield is by no means an ideal orator. Mechanism, and not life, characterizes his speaking. Vivian Grey, in reviewing his resources for playing the part of a political impostor, counts as the principal among them that he "can perform right skilfully upon that most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice." Lord Beaconsfield's voice is a powerful and delicate organ, capable of almost all tones and inflexions; but it is an instrument on which an external artist appears to be performing, pulling out the stops, and putting down the pedals, and pressing the keys. So with his gestures; they are often vehement and

excited, but they are always angular and stiff. Somebody seems to be jerking strings or wires, with more or less force and skill. There is a game which children are fond of seeing played, in which two persons are concealed behind a curtain, the head of one and the arms of the other only appearing. The head declaims and the arms gesticulate as nearly in harmony as may be, or with as ridiculous an incongruity as can be devised. Lord Beaconsfield's voice and gestures never seem to be in much closer relation to each other than those of the composite orator of the children's game. You never, as with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, see the whole man, thought, feeling, voice, and frame, fused into a single expression of the ruling mood or idea. Instead of losing the parts in the whole, the whole seems always with Lord Beaconsfield to be resolving itself into its parts. There is no nature, there is not even consummate art, which is but the most perfect and careful expression of nature; but there is very dexterous artifice, and you are pleased, as with the exhibition of a difficult and cleverly-executed trick. The interest which Lord Beaconsfield's speeches excite and repay is that of a public entertainment. He is essentially a comedian.

The descriptions which are from time to time given of him proceed upon this assumption, often unconsciously made, of his real character in public life. We are told, as if an opera singer was in question, that on such and such an occasion he was in capital voice, and his make-up is criticized, or rather described, with admiring particularity. As to the substance of his speeches, they present the same characteristic of parts not fused into a whole, which is exhibited in his manner. Dazzling ornaments, precious stones or painted glass, diamonds or paste, are strung together on a piece of common twine. When Lord Beaconsfield has to make a long exposition or a protracted argument, nothing can be drearier; he has seldom mastered his subject as a whole, and he does not put it clearly before the House. In his financial statements and in his Reform Bill speeches, and on nearly every occasion on which he has had to place a complicated topic before parliament at the opening of the debate, Lord Beaconsfield was evidently speaking from cram, like a counsel who has hurriedly read his brief, and relies upon his juniors and his solicitors. A casual objection or inquiry which interrupted the thread of his prepared statements is, or was—for in the House of Lords Lord Beaconsfield seldom undertakes work of this sort—met with a joke or with a reference of the objector to some future occasion. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, in being the absolute master of details, is in turn occasionally mastered by them. They assume, now and then, a magnitude before his mind which is out of proportion to the whole subject, and which is checked only by his equal knowledge of all other details. Lord Beaconsfield never

masters details, but he is never mastered by them, simply because he leaves them alone, dexterously dodging them and slipping by on the other side.

In this fact is the secret of some portion of Lord Beaconsfield's success as a ministerial leader, and of Mr. Gladstone's partial failure. Mr. Gladstone has, almost always apparently, known a great deal more about the business of every department than the head of it did, and has been more intimately acquainted with every bill than the ministerial colleague who has had charge of it. He hears a blundering exposition, or a lame defence, with the intellectual impatience of a master who sees a good cause weakened, or a bad cause made gratuitously worse instead of better, in the handling. He interposes, usually very effectually, so far as the mere argument is concerned, to set matters right. The result is sometimes to raise a secondary or third-rate question into primary importance, to make a small ministerial crisis out of the ordinary incidents of legislation and debate, and to decide by convincing arguments issues which might reasonably have been left to a conclusive majority. Having the better cause, Mr. Gladstone cannot bear to seem to have the worse. It wounds him that good arguments which his colleagues have not known how to employ should be allowed to rust unused. His colleagues, who do not know that their arguments are bad, and who think probably that they have made out an unanswerable case, do not like to see the honour of victory snatched out of their hands. They are prone to believe that they have persuaded the majority which was created for them beforehand. This is an innocent illusion, at which it would have been charitable to wink. The too ruthless destruction of it has done something to prevent Mr. Gladstone's having any devoted personal following in Parliament, or even any very strong political friendships on the front Liberal bench. Lord Beaconsfield has never in this way unconsciously wounded the self-love of the people who sit about him. He has been patient of bad arguments when he has had a good majority, and he has been willing to leave his lieutenants masters of the field and with the honours of victory. If a colleague has got into a scrape, from which a division will extricate him, he has been content to let him fight his way out of it without tendering humiliating and distasteful assistance; thus saving the complacency of a friend, and not too closely associating the ministry as a whole, in the person of its chief, with the blunder of a department.

Lord Beaconsfield has said that a ministerial leader ought to be reluctant to speak, and, if such a happy gift could be hoped for, unable to speak. He himself can always intervene when it is necessary, rather indeed to divert the attention of the House by badinage or invective from strong arguments, than to convert them by arguments yet stronger. But he is never tempted to speak by

his superior knowledge of the subject in debate, or by that excessive facility in giving rhetorical form to the suggestions and impulses of the moment, which is often as fatal to the highest eloquence as it is dangerous in parliamentary management. Oratory, after all, is an instrumental art; and in the English House of Commons, as it is now constituted, it is a means for the conduct of public business. Probably no one has ever used it so effectively for this purpose as Mr. Gladstone. The growing perplexity of public affairs, in which every question is involved in a web of tangled details, demanded, and, perhaps, in a certain degree created, at any rate it stimulated and developed, that particular type of statesmanship and of eloquence of which Mr. Gladstone is a master. He is at his strongest and best as a legislator in arranging complicated details into an orderly whole—as in his greater budgets and in the Irish Church and Land Bills; and his eloquence reflects his statesmanship in his power of lucid exposition and arrangement of facts and topics which probably no other man could carry in his head, or bring out in perfect order and completeness in speech. Mr. Gladstone's easy movement through a crowd and crush of embarrassing topics, his copious, unflinching, and unstrained speech, mark the man who is at home with every branch of his subject—who knows the smallest minutiae of it, in themselves, in their relation to each other, and to the whole. In the laboured and stilted English of what should be the level parts of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches—the Johnsonese vocabulary and the Holofernian diction—you see traces of a man labouring in matters with which he is not familiar. The pedestrian speech of Lord Beaconsfield does not suggest easy advance upon a smooth and fair high road, but a toilsome stumbling up a rough and barren hillside. The dreariness of the way is relieved by piquant paradoxes and pungent personal satire, and the expectation of these keeps attention alive, or stimulates it when it is flagging. Lord Beaconsfield's reputation as an orator will depend in the future, as it does now, on isolated sentences or short passages admitting of separation from the speeches in which they are found, because they have in reality no vital connection with them. They are ornaments stuck on or purple patches let into a sometimes thread-bare robe. Lord Beaconsfield's oratorical ability will probably in future be rated higher than it deserves, because of this facility of detachment. He has converted his intellectual wealth into portable property, as peasants abroad invest their savings in golden ear-rings and bracelets, or as Eastern merchants carry theirs in diamonds and precious stones. Mr. Gladstone's eloquence will be to future generations rather a tradition of parliamentary history than a continued life. It is not to be judged by extracts. Each part of his speech depends on the whole, and each speech, we may almost say, on the discussion of which it formed

usually the most important element. Mr. Gladstone's oratory is that of the man of affairs, the statesman, in the true sense of the term, and is imbedded in the public business of the time. Lord Beaconsfield's oratory consists of the sallies of a fashionable entertainer, and his cleverer hits and repartees may have a sort of jest-book immortality, along with the best things of Foote and Theodore Hook. Nothing can be better than his nicknames. There is something of genius in them. The "superior person"—the "inspired school-boy"—and the "extinct volcanoes," of the Liberal front bench, have been named and labelled once for all. The House of Commons misses these things, and such stories as that of the Irish deputation who waited upon Lord Beaconsfield, and after a very agreeable and cordial interview, went away without telling him what they had come for. His withdrawal has eclipsed its gaiety. Lord Beaconsfield has found it easier to communicate some of his least desirable moral qualities to his colleagues in both Houses, than his intellectual vivacity. There are traces of the master in the disingenuousness with which Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury have learned to answer questions, using words formally true to convey a misleading impression.

The year which saw Lord Beaconsfield for the first time a minister of the Crown was otherwise even more memorable. By a curious coincidence it witnessed the death of the Duke of Wellington, and the restoration of the French empire under Napoleon III. It fell to Lord Beaconsfield, on behalf of her Majesty's Government, to announce in the House of Commons the Queen's recognition, as Emperor of the French, of the friend and fellow-adventurer who had been enigmatically silent, and daringly paradoxical with him at Gore House. The era of blunder and swagger and national Chauvinism, of tawdry and flashy Government, which Napoleon III. introduced in France, Lord Beaconsfield more than twenty years afterwards was to initiate in England. Lord Beaconsfield has consciously imitated Napoleon III. and the Second Empire in his methods of government; but for a long time he unconsciously produced a nearer resemblance to Soultouque II. and the Empire of Hayti. The French Empire was a powerful though pestilent reality. Lord Beaconsfield, until he devised the British protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, was unable to commit the country to anything more than whimsical and irritating extravagancies. He has abundantly made up for postponed opportunity. On the very day on which the House of Commons heard the ministerial statement of the recognition of Napoleon, it, with a sort of ironical appropriateness, voted a large sum of money for the solemn interment of the Duke of Wellington. It buried one era before entering upon another; and Lord Beaconsfield was the

man to officiate at both ceremonies. It fell to him, in the name of the Commons of England, to pronounce the national farewell to its great hero. How he did it, it is almost superfluous to say. Lord Beaconsfield could not find words of his own suitable to the occasion, and he availed himself of the language in which M. Thiers had commended the services of some second-rate French marshal; without, however, mentioning either M. Thiers or the French marshal.

That Lord Beaconsfield was not lifted into sincerity when he assumed to speak of the dead Duke of Wellington in the name of the Commons of England, gives a glimpse of the way in which use and habit may degrade a nature not originally without generosity and sensibility. Perhaps, however, Lord Beaconsfield did not think that the Duke of Wellington deserved more than the second-hand praises in which a second-rate French marshal had been posthumously dressed out. His estimate of the Duke and of what he calls Dukism, has been given in one of his writings, and it is by no means of a very exalted order.

Lord Derby's first ministry purchased a few weeks' tenure of office after the general election of 1852, by accepting the resolution which pledged them to the theory and practice of free trade. But Lord Beaconsfield's first budget was more than even the contemptuous indulgence of the House of Commons could bear. The coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen, which brought Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals into the same Cabinet and the same party, followed. The history of the next two-and-twenty years is, with little interruption, the history of Liberal government in England, with which Lord Beaconsfield had nothing to do except as a sharp, but unavailing critic. His political adventures may be said to cease for a time at this point; for henceforth he acted for and with his party, and they share with him the responsibility for the things said and done in their name. The much-vaunted chivalry of the late Lord Derby had its full share in the exploits of the politician with whom he entered into partnership, and whom he designated as his successor when broken health dictated his retirement from office. Through the greater part of a quarter of a century Lord Beaconsfield was the patient and wary leader of the Opposition. In debate he was a sort of railing and vituperative chorus in a drama the action of which was carried on by others than himself. The six years which intervened between Lord Beaconsfield's first and second tenure of office, derive their historic importance from the financial measures of Mr. Gladstone, from the Crimean War, from the establishment of relations of friendship with France (which has outlasted and, it is reasonable to hope, will outlast the unworthy instrument and motives in which it originated), and the Indian mutiny. Lord Beaconsfield renewed against Lord Aberdeen, though with more reserve and with some sense of his

own changed position and ex-official dignity, the bitter and unscrupulous attacks which he had made some years before on Sir Robert Peel. He opposed with epigrams the development of that free-trade policy which he and his party, by their own votes and speeches, on Mr. Villiers's resolution in 1852, were pledged to carry out. He subjected himself, by his criticisms on the diplomatic conduct by the Government of the Eastern Question, to the imputation of factious and unpatriotic motives, which during the past two years have been flung at the head of Mr. Gladstone; and when the Indian mutiny broke out, he answered the question "Ought India to be content?" in a manner which might have subjected him to the threat of a vote of personal censure, if any Liberal Mr. Hanbury had at that time sat on the Ministerial side of the House. It is curious that in the debate in 1854, on the unconstitutional interference attributed to the Prince Consort, Lord Beaconsfield, though as leader of the Opposition he might naturally, and it would have been thought must necessarily, have spoken, left it to Mr. Walpole to express the concurrence of the Conservative party in the doubtful doctrines laid down by Lord John Russell. In 1852, when Lord Palmerston was dismissed from office, Lord Beaconsfield had strongly censured the frequent and improper introduction by Lord John Russell of the Queen's name into the controversy. In so doing, he was consistent with his vindication, many years before, of Sir Robert Peel's conduct in the Bed-chamber affair; but he was inconsistent with the general tone of both his earlier and his later writings on the functions and power of the Sovereign in the constitution, and with his own practice since he has held the office of Prime Minister.

Defeated in 1857 on the Conspiracy Bill, Lord Palmerston, who in 1855 had succeeded Lord Aberdeen, resigned, and Lord Derby and Lord Beaconsfield returned to office. The attempt to govern by a minority in the House of Commons, which Sir Robert Peel had made in 1834, and which Lord Derby had repeated in 1852, was now renewed, with no more success than it deserved. The only measure of importance passed by the administration was the Act for the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. The confusion of bills and resolutions, and of bills No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, had scarcely any precedent in legislation; and it had no parallel until Lord Derby and Lord Beaconsfield had to deal with the Reform question in 1867. The fantastic scheme of the Government, which apparently proceeded from the same curiously constructed intellect as Lord Beaconsfield's only original budget, and as the first Reform Bill of 1867, was transformed into a reasonable and possible measure by the Opposition, and accepted by the Government and the nation at their hands.

In the meantime, since the conclusion of the Crimean War, and the signature in 1856 of the Treaty of Paris, home questions had begun to reassume their importance. England returning from her perhaps Quixotic enterprises abroad, had begun to see the necessity of cultivating her own fields; and it was doubtful whether the instruments in her hand afforded the best means of doing so. The political machinery needed improving. In other words, parliamentary reform was a necessity which politicians of all parties, Liberal and Conservative, Radical, Whig, and Tory, had to confront. The Act of 1832 had ceased to be in harmony with the England in which in 1858 men had for some time been living. Those ingenious writers who are always engaged in a lively protest alike against Radical reforms, and Whig or doctrinaire tampering with the constitution, and who demand a settlement which shall last, fail to understand not only the world, but in a more conspicuous degree still the country in which they live. In China, political ingenuity has succeeded in producing a settlement which has, in its main features, lasted for some thousands of years; but even the Chinese, appropriately worshipping their ancestors, have not absolutely succeeded. Death, in truth, is the only settlement which lasts. One of our Chinese politicians represented Lord John Russell as arguing: "I was very hungry; I had a hearty dinner which did me good, and I must, therefore, now dine again." This philosopher apparently considered that one dinner in a lifetime ought to satisfy any one; and that having dined to-day it would be absurd and a wanton tampering with one's constitution to think of dining to-morrow. The languid Administration of Lord John Russell owed its feebleness in some degree to the inefficiency of the men of whom it was composed, but in a greater degree to the fact that the constituencies which the Act of 1832 had created, no longer represented the country. Between the industrial England and the social England of that day a great and wide gulf had arisen. The Chartist movement of 1848 was a symptom of that divergence. That was an inarticulate outburst which lacked reasonable guidance and interpretation. The handful of men in Parliament who perceived the real state of affairs, and endeavoured to discover and apply a timely remedy, were described as factious innovators, bent on revolution and destruction for the pleasure of the thing. The respectable Mr. Hume was denounced by the Liberal leader of the day as a chartered libertine. The fact is that the men who were bent upon improvement were the first to perceive the insufficiency of the parliamentary machinery for accomplishing it. Even to the last the men who were the unwilling and humiliated instruments of the enfranchisement of 1867, proclaimed that the necessity which they obeyed was entirely fictitious in its origin, the result of party



manœuvres and personal ambitions, and not the expression of any real demand on the part of the country. The Reform Bills unsuccessfully introduced by Lord John Russell, during his own Administration and that of Lord Aberdeen, were rather attempts to abate what was considered a nuisance within the walls of Parliament, and to buy off Mr. Hume and Mr. Bright, than dictated by a sense of political justice and expediency in any large sense. The same may be said of the Bill brought forward by Lord Beaconsfield in 1859. It was argued, almost in so many words, that the popular indifference gave a good opportunity of effecting ostensible changes which should in reality change nothing. Lord Beaconsfield's Reform Bill did change something. It changed the Government. It is unnecessary to describe the fantastic provisions of that ludicrous scheme, which was destroyed by its own absurdities and eccentricities. Lord Beaconsfield has always denounced the Reform Act of 1832 as a retrogressive and anti-democratic measure. His idea of Tory democracy is government by the Crown or the aristocracy through the residuum, to use the phrase which Mr. Bright introduced into our political vocabulary. The old freemen were precisely such a residuum as he needed. It is true that during the whole of the agitation, in and out of Parliament, he deprecated what he called the degradation of the franchise, and argued for its lateral as opposed to its vertical extension. But when Lord Salisbury, then sitting in the House of Commons as Lord Cranborne, denounced the inconsistency of these professions with the Reform Bill of 1867, in its final shape, Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the fact, which he challenged his antagonist to verify by reference to still living witnesses, that in the deliberations of successive cabinets he had always advocated a household qualification as the only solid ground on which the franchise could rest. Lord Beaconsfield is occasionally in the habit of making strong statements based on what turns out afterwards to be an imperfect recollection. But there is no improbability in this assertion. If a man's consistency is to be judged solely by comparing the beginning and the end of his career, Lord Beaconsfield might be accounted one of the most consistent of politicians. But there is an intervening space, occupying the greater part, and the most decisively influential part, of his career; and that cannot be left out of the reckoning.

The charge which is made against Lord Beaconsfield is that for long periods he has persistently denied convictions which he all along steadily held. It is quite probable that he has always been as much of a free-trader as he was when, more than fifty years ago, he published *Popanilla*, a work the very existence of which he forgot, as we pointed out in a former article, when he wrote the preface to the new edition of *Lothair*, but which since has

been brought to his memory and included in the most recently issued volume of his collected works. Nevertheless, this did not prevent his assailing Sir Robert Peel and assuming the leadership of the Protectionist party. He may have advocated household suffrage in the Cabinet, but he denounced it in Parliament as involving peril and degradation. His Reform Bill of 1859, which contained no provision for lowering the franchise in boroughs, was defeated on a resolution of Lord John Russell's, signalling that and other faults in the measure. The ministry determined on dissolving. The general election echoed the disapproval of Parliament when the new House of Commons met. A motion of want of confidence proposed by Lord Hartington was carried, and Lord Derby and his colleagues resigned. The new ministry, with Lord Palmerston at its head, brought the Whigs and Peelites together once more in the same Government, Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Villiers representing the Radical party in a Cabinet which Mr. Cobden declined to enter, and which Mr. Bright was not invited to join.

The great achievements of this ministry were like those of the Aberdeen Cabinet, the financial measures of Mr. Gladstone, including the negotiation, mainly through Mr. Cobden, of the treaty of commerce with France. Out of doors the country was stirred by Mr. Bright's agitation for household suffrage and a redistribution; and divided by the conflict of opinion to which the American civil war gave rise. Considering the sentiments of his party, whose passions were as fiercely enlisted on the side of the slave-holders as they are now on behalf of the Turks, Lord Beaconsfield's reticence is deserving of credit. He probably had some sympathy with the territorial democracy of the North, and no particular liking for the Southern oligarchy. It would have been too much to expect him to try and give right moral guidance to his party. It is to his credit that he did not flatter and inflame their prejudices and passions. During the whole of Lord Palmerston's administration, it was Lord Beaconsfield's humour to affect a sort of patronage of the Prime Minister, to represent him as the Conservative chief of a Liberal government, obeying the leader of the Opposition, and holding in check his own revolutionary followers. Though the Liberals had place, which he did not envy them, the Tories had power; and with this Lord Beaconsfield's noble and generous ambition was content. It was reserved for him to show for yet the third time that place without power was not absolutely unendurable, and that a Conservative ministry in a minority was more to his mind. Lord Palmerston's death, in 1865, terminated the period of rest and thankfulness. Lord Russell succeeded his old colleague, of whom he had been alternately leader and follower, a cordial friend and an intimate enemy; and with his return to the Premiership, he returned to his first

love, Reform. That was the question to which Lord Russell's character and ambition, his convictions, and his natural desire, quickened by previous failures, to complete his own great measure, gave new prominence. Mr. Gladstone's assumption of the leadership of the Government and the Liberal party in the House of Commons, practically made the ministry, slight as were the personal changes in its composition, a new one, and created a new Liberalism. We need not record the intrigues, and the secessions into the cave of Adullam, which defeated the Reform Bill of 1866, and the Government with it, and once more recalled Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli to office; nor the chapter of accidents and surprises in the House of Commons, and the agitation and threatened tumult out of doors, which made Lord Derby the sponsor of household suffrage, and enabled Lord Beaconsfield to boast that after all the Tories were, as he had always declared, the national party, whose policy was that of trust in the people.

In spite of defeats on vital questions of policy, and notably on the question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Disraeli, whom Lord Derby's retirement had elevated to the Premiership, persisted in retaining office, and keeping in his own hands the settlement of the Reform question by those Scotch and Irish Bills which were the necessary accompaniment of the English measure. Nothing but a direct vote of want of confidence would have led to his retirement. This he magniloquently and safely challenged. Seeing that the party of resistance to the encroachments of the democracy, and to the degradation of the franchise, were prepared to concede household suffrage, it would have been folly to have given them the opportunity, pretty certain to be used, of resisting it anew, and with the aid of the Adullamites successfully; or to have encountered the disturbances, difficulties, and uncertainties of a dissolution. It was better that the Whigs should be dished, than that a great reform should be marred and hindered. Lord Beaconsfield missed an opportunity for the display of that generosity which he would have shown if he had imitated in regard to Mr. Bright and Parliamentary Reform, the language in which Sir Robert Peel spoke of Mr. Cobden and free trade. He connected his own name, though nothing else, with a really great political measure, and kept the management of the election of 1868 in his hands. The prediction attributed to him of the immediate entrance of a Conservative administration on a term of office as lasting as that of Lord Liverpool's government, did not make in 1868 the first step towards its verification. An overwhelming defeat in the polling booths terminated, by a sort of national vote of censure, the existence of an inglorious and apostate administration. Lord Beaconsfield bowed to the decision of the country without waiting for its formal

ratification in the House of Commons; and Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister by the distinct designation of the newly created constituencies. The great measures which marked the course of the new Government need not be recounted, nor need we dwell upon the great errors which weakened its strength, culminating in the error which at the least expedient moment led to Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the country. A momentary impulse on the part of the Prime Minister coincided with a probably only temporary mood of irritation in the nation, and the dismissal which Mr. Gladstone had welcomed in advance, and had almost solicited, was vouchsafed him.

Imitating the example of very doubtful constitutional expediency set by Lord Beaconsfield in 1867, Mr. Gladstone in the beginning of 1874 resigned without waiting for a formal vote of want of confidence on the part of the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that there will be no further and future imitation of this double precedent. The fiction that the House of Commons is a freely deliberating assembly, judging after debate, and on the merits of the question submitted to it, is a convenient and healthy one. It is vital indeed to Parliamentary rule. Simply to count up the election returns, and to forecast future votes by reference to party organization and candidature, is to make a dangerous approach to the plebiscitary system of government. It is desirable that a ministry, presumably defeated at the polling booths, should meet the House of Commons, to which it is immediately responsible, and should keep and lay down office at its direct bidding. It is the duty of the head of a government to vindicate its measures and policy before Parliament, and in justifying its conduct in the past, to indicate for the party which it represents the principles by which it will be guided, and the application which it will make of those principles in the future. Such a statement by Mr. Gladstone, at the opening of the session of 1874, in the only place in which he and his antagonists could meet face to face, would have possessed historic value, and would possibly have had an effect on public and parliamentary opinion, which might have helped to restrain some of the wilder eccentricities and extravagances of his successor. It would at any rate have been a dignified ending to a great ministerial career.

In forming his Cabinet, Lord Beaconsfield had the good sense to restrict its numbers, even below the mystic thirteen which used to be its outside limit before it reached the unwieldy size of recent governments. Twelve is a sacred number both in Hebrew and English history; and to this number the Cabinet was restricted until Lord Sandon became its thirteenth member or odd man. Before this, it seemed as if Lord Beaconsfield held the old superstition that it is unlucky to sit down thirteen at a table; and the supposititious thirteenth member of the Cabinet no doubt looked upon

his more fortunate brethren much as the occupant of the forty-first arm-chair in the French Academy regards the favoured forty immortals. It is to be hoped that Lord Beaconsfield's example will be followed when the next Liberal Cabinet is formed. It will require some courage to resist the claims of long-established and respectable failures. The want of homogeneity in the Liberal party, and its division into strongly marked sections of opinion, each with a fair title to representation in the Cabinet, make the restriction of its numbers difficult. But if it is to retain authority and efficiency, the widening and weakening process to which it has been submitted by Liberal Prime Ministers must be checked. It is easy to soothe disappointed ambition by peerages and orders :

"Nor mean the gift the royal grace affords,  
All shall be knights save those that shall be lords."

The upper chamber seems to have been providentially preserved as a place of honourable exile. It is much better than the Turkish system, which sends a discredited Pacha to govern a remote and barbarous province. Unfortunately, Lord Beaconsfield does not confine himself to the distribution of titles and ribbons, which seem to have the same attraction for English politicians as strings of beads and painted glass have for more savage chieftains. Not content with a wide distribution of these baubles, Lord Beaconsfield offered more substantial consolations to the wounded feelings of disappointed colleagues. The appointments of Lord Hampton and Sir Seymour Fitzgerald to lucrative commissionerships, for which neither of them had the slightest qualification, were only conspicuous illustrations, two instances, among many,—of a deliberate return to the worst abuses of patronage as it was exercised before the Reform Bill. Lord Beaconsfield exhibited, in the formation of his ministry, the disposition, which he satirized in *Vician Grey*, of a plebeian Prime Minister to surround himself with great nobles and social magnates. He is his own Mr. Beckendorff. The attitude of the English aristocracy towards him displays, in return, that fidelity which he says, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, that great nobles are always ready to show to a chief not of their own order. Lord Beaconsfield's subsequent experience has probably verified his statement. One instance is at the very moment very conspicuous. It is no secret that Lord Beaconsfield had great difficulty in inducing some eminent politicians, on whose assistance he set the highest value, to take office—not, as on previous occasions, with him, but distinctly under him. Lord Salisbury, in particular, it is believed, was captured with the utmost difficulty, and, for some time, seemed to be but imperfectly tamed. Now he has been completely subdued.

Though not Prime Minister for the first time in 1874, Lord

Beaconsfield was then for the first time Prime Minister with a working and thoroughly disciplined and docile majority in both Houses, and with the support, sometimes ostentatiously vaunted, at other times significantly hinted, of the Crown and the Court. Since the fall of Sir Robert Peel's administration, in 1846, no Government had had the same combination of advantages. Lord Beaconsfield had previously shown the greatest skill as a leader of opposition and of Governments which, without any violent straining of words, may be said to have been practically in opposition, since they were confronted by a hostile majority in the House of Commons. He had proved himself to be a master of the arts of delay and of evasion, skilful in playing off one section of his opponents against another. Under Lord Derby's successive governments and his own first administration, barren sessions and insufficient work were excused as the inevitable consequences of their position. It had now to be seen whether, with all the instruments in his hand which Sir Robert Peel had used with such benefit to the public, and which no minister since Sir Robert Peel had possessed, he could transact the business of the country, or even conduct business in the House. In Mr. Cross he had probably the best Home Secretary since Sir George Lewis, perhaps since Sir James Graham. The Exchequer, and the Colonial and Indian Offices, were filled with more than usual efficiency, and, under any other Prime Minister than Lord Beaconsfield himself, Lord Derby would probably have been a sound and judicious Foreign Secretary of the Aberdeen type. Some injustice has possibly been done to Lord Derby. While he was in office the world saw how little he did. Since his retirement from the Foreign Secretaryship, and Lord Salisbury's appointment, it has had means of knowing how much he may have hindered. Lord Cairns may claim a place among the great Chancellors and political lawyers. In spite of these aids, Lord Beaconsfield's conduct of business in the House of Commons during the sessions of 1874, 1875, and 1876, was a failure. He has never, as we have said, been a master of details, he has never been interested in them, he has seldom taken the pains to acquaint himself with them, and all the pains and skill of the able man of business who was at that time Secretary of the Treasury, and who has since been deservedly promoted to one of the great offices of State, were unable to prevent his erratic leader from traversing and overthrowing the careful and difficult arrangements which had been minutely concerted beforehand. Lord Beaconsfield's tact and skill in dealing with persons, his knowledge of the feelings of the House and of its different sections, his powers of adroit flattery and delicate irony, amusing and stingless when he chooses that it shall be so, would probably have prevented the scenes of anarchy and confusion which have marred the consideration and repute of the House of Commons during the

present and previous session of Parliament. The Irish obstructives have been able to obstruct because the leader of the House of Commons has been helpless, and its presiding officers have been, capriciously and in turn, peremptory and lax. But Lord Beaconsfield did not conduct public business in the House, and scarcely affected to do so. The failure was due, in a considerable degree, no doubt, to the declining health and strength which led him to retire from it. It was also owing largely to the fact that Lord Beaconsfield evidently considered the office of Prime Minister as chiefly desirable because it enabled him to exercise a paramount control over foreign affairs, and to devote himself to those considerations of high imperial policy, as he regards them, in which for four or five years he has been absorbed. One of his political heroes is Lord Carteret, who anticipated the present leader of the Liberal party in the title of Earl Granville. "What is it to me," said Carteret, when some one came to him about business which he thought beneath him, "who is a judge or who is a bishop? It is my business to make kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe." This seems to be Lord Beaconsfield's idea of a Prime Minister's office.

The history of Lord Beaconsfield's second administration is the history of the Eastern Question. In regard to it, his statesmanship seems the product rather of an erratic Oriental imagination than of a European intelligence. He has introduced the wild dreams and projects of his Eastern heroes into the practical politics of the West. Years ago he published a prophetic burlesque of his own present policy, with the fantastic exaggerations which are habitual to him, but which are not incompatible with his own deep-seated belief that there is truth beneath the extravagance. The only difference between the scheme to which Lord Beaconsfield has given effect, and that which the Emir Fakreddeen propounded to Tancred is the difference between reality and bold caricature:—"The Queen will listen to what you say, especially if you speak to her as you speak to me, and say such fine things in such a beautiful voice. Nobody ever opened my mind like you. You will magnetize the Queen as you have magnetized me. Go back to England and arrange this. . . . You must perform the Portuguese scheme on a great scale; quit a petty and exhausted position for a vast and prolific empire. Let the Queen of the English collect a great fleet, let her stow away all her treasure, bullion, gold plate, and precious arms, be accompanied by all her court and chief people, and transfer the seat of her Empire from London to Delhi. There she will find an immense empire ready-made, a first-rate army, and a large revenue. . . . We acknowledge the Empress of India as our suzerain, and secure for her the Levantine Coast. If she likes she shall have Alexandria as she now has Malta; it could be arranged. . . . You see! the

greatest empire that ever existed ; besides which she gets rid of the embarrassment of her Chambers ! And quite practicable ; for the only difficult part, the conquest of India, which baffled Alexander, is all done." Lord Beaconsfield is probably never so sincere as when he is talking nonsense, conscious that there is some nonsense in what he is saying, but believing that there is at bottom a great deal more truth. The secret of some of his wildest freaks of policy is to be found in the most grotesque passages of his old novels. There lie the ideas which, after half or a quarter of a century's patient waiting, he endeavours to carry out. Already the Emir Beaconsfield has given effect to a large part of the scheme of the Emir Fakredcen. We have an Empress of India. The Convention with Turkey gives England the protectorate and the reversion of the sovereignty of the Levant, and, indeed, of the whole of Asiatic Turkey. Negotiations were at one time in progress which would have given us Alexandria, as we now have Malta. To avoid wounding French susceptibilities, we have taken Cyprus instead. The capital of the empire has not yet been transferred from London to Delhi ; but Indian troops have been summoned to fight our battles in Europe, and the first step has been taken towards making England, in a military sense, dependent upon what used to be her dependency of India. Above all, the Emir Beaconsfield has done something to get rid of the embarrassment of the English Chambers, and the Chambers have acquiesced in a series of unconstitutional invasions and evasions of their legitimate authority, which, if the precedents now set were followed, would seriously limit the scope and efficiency of parliamentary control.

If Lord Beaconsfield were anything more than a grotesque foreign accident in our English political history—if, in the nature of things, he could have successors—the situation, not without danger as it is, but still more ridiculous and annoying than dangerous, would be fraught with grave peril. Lord Beaconsfield's peculiar genius was under restraint, when he held only the second place in Conservative Governments and the Conservative party, and when he had to face and defer to a critical and suspicious, and occasionally a directly hostile parliamentary majority. Since the beginning of 1874, he has been delivered from any checks, save those which, at particular periods, have been imposed upon him by the roused feeling of the country. These, however, from the very nature of popular impulses, have acted only from time to time. Bowing to the storm, he has let it pass, and when it has gone its way, has resumed his suspended, but never abandoned, purpose. He has known how to appeal to the blatant and blustering Chauvinism of the coarsest and least educated part of every class in the community, from the highest to the lowest. The noisiest and vulgarest noblemen and the noisiest and vulgarest mobsmen have been upon his side. A too timid parliamentary



Opposition has not exercised even such imperfect control as would have been possible to higher courage and steadier persistence. The one statesman who has set himself, in defiance of insult and clamour, to oppose the prevailing madness, has addressed a wearied and exhausted condition of popular intelligence and feeling. The only elements of resistance in the Cabinet have been got rid of, and Lord Beaconsfield has found himself the sole Minister as completely as ever Walpole was. Lord Salisbury has been content to walk as the first and most distinguished captive in his triumphal procession. England has played, during the last four or five years, that part in the affairs of Europe which Lord Beaconsfield wished that it should play, and it closely resembles that which he has chosen for himself. It has been reduced into swagger and self-assertion, a determination to push to the front, merely for the sake of being there and of being pointed to, talked of, and wondered at. The nation has been dressed up in the tawdry finery of titles borrowed from imperial France and imperial Hayti; ridiculous orders for women have been invented; the theatrical mission to Berlin has been devised; a grotesque and fantastic imagination has been allowed free play. M. Jourdain, habited as the great Mamamouchi, was not more ridiculously accoutred than this sober and historic nation now is with Eastern robe and diadem.

Lord Beaconsfield's resources of dexterous charlatanism show no signs of exhaustion. He is justified in a contemptuous confidence in the gullibility of this nation, which allows him to govern it. The sentiment which his own Hebrew Besso inscribed on the wall of his house when Contarini Fleming visited it, and which was to be seen there still, when Tancred made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, declared—"I will not believe in those who must believe in me." It was intended to express the attitude of Judaism to Christianity. With very little alteration, it will probably convey Lord Beaconsfield's feeling towards his English worshippers and followers. He cannot easily believe in those who believe in him. In the meantime, Lord Beaconsfield's adventures are not over; the last chapter of them remains to be written. The materials for it are accumulating, and the story may reach a new point by the time these words are before the eyes of the reader; but it cannot yet be fully told, nor its moral completely drawn.

## GREECE AT THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

WHEN the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano were made public, there was one point on which there was almost unanimous condemnation, whether by those who were favourable to freedom for the subject Christians of Turkey, or by those who still retained hopes for the integrity of Turkey. The treatment accorded to the Hellenic element was universally condemned by Western Europe. By the proposed arrangement a part of this population, resident in Western Roumelia, was to be engulfed in the new Slav State, which was to extend from the Danube to the Ægean Sea, and which would hopelessly bar the future advance of Greece in any aspirations it might have to succeed the Turks on the Bosphorus; the other part was to remain under Turkish rule, and was somewhat contemptuously accorded an extension of the worthless constitution of Crete, the result of Lord Derby's feeble diplomacy in 1867. This treatment of the Hellenic question did much to rouse opinion in Europe against the Russian terms, and lent a force of which Lord Salisbury skilfully availed himself in his well-known manifesto against the treaty. Hence arose the general and not unnatural expectation that the Congress of Berlin would not only amend the San Stefano terms in this sense, but would rectify the mistake made by Europe when the kingdom of Greece was first constituted in 1830.

A better illustration of the policy which may be followed from a narrow conception of the emergency, a faulty perception of the drift of affairs in the East, and a mistaken view of the interests of England, could not be found, than that which was pursued by the Duke of Wellington's Government immediately after the Treaty of Adrianople, which secured the independence of Greece. That treaty was followed by a Conference of the Great Powers in London to determine the limits of the new kingdom of Greece; the policy then pursued by the Duke was a warning which one might have expected would serve to remind the present Government of the errors of its predecessors.

Sound policy, a wise forecast of the future, and a desire to start the new kingdom in the best manner, would have suggested the widest extension of its limits consistent with geographical and ethnical conditions. It rested practically with Europe to decide what should be the limits of Greece, whether Thessaly and Epirus should be included, and whether Crete should be added to it. It must ever be mortifying to Englishmen to recall the fact, that all the influence of their Government at the Conference was used to prevent

the extension of free Greece, and to prolong the rule of the Ottoman Porte over two millions of Greeks. This course appears to have been followed not from any regard for the Turk, for whom the Duke had little sympathy; it had its origin in a narrow and what seems now a misplaced regard for British interests; and nothing could well be more ridiculous, if it were not humiliating, than that these British interests were then supposed to centre in the Ionian Islands. It was feared by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen that the extension of Greece, and its constitution as a self-governing country, on a scale large enough to assert itself, would lead to intrigues dangerous to British rule in those islands. There is a letter from the Duke to Lord Aberdeen, dated August 10, 1829, which explains in the most cynical manner the object which England had in view in taking up the cause of Greece, and in thus wishing to restrict its limits:—

“The affair of Greece,” he said, “was taken up in 1826, in order to prevent war between Russia and the Porte, which our interference has since occasioned; and to prevent the establishment in Greece of an exclusive Russian influence, which has since been established there, in a form and under circumstances and by agency likely to occasion discontent, revolutionary notions, and probably insurrection against our authority in the Ionian Islands.”<sup>1</sup>

The Duke saw no merit in an independent Greece; his plan had been that of an autonomous province, subject to the suzerainty of Turkey. He endeavoured to restrict the state within the narrowest limits. So fully did Lord Aberdeen concur in this policy, that he endeavoured to confine the infant Greece to the Morca; he objected to any territory north of the Gulf of Corinth being added to it; and when he found that he could not prevent this, he proposed that there should be two separate states. In a letter to the Duke he said,<sup>2</sup> “In the event of our being finally compelled to go beyond the Morea, what do you think of making the northern state into a separate government? This would be more agreeable to the Porte; it would be more in unison with the declamation of the classical dreamers; but above all it would operate as a check upon the encroaching and restless spirit of Greek ambition, which we must expect to see in any state established under one head.” He objected even to the Island of Eubœa being added, saying, “My view was not only to keep Greece at a distance from our islands, but to leave Eubœa to the Porte.”

Though he failed to cut off Eubœa from the new kingdom, he assented to its inclusion only upon the understanding that Crete and Samos were to be excluded; and he succeeded in reducing the limits

(1) *Duke of Wellington's Despatches*, vol. vi. p. 24.

(2) *Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 29.

of the new kingdom to the north of the Gulf of Corinth to their present narrow boundaries.

The decision of the Conference was especially hard in the case of Crete. The population of that island had taken their full share in the prolonged war for Greek independence from 1821. They had wrested from their oppressors the strongest fortress in the island, and had confined the Ottomans to the strongholds on the seaboard ; indeed, what hold the Turks had been able to retain in the island was due to the Egyptian forces of Mehmet Ali, by whom these fortresses were held, and who practically gave over the island to the Turks on the decision of the Conference.

This policy did not pass without challenge in the British Parliament. A resolution was moved by Lord John Russell in February, 1830, expressing the hope that there would be secured to Greece a territory sufficient for her national defence. The motion aimed not only at an extension of Greece on the mainland, but more especially at the inclusion of Crete in the new kingdom. Lord Palmerston and Sir James Mackintosh warmly supported this proposal.

In reply to Sir Robert Peel, who defended the course of the Government, Lord Palmerston said, "The Secretary of State had altogether failed in showing that the addition of Crete to the territory of Greece was not essential to the well-being and independence of the new state. No man who had turned his attention to the subject would doubt that the political existence and the military defence of Greece would mainly depend upon the possession of Candia. . . . It was acknowledged that at the present moment a civil war was raging in Candia. Were they to have another Treaty of London for the pacification of this island? or was that devoted and unhappy island to be left exposed to the pouring forth of the vials of Turkish wrath in all its inhuman and atrocious barbarity, and to a repetition of the atrocities of Ipsara and Scio?" And in answer to the argument that British interests were concerned in limiting the frontiers of Greece, Lord Russell uttered one of those noble aphorisms for which he was not seldom distinguished: "I never will consent to be classed with those who think that the improvement of mankind in any part of the globe, or in any manner, can be hostile to the interests of England."

It is scarcely necessary here to notice the evil results of this policy upon the new-born Greece and upon the excluded provinces. Greece was constituted with an insufficient territory, and without that scope for development which it had a right to expect. Its throne was rejected by the wisest of modern rulers, Leopold of Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, who considered the field thus offered to him too small, and who stated in his refusal that he considered the exclusion of Crete would be the greatest stumbling-block to whoever should undertake the Greek Government. The

new kingdom then fell to the lot of Otho of Bavaria, a mere puppet of Russia. When, at last, the Greeks, weary of his petty despotism, threw him over, and selected a Danish prince in his place, England felt a revived interest in their fate, gave up to them the Ionian Islands (an act of most unaccustomed generosity among nations, but one of the most wise and politic ever devised by England), and endeavoured in vain, as we know upon the authority of Mr. Gladstone, to negotiate with the Porte for the surrender of others of the Greek provinces.

What has been the result of the exclusion from the new kingdom of the purely Greek provinces of Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete, upon the populations of these provinces, those only can fully appreciate who have compared their actual condition with that of Greece itself, who have travelled direct from Free Greece to Subject Greece, from Athens to Larissa, from Patras to Previsa, or from Syra to Crete. Free Greece may not have yet realised all the ardent hopes of its founders, though its progress has been very great; but Subject Greece has, like most other Turkish provinces, continually retrograded; and a fair comparison will prove the immeasurable difference between liberty and servitude. Crete has been three times in rebellion since 1830; once in each generation its population rises in arms; the rebellion of 1866—7 cost it prolonged suffering; sixty thousand of its inhabitants, mostly women and children, fled for refuge to Greece; the rebellion was put down only by great exertion and expenditure of the Porte. It is said that Omar Pusha, who succeeded at last in this task, advised his employers to give the island a kick and let it go where it wished, as its revenues were not worth the cost of putting down the chronic rebellions.

The constitution accorded to the Island after this insurrection has proved to be a farce. It is so ingeniously framed, that under the appearance of conceding representative institutions it virtually secures Mussulman supremacy. The Christians, who form three-fourths of the whole population, return no more representatives to the local assembly than do the minority; and as the governor and all the officials are appointed from Stamboul, they are uniformly Mussulmans, and, consequently, nothing has been done to redress the grievances of the islanders.

In view then of this past history, it was to be expected that the Congress of Berlin would make special efforts to do justice at once to Greece and to the Greek provinces of Turkey; and that the English representatives above others would have used their best influence in this direction. This assumption was strengthened by what had taken place in those provinces during the past two years, by the claims of Greece to a hearing from her attitude to Turkey during this period, and by the promises which had been held out to her by England.

The part of Greece throughout the varying phases of the last three years of the Eastern Question had been a difficult one. Many of her friends think she would have done better to run greater risks, and that she should have joined with Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro in the general attack upon Turkey. On the other hand, she ran far greater risks than did the populations of these provinces; every part of her territory was exposed to the Turkish fleet; she had not at her back a great protector who was ready to bear her harmless through the struggle; every influence was brought to bear against such a policy by England, whose Foreign Minister did not think himself lowered by becoming the vehicle of Turkish threats. The policy of Russia, as regards the future disposition of Turkey, was also not one in which the Greeks could wholly sympathise. The Greek Government therefore observed throughout the greater part of the war an expectant neutrality.

Meanwhile the troubles and sufferings of the Greek provinces of Turkey became worse than ever. The regular Turkish troops were withdrawn from Thessaly and Epirus, and their place was filled by undisciplined Zeibecs, drawn from Asia Minor, and by a villainous tribe of Gheghs from Albania. The incursions made by these ruffians upon the peaceful villages of these provinces are described at length in the official papers. Consul Barker, writing from Salonika on the 22nd of September of last year, says, "These Gheghs are the most ferocious race of Albanians, and that is why they were selected to be sent against the supposed Greek invasion. The villagers who have suffered have applied to our Vali for redress, and his Excellency has telegraphed to the different authorities in his vilayet, and to the places whither these irregulars are gone, to compel them to restore the mules and other property taken away. His orders are not likely to be obeyed, for there were fifty regulars at Levadia, with their officers, when the pillage of the houses occurred, but they looked on, and did not interfere. Speaking of these Gheghs Mr. Vice-Consul Sutor says, 'Their lawless and violent proceedings, under the eyes of the chief local authorities, show what excesses they will be capable of when beyond them, for the superior powers display little energy towards preventing them.' This is very true, for it is difficult to make even the educated, intelligent Turk understand that Christian property is not legitimate plunder to those who go to fight for what they believe to be their 'country and rights.'"

In Crete, at least, one would suppose that the Turks would, in a time of such emergency, show prudence, and endeavour to conciliate the Christians. So far from this being the case, the very opposite policy was pursued. The demands of the Cretans for such a modification of the organic law of 1868 as would give them a fair system of representation, and for other reforms, were

rudely rejected; their emissary to the Porte was imprisoned. In the official correspondence is to be found a letter from the British Consul in Crete, dated April 30 of last year, in which he states that the Christian inhabitants of Candia were in a state of consternation at the conduct of the Turkish troops and native Mussulmans, who beat them in the streets, and who appeared to desire to push the Christians to revolt, because, in such case, they hoped to pillage the property of the Christians. And again, in a later letter, he complained that while the Christians were awaiting an answer from the Porte to their demands for reform, the Turkish authorities, instead of avoiding any measures which might furnish a pretext for discontent, appeared quite careless how they provoked it; and, after quoting many cases of brutal conduct, he added, "This insensibility of the Governor-General to the plainest dictates of prudence in a serious crisis like the present makes me fear that order will not long be preserved."

Who could be surprised, then, that the Greeks should rise in rebellion both on the mainland and in the island, and that they should receive assistance in arms and money from their compatriots in Greece, especially when, as time went on, the military successes of the Russians weakened the resources of the Porte, and offered hopes of a general deliverance, or at least of the opportunity of appealing to Europe in Congress on behalf of Greek interests. In Crete the insurrection took place in the most quiet and orderly manner; the Turks themselves felt the necessity of withdrawing all their troops from the country districts, and concentrating their forces in three or four of the fortified towns on the coast. Except in these places all semblance of Turkish authority disappeared, and at the commencement of this year the whole of the interior of the island was in the hands of the Christians, who organized an administration and a police, and provided for the maintenance of law and order.

One of the most singular events connected with the movement in this island was that the native Mussulmans, to the number of nearly thirty thousand, were induced to leave their homes in the villages in the interior, and to concentrate in the towns remaining in the hands of the Turks. It might be supposed that they adopted this course through fear of the insurgent Christians, but it is vouched for by the Consul, on the authority of the Turkish Governor himself, that this was not so, and that these people were persuaded to this course by persons of their own faith, who hoped thereby to stir up an insurrection, from which they expected to profit, as many of them had done in the previous rebellion. The Consul adds that proof was afforded that the Christians were not implicated in the movement, by the fact that they had abstained completely from any acts of pillage in the abandoned villages. The refugees subsequently

reproached their evil councillors for having advised them to leave their homes, as they were reduced to poverty, and nothing but misery and starvation stared them in the face.

The recent papers laid before Parliament with reference to this island are full of interesting matter. They supply the most convincing proof, if any such were needed, of the utter impossibility of combining the rule of the Porte with the maintenance of order and good government among Christian communities; they give many illustrations of the kind of difficulties that arise from attempting to govern a Christian province through the influence of the British Ambassador, brought to bear upon the Turkish ministry, which are full of value at a time when we propose to take under our protection the whole of Asia Minor. They show how stubborn and unrelenting is the aversion of Sir Austen Layard to the cause of Greece, and how ready he is to believe that all disaffection in Turkey is only the result of external intrigue.

His efforts to bring influence to bear on the Porte for the better government of the Christians, it will be conceded, were unremitting; but were as fruitless as they were well intentioned. With great difficulty he persuaded the Porte to nominate a Christian as Governor of the island. We learn from the Consul that no sooner had this new Governor arrived in the island than his authority was set aside by the Commander-in-Chief, a Turk of the old school, who directed an attack on the Christians, against the will of the Governor, and then armed a mob of Bashi-Bazouks, who descended upon some Christian villages, where they committed their usual atrocities. These acts were reported to Constantinople, when the British Ambassador insisted upon the recall of this Commander-in-Chief, and the appointment of a successor, one Salih Pasha, of whom he said he had heard a good account. Good accounts of pashas appear to be very deceptive, for no sooner did Salih Pasha arrive in the island than we learn that he released from gaol all the worst Mussulman prisoners, who had been convicted or were awaiting trial for murdering Christians, and let them loose on society again, against the remonstrance of the Governor. He then put himself at the head of a fanatical party who opposed every act of the Governor; and finally, he directed an attack upon the Christians, when an order had been already issued by the Porte for a suspension of hostilities. The last we hear of this Pasha, of such good repute, is that after only two months of service in the island, Sir Austen Layard felt compelled to insist upon his recall, but it is left in doubt whether the order for his recall was forwarded by the Porte.

Much of the interest of this correspondence turns upon the question whether the Cretans are desirous of union with Greece, or of autonomy under Turkish rule. When their popular Assembly first



met, their demands upon the Turks were for autonomy of a very wide description, amounting almost to independence, though nominally subject to Turkey. Upon the refusal of these terms the Assembly voted union to Greece, and have since adhered to this policy. The Consul, however, reports that there is a difference of opinion among the peasantry on the subject; one party holds the policy of "Crete for the Cretans," while the other, which appears to be the majority, favours union with the mother country. On the one hand, however, he reports, that if the people could secure autonomy and the reforms they desire, they could not be induced to fight in order to obtain annexation to Greece; on the other, that if Europe were favourable to annexation, it would meet with general and hearty acquiescence in the island, but that whatever enthusiasm could be called forth would spring from the feeling of deliverance which it brought from Turkish rule. He adds, in a most significant passage, "The physical disadvantages under which Cretans labour, largely influence their present humour, for they are no longer the high-spirited, well-fed insurgents of 1866, the younger generation of whom had no experience of the miseries attendant on war, for now even the young men remember as children the fearful sufferings which only ten years ago they and their parents underwent in the struggle for independence, either as fugitives in the mountains, or as refugees on a foreign soil. They are now reduced to a state of extreme destitution, and it is distressing to witness the haggard faces and hollow cheeks of the poor wretches who come into town to beg for a morsel of bread, and who support life on wild roots and herbs. This is not the material from which to recruit volunteers for any cause, for the several chiefs cannot afford to feed from the resources they receive from Greece more than the few hundreds who already rally round each of them. However dissatisfied the Cretan Christians are towards the Ottoman Government, their one thought now is to find the means for satisfying hunger."

There is an interesting account of a mission of the British Consul to the Provisional Government of the Christians, with a view to arrange terms. It reminds us of the consular mission to the Bosnians of two years ago. He finds the same universal distrust of the Turkish Government, the same ardent desire for peace and reform, and the same demand for external guarantees for any proposed reforms. The main object of his mission appears to have been to induce the islanders, before the meeting of Congress, to accede to some terms which would be compatible with their remaining under Turkish rule. The *bête noire* of the Consul, as of the Ambassador, appears to be the union of Crete with Greece. Anything to avoid this; and the means suggested by them was the guarantee by the British Government of reforms to be agreed upon

at the proper time with the Turkish Government. These terms had been submitted by Sir Austen Layard to the Turkish Government, and an arrangement was made for a suspension of arms pending discussion with the insurgents. The insurgents, in the first instance, were very unwilling to abandon their project of union to Greece. When Mr. Sandwith submitted to them his proposals, "there was a general murmur that their desire was to be united to Greece. Among the chiefs, especially, it seemed base and dishonourable to give consent to conditions which involved betrayal of that country which alone had befriended them." The desire for union with Greece he had observed to be slowly growing ever since hostilities began. The chiefs and their followers, however, were confronted by the general feeling of the peasantry, who would certainly be indignant when they came to know that such favourable terms had been rejected by their representatives. They intimated, therefore, to the Consul that they were prepared to entertain the terms, provided that an armistice should be conceded upon the principle of *uti possidetis*, until the proposed arrangement could be carried out. Eventually, however, the negotiation broke down, through the dilatory proceedings and the bad faith of the Porte. The proposals for an armistice were rejected. The Cretan Government, therefore, withdrew from the negotiations, and forwarded its petition to the Congress at Berlin for union to Greece. At the time of the petition the Turks had possession of only three fortified towns in the island, and though they had seventeen thousand troops there, with numerous bands of Bashi-Bazouks, it is admitted that the force was wholly insufficient to restore the authority of the Sultan.

On the mainland, in the provinces of Thessaly and Epirus, the insurrection was less successful; the Turks were in greater force; the movement appears to have been premature and badly organized. It was caused by the intense sufferings of the people. We have it on the authority of Lord Beaconsfield in the Congress, that this insurrection was not fomented by the Greek Government. Speaking on the subject of Greece on July 5, he said "He believed it his duty to add that the insurrection in Epirus and Thessaly was not fomented by the Greek Government, which, on the contrary, in conformity with the advice of Great Britain, applied itself to its repression." Later, however, public opinion in Greece was so roused by the scenes of horror perpetrated in the contiguous Greek provinces that its Government could no longer refrain from intervening. It sent a force across the frontier for the purpose of restoring order. Again the British Government used its best influence to prevent the outbreak of war between Turkey and Greece. On the 5th of February last, Lord Derby directed the British Minister at Athens to remonstrate in the strongest manner against the proceedings of the Greek

Government, and to urge them to recall at once the troops that had crossed the frontier. "You may repeat," he said, "the assurance contained in my despatch of the 2nd of July last, that so far as may lie in the power of her Majesty's Government, they will, when the time comes for the consideration of the questions arising out of the war, be ready to use their best influence to secure for the Greek population in the Turkish provinces any administrative reforms or advantages which may be conferred upon the Christian population of any other race." Upon this assurance the Greek Government withdrew its forces. The insurrection, however, continued and undoubtedly received much support from volunteers across the frontier, whom the Greek Government was unable to restrain. The usual expedient of a consular mission to the insurgents was then resorted to; and Consuls Merlin and Blunt obtained an interview with the insurgent chiefs in the Agrapha Mountains, and thus reported the result:—

"After long discussion, some of the chiefs being evidently disinclined to abandon the cause, on being told by us that the Hellenic interests will not be injured by acceding to English advice, and that her Majesty's Government will endeavour to secure to Greece eventually a full and favourable hearing at the Congress, they unanimously agreed to withdraw their bands to their homes. They rely upon our taking proper measures for an amnesty and the security of the lives and property of the Christians returning home." This was fully approved for and by the British Government. There is also a further engagement. This is the part of the British Government contained in a letter from Lord Salisbury to the Minister at Athens, dated April 26th, to the effect, "that S. S. Majesty's Government does not believe that the Hellenic cause will suffer in the estimation of the Congress by the retirement of the insurgent bands, but they will undertake to state explicitly in Congress that the pacification which they hope may be secured is due to their interposition, but for which the struggle would have continued. They cannot, however, pledge beforehand the decision at which the Powers assembled in Congress may arrive on any question of territorial adjustment."

So far, then, the faith of England was pledged. It was also the general belief, not only among the Greeks, but in the British Parliament, that the Government was seriously and earnestly concerned in obtaining a considerable extension of territory for Greece; and in consequence of this belief no motion was brought forward on the subject.

How then have these pledges and expectations been fulfilled and realised by England at the Congress of Berlin? On the motion of Lord Salisbury Greece, was allowed a hearing, limited, at the

instance of France, to the question of extension to the border provinces of Thessaly and Epirus. On the 29th of June the Greek representatives were admitted to the Congress and read a short statement of the claims of their country. Lord Beaconsfield, in the House of Lords, led his audience to believe that the claims were exorbitant and did not rest short of Constantinople, though they were willing to accept an instalment. There was nothing to warrant this in the official claim. The paper was conceived in a most moderate spirit. It pointed out the serious difficulties of the Greek Government arising from the repeated outbreaks in the Greek provinces of Turkey; that its Government was powerless to resist the current of public opinion which was excited by sympathy for insurgents so nearly akin; that if it endeavoured to do so, its effect would be without avail, as it could not prevent the issue of volunteers across the frontier to assist the insurgents. It pointed out the sacrifices which the Government had repeatedly made for the refugees, of whom there were at the present not less than thirty thousand on Greek territory; and, after dealing historically with the subject, it made its claim in the following terms: "The firm resolution of Europe to establish peace in the East without disturbing too much the existing state of things indicates to the Hellenic Government the limits which it must place on its aspirations. Thus the Government must limit its desires, and must recognise that the annexation of Crete and of the provinces bordering on the kingdom is all that for the moment can be done for Greece."

The Congress appears to have delegated the duty of formulating a proposal upon this demand, not to England, but to France; and, if rumour be correct, it was the wish of the French representatives to grant to the full the claim of Greece, at all events as regards Thessaly and Epirus, and it was the English representatives who objected to this and eventually succeeded in cutting down the proposal to the miserable conclusion contained in the treaty. The negotiations, however, on this point took place outside the Congress. In the Congress the discussions were short. No attempt was made by the British representatives to extend the concessions to Greece; on the contrary, they agreed to them with difficulty.

The results of the deliberation of the Congress are embodied in two short and most unsatisfactory clauses, the one in which the Great Powers declare themselves ready to offer their good services to Turkey and Greece, if no agreement should be come to between these powers for a rectification of their frontiers, in the direction suggested in a protocol, which advises Turkey to give a slice of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece; and the other in which the Sublime Porte engages, as regards Crete, scrupulously to apply the plan of government of 1868, by introducing therein the modification which shall be

considered necessary, and promises that analogous regulations shall be extended to the remaining provinces of Turkey in Europe.

The two provisions appear to be wholly illusory. The extension of the boundaries of Greece is left at the discretion of the Porte, and is insufficient and unsatisfactory; and past experience has shown the utter worthlessness of the Cretan Constitution of 1868. It is framed on a wrong basis; it leaves Mussulman supremacy untouched; and as long as this is the case nothing is done. It cannot too often be insisted upon that there is no mean in such cases; either the supreme authority must be in the hand of Mussulmans, in which case no practical reforms or improvements are possible, or in the hands of Christians, in which case whether the province be autonomous or independent matters little so far as Turkey is concerned, for the power of the Porte in such province is *ipso facto* destroyed.

It is practically admitted by our Ministers that little has been done for Greece. Lord Beaconsfield makes it his boast that Macedonia and Thrace, which are mainly inhabited by Greeks, are restored to the full military and civil power of the Turks, untempered even by the autonomy accorded to Eastern Roumelia. And while speaking of the Greek nation as one having a future before it, he mocks it by bidding it learn to have patience. It is clear, then, that the same selfish reserves which influenced the policy of England in the Conference of 1830, and which prevented justice being then done to the Greeks, again animated the British representatives at Berlin. Nor can it be said that the promises of England to Greece have been fairly carried out. Taking the promise of July the 2nd, that the Greeks should be secured the same administrative reforms and advantages which may be obtained for any other Christian races, and comparing the condition of the Slavs in Bulgaria, Bosnia, or in Eastern Roumelia, under the new arrangements, with that of the Greeks in Crete and in the other provinces which are to remain under the Porte, how can it be said that the latter have the same advantages? Or, again, if we look to the promises made in April of this year, that the Greek case should have a full and favourable hearing at the Congress, how can it be said that they have been carried out fairly by the British representatives in Congress asking only for a hearing for Greece and not giving better support to its claims.

The position of the Greeks also is worse in this respect; just in proportion as the cause of the Slavs is settled and their grievances removed by the present arrangement, so is it more important that the Greek cause should receive consideration. The Turks, excluded from Bulgaria and Roumelia, will be more thrown upon their Greek provinces. The lot, therefore, of the Greeks will necessarily become worse, and their prospects of complete deliverance less promising. Why should not the Congress have acted as regards Thessaly, Epirus, or

Crete as they have done with respect to Bosnia and Herzegovina? In respect to these two last provinces short work was made of the Ottoman rule. They were committed to Austrian administration by a stroke of the pen. If it be true that Prince Bismarck replied to the remonstrances of the Turks, that they ought to yield with good grace as they had recovered the beautiful province of Roumelia, why should not the same argument hold good in respect of the Greek provinces? The case of the Greek provinces of Thessaly and Epirus is stronger than that of the Slav provinces, because the proportion of Christians is far greater, and because their civilisation is of a far higher order than that of the Slavs.

The case of Crete is still stronger, for there at least the people have practically worked out their own deliverance. The Turks hold no more in proportion of Crete than they do of Bulgaria. The island is practically in the hands of the Christians. Surely it was within the competency of the Congress to recognise an existing fact, and to sanction the independence which is *de facto* enjoyed at this moment by the Cretan Christians? No people in the world have better deserved their freedom than the Cretans, for none have fought for it so often and so persistently. Is it possible even now that Europe can stand by, and allow the Turks to send fresh armies to Crete and to reconquer these islanders? Is there no government in Europe which will summon courage to forbid such a deed?

But further, when England was bargaining with the Porte for its own interests to secure Cyprus, and was engaging to protect the Turkish possessions in Asia, for all time to come, against Russian aggression, surely something might have been done for Greece and for Crete? That Cyprus should pass under British rule, and that Crete should remain under Mussulman rule, is a contrast which will not stand the test of public opinion in Europe or of future experience. Not the least bad feature of the present arrangement is that England has abandoned the Greek cause, and what England thus rejected will fall to others. France already has shown a desire to undertake this cause, and her advocacy of it may add a fresh element of danger and confusion to the Eastern Question.

The position, then, which Greece will occupy in the immediate future will be much the same as that of Italy after the Treaty of Paris. Its claims have been raised before Europe; they have been partially recognised by the Congress. They will remain over to be the subject of future complications. But Greece may rest assured that, if unsuccessful before the Congress, it has succeeded in the forum of public opinion of Europe, and that, like Italy, it has secured that moral force which each year counts for more in the ultimate destinies of nations.

G. J. SHAW LEFEVRE.

## THE POSITION OF ENGLISH JOINT-STOCK BANKS.<sup>1</sup>

Few things are at present more striking than the apparent extreme prosperity of the joint-stock banks of this country. The complaints as to dulness of trade have been universal now for at least three years. You can hardly pick up a trade circular or a chairman's speech at some half-yearly company meeting without finding in it allusions to the depressed conditions of our national industries and the unsatisfactory character of the profits. In the iron and coal trades particularly, things have gone from bad to worse. Some of the largest smelting works in the country have ceased to produce, and hundreds of smaller concerns either work along in great distress or disappear altogether, leaving little but debts to indicate that they ever existed. Prices in all departments of business almost have been falling continuously for many months, and therefore, although the bulk of the trade done may have been in some cases nearly as large as ever, it has often been trade conducted at a loss. There is, in short, undeniable evidences of strain everywhere, and business has in consequence been contracted wherever possible within the narrowest limits. We can hardly put our finger upon an industry of any importance the country through, and say,—this branch of trade at least is good; unless we consider the manufacture of instruments of destruction worthy of being taken into account. Sheffield languishes for lack of demands for its cutlery; Bradford is oppressed with an excess of manufacturing power for the "stuffs" which have at present no free market; Manchester warehouses are groaning beneath the weight of unsold and at present unsaleable cotton goods; the sugar industry has almost departed from Bristol; and at nearly all centres of raw silk manufacture stocks accumulate and prices sink. In the Black Country the stagnation is nearly universal; and even Birmingham hardware is not bought so freely as in former years. Everywhere almost there are at home signs of languishing, of the same reaction from over-

(1) Since the above was written the London banks have for the most part published their mid-yearly balance-sheets, but they in no way affect the reasoning of this article. In almost all instances we find the amount of money invested in bills smaller than it was, and at the same time the profits are apparently larger. Deposits also in many cases continue to decrease, so that a certain wasting away in the available resources of the banking community is still more or less visible. Alongside this we must place the probability that more money may soon be wanted to sustain a new trade inflation. At present the stock markets alone have responded to the half-simulated and superficial return of political confidence. There has been a great rise in many descriptions of stocks, and that has already influenced the current value of money; but more is needed to bring the banks face to face with their position, and when trade speculation comes to be added to stock-jobbing "rigs," a banking crisis of the severest type is extremely likely to supervene.



production, and these are frequently aggravated by indications of increased foreign competition.

Such a state of things, one would naturally expect, must tell with instant force upon the position of our joint-stock banks. In their hands, for the most part, the trade of the country finds the means by which purchase and sale become possible. They have gathered the larger share of the surplus money possessed by the community into their hands, and have so developed the facilities for lending, for making and receiving payments, that the bulk of our trade hinges on them. We should, therefore, naturally suppose that if trade is languishing they would languish, and that only when it was active and yielding good profits would they prosper.

The case is, to all appearance, as near as may be just the reverse. If we except the London Joint-Stock Banks, to whose position further reference shall be made presently, the situation seems most prosperous. There is no diminution in dividends paid; on the contrary, they are higher in some instances than they were before 1873—the year when our trade prosperity may be said to have culminated. Reserves increase, and deposits appear to flow in until one wonders what can be meant by complaints about bad trade, declining profits, and industrial distress. So steady is the apparent growth of prosperity on the part of the country joint-stock banks in particular, that they frequently find it necessary to call up more capital in order to meet the demands of an extended business, and large dividends are paid on this capital with no difficulty whatever. Thus we learn from the *Banker's Magazine* for February last, that in the two years, 1876 and 1877, the net increase in the capital of the joint-stock banks of the country was over £4,000,000, including the premiums, in some cases very high, charged on the new issues of shares and placed to reserve funds, and the undivided profits also placed to reserve. This, to be sure, appears to include the Scotch and Irish banks, with which we are not now dealing; but the additions to capital made by them are small, and the bulk of the increased capital is to be credited to the joint-stock banks in England, mostly to those in the provinces. Of course all this increase does not represent money on which dividend is nominally paid, the premium being added to the reserve, on which there is no obligation to pay. But it may be considered that a full half of it does, and yet, as I have said, dividends do not fall off, except in a few isolated instances. It is a common enough event to find 20 and 22 per cent. per annum distributed on the paid-up capital, and anything under 10 per cent. is considered a very indifferent return.

I shall give a few averages for the last two years only in order to make this point evident, dividing the banks into (1) London banks proper; (2) London banks with provincial branches; (3) banks in provincial cities; and (4) banks having an important part of their



business in agricultural districts. There are in the first category eight banks<sup>1</sup> in all, excluding the "Metropolitan," which does not pay a dividend on the whole of its capital, and is, in other respects, difficult to classify, and the average dividend paid to the shareholders of these eight banks during the last two years has been  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. This is a lower average than was customary just before the Collie frauds of 1875, the same eight banks having distributed in the years 1873 and 1874 an average dividend of fully  $13\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, but it is none the less a remarkable yield.

In the second category we have five banks, excluding the Amalgamated Hampshire and North Wilts Bank, which has only recently come to London, and the Scotch and Irish banks with city offices. These five banks—the Consolidated, whose chief business is in Manchester, the London and County, the National Provincial, the London and Provincial, and the London and South Western—paid an average dividend of almost  $13\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum in the two years 1875 and 1876, which is much higher than the average of the London banks proper for the same period, and shows but little diminution upon the yield of the two years 1873 and 1874, which was only 14 per cent. per annum.

The third class of banks is a large one, and in some cases difficult to separate from the more distinctly rural banks. I have, however, taken thirty-one banks whose centres of business are in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Halifax, and such like trading and manufacturing districts, and, avoiding those which have a considerable number of rural branches, have endeavoured to strike an average which shall tolerably closely represent the earnings of provincial city banks in the past two years. This average I find to be about 14 per cent. per annum; the dividends ranging from a mere 5 per cent., as in the case of the Nottingham Joint-Stock Bank, to the 30 per cent. paid by the Lancaster Bank. Considering the variety of conditions under which these banks carry on business, this average is remarkable, apart altogether from the question whether trade is dull or active. It shows that these banks, like the London banks with provincial branches, have large sources of revenue, and the condition of banking in provincial towns would appear at first sight to be much more favourable than in the City of London itself. No doubt this high dividend is in many instances paid on a relatively smaller paid-up capital than some of the London banks possess; but the country banks are in numerous instances facing increased disadvantages in this respect compared with those of London, inasmuch as they are the banks which we find continually augmenting their paid-up capital. They

(1) The names of these eight banks will be found at the head of an abstract of their accounts further on.

are doing this, it would seem, with impunity in the meantime, and in only a few instances, are the dividends paid for the last two years lower than those paid for the previous two years. Where this does occur, too, it is in the case of banks which have not added to their capital. Here also we have, therefore, an appearance of prosperity which is remarkable, explain it how we may.

But this prosperity is, if possible, more striking still with the banks I have selected as rural banks, that is, which do a large business in purely agricultural districts. Of these I have picked out twenty-nine, taking them as in the previous list, alphabetically from the list given in the *Investor's Monthly Manual*, and omitting only one or two very small banks, about whose rural connection I am doubtful. These twenty-nine banks have yielded an average dividend for the last two years whose figures have been published, of about 16 per cent. per annum. Some of them have not, up to the time of this writing, announced their dividend for the past year, so that the average does not compare strictly on all fours with the others. But here also the indications of falling dividends are few, and almost counterbalanced by instances in which the payment has been higher than in previous years. Such banks as the Yorkshire, the Wilts and Dorset, the Hampshire and North Wilts, the North and South Wales, and the Bury banks, pay steady dividends of from 17 to 25 per cent. with the greatest regularity and ease in the world; and, as a result, we have a general average for banks which we may consider at least partially rural, higher than for either banks in manufacturing districts or in London.

These figures are altogether startling, unless we could prove that the banks have taken advantage of the uncertainties of the trading community to exact higher terms for the money they lend. The superficial facts appear, however, to prove just the contrary, for the nominal value of money or the price of credit has seldom been so low as it has been in this country, and on every great money market in the world, since 1875. When bill brokers are thankful to discount good paper at the rate of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. per annum, as they have more than once been within the past three years, we can hardly say off-hand, that banking profits have been made out of dearer credit. What makes the dividend averages we have given still more remarkable is the curious increased ratio which they bear to the degree of prosperity enjoyed by the regions within scope of their operations. Thus, while the London banks pay a comparatively low average dividend, in spite of the greater scope for business which they enjoy even in dull times, the banks with agricultural connections pay the highest rate of all. Now agriculture has been an unprofitable occupation for years past in this country. We have had at least two bad harvests in succession; rents are nearly everywhere so unreasonably

high, that in many instances landowners have been driven to relieve their tenants by making large reductions, and have frequently had farms left on their hands, because in times so bad no tenant would face the rent responsibility. Foreign competition in the supply of food of all kinds has at the same time been on the increase, and the farmers' old compensation for a bad year—high prices—can no longer be secured. He has thus nothing to relieve him from the full pressure of landlord monopoly and bad times. Yet, in spite of all this, the rural banks pay most flourishing dividends. How is all this to be accounted for?

To answer this question thoroughly, I should have to institute an examination of some length into the principles now supposed to govern English banking. In my view, few subjects are at present of more vital interest to the community, but I do not propose to enter at any length into such a discussion now. My object is rather to lay bare the immediate and visible causes of the apparent prosperity of our joint-stock banks than to examine the principles of banking in the abstract, and I shall therefore rest content with a reference to one or two general considerations which serve to show that, within certain limits, dull trade is, fairly enough, not without its compensations to the banker. This I shall do chiefly with a view to bring into greater relief the dangerous practices with which banks have so often eked out those compensations in times like the present.

And first of all it must be remembered that apart from the fact that nearly all banks earn interest on more money than the amount of their paid-up capital, dear or cheap money makes very little difference to the amount of profits they can get on a certain more or less important portion of their balances. Those banks whose "deposits" are large, can count on merely a margin between what they pay for the use of these deposits and what they can earn by them, whether the value of money be high or low. When money is dear, the depositors ask a larger interest on their balances, and when it is cheap they must perforce accept a lower. The banks get merely the difference. Hence, if they can employ the money at all, their profits may be almost as much on this class of balance when the Bank of England value of money is low as when it is high. Of course the floating balances on which no interest is paid will not yield so much, and in that respect the banks of large current account resources will stand at a disadvantage, a fact which no doubt helps to explain the lower earning power of the London banks in recent years. These also suffer severely from another and more permanent cause, inasmuch as they are subjected to much greater competition now than in former years by the large number of colonial, foreign, and Scotch banks whose offices in the City draw away from the City banks proper much business and money.

Another general consideration which relates rather more to country

banks than to metropolitan is this: the ruling monetary rate quoted in the bill market or by the Bank of England, is to a considerable extent a fiction, because it is, for one thing, based upon a false standard of value. Custom has sanctified the usage which compels all banks to follow the Bank of England in its movement of the "rate for money." There is no real ground for this custom, and it does frequently as much harm as good, because the Bank of England is often moved by causes peculiar to itself, whether in raising or lowering this rate. The market rate is thus sometimes above and often below that of the Bank of England, and that bank is frequently compelled to place itself "out of the market" by a high rate, merely that it may protect the national store or reserve of bullion. But be this practice wise or the reverse, we should never forget that it is a practice which roughly determines the value of money for first-class merchants or bankers' bills alone. It does not establish, and only in a remote degree influences, the rate charged throughout the provinces for second-class bills or for advances with or without security. Even in London there is an enormous mass of small bill discounting done at 5 or 6 per cent. when the nominal Bank of England rate may be only 2 per cent., and the open market rate for the best paper barely half as much. This is not usurious discounting either, but the ordinary fate of fair trade bills, drawn probably by City merchants on the small retailers. In this class of business a time of so-called "cheap money" is consequently a time of high profits, for the banker is paying little for his deposits and getting much for their use, at the same time that the presence of dull trade is perhaps driving more of this kind of bills into the market. Throughout the provinces, where the bills circulating are on the average smaller than in London, this fixity of discount rate is of course much more customary, and the natural inference would be that in a time of dull trade banks could make a very good profit, provided always that they found steady employment for all their money. It is true, no doubt, that joint-stock banks in the country do not reap the full advantage of the difference between what they earn on money in times like these and what they pay for it, because they have probably always to pay rather more for their deposits than London bankers now do. The Bank of England rate is more a fiction with them at all times than it is in London, and their standard for interest payment on deposits is rather the yield on consols than "bank" rate. If they cannot allow some 3 per cent. on the money intrusted to them, their customers place it in the funds, so they are probably compelled in the dullest of times to pay about so much for the use of money. This is, however, only a partial drawback, as they are, on the other hand, able to command a higher price for their credits and discountings, and as these may tend to increase in bad times, their earnings are to a certain extent also legitimately higher.

These general observations might be assumed to have almost settled the point, did we not know that banking nowadays means much more than a mere discounting of bills. This is indeed but a small branch of the business of many banks, and in order to obtain some just conception of the position into which a period of dull business has brought them, I must now ask the reader's indulgence while I plunge into one or two statements of principles and figures. I shall try not to overload my pages with the latter, but a few are absolutely necessary.

Bankers nowadays are subjected to enormous temptations to travel beyond the line of their safe legitimate business, which may be briefly described as the business of borrowing for short periods on the security of their capital, in order to lend again for short periods upon mercantile securities at a profit. Their chief resources should thus be always *floating*. A banker has no business, for example, to lend money on the mortgage of a house which may not be realisable should necessity arise for calling in his money, and though less questionable, perhaps, the habit of lending on stocks and shares, may also turn out to be an extremely dangerous one. But stocks and shares and house property of all descriptions have multiplied so fast in recent years that the temptation to the banker to take these as "security" for loans made with his customers' money has proved irresistible. He lends heavily on such in brisk times, helps to "float" loans, backs adventures in railways, mining, house-building, and navigation on all hands, and in innumerable ways steps aside from his true position as mere go-between and auxiliary in ordinary commercial transactions, while in times of bad trade the temptation to make profit by such business is not to be resisted.

It may be justly said that a bank which allows itself to be drawn largely into speculations of any kind, involving great difficulty in the sudden realisation of its money, is a bank which, if it does not ultimately fail altogether, must suffer grievous loss. It is wise to invest guarantee funds in approved home securities, and it may be at times prudent to place a portion of the paid-up capital in the same position, but it is never safe for a bank to put any money belonging to customers into any security which is not continually as it were realising itself, a security where the risks of loss are small, and comparatively speaking, immediate. This I believe to be the one cardinal principle of sound banking, and now let us examine the present position of English joint-stock banks in relation thereto.

The task is less easy than it might seem, owing to the careless or indifferent fashion in which all joint-stock banks draw up their balance sheets. I have found the greatest difficulty in collecting the facts indicated in the statements of the various categories of banks whose figures I have examined, simply because these figures are often

for practical purposes of no use at all. What shall be said, for example, of the practice which heaps all the items of a bank balance sheet—cash, securities, advances, bills, property, and overdrawn accounts, into a lump sum! Nobody can tell in the least how such an institution stands, yet this is the common practice with many provincial joint-stock banks. And where some details are given, they are rarely or ever minute enough to enable one to tell even approximately what the true position of an institution may be. “Cash in hand,” and “cash lent at call or notice,” are, for example, habitually lumped together, although the latter involves a risk of loss while the former does not; bills, advances, and over-drafts are also continually to be found swelling the same total, and country banks never, so far as I can discover, indicate that portion of their liabilities, which represents the mere *contra* of unsecured advances on current accounts; nor is there a bank within the United Kingdom which separates its liability on deposits bearing interest from the mere credit balances on current accounts, although the former is a liability of a kind quite distinct from the latter. A great reform is needed in this respect, but we shall probably have to wait for it till after the next collapse of banking credit in this country. Then with our usual zealous endeavour to redress wrongs and retrieve blunders, we will set vigorously to work to devise a perfect credit-checking machine when it is too late. The Government now looks after insurance companies, and compels them to publish returns which have at least the advantage of indicating whether an office is extravagant or the reverse. Why should it not compel all joint-stock banks to publish balance sheets which should at least enable the public to follow the changes which are continually taking place in the position of their accounts, and to see the character of their risks?

I shall leave that question to answer itself, and proceed to make the best of such figures as I have been able to procure, dealing first with those of the London banks. What strikes one most forcibly at first sight about these is the large decrease which has taken place in both their assets and liabilities between the end of 1873 and the end of 1877, the period which I have throughout chosen for comparison. I subjoin a table which will make this clear.

LONDON BANKS PROPER—ALLIANCE, CENTRAL, CITY, IMPERIAL, JOINT-STOCK, WESTMINSTER, MERCHANTS', METROPOLITAN, AND UNION—INCREASES OR DECREASES IN THEIR WORKING RESOURCES AND LIABILITIES.

| ASSETS.                                 |                |  |
|---|----------------|--|
| Cash in hand and at call—               | £620,819 net   | { Smaller banks, except City and Westminster, show increase. |
| Discounts and advances —                | 10,395,314 net |  |
| Securities —                            | 186,123        | Smaller banks again show increase.                           |
| <hr/>                                   |                |  |
| £11,202,276 net decrease in the assets. |                |  |

## CAPITAL AND RESERVES.

Capital + £5,002 in Metropolitan alone.

Reserves + £16,754 { Heavy decrease in London and Westminster, small in Union, the rest all increases.

## LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC.

Deposits - £9,029,944 Again increase in the smaller banks.

Acceptances - £2,463,685 { Only Alliance and Metropolitan show increase; Joint-Stock and Central do not give their acceptances separately, but it is fair to assume that there has been a considerable falling off.

£11,493,629 total decrease in the liabilities.

These banks, it will be seen, have lost no less than £9,000,000 of their deposit in four years, and there has been a falling off of upwards of £10,000,000 in their discounts and advances. This, at first sight, seems a reduction out of proportion to the falling off in the dividends, inasmuch as it is equal to about a tenth of their total resources in deposits and acceptances; but to some extent, no doubt, the loss of deposits was a relief. The banks are to that extent delivered from the burden of money which they could not profitably use, and for much of which they had to pay interest. Their own action has, indeed, to some degree caused this reduction in their balance-sheet totals; for since they ceased to give interest on current account balances, the tendency of these balances has been to grow narrower. This, however, is not the chief cause of the change, much being due to the withdrawal of money by country banks.

And what of the actual diminution in the business done or indicated by the decrease of £10,000,000 in their discounts and advances? The figures do not give details enough to enable us to trace what this reduction consists in, but there is strong reason for believing that a paucity of trade bills and the keen competition already mentioned are the main causes. It is noticeable that the item "acceptances" is less by about two millions and a half, and that reduction should represent a decrease in pure mercantile business. Naturally, moreover, the more provident banks would curtail their advances on stocks, dock warrants, and other securities, in proportion as they lost their deposits, whether by their own free will, by the competition of other banks, or by the steady withdrawal of resources by the provincial banks, for whom the London banks act as agents. This last cause of reduction in the working resources of the London banks has been a most constant and powerful one, as we shall see when we come to examine the position of provincial banks.

On the whole, it may be safely concluded that the reduction in the available resources of the London banks, where they have not been caused by losses pure and simple, like the losses of the London and Westminster Bank in the Collie and other frauds, has not been an unmixed evil so far as their profits are concerned. Their stability

ought certainly to be greater now than it was before. Unwieldy masses of capital are most dangerous possessions in times of mercantile depression. Could we then be sure that these banks have no hidden troubles, no safes full of bad or doubtful securities, no dangerously-extended credits, or deep involvements with mercantile firms whose trade is but a more or less frantic endeavour to retrieve the losses of the past, we should say their position is fairly sound and good. But these are just the points upon which no man can be sure until it has been seen how the banks pass through the first ordeal of very dear credit which shall succeed the depression of the past few years.

I must now ask the reader to look at the following table, giving an analysis of four London banks with provincial branches, similar to that given of the London Banks alone. The figures of the National Provincial, now probably the largest bank in the kingdom, were, when this was written, only available up to the 31st December, 1877; I shall therefore deal with them separately:—

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF LONDON BANKS WITH PROVINCIAL BRANCHES (FOUR BANKS, CONSOLIDATED, LONDON AND COUNTY, LONDON AND PROVINCIAL, LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN).

ASSETS.

|                                    |              |                                   |
|------------------------------------|--------------|-----------------------------------|
| Cash                               | + £1,071,068 | All show increases.               |
| Advances                           | + 603,871    | London and County alone decrease. |
| Securities                         | + 1,552,356  | All increases.                    |
| <hr/>                              |              |                                   |
| £3,227,198 net increase in assets. |              |                                   |
| <hr/>                              |              |                                   |

CAPITAL AND RESERVE.

|          |            |  |
|----------|------------|--|
| Capital  | + £386,920 | Consolidated no change.                        |
| Reserve  | + 288,921  | All increases, chiefly premiums on new shares. |
| <hr/>    |            |  |
| £675,841 |            |  |
| <hr/>    |            |  |

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC.

|   |              |  |
|---|--------------|--|
| Deposits                                | + £6,511,953 | All increases.   |
| Acceptances                             | - 1,968,711  | { The London and Provincial does not state acceptances separately. |
| <hr/>                                   |              |  |
| £4,563,209 net increase in liabilities. |              |  |

These figures are remarkably in contrast to those of the London banks proper. The resources of these banks are greater instead of less, and they would seem to have considerable difficulty in finding use for the money intrusted to them. Their cash on hand and lent at call has increased by over £1,000,000 in the four years, and it is clear that they find great difficulty in employing their money in discount, for the principal increase in their assets is under the heading "securities," and their acceptances are very much reduced. Amongst them, these four banks now hold no less than £3,800,000 worth of stock, independently of the amounts pawned to them by



customers as security for advances and of which no indication is given. The London and County is driven most extensively to find this kind of employment for its money and has at the present time some £800,000, more than its capital and reserve together, locked up in investments. But the figures of the National Provincial Bank of England are the most striking of all. This bank has now deposits amounting to upwards of £26,000,000, and its money invested in stocks, probably exceeds £8,000,000 at the present date by a good round sum. At the date of the 1877 balance sheet the total investments was nearly £7,500,000, and this is how that balance sheet compares with 1873, or three years before.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.  
COMPARATIVE FIGURES OF THE BALANCE-SHEET, 1873-1876.

| ASSETS.                    |   |                   |
|----------------------------|---|-------------------|
| Cash . . . .               | + | £553,141          |
| Discount and advance +     |   | 2,841,982         |
| Securities . . . .         | + | 2,204,290         |
| Total increase             |   | <u>£5,599,413</u> |
| CAPITAL AND RESERVE.       |   |                   |
| Capital . . . .            | + | £225,047          |
| Rest . . . .               | + | 300,000           |
| Total increase             |   | <u>£525,047</u>   |
| LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC. |   |                   |
| Deposits . . . .           | + | £5,026,101        |
| Acceptances . . . .        | + | 153,036           |
| Total increase             |   | <u>£5,179,137</u> |

Here again we see that the increase in the resources of this bank has driven it more and more to seek a profitable use for its money in investments in stocks. Nearly half the increase in its deposits has gone in that direction, and thus, were we able to say what proportion of the £17,000,000 odd credited by it to "discounts and advances," was mercantile bills, what advances on various kinds of securities and pawned stock, we should probably see still more clearly how the great volume of business which this bank does is sustained and profitable. Although the acceptances of the bank are rather more, the increase by no means leads to the inference that mere mercantile business is flourishing in the provinces though stagnant in London. At the most we can only infer that this bank has succeeded in drawing to itself a better share of such good banking business as is to be had.

If the reader will bear the infliction of a few more figures relating to the provincial banks alone, we shall see evidence in plenty that mercantile bills of all kinds are not on the increase. In this case the balance sheets published vary from a mere statement of

profits to details regarding cash, discounts, advances, &c., such as London banks do not give. The diversity compels me therefore to dispense with tables of figures, for I am unable to get a broad enough basis for comparison. There will be no difficulty, however, in arriving at some fair estimate of the position of the country banks by a strict analysis of the figures of isolated balance sheets taken from various parts of the country. I have worked out the results of some thirty of these and find them to be so striking as to require almost no elucidation.

Four things, for instance, stand out prominently in the comparisons of the balance sheets of the years 1873 and 1877: (1) an unprecedented increase in the "advances" to customers, upon security or on mere current account; (2) a heavy decrease in the amounts of trade bills held by the banks; (3) a decrease in the available cash; and (4) an increase in the capital and reserve. A fifth feature might be added in the shape of an increase in the stocks held, but that is almost a necessary offset to the falling off in the trade bills and the increase in the deposits, as also, perhaps, of the extension in the advances.

The augmentation in the advances of customers is often very startling. For example, Lloyd's Banking Company and the Birmingham Joint-Stock Bank have increased this item in their balance sheets by no less than £1,900,000 since 1873, and at the same time their discounts have fallen away £697,000. The position of Bradford, Manchester, and Liverpool banks appears to be the same, so far as I am able to trace their figures. And this, at all events, is certain, that wherever "advances" are stated separately, they showed unprecedented increases. It is the same too with banks that may be considered partly as agricultural. Thus I find that the Leicestershire Bank has increased its advances £459,000, its discounts being lower by £99,000, while Parr's Banking Company, in the same way, has extended its credits by £1,122,000, while its bills have fallen off £137,000. The Yorkshire and the Manchester City and County yield indications of the same kind, and it is only reasonable to conclude that in other instances, where the figures are too confused to enable me to draw a sharply defined conclusion, the larger totals are due to this identical process.

Now, while this expansion of credit has been going on for the past four years, the cash of these banks has been diminishing, and some of them have at the same time been making repeated and extensive calls upon their shareholders for more capital. Taking capital and reserves together, I find that eighteen provincial banks, out of some twenty whose balance sheets I have compared for the purpose, have increased their resources in this way by upwards of £2,500,000 in the four years. Of this total only a million is due to augmented

reserves, a full half of which may safely be placed to the credit of premiums on share issues, so that we may say £2,000,000 has been added within the past four years to the paid-up capital of some eighteen banks alone out of the one hundred and twenty joint-stock banks altogether in England and Wales. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to take this as a sample of the average increase, seeing that there are a number of banks which have not resorted to this practice; but granted that only pushing banks in large business centres have thus acted, the necessity for calling up such large sums of money is surely very significant. They have found a use for the money, without doubt, because it is all employed, and they are now, it would seem, in need of more, but none the less is the circumstance peculiar and worthy of remark.

What, then, is the meaning of all these changes in the accounts of the banks? The key to it is very simple on the whole, and will be found, I believe, for the most part in an explanation of the apparent growth in the total liabilities of the banks on current and deposit accounts, for these also have swollen with few exceptions. At first sight the figures of this increase seem very satisfactory. This bank and that has increased its liability on deposits, &c., *i.e.* has to all appearance obtained money from its customers to the amount of a million, half million, or a few hundred thousands, more than it had four years ago. What could be more prosperous or more remarkable as a sign of the inherent soundness of the wealth of the country? The country banks, in short, appear to be in many instances overburdened with an excess of money.

Unhappily the reverse of this pleasing picture gives the true facts. The banks are not bursting with deposits, they are very poor, and their customers are very poor. So poor are the latter that they have had to come to the banks again and again for advances of cash, in order to carry on their trade—too often a losing trade—and it is these advances which swell the totals on the debit side of “deposit and current accounts.” These seeming large increases in the deposits are, in other words, merely cross entries. A customer of a bank gets, say, a loan of £10,000 on “current account,” *i.e.* is allowed to overdraw to that amount with or without security, and the bank immediately credits his account with the overdraft, which then appears in the balance-sheet of the bank as a “liability on current and deposit account.” No practice could be more misleading than that which wraps up these advances in this fashion; but it is the fashion, nevertheless, and hence we see the curious phenomena of paucity of cash, increased capital, and smaller discounts accompanying an apparent swelling of the deposits and available resources of these banks.

Of course, for a time, this practice seems very profitable. In all

probability the banks lending in this way do not charge less than 5 per cent. interest, and 1 per cent. commission on the amount of the overdrawn accounts. They may often charge more, and each half year the profits thus shown are added up and distributed as a big dividend to the shareholders. A further call on capital account is then made at a large premium, in order to provide further means for supporting these credits, and all goes swimmingly. But these banks are not, therefore, rich or sound; they may be just the reverse. Several of them are, indeed, at the present moment strained to the utmost to keep afloat, and it will, of course, depend on the nature of the securities they hold whether or not they can ultimately weather the storm which such financing is sure to breed.

The practice of thus dividing profits, which are in many instances nothing else than accretions to the debts due by their customers, is the exact financial counterpart of what a railway company does when it credits itself with interest on capital advanced to tributary lines, and distributes dividends upon this credit, although the lines may not have paid a penny of the money. I remember an instance of a company which did this at a time when the worked lines were not paying their working expenses, and the company came to grief in consequence. Some of the joint-stock banks appear to be coming perilously near this kind of *dénouement*.

I shall illustrate the situation by an example. Without giving their names, I take the balance sheets of two banks, one urban, and one with agricultural business, and combining their figures, place them before the reader:—

ABSTRACT OF THE COMBINED BALANCE SHEETS OF TWO COUNTRY JOINT-STOCK BANKS.

|                              |       | ASSETS.           |                   |              |                   |
|------------------------------|-------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------|-------------------|
|                              |       | 1873.             | 1877.             |              |                   |
| Cash                         | . . . | £1,623,000        | £1,406,000        | —            | £217,000          |
| Securities                   | . . . | 212,000           | 1,073,000         | +            | 861,000           |
| Bills discounted             | . . . | 2,840,000         | 2,114,000         | —            | 726,000           |
| Advances to customers        | . . . | 2,171,000         | 4,747,000         | +            | 2,576,000         |
| Total                        | . . . | <u>£6,846,000</u> | <u>£9,340,000</u> | net increase | <u>£2,494,000</u> |
|                              |       |                   |                   |              |                   |
|                              |       | LIABILITIES.      |                   |              |                   |
| Deposits, credits on current | }     | £6,095,000        | £8,112,000        | +            | £2,017,000        |
| account, &c.                 |       |                   |                   |              |                   |
| Capital and reserves         | . . . | 625,000           | 1,206,000         | +            | 581,000           |
| Total                        | . . . | <u>£6,720,000</u> | <u>£9,318,000</u> | increase     | <u>£2,598,000</u> |

I have omitted minor items such as the cost of bank offices, current profits, &c., and have given only the bare skeleton of the balance sheets. The figures are in truth sufficiently startling. Every available resource of these banks is absorbed in maintaining the swollen credits into which they have been drawn, and even were

we to take the £8,000,000 of liabilities to the public at the end of last year as all real liabilities, which they are not, a large proportion being obviously the cross entry of advances representing, perhaps, the trade losses or locks-up of their customers—the position is not nearly so satisfactory now as it was four years ago. It will be seen that the apparent increase in the sum due to the public under various heads approximates to the augmentation in the advances, and that these advances together with the more extended investment in stocks absorb the increase in capital and the money set free by the diminished bill discounts, besides trenching on the cash in hand.

In judging of the soundness or otherwise of a bank, we have first of all to consider what proportion its most available assets bear to the liabilities. These assets are the cash and the trade bills discounted—the actual money, and the security most easily convertible into money immediately and without loss, or which is always in the ordinary course of business converting itself. If trade bills are good they should be equal to cash, less the price of discount, however bad the times. Now, in 1873, the cash and bills of these two banks amounted to upwards of 73 per cent. of the liabilities to the public, but at the end of last year they were equal to but about 43½ per cent. These banks have therefore locked up their capital and available assets to an enormous extent in advances and in stock which may or may not be realisable. Now these balance sheets may, I believe, be taken as representative of a state of things which prevails all over the land, and the explanation of which is that although trade has been bad in nearly all its branches, merchants have gone on buying and selling, and the banks have hitherto sustained them under the losses incident to a narrower and a falling market. Farmers have suffered from short crops and low prices; and they in turn have been helped by their bankers in the hope that a better time will come when high profits will permit losses to be recouped. Manufacturers have kept their mills running in order to be ready for a revival of trade when it came. Miners have continued their output in the same way, and the net upshot of it all has been constantly falling prices and dwindling resources. The banks are therefore choked with pawned securities of all kinds—stocks and shares, mortgages on property; on manufactured goods, on raw produce, and are under advances without security in cases innumerable. The losses of the community from those and other causes have thus so far been buried in the banks. In all probability a large proportion of the advances which they have continued to make in this fashion will never be fully recovered, and the day may, therefore, be not far distant when many a bank shareholder may have to pay back the high profit he has enjoyed all through the years of depressed trade in calls to fill up yawning deficits which cannot otherwise be made good.

It may be said that the amount of bills and cash should not be taken as the only readily available resource possessed by the banks. Many of the securities they hold are good and realisable and ought therefore to be included in the assets which could be turned to account at a pinch. This is no doubt true in a sense, but even if we allow that the banks might be able to realise their Consols, for example, on an emergency, the position would not be materially altered. Consols form, in the majority of cases, the smallest of the securities which banks in this position hold, and it would be impossible to find a market even for Consols were many banks pressed to sell at the same time. Outside themselves there would be few buyers, and amongst those disposed to buy few could find the means without that banking assistance which, in a time of financial strain, is sure to be wanting. The truth of the matter is, as I insisted at the outset, that it is not in the long run prudent banking to lock up in mere Stock Exchange securities any portion of money which is liable at any time to be called for by its owners. That money ought to be in bills, in securities which represent commodities continually changing hands and undergoing realisation, securities which are therefore continually bringing the money back again to the banker's hands. If through dearth of these, or from any other cause, a banker buys interest-bearing stock to large amounts, or lends money on such stock pawned with him as security, he at once places himself in the position of having to face indefinite losses in the event of a forced realisation. He cannot always be sure of being able to realise when he wants to, and the more widespread the lock-up in such stocks the greater the difficulty of sale—the more certain the ultimate loss. For a banker by employing money intrusted to him in holding stocks contributes most materially to inflate the value of those stocks. The demand thus created is not natural, the outcome of private investment, but artificial, and the result is artificial prices which tell at once against the banker when his selling day comes. Especially is this the case where the price of certain kind of credit is abnormally low, for then the customers of a bank are only too ready to employ their deposit money in the same way, partly as "cover" for stocks bought and pawned with a view to secure a higher rate of interest than the banker chooses to allow. I cannot admit therefore that the position of those banks which have placed large sums of money out on advances, or into stock investment, is intrinsically sound, or that the test of bills and cash, applied to their ability to meet engagements is other than a just one. But if one can hardly believe in the soundness of the banking which puts customers' money largely out into stocks, what shall be said of the immense credits which have been granted on the security of real estate, the huge loans on building speculations, the pawned leases and the innumerable in-

stances where money has been advanced on personal security only? Can the banks stand a strain of credit with all these on their back? Without calling upon their shareholders I am sure that many of them cannot, and these imprudent commitments are in many instances alone sufficient to imperil the position of banks which now enjoy abundant credit and the repute of good management.

It is to be noticed, moreover, that even the strict test which I have applied is to some extent a deceptive one, so far at least as regards the "cash," for the figures which appear in the half-yearly balance sheets by no means represent the actual state of the till throughout the rest of the year. We know from the sharpness with which loans are called in just before the balance is struck, that banks make a regular practice of providing for a good show at the half-year's end, and consequently we may justly infer that much more money is in some shape out of hand throughout the year than appears in the balance sheet. Now money out on loan, even for a day, is money risked, and the barer banks keep their tills of cash, the greater the danger of sudden demands which a market by no means well supplied might be unable to meet. A process of denudation has been going on in respect to the cash at the best, which the fictitiously low rate for bill discounts in London has served to conceal. Country banks have, as we have noted, withdrawn much of their balances from the hands of their London agents, in order to help their country customers, and everywhere the disposition has been to work on as narrow a cash basis as possible. The Bank of England has been for some time gradually losing its store of gold, and its reserve of notes is at present hardly £11,000,000 with the discount rate at 2½ per cent. and a liability on the part of the banks to the public of probably not less than £500,000,000, including the deposits in private banks. If, therefore, the little cash that banks do show in their balance sheets when compared with their liabilities to the public and with the balance sheets of four years ago, is to a considerable extent in the hands of bill-brokers, stock-brokers, speculators of all kinds throughout the year, may we not say that the position is beyond measure a dangerous one? It is bolstering all round. A fictitious level of value is maintained on mere windy credit, and when a pressure comes, tending to make things find their real level, there will be great danger of a general collapse. The cash which banks hold at the half-year's end is not their true available store all the year round. For the year, all but four or five days, they may run much shorter of mere till-money than their balance sheets reveal, and they do in fact so run. It will be said that this is surely a stupid and self-deluding way of conducting business, and no doubt it is, but so long as banks are permitted to publish such balance sheets as they please, and when they please, it is a practice that cannot be rooted out. All banks ought to be compelled to publish a weekly return,

as was lately most appositely advocated in the *Statist*, à propos of the failure of Willis, Percival & Co., the private bankers in Lombard Street, who had carried on business for many years after they must have known perfectly that they were utterly bankrupt. But we shall not get this reform till the nation is stung to activity by the prospect of something like impending ruin.

In this view of the situation, nothing could well seem more absurd than the nominally low value of money; but the position of the joint-stock banks enables us to see without difficulty how it has been brought about. There are in fact two values of money ruling, as it were, side by side: one a matter of bargain between borrower and lender—the private loan made with or without security, for which the interest charged has been high—and the other, the open market rate for bills of exchange of the highest class. These latter have been a dwindling quantity, and as they have fallen off more rapidly than the surplus cash obtained by the bankers either from customers or shareholders was absorbed by the private lending and stock-jobbing, the interest obtainable for their negotiation has receded to a very low figure. But this low figure is no test whatever of the scarcity or abundance of money, except as regards its employment in a particular way, and hence the supplies of real cash kept in hand by bankers have been dwindling almost everywhere, at the same time that the floating balance available for discount purposes has been almost valueless. Banks are thus drifting towards a catastrophe, one may almost say without being aware of it. They have striven to make high profits in dull times and in channels not safe for bankers, and they have succeeded, but at a cost which only those who survive the next credit storm will be able to estimate.

That a storm of this kind is coming, I think there can be not the least doubt, and we can tell pretty clearly how it will come. Had this country rushed into war and begun to call up large sums of money on loan, that would have brought on a financial crisis almost at once. But it will come not less surely, though not perhaps so soon, should the world once more settle down to an uncomfortable armed peace. Trade will in that event make an effort at revival. It is showing some signs of life in this country now, but these I think are merely spasmodic—an outcome in part of the eager haste with which the Government spent most of its £6,000,000. Still trade will wake up a little now that peace is concluded, and with its revival there will be an immediate pressure on the floating capital in bankers' hands. More bills for large amounts will be drawn and offered for discount, and directly these reach a certain volume the bankers will find themselves without money to conduct their proper business. An effort will then be made to sell some of the securities held, or loans will be called in, involving sharp losses, and attempts will be made to get rid of mortgages, all with a view to find money for trade pur-



poses. This will in the first place produce a heavy fall in Stock Exchange securities, and may induce something like a panic. Banks will then in some cases have either to face losses or to hold on to their securities and trust to weathering the storm, and the pressure for money may compel many of them to take the former alternative. For it will very soon be found that there is little or no available money to be got hold of, and as a consequence, few buyers of securities to be had. Private people will in fact want to sell as well as banks, in order to get cash for trade purposes. Depositors may then also begin to take alarm, and by asking for their cash force some banks to close their doors; the reserve of the Bank of England will become depleted, and we shall find ourselves, as usual, issuing a practically inconvertible paper currency in order to allay public apprehension.

At the same time, I am bound to confess that I think the majority of the English joint-stock banks will ride through the storm, at considerable cost to their shareholders perhaps, but still they will ride it through. Some of them are very strong, in spite of the bad times, and would be perfectly solvent even if compelled to shut their doors for a time; others are solvent though not strong; and nearly all of any consequence are backed by a proprietary capable in time of making losses good. What is really to be dreaded in present circumstances is the condition of the private banks, about which we know absolutely nothing with any degree of certainty, and of which therefore I have not spoken. We may safely conclude, however, that they have been in no way exempt from the errors and temptations of their joint-stock neighbours, and we can at least be sure that in many cases they are not backed as joint-stock banks are by a wealthy proprietary. There is, indeed, too much reason to believe that not a few of them are so poor as to be mere skeletons, and the failure of one large old private bank would be something more alarming, and fraught with deeper mischief, than almost anything else that could happen. I therefore think that the next financial crisis in this country will produce a radical change in the condition of all private banks, and perhaps seal the fate of many among them.

It will also, I hope, cause the introduction of several reforms which are very much needed in joint-stock banking. It should stop, for example, the present foolish race after preposterously high dividends, and introduce greater frequency, uniformity, and fulness in the published balance sheets. If the crisis at the same time reads the community a sharp lesson in regard to the practices which now prevail of using bank balances as a medium for gambling, and teaches bankers to be less ready to lock up capital which should be strictly "floating" in securities which, when the time comes, refuse to "float," the ultimate outcome must be good for the commercial stability of the country.

A. J. WILSON.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ON Saturday, July 13, the Congress of Berlin ended, and the Treaty which superseded the Preliminary Peace of San Stefano was signed. On the 16th, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury returned to London amidst the enthusiasm of a great crowd. On the 18th the Prime Minister recounted his diplomatic achievements, and Lord Derby discounted them. The object of the Congress was to discover some modification of the Peace of San Stefano to which Great Britain could be persuaded to assent. The other European Powers disliked the Treaty, with the exception of Germany, which pretended indifference. But they were not disposed, even Austria, to resist it by force of arms. The British Government was prepared to go so far, and Prince Bismarck accepted the task of avoiding a vast European convulsion by discovering a common term for Russian ambition and British fears. It may be freely acknowledged that so much the Congress has accomplished. It may be acknowledged also that any peace is better than war in such a quarrel. To this extent we sympathise fully with the welcome accorded to the British plenipotentiaries. They had brought the country to the very brink of war by a policy for which they two were specially answerable. When the clash of arms appeared inevitable, and some £6,000,000 sterling had been expended in preparations, they held their hand, and we have peace. As Lord Beaconsfield boasted on the 18th of July, Ministers have spent £6,000,000, but they have lost not an English life; they have lavished a vast sum, yet not so vast but that "had we entered on the war for which we were prepared, and well prepared, probably in a month we should have exceeded the whole expenditure we have now incurred."

The British Government refused to enter into Congress unless Russia consented to refer the whole Treaty of San Stefano to assembled Europe. Europe had not asked her championship, and would have much preferred to be without it. But England had a right to insist on the right of Europe to be heard, however gratuitous Europe might esteem her magnanimous patronage. Besides its formal title to claim that Russia should not change at her own discretion the relations of the Porte to Europe, which Europe, including Russia, had agreed should not be changed without common consent, the British Government assigned special reasons why it could not acquiesce in the terms stipulated at San Stefano. It declared that the Bulgaria of General Ignatieff's creation simply transferred

Turkey in Europe to Russia ; that it was unjust to many Greeks whom it handed over to the Slavs ; that by the extension of Bulgaria to the Black Sea and by the Armenian cessions it turned the Black Sea into a Russian lake ; and that it threatened English commerce and dominion throughout Asia. The Conservative Government has broken its pledges to Europe by entering into a private arrangement with Russia to let her take Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan from the Porte, and by a private convention with Turkey to accept Cyprus for England. In place of a simple refusal to have anything to say to the demand of the Czar for a retrocession of Bessarabia, it has by secret agreement and openly in the Congress made itself a party to that act. It has broken its pledges to the English friends of Turkey by leaving Russia virtually in possession of its Armenian conquests. It asserts that it has kept its pledges both to Europe and to England in the spirit, however it may have broken them in the letter, by pushing back Russian influence from the line of the Balkans to the line of the Danube, by rescuing part of the Greek population of Turkey from absorption in a Slav principality ; and, above all, by neutralising the effect of Russian conquests in Armenia by the interposition of an English guarantee between the Porte and further Russian encroachments.

We do not feel concerned to deny that the Treaty of Berlin is in some points to be preferred to the Treaty of San Stefano. If the Greeks of Turkey feared absorption into a Slav Bulgaria, their apprehensions had a right to be considered. Very possibly their interests would have been best consulted by leaving them to be an element in a new state, of which they would have soon made themselves the governing body. But if the principle of nationalities was to be regarded, there was something incongruous in mixing up Greeks with Slavs when it was practicable to keep them separate. The rejection of the Russian claim to monopolise the organization of the new province or provinces of Bulgaria, is a triumph for European law. That is the real merit of the Congress of Berlin ; but we fail to see how it can be reckoned to the credit of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Not merely would any British plenipotentiaries have insisted upon the same concession from Russia, but Austria, from the most selfish regard to her own interests, and even Germany would have been as resolute in demanding it as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Under the Berlin Memorandum, had Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet acceded to it, Russia must have suffered Europe to share with herself in the reorganization of Christian Turkey. Under the decisions of the Conference of Constantinople, had Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet consented to the employment of the necessary pressure to obtain Turkish consent to the Conference's resolutions, the administration of Bulgaria, whether one or divided, would

have been the work not of Russia but of Europe. To Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet it is due that Russia was left to extort by invasion the submission of the Porte to reform. Lord Beaconsfield must not claim any special glory for having consented to join Europe in combining after a destructive war to enforce the reforms which otherwise would have been accomplished by Europe without war.

In having succeeded in subdividing Bulgaria into two territories, the Congress of Berlin has done a mischievous, instead of a good work. By the Peace of San Stefano Bulgaria would have occupied the giant's share of the Balkan Peninsula. It would have stretched from the Black Sea to the Ægean. Such a principality must, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury think, necessarily have annexed European Turkey, and threatened the tranquillity of Eastern Europe by fostering Russian intrigues against the remainder of the Ottoman Empire. Now, instead of a Bulgaria which, if Russianized, would, it may be admitted, have menaced peace, we have, thanks to the Congress and the British plenipotentiaries, two provinces. Of these one seems tacitly designed to become a dependency of Russia, the other is the subject of something which Lord Salisbury, in imitation, he says, of Lord Derby, describes as "military autonomy." The Sultan is to have the right to defend the boundaries of East Roumelia with as strong a force as he chooses to station about them. But the internal administration is to be intrusted to a governor chosen for not less than five years. From Roumelia direct Russian influence is excluded; but the province is left strong enough neither to make itself a nation, nor to resist the allurements of Slavonic propagandism. For the Englishmen who love not Russian domination, but are hopeless of Turkey, the evil of the programme traced out by the Peace of San Stefano for Bulgaria was not that the principality was too large and powerful, but that it was to be organized by Russian administrators, and with a view to becoming the advance-guard of Russia in the Ottoman Empire. Lord Beaconsfield has educated the multitude of all classes to believe that England is bound for her own sake to bolster up the Turkish Empire, and that every square mile saved to the Porte is so much gained for Great Britain. His admirers are triumphant, not because a misgoverned land is to be well governed, but because the Porte may still lead its armies to the Balkans, though not to the Danube. The happiness of the territory lost or gained is matter of secondary importance. Bulgaria north of the Balkans is virtually abandoned by the Congress, and by the English Foreign Office, to Russian predominance. The delimitation of Roumelia provides no sufficient resources against the same intrigues being used for its amalgamation with Bulgaria, which were employed successfully in the old case of the Danubian Principalities. A rich and extensive Bulgaria organized, and for a time administered,

by European commissioners might have grown into a bulwark between the Porte and the Czar. A weak Bulgaria will neither benefit Turkey, nor itself, nor Europe.

The British plenipotentiaries at Berlin made it manifest enough that they desired to maintain the Ottoman dominion in Europe, and to snatch from Russia the predominance she sought by the Treaty of San Stefano to secure. Her plenipotentiaries have maintained the Ottoman dominion not over all Bulgaria, but over two-thirds, nor even over those two-thirds civil and administrative supremacy, but military only. Russia claimed for her co-religionists in European Turkey autonomy, and the regulation of their administration. At San Stefano she was granted both demands, and at Berlin she has been granted only one. Bulgaria in its two divisions has autonomy, and Mussulman tyranny is there at an end. In Bulgaria proper the primary organization of the new state of things has also been confided to her; but in East Roumelia she must share it with Europe. When the account is balanced it is Russia, with her diplomatic humiliation, who emerges with the more enduring glory, and England, with her vaunted diplomatic triumph, who will be held by posterity to have suffered an eclipse. Posterity will pronounce that it is by the fault of England that Christian Turkey was not emancipated peacefully and fully by the decree of an unanimous Europe. As England shrank from the decision to which the Porte must have bowed, Russia may possibly have rejoiced that she had no alternative but war; but alternative she undoubtedly had none. A war of which the issue has been the emancipation of both Bulgarias from the anarchy of Turkish rule, posterity will hesitate to join Lord Beaconsfield in denouncing as simply "fatal and disastrous." If six millions of people, and one of the fairest regions of the globe, have been rescued from capricious misrule and anarchy, it is due to Russia, however egotistical or selfish may have been her motives. England, however exalted may have been hers, must be satisfied with the credit, such as it is, that, as Prince Bismarck said, in consequence of the Berlin Congress, "Turkey in Europe still exists."

Yet, after denying the right of any single signatory of the Treaties of Paris and London to go behind the backs of its co-signatories, and agree separately to a change in the state of Turkey, the British Government secretly and singly signed away the right of England to oppose the seizure of Bessarabia from Roumania, and Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum from the Porte. After the Prime Minister at home had taken his stand on the independence of Turkey, the same Minister negotiated a secret treaty by which Turkey has been put in the position of a protected State. After maintaining the iniquity of partitioning the Ottoman Empire, the British plenipotentiaries at the Congress undertook the task of proposing that

Austria should be invited to occupy indefinitely the Ottoman provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Lord Beaconsfield is very much hurt by being reproached by some of his own followers with having connived at, or even planned, a partition of Turkey. An English Prime Minister who at this date believes that "every one must deplore the loss" of England's North American Provinces, would naturally sympathize with Turkish statesmen at any curtailment of Ottoman territory. When, however, Lord Beaconsfield excuses his concurrence in this curtailment, by the evidence the Porte had afforded of incompetence to govern the provinces the Congress has now more or less completely emancipated, we can only lament the tardiness with which he has learnt what all the rest of the world has long known. Had he but understood a couple of years back "that, besides political considerations, there are such things as historical facts," and that these testify to the absolute need of deposing the Porte from the civil administration of Bulgaria and East Roumelia, there need have been no war.

If this be the result in European Turkey of the Treaty of Berlin, no less so is it in Asiatic Turkey. Russia and Great Britain are by the Anglo-Turkish Convention ranged against each other with only the dead body of Turkey between. So far as the Porte retains any European dominion, Austria, with her implied guarantee of Turkey against further aggressions in Europe, takes away from the Porte its only motive for energy and reform from within. An effete sovereignty safe from external attack is not very likely to reform itself. In Asia the same temptation to indolence will work yet more strongly. The British protectorate over Asia saps for ever the independence of the Porte, which Lord Beaconsfield before his journey to Berlin, and when Lord Salisbury's circular was still fresh, asserted to be the key-stone of English policy. Englishmen who expect the Porte will govern resolutely and loyally its subject population, when an English fleet and army are ready to repel attacks invited by internal discontents, mistake grievously the Pasha nature. Pashas will draw up codes of law; Pashas, also, will be set to execute them. If we use no other pressure than the moral force of remonstrances, we shall become simple satellites of the Porte for prohibiting any foreign interference with misrule. If we employ force for the reform of Ottoman maladministration, we violate forthwith the Treaty of Berlin, and Lord Beaconsfield's pleadings for the independence of the Porte become a mockery.

It is a vain hope that the Austrian treaty with the Porte for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention, will fire the Porte with a craving to vie for the honours of good government with the English in Cyprus, and the Austrians in Bosnia and its sister province. But besides Ottoman subjects,

Englishmen too are interested in this Mezentian compact. It may seem almost absurd to say it. Parliament and the country have been taught since the 30th of May to regard foreign affairs, whether war or peace, as private concerns of the sovereign and one or two of her ministers. Nevertheless, an experience of six weeks is scarcely sufficient to deaden the instincts of centuries. The people of England will at length awaken to a sense that there are even financial inconveniences in the arrogation by a minister of a discretionary right to spring on a nation defensive alliances and treaties of partition, without further notice than such as a Foreign Office copying clerk may choose to afford. We may wonder at the extraordinary blindness which did not detect the Anglo-Turkish Convention behind the Anglo-Russian Memoranda of May 30. Last month we pointed out the very distinct allusion in them to such an agreement. But the fact would seem to be that ministers did not intend it to be known till long after there should be no chance of public opinion demanding that it should be cancelled. No minister has even vouchsafed an apology for the concealment. Lord Beaconsfield in his prolix discourse to the Lords could find space for strategical and tactical disquisitions on the Sandjak of Sophia, and for a burst of dithyrambic exultation over the glorious compensation for its loss in the retention by the Porte of the Pass of Ichtiman, which it is now asserted is not retained at all. But he did not condescend to spare a word in defence of a diplomatic stealthiness which would have appalled his prototype in the reign of Queen Anno.

The arrangement forced through the Congress has, by the admission of those who think best of it, no element of stability. "The Treaty of Berlin," wrote, on Thursday, the Austrian correspondent of the *Times*, to his journal, "far from closing the Eastern Question, has opened out a new phase, and spread it over far larger ground than it covered before. All those interests and aspirations which previously were but in a dormant state, have been roused by the war." As soon as Bulgaria and the new Roumelia are organized, the cravings for this union will find a voice. As for Greece, so certain is it that she cannot be satisfied with the advice to confederate with the Turk against the Slav, that Lord Beaconsfield himself comforts her by distant visions of coming grandeur for the trick his Government played on her of keeping her quiet when her army might have secured a material guarantee by the occupation of Thessaly and Epirus. Hellenic statesmen will know now how to interpret his half-sarcastic advice: "Learn to be patient." To their ears it will sound: "Stir up discontent in Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, and Crete. Intrigue, intrigue, intrigue." Some may suppose that this is after all more the concern of Austria than of England. Austria, by occupying Bosnia and

Herzegovina, practically guarantees the Porte against Russian ambition in Europe, as does England in Asia. But Austria may at any moment show herself a broken reed, and Lord Beaconsfield has taught Englishmen to believe that the *Ægean* and the Black Sea are as much concerns of Great Britain as the road to India. Lord Beaconsfield has more faith in Austrian resources than most of his countrymen. According to him the peculiar mission of that empire is to restore or maintain "order and tranquillity" as the mandатарy of Europe. He was even bold enough to remind his brother peers of the satisfactory manner in which Austria had on previous occasions maintained "order and tranquillity," we presume, in Italy. With Austria for guardian of order and tranquillity a convulsion at no long interval in European Turkey is a certainty. We fear there will be only too soon occasion to see whether, with a Turkey broken by the memory of crushing defeats, "the race of men that created and defended Plevna" will find the line of the Balkans, which they could not defend when Turkey still kept its integrity, so impregnable as Lord Beaconsfield fancies. Previously to the Anglo-Turkish Convention England might have regarded that prospect with equanimity. Greek or Slav, any ruler is better than the Turk. But even an apparently undigested mass like the Ottoman Empire has a solidarity of its own. England, in guaranteeing Turkey in Asia, runs the danger of having to guarantee Turkey in Europe.

Should England be saved from that contingency, from having to subsidise Austria against insurgent Slavs and intriguing Greeks, she will yet have more than enough work carved out for her in Asiatic Turkey. In pledging herself to the Porte to guard Turkey from Russian encroachments, England pledges herself to Russia to prevent Turkish misrule from prejudicing Russia. Russia attempted to dig for us an exactly similar pit in offering to agree to a neutral zone in Central Asia on condition that we guaranteed Russia against suffering from its marauders. Lord Granville was too astute to accept the condition; but we have now dug a much deeper pit for ourselves. Russia and Great Britain have become under the Convention conterminous. Indeed, in the last days of the Congress Lord Salisbury argued for a narrower boundary for the ceded territory of Batoun—which Lord Beaconsfield, when Lord Salisbury's now discarded but once lauded circular was issued, described in Parliament as "an important harbour," but which he has now discovered is more of a Cove than a Portsmouth—as if it were a question of the British frontier which was being discussed. We shall be happy if the line of the Balkans be not the British frontier as well as the line of the valley of Bayazid. How we are to oblige the Porte to the reforms which alone can save this country from an infinitely worse scandal than the alliance of France with the



Sultan in the sixteenth century, the Government does not say. With the bated breath Lord Beaconsfield has accustomed us to in speaking of his own sovereign, Parliament is informed that "we are acting with a power which is an independent power—the Sultan—and we can decide nothing without his consent and sanction." Englishmen are told not to be impatient if this statesmanlike prince, who, we are reminded, "has other things to think about, even besides Asia Minor," cannot resolve upon Anglicising Turkey in a day. The British Government is, in fact, so exceedingly timid of alarming its ally's royal jealousy of independence, that it has refused to say even that it will abolish the *status* of slavery in its new acquisition of Cyprus. The alternative for us will be, either to leave, as is far more probable, the Porte's pledges of reform unredeemed, or to interfere, having the resistance of the Porte and its intrigues with other states, perhaps Russia herself, against us. An Englishman who, with the difficulty before his eyes of reforming India, which we have held for a century, rejoices at the suggestion that we should undertake Asia Minor also, must be very sanguine or very reckless. A more probable contingency than that we shall reform Turkey, is that we shall have to defend her. But here again the difficulties with which the Convention threatens us are infinitely more manifest than the facilities it affords for meeting them. Cyprus without harbours is just another island the more, without the security we have in those we have hitherto held against internal agitations fostered by foreign ambition. Its one merit, independently of the chance of gleanings after General Cesnola for the British Museum, is that it is opposite a possible inconvenient station on a possible line of railway to British India, which cannot be constructed except at the most enormous cost, and when constructed will have neither goods nor passengers to carry. Whatever value Cyprus has, it has for the latent riches of its soil and mines; it is valueless for war in Asia. Any operations to resist Russian encroachments on the Turkish frontier must be conducted on and from the mainland. Unless we are to expend untold millions in garrisoning the Armenian frontier against an invasion which may never come, we should be precisely as well prepared to oppose Russian ambition without the Convention as with it. If, indeed, we are to hold Asia Minor by armed force it is a burden, we may frankly say, which even the wealth and resources of England will find intolerable.

Far from strengthening Turkey, our guarantee will continue the old process of enervating her by the belief that English interests will always stand between the actual destruction of the empire and Russia. Left face to face with her various populations, there was, till this Convention, a hope that Turkey might, like other countries, work out her own redemption. Whether Turk, or Greek, or Slav,

or Armenian, the governing race would have come in time to the front, and have amalgamated the rest. British protection steps in to prevent or retard this natural solution, and we must resign, so long as it lasts, all hope of real Turkish regeneration. Lord Beaconsfield sees in his Anglo-Turkish Convention an assurance of "order and tranquillity," and a cure for the increase of anarchy due to the disintegrating tendencies of Russian encroachments. Whatever danger to order and tranquillity arises from disintegration, is to be found most of all in an arrangement which binds England to defend Turkey, but which cannot bind Turkey to defend herself. For England the Porte is an ally that might fight if left to itself, but will certainly not fight when there is so sturdy a champion as England to do its work. Whatever work of this kind has to be done, England must do it without the hope even of sympathy from other European nations. Professional European politicians may rejoice that Great Britain is once more entrapped in the net of continental complications, and will have to pay tribute to the phantasm styled the balance of power. But by just so much as her voice is heard in European conclaves, her voice will be hushed in the world at large. Foreign diplomatists and journalists who affect to admire the dexterity with which England has asserted her claim to be consulted about European squabbles, do not dissemble their conviction that her motives are utterly selfish, and that her triumph has been attained by crooked means. In some quarters the envy of her plenipotentiaries' adroitness is mingled with jealous suspicion of the result. France is alienated from our Eastern policy by the treachery, as she accounts it, with which the Convention was arranged. Had she not Germany still on her hands, she would have probably protested, even in arms, against the annexation of Cyprus. The temper of Italy is still more dangerous than that of France. Italy interprets the English acquisition of Cyprus, and the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as a challenge to her to seek territorial aggrandisement in other directions. Whenever a spark is kindled hereafter in Europe, the flag of "*Italia irredenta*" will be waved to fan the flame.

As bad as all the embarrassments into which Lord Beaconsfield's delight in a policy of surprises has plunged England, is the outburst he has stimulated at home of passions we had hoped Englishmen had long outgrown. To him England owes it that the hunger for territory has been once again roused in a race which has tens of thousands of square miles of fertile soil which the world would be only too grateful to Englishmen if they would reclaim from the wilderness. An island, two hundred miles long, ravaged by famine, a nest of malaria, with a fatal fever of which it enjoys a monopoly, without harbours, and possessed of a growing population of lepers, is held by Englishmen adequate consideration for an obligation to spend scores or hundreds

of millions in defending an empire which either cannot or will not defend itself. It is a melancholy consolation that when British capital has been lavished in purifying and cleansing the region from the filth and disease with which Turkish administrators, like other birds of prey, mark any possession as their own, the Greeks from the kingdom and the Turkish provinces will flock in and raise a demand for annexation to Greece, which England must grant as surely as she did the pleadings of Corfu. But the mischief will not be necessarily ended, though the immediate cause be removed.

The imperialism, which Lord Beaconsfield has so developed that he may well claim the honour of paternity in relation to the idea, is the inspiring motive of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. It explains and, to Lord Beaconsfield, justifies the dissimulation which veiled its origin. To Lord Beaconsfield the empire is one thing, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is another. The Sovereign is sovereign of the British Empire, an idea larger than the United Kingdom; and her ministers are ministers of the empire. They may obtain their offices by the will of the British Parliament, but in matters of so-called Imperial concern their allegiance is not to Parliament but to the empire. The Anglo-Turkish Convention and the annexation of Cyprus are, from this point of view, not British but imperial matters. Lord Beaconsfield takes almost a cynical pleasure in reminding Parliament, by concealing them, that they are only indirectly within its jurisdiction. With territories taken over at the mere will of a minister from foreign powers, with others, as Lord Derby informed the Peers, threatened with annexation, with guarantees given to foreign States without the knowledge of Parliament, with an army inspired, we were told on the 18th of July, "with imperial patriotism," and moved, without parliamentary consent, from India to Malta, and again from Malta to Cyprus, Great Britain is being gradually educated. In time she may be expected to understand her true and humble, however necessary, place in the grand imperial system, as the seat not of empire but of the imperial money-bag. It is to be hoped by the Conservative members that the constituencies will, by the next general election, have reconciled themselves to this view of parliamentary functions. We do not know how far it will conduce to such acquiescence that the schemes past, present, and future of the Ministry promise to make the charge of the public purse anything but a sinecure.

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A POLITICAL EPILOGUE.

EVERY political observer will feel it to be a striking circumstance that only a single state in the western world has escaped a great and profound revolution in its political fortunes during the course of the last twenty years. That solitary exception is our own country. France has undergone a rude retrenchment of her territory, and a radical transformation of her system of government—from a despotic empire to a free republic. Spain has passed through not one, but a whole series of convulsions, leading from an absolutist monarchy, through a republic and foreign dynasty, back again to a monarchy, abounding in that liberal promise which has hardly ever been wanting to the youthful days of even the worst tyrants. Germany has, within the same period grown from a group of second-rate kingdoms and tenth-rate principalities into a more or less coherent power with the highest diplomatic and military position in Europe. Austria, like France, has lost territory, modified her constitution, and found herself placed in strangely new positions both within and without. Italy has been restored to the life of a great nation. The Papacy has been reduced or magnified to the rank of a purely spiritual power. Russia at a stroke wrought that greatest of revolutions, an agrarian revolution, and changed the base of her organization from serfage to free labour. The United States, after a fierce civil war, achieved a corresponding revolution in their social system by the final abolition of slavery. We have just seen a further partition of the Turkish empire, and an almost final inroad upon the authority of its government. The durableness and the value to civilisation of some of these changes are differently judged by men of different interests, principles, and temperament. However such controversies may be decided, no one will deny that the outcome of so many vicissitudes and agitations has been in each of these societies immense, deep, far-reaching, and organic change. In England alone of all the

countries of the world, there has been no movement answering in the smallest degree to that strong description.

Yet the history of the last two years must have awakened the suspicion in the minds of some of those who are accustomed to think seriously and largely about public affairs, that England may perhaps not be destined much longer to enjoy so singular a privilege. Our security during the past generation has been due to the character of the people, the fitness of civil institutions, and the general ideas and sentiment of her governing orders. Each of these three great elements of national being has been in harmony with the other two. The bulk of the nation has been industrious, interested in the improvement of its own political and moral condition, and more consciously anxious than it ever was before in all the long course of its history to conduct its relations towards foreign countries and towards its own dependencies in a spirit of good-will and equity. The form and temper of government which was essentially republican, made it a proper organ and representative for a people in this humour, for whatever its legislative shortcomings may have been in other respects, it was open, prudent, plain, and deliberative. The directing classes, and those who spoke for them in the press, seemed to have marked out definitely for the country a policy of diligent improvement at home, and peace abroad.

The change that has suddenly taken place is too flagrantly visible to need insisting upon. To say this is not to imply that it is so universal as to be alarming. It takes a long time and much wide and judicious observation to measure the exact significance of a movement of popular opinion. We may easily be led in the chagrin of the moment grossly to exaggerate the depth of the change. It is indeed possible that a foolish and immoral conception of national policy may have established itself for a long time to come in the breasts of the great majority of the people. On the other hand, it may only be that the accidents of the present situation have given to that large class who have always held this foolish and immoral conception, a power of making themselves heard which the good sense of the community usually denies to them in happier times. If we read the most important newspapers published in the provinces, we find no trace of that excitement which has blazed and foamed in some of the London papers and some of the London clubs. The casual elections in England indicate no overwhelming strength of feeling, and leave the balance very much as it was. In Scotland, that excellent centre of the political sagacity of the three kingdoms, the cries of annexation and imperialism have excited a very emphatic and universal disgust. We have everywhere to distinguish between contentment with a given result of the action of the government, namely the sovereign object of Peace, and deliberate sympathy with

the mischievous moral and political sentiment with which that action has been associated by irresponsible and foolish partisans. We have also to allow for the fatigue and confusion into which the political judgment of the nation has been brought by two years of incessant strain, violently aggravated by the double voices of the cabinet and an uneasy distrust both of the Court and the Prime Minister. When all this has been taken into account, there are still only too many symptoms of a revival among us of an unworthy, retrograde, and dangerous political temper, which may, or may not, be the temper of the majority of the nation, but which is certainly that of powerful sections, and which has certainly already brought us into a new and perilous position in Europe.

There is no doubt a general satisfaction throughout the country with the scheme of the Treaty of Berlin. That is natural, and there is nothing to be discouraged by in it. We can well afford to smile at the effrontery of those who ought to know better, and the *niaiserie* of those who are sincere, in filling the air with panegyrics on the indomitable tenacity with which the Prime Minister has carried out his original thought. But his original thought, as shown in the once memorable Guildhall speech, was the integrity and independence of Turkey. The glittering dust that was raised about the Treaty of Berlin has now had time to subside, and what we see is that, whether good or bad, it is to all intents and purposes an effective realisation of Liberal policy. The alleged obligations to defend the integrity of the Ottoman empire has been thrust out of sight. The indignant refusal to be a party to a re-distribution of Ottoman territory proves to have been moonshine. What we see is that two provinces have been handed over to Austria; that a tributary state has been declared independent; that one great circumscription of territory formerly under the direct and undivided authority of the Porte has been raised to the practical independence of a tributary state; that another great circumscription, while nominally remaining subject to the Porte, is to be sacred against the Porte's soldiers, except for purposes of transit, is to have its organization settled by foreigners, and its administration ultimately carried on in practical independence of the wishes or requirements of the Porte. This is not quite the famous policy of bag and baggage, but it comes fully as near to it as could even have been legitimately desired in the present stage of Turkish dissolution.

Of the part played by the English Government in the achievement of such a set of results, no candid onlooker fails to see, when he compares that consummation with the language and the measures adopted by the Government in regard to it during the last two years, that the action of the ministry has been stubbornly directed against the end that has been finally reached, in spite of them. The

great historic fact remains that a new partition of Turkey has been accomplished, and the world is likely to be all the better for it, but the credit of the change is due to the Russian army and not to the British Foreign Office. As to the details of the new partition, they may well be open to abundant criticism, as events will probably show. In some respects the policy of partition has perhaps been carried even too far; as when, for instance, it was decided that no regular Turkish forces should be maintained in the interior of Eastern Roumelia, although it seems clear that when the Russians withdraw there is every probability of an internecine struggle between Christians and Mussulmans in that province. But it would be unreasonable to expect in a work of this complexity and magnitude, executed in the rough-and-ready fashion common to all such works, anything like an exact and consistent adjustment of small particulars; and when the Plenipotentiaries themselves landed at Dover, there is good reason for suspecting that they hardly knew, with any precision, what it was that they had done or had not done. No petty victory in drawing a line a fraction of an inch in one way rather than another in the map can disguise the central fact that one region has been taken away from the Porte, and another region has been "got ready to be taken away." The question of a sandjak does not seriously affect the emancipation of a great province. Provisional right of access to a fortification does not disguise the practical extinction of sovereignty. The decisive lines of the Treaty are those which from the first outbreak of the troubles in Bosnia and Herzegovina were seen by unprejudiced observers to be both conformable to the requirements of social amelioration in the provinces concerned, and to flow inevitably from the various forces at work, not only in Turkey and Russia, but in the rest of Europe as well. There are many experiments which the great social fates insist upon trying, and this was one.

That the result, though satisfactory in itself, should be immediately hailed with loud exultation is impossible, for it is at best only one more step in a prolonged movement of misery and danger. Nobody expects Bulgaria and Roumelia all at once to become paradise. We are, after all, only at the end of one drama in a trilogy, or it may even be only of one act in the drama, for red fires still smoulder in the East, and men are still afraid of using the language of settled peace. The rest may come to-morrow; on the other hand, it may wait to burst upon our grandchildren. The only chance for Turkey—of a real Turkey for the Turks—lies in the miracle of a great ruler. Such miracles have happened before now. No Abdul Aziz nor Ahmed can be worse than Gallienus; yet, after Gallienus, Diocletian arose, and once more restored vigour and strength to the decaying empire. It may be that a reforming Sultan would find his task

as desperate as Manuel II. in the fifteenth century, when he strove to reorganize the provinces that the Turks had still left to the Byzantine empire. It may prove that no elements of stable reorganization now remain in Asiatic Turkey, any more than such elements then remained in the rotten and worthless Greek society of the Peloponnesus. The hope is very faint. But room should be left for the experiment. Strange to say, it is the Turkish party who have done their best to make this experiment impossible. To voluntary and spontaneous reform the English Protectorate is fatal.

And this brings us to make one or two remarks on the arrangement which has been believed to establish such a Protectorate. It is when we turn from the Berlin Treaty to the Convention with Turkey, and its reception by the louder portion of the public, that we may well see room for uneasiness. The demerits of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, as an instrument of state policy from the English point of view, were so abundantly and unanswerably pointed out in the closing debate of the session, that there can be no advantage in recapitulating the arguments. There has never been a debate in which not merely the balance of argument, but the whole body of argument was so wholly on one side, as that in the House of Commons on this portion of Lord Hartington's resolutions. If we add to what was said there the singularly pregnant speech of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, we have the most destructive body of criticism that ever fell upon any diplomatic arrangement. But what is now becoming every day more and more clear is that this instrument which would have been so full of peril if it had been serious, is really a piece of imposture, devised, perhaps not without some loose hope in the minds of the ministers who framed or acquiesced in it, that larger good might come of it, to veil a diplomatic repulse. It would be an "insane covenant," in one alternative, in the other it involves a kind of tripartite lie, for Russia will attack, Turkey will not reform, and England will not force her.

All the evidence that comes to light shows that there is no secret article or subsidiary treaty, enabling the English Government to set the Convention in motion. If the foreign minister insists, say on the appointment of consuls with full powers of jurisdiction, collection of dues, and the rest, throughout Asia Minor, against the will of the Porte, this is obviously to throw Turkey into the arms of Russia, and to give us two enemies where we are now assumed to have one. It has been publicly announced from Constantinople that the Porte declared that the Treaty respecting Cyprus did not imply the renunciation by Turkey of her independence. Turkey would listen to the counsels of England, but would introduce the reforms herself, without there being any necessity for the installation in Asia of



British Residents, who would seek to introduce reforms instead of merely watching over their execution."

We find the *Economist*, which rather unaccountably has expressed the too hasty approval felt by the moneyed interests for what looked like a new opening for capital, now "with the greatest possible reluctance and even indignation," adopting the judgment of one whom the writer describes as a very competent American observer at Constantinople; "that neither party had any clear idea of its meaning beyond the fact that England was to acquire Cyprus, and was to defend the Sultan against further advance in Asia. No one can say how far England becomes responsible for the government of Turkey, nor how far the Sultan is bound to submit to English dictation. . . . There will be an immediate development of hope and belief in coming prosperity among the people, accompanied by commercial speculations of all kinds, which will be followed in a few years by disappointment, failure, and discouragement." It is only to be hoped that the public will perceive in time the hollow and untrustworthy base on which the alleged Protectorate rests. The bait is being thrown out to capital, with the dexterity with which we have long been familiar in the case of China and other international immoralities. The brilliant prospects of Cyprus have already become clouded, and even Maltese, Italians, and Greeks have only flown thither to return as speedily as they went. But interest is refreshed by a prose dithyramb on the coal-mines of Heraclea, and we shall have others in the same strain on other magnificent sources of wealth and superior openings for investment. Investment in a volcano! "If we are to keep our engagements at all," says one authority, and he is quite right, "we may have to meet at any moment a hostile incursion from Russia." In other words, all the pacific industrial undertakings to which we are invited are to be subject "at any moment" to the disturbance of a frightful war, and not only to the probability but to the certainty of it. This risk would be immense even if the Turkish Government accepted our reforms, our residents, our consular courts, in every sandjak or vilayet in Asia. But there is every sign that the Turkish Government will thwart all such projects. There is no Protectorate, and there will be heavy perils for England if that bad dream be ever realised. And not a peril to England only. An English Protectorate would, we repeat, be the most infallibly fatal obstacle to the one chance that remains for improvement in Turkish institutions, namely the appearance at the Porte of one of those strong and capable rulers who have risen up to retard the decay of a doomed empire before now, and may rise up even at this day of despair for Asiatic Turkey. If you *annex* Asia Minor, you might by throwing over it the same administrative framework of cast-iron in which you

hold India, temporarily improve the condition of the people, and find safe employment for English capital. But there are a few social and material difficulties in the way of annexation, and a mere officious Protectorate, unwillingly accepted by the native Government of the country, will make it a point of honour with that Government to resist projects of reform that are so inspired from without. A foreign Protectorate throttles spontaneous improvement. It always has done so, and always will and must. One curious result is not unlikely to follow. Just as in Austria, the active connivance of the Porte with the resistance of the Bosnian insurgents to the Austrian army of occupation has kindled the anger even of the strong Turkish party in Vienna and Pesth, so we shall see by-and-by, when the Porte resists English intervention in the civil affairs of Asia Minor, that the very people among us who have been the most furious partisans of Turkey, will then become the most impatient of her enemies, and it will be left for us who now insist on the impolicy of the Convention, to urge the expediency of allowing the Turks to settle their own difficulties.

It has been to some of us impossible to see why England was bound to provide either Europe or herself with an ultimate solution of the Eastern Question, or of the perplexity as to the final possession of the city that rises on the seven hills between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. If circumstances had forced on a decision, and if it had been held indispensable that England should take a part in that decision, then Mr. Grant Duff's proposal to establish an Anglo-Russian dynasty at Constantinople was the most feasible and hopeful, and it was so among other reasons exactly because it left open those great issues of race and nationality, that struggle between Greek and Slav for final supremacy, which for some centuries to come is still likely to remain unsettled. The Greek is ready to go to Byzantium, no doubt, just as Juvenal's Græculus was ready to go to heaven, if to heaven you bid him go. But it is impossible for a candid observer to persuade himself that either citizens or ministers of the Hellenic kingdom have shown one atom of that strong and serious political capacity, which will be taxed as political capacity has hardly been taxed since the great Roman revolution of Julius Cæsar, if all the races and peoples, the creeds and institutions and usages, of South-eastern Europe are to be welded into a system that shall satisfy western opinion, excite western interest and support, and resist the might of the Russian colossus. This is not to judge the conduct of the Government towards the Greeks before and during the Congress of Berlin. That, as it has been truly described, was both unwise and ungenerous. Everybody knows that the Hellenic kingdom cannot be for ever confined within its present limits. All that we urge is that Europe should not prejudge the

future. There are many reasons why she should not, and there are none why she should. We really cannot decide the political ability of Greece out of our own heads.

The character of the Greeks has been a subject of keen contention in literature. The Romans, while borrowing his art and paying him for it, looked down upon the Greek almost as an English civilian looks down on the native from whom he condescends to buy the silver work of Cashmere or the brass work of Benares. They imposed on him the most contemptuous of nicknames. They laughed at the mendacious boastings which transformed a short resistance to Asiatics into eternal marvels of heroic prowess. They scorned the political incapacity, the want of coherence, the absence of resolute valour, which offered so insignificant a defence to the Romans themselves. Even in things of the intellect they taxed the Greek with being less of an inventor than an adapter and a beautifier. The moral side of Greek character had a still lower reputation. Roman literature abounds with phrases of contempt for their lying, servility, meanness, and shifty servility. Even Cicero, so ardent an admirer as he was of their language, their eloquence, their arts, was obliged to declare that as to good faith and the sanctity of an oath, they did not even know what such things meant, and had never at any time felt their authority, sacredness, or weight. It was only to Greeks, and never to Gauls or Spaniards that Romans thought of imputing such sayings as, *Do thou swear for me and I will swear for thee*. He contrasted a Roman in the witness box—grave, reserved, weighing every word, careful not to use a syllable more nor less than was strictly necessary, with the Greek, who only thinks of the expression and never for a moment of the truth of what he is going to say, and whose whole attitude shows that an oath is to him no better than a farce. In modern times catholic writers, and philosophers strongly imbued with the catholic spirit, have naturally taken as unfavourable a view of the country of a heretical church. The Greeks are bitterly reproached with their pride, their vanity, their incessant disputatiousness, their hatred of political, moral, or social union, their eternal inaptitude for anything like association on a great scale. As for Christianity and the Church of Constantinople, a witty Catholic has well said that it had no more right to call itself Greek, than an Italian naturalised at New York would have a right to call himself an Englishman. What happened after the empire was enthroned in the city of Constantine in the fourth century was that the Greek spirit of political division was crushed down by an absolute government, while the Greek spirit of philosophical dispute flung itself into disastrous results upon the new theology which came from Judea. That the Greeks merit much of this reprobation is undoubtedly true. It is true that their brilliant literary gifts have imparted a singular lustre both to men

and affairs that are of not the least significance in the history of mankind. The fact that they united on some occasions for great national purposes, does not affect the general truth that they were habitually filled with the narrow spirit of the pariah; that they were the creatures of faction, hatred, personal vanity, and most other qualities that unfit men for forming a strong and durable political combination. But all this, and much more that might be added in disparagement of the grossly exaggerated position so often claimed for the Greeks in history, is still only one side of the case. The Greeks of the fifth century (B.C.) kept back the Persians just as the Greeks of the eighth century (A.D.) kept back the Saracens. Though the Hellenic states were themselves incapable of founding an empire, yet it was their culture, their ideas, their civilisation, even their municipal policy, which the conquests of Alexander the Great were the means of planting in so many important and lasting centres. It was they who for some centuries successfully administered that wide system of empire which had come to them from the great master-spirit of Rome. But on the other hand it was their exactions, their corruptions, their theological virulence and ecclesiastical tyranny, which made their subjects welcome the victories of the Saracens, and which entitle the historian to say that at last, even to Greece itself, its conquest by Mahomet II. "was felt to be a boon by the greater part of the population."

If we turn to more modern times, we have no right here either to make our wish father to the thought. It is a matter of evidence, and evidence is not wanting. No one affects to deny that the Greeks of the Hellenic kingdom under a free government are happier than their forefathers were under the despotism of Turkish pashas. So much indeed they could hardly fail to be. But decisively to fix upon them as the destined heirs of the Ottoman at Constantinople, is to assume in them a high and imperial competency for government of which they have hitherto given no proof. The late Mr. Finlay, whose history of the Greeks is incomparably the most weighty and instructive piece of historico-sociological investigation that our literature can boast, passed the best part of a lifetime in Attica; he was animated by the most enthusiastic interest in the glory of the Hellenic name in the past, and the prosperity of the Hellenic people in the future; he had acquired a profound and scientific mastery of the economic conditions on which the political no less than the material regeneration of the new kingdom depended; it would in short be impossible to find a witness at once of more thorough competency or of more favourable prepossessions. Now this admirable statesman—for Finlay deserves no other name—admits that to have secured popular institutions to a considerable portion of the Greek nation, and to have given to the people the

power of infusing national life and national feelings into the administration, are glorious achievements for one generation. Against this there is the damning fact that national independence and civil liberty have been enjoyed by the Greeks for a whole generation without producing any change in the material condition of the agricultural population. "The Greek Revolution," he says, "has not created a growing population and an expanding nation. Diplomacy has formed a diminutive kingdom, and not Themistocles has known how to form a great state out of so small a community. Yet the task was not difficult; the lesson was taught in the United States of America and in the colonial empire of Great Britain. But in the Greek kingdom, with every element of social and political improvement at hand, the agricultural population and the native industry of the country have remained almost stationary. The towns, it is true, are increasing, and merchants are gaining money; but the brave peasantry who formed the nation's strength grows neither richer nor more numerous, the produce of their labour is of the rudest kind, whole districts remain uncultivated, the wealthy Greeks who pick up money in foreign traffic do not invest the capital they accumulate in the land which they pretend to call their country, and no stream of Greek emigrants flows from the millions who live enslaved in Turkey, to enjoy liberty by settling in liberated Greece."<sup>1</sup> Now this is the judgment of no passing yachtsman or Cook's tourist, but of a man with a right to speak. We reproduce it here with no wish to disparage the Greeks, who have perhaps done as much as could have been reasonably anticipated, but rather to remind those who insist on the Greek answer to the eternally tormenting enigma of Constantinople, that if we put aside the natural sentiment of Hellenic association with the immortal names of literature and ancient story, and if we take at its worth the gift of intellectual vivacity which the Greeks indisputably possess, but which for the purposes of so vast, so stupendous a task as the foundation of a great political society is utterly valueless, then we can find no such commanding political ability in the Greeks, and, what is at the base of all sound hope on their behalf, no such truthfulness in social intercourse, nor love of justice, nor public unselfishness, nor stern personal dignity, as would mark them out before all the world for the pre-appointed and rightful builders of the new fabric.

In order to give the reader a chance of judging for himself, I will quote a passage from another very competent observer, which inclines to some extent the other way:—"The nation in its present scattered condition," says this writer, "presents great variety and dissemblance; but even these points, in my opinion, constitute its force

(1) *History of Greece*, vii. 181, 244, &c.

and guarantee its future prosperity. No person well acquainted with modern Greeco can contest the vast improvement in the national character during the last half-century, the moral development already gained, and the prosperous condition the little kingdom has now entered upon. . . . In the careful and impartial examination a long residence has enabled me to make of the character of this people, I discovered a good deal of vanity, bravado, and overweening conceit. They are vain of their ability, and still more vain of the merits and capacity of free Hellas, of which they are so enamoured as to consider this little kingdom, in its way, on a level with the great powers. The spirit of bravado is often shown in animated disputes and controversies, for which they have a great partiality. They are subtle, extremely sensitive, fond of gain, but never miserly. Their enthusiastic nature, given free scope, will lead them into the doing of golden deeds; and, in the same way, bad influence will make of some the most finished rogues in creation.”<sup>1</sup>

This is the language of eager personal interest and generous enthusiasm; it is encouraging and hopeful, but it does not counterbalance the potent testimony of the economic facts of the Greek kingdom, nor, above all, of the ecclesiastical struggles between the Greek dignitaries of the Fanar and the Bulgarian Church. No one who has read the history of the Bulgarian Church question between 1858 and 1872 will find in it any reason for assuming in the Greek character the pliancy, the conciliatoriness, the breadth, the power, and largeness in manipulating opportunities and peoples, which are the marks of an imperial race. On the contrary, we still see the same vain and selfish *partisans* whose execrable strife and corruption it was that laid the Eastern empire open to the Turkish invader five hundred years ago. It may be true that “the quick intellect and fine mettle of the Greek are destined to great things; the name of Hellenes carries with it the prescriptive right of speaking and doing nobly; and the modern Hellenes will not disown their birth-right.” It would be base not to hope with all our hearts that this may come to pass; for the Eastern world has sore need of at least one right-minded and noble people. But, again, the fervour of our hopes has no weight in measuring the divine right of the Greeks to go to Constantinople. We say that this is not proved nor even provable. The question is not ripe; above all it is a question which lies out of the reach of England, because great natural forces are at work, and must go on working, with which no artificial arrangement of western politicians can permanently interfere. That is one tolerably important consideration. On the other hand, Russia may break to pieces, and new states and a new polity in Eastern

(1) *The People of Turkey*. By a Consul's Daughter. I. 51, &c. (London: J. Murray. 1878). A truly instructive volume, by a valuable witness.

Europe re-shape themselves from the ruins. No statesman, however penetrating, however well-informed, however richly gifted with constructive genius, can possibly as yet be in a condition to measure the relative strength of all the elements that are seething and fermenting in that portentous cauldron. Why should England bind herself to any definite form of prospective settlement? To do that is exactly as unwise as it has been to bind herself to the active maintenance of the *status quo*, and to the warlike support, without reference to new times or conditions, of that doctrine of impotency which has been covered with the fine name of conservative diplomacy.

The contention of the extreme school of conservative diplomacy has been that, though the Ottoman Government was bad, and the whole body of political arrangements in the South-east of Europe was bad, yet it is impossible to substitute anything better in their place, and the world ought to look upon the system with the same acquiescence as covers so many other irremediable evils in the order of things. The answer to this is twofold. First, the history of the successive diminutions of the authority of the Porte shows that it is not true that the *status quo* is practically unimprovable. On the contrary, as has been seen in the history of modern Hungary, Greece, Roumania, Servia, every step in the progress of Ottoman dismemberment has led to an increase of happiness and prosperity in each population, as it has in turn been released from a misgovernment that strangled growth and hope. All our noble English commonplaces about freedom, justice, and peace, would be so many falsehoods if this were otherwise. Is there an Englishman alive who would wish to see the government of the Porte brought back to Pesth, to Bucharest, to Athens, to Belgrade, and the ruinous authority of the Turkish pashas restored over the territories from which the Ottoman tide has gradually receded? And then, in the second place, even if it were true, and at each new delimitation it has been demonstrated not to be true, that there is nothing better for the subjects of the Porte and for Europe than that statesmen should obstinately cherish the *status quo*, there still remains the evident fact that you have Russia to take into account, to allow for, and to deal with. What would conservative diplomacy have us do with this stupendous factor in the problem? It is not a question whether the Russian Government is brutally oppressive, whether its people are ignorant and drunken, whether its press is enslaved, whether its fiscal legislation is retrograde, whether its whole social system is barbaric, squalid, formless, "the east without the sun." All these things may be true, and they have never been denied by any responsible spokesman, but how does the embittered reiteration of them help statesmanship to a policy? When you have drawn the heaviest indictment against Russia, and proved every count in it a

thousand times over, Russia remains, her eighty millions remain, her sympathies with her kinsfolk, and her imperturbable political aspirations.

We have all heard many a time in our lives a diatribe against the imputed perversities of the people of Ireland, wound up by the wish that the island and its inhabitants could be sunk to the bottom of the sea. The solution is pious, but crude. Yet it is not alone either in its charity or its crudity. It is not a jot more crude as a suggestion for settling Irish difficulties, than the suggestion of those who would have us settle Eastern difficulties, to use their own ruffianly, wicked, and abominable jargon, by "*smashing Russia up.*" Three years ago a dark and sinister rumour spread over Europe that the military party at Berlin was eager instantly, with or without a pretext, to declare war against France, to dash across the frontier, and to maim, cripple, and vitally disable that country once and for ever. Was there any person in this country who did not feel the outrage and infamy of such a scheme, and yet was not the spirit of it precisely and literally the spirit of those who incite, and have incited, us to dash upon Russia, heaven knows how or where, before her army and her finances recover from the strain of the war with Turkey? But we do not speak of the lawlessness and injustice of these incitements against a nation on the ground of her aggressiveness, when we ourselves have within the last hundred and thirty years annexed a million more square miles of territory than Russia has annexed, and two hundred and fifty millions of population against her seventeen millions.

"Earth is sick,  
And heaven is weary, of the hollow words  
That states and kingdoms utter when they talk  
Of truth and justice."

The hypocrisy of such talk is not worse than its political unwisdom. The Russian advance to the south is not perfidious statecraft, but the slow natural migration of a race from the pole to the lands of the sun. It may entail inconveniences upon us, but whatever they may amount to, England will never be able to hold back that great flood. Even were there no other impediment, there is this, that her hands cannot always be free as they have been during the present crisis. There may be a Mutiny in India. We may have trouble with France or with Germany. There are the United States. When you have once kindled the slow fire of diplomatic chicane, all is possible. Mr. Gladstone's Government conducted the Alabama negotiations in a way which justly wounded the self-respect of the English people, and the irritation caused by want of skilful management at that time was a powerful element in Mr. Gladstone's precipitation from power. But our fire-eaters would have had good reason to moderate



their voices to Russia, if Mr. Gladstone had not previously made that very peace with America against which they so furiously raged.

A writer in a serious journal, conducted in the very reverse of a fire-eating spirit, tells us with perfect gravity that "assuming that Turkey will agree to something tangible, and that we shall have a reasonable equivalent for our engagement to defend Asia Minor against Russian attack, the chief point in our home policy ought to be very clear. A large and permanent increase of the home army is indispensable. If we are to keep to our engagements at all, we may have to meet at any moment a hostile incursion from Russia on some one point of the extended frontier which we guarantee. We shall be able, it is assumed, to drill an Anglo-Turkish army in Asia Minor which will give a good account of any Russian invasion. But no one can be quite sure what the Anglo-Turkish force will be, until it is created, while it is obviously politic in an empire like that of England to maintain the central force in some sort of proportion to all the dependent forces. Such things as mutinies have to be faced, and our ultimate reliance is on our home army." This may be quite true, and people ought to be grateful to a journalist who puts things in this hard and positive way, and lets us know that Asia Minor may possibly give twenty per cent. to the enterprising investor, but will certainly cost a shilling in the pound to every payer of income-tax. But after enumerating some other matters that will need to be looked to, this writer says:—"A third object should be to come to a good understanding with Russia, in whose internal development we have undoubtedly a great interest, and with whom we need have no quarrel if our frontiers are sufficiently defined. The closer our commercial intercourse can be drawn, the better will it be for both countries; while it is just possible that by careful management the difficulties of the present transition period may be tided over until a new spirit grows up in Russia. With frontier questions settled definitely, and our commercial intercourse extending, we do not see why the English and Russian empires should not be on as good terms as England and France now are."<sup>1</sup>

But why should we not have come to a good understanding with Russia before, and independently of the Asiatic Protectorate? If we are to end with a good understanding, why in the name of common sense should we not begin with it?

Even if we accept the doctrine of imperialism, and insist on increasing the greatness of our state and name by vastness of territory and millions of subjects nominally ours, there can be no reason why we should throw away at one cast expediency as well as morality. If we cannot be just to other nations, we ought at least to be business-like. The English dominion is not to be upheld by mere vociferous

(1) *Statist*, Aug. 24.

pride and arbitrary defiance. There must be a base of policy, a prospect of ultimate stability and equilibrium. We cannot extirpate Russia, and even if we raise great armies and carry on long wars against her, at the end of all we shall still have to make terms of some sort with her, and nobody has ever yet shown why we should not make reasonable working terms with her now. On the contrary, as we have just seen, as soon as ever any writer begins to contemplate the orderly working of the proposed arrangements in the East, an understanding with Russia is the first condition that cannot be dispensed with.

It is habitually assumed that England is the only power that has either the right or the faculty of dealing with Eastern races, and there has been more levity than imperial pride in the general readiness to undertake the responsibility of introducing order and good government into Asia Minor. It is taken for granted that India is the best of all possible worlds, and that our success there is so clear, indubitable, and permanently assured that we may go forth with light hearts to teach civilisation and morality to any other portion of the globe that our Government may be fortunate enough to snatch from the hands of its present possessor. Nothing can be more disagreeable than to have to speak in seeming disparagement of the success of that Titanic experiment, when we remember the genuine disinterestedness of the English nation in carrying it on, and the zeal and devotion that are expended on that high task by every one concerned in it, from the obscurest deputy commissioner up to that brilliant and gifted man of genius whom English literature may grudge even to the Government of India. But no admiration for their patriotic service ought to be allowed to lull us into the dream that our possession of India has been, or is, such a settled triumph that we are free to take up a new bundle of insoluble problems. Miss Nightingale has recently drawn a striking picture of the actual state of the people of India, and though in at least one instance her figures are startlingly erroneous and exaggerated, there is a great body of truth left behind which cannot be too carefully pondered, not by way of reproach to the Government of India, which acts more often from necessity than choice, but by way of caution to the people of England. So long as such a picture is even decently true to the real state of things, it is nothing short of a crime to invite us to run gratuitously forward to "incur new responsibilities." When we have done more towards overcoming the difficulties in the way of good and beneficent government in India, it will be quite early enough to set about conferring good and beneficent government on other countries. That is the first consideration. The next is that we cannot be so established in our knowledge of the forces and sentiments of India, nor in our mastery of them, as to look upon it as being no more likely ever to give us

trouble than if it were Heligoland. "Things are continually turning up in India," says Mr. Grant Duff, "which show that you are surrounded by unknown dangers—dangers which may well make even those anxious who, like myself, attach no importance to some of the recognised and stock dangers which are periodically trotted out by alarmists. *I never read a description of a great ship steaming through a fog on the banks of Newfoundland, when icebergs are known to be about, without thinking of our government of India.*" And Mr. Grant Duff, who tells us this, has been hearing about India from responsible Anglo-Indians from his very boyhood, has himself for some years held most important and responsible office in the Indian Government, has studied Indian questions on the spot, and is of all men in the world the least inclined by temperament and cast of mind to take an excited or alarmist view either of India or any other political interest. Sir James Stephen, who has also had responsible experience of India, strongly implied what comes to very much the same thing in a figure, which made some stir at the time, of Pontius Pilate sitting on a volcano. A dormant volcano—Newfoundland banks in a fog—a great ship among icebergs—is it with such images as these on our mind, that we are suddenly to act as if the Government of India were mere sailing on a summer sea, a pleasant *parergon* that need not interfere with our freedom to undertake more serious business whenever we can find it to do.

One more point. The assumption that we alone among European nations know how to deal with Mahometans is simply like so many other assumptions of the time, a complete delusion. We have held India for a century, and yet the Government dare not trust a native with the command of a regiment. "It does seem," says one who has been dealing with the government of Mahometans all his life, "as if Russia has better methods of assimilating Mahometans than we. Herself at one time subject to Mahometan rule, she has never entirely separated herself from the Mahometan connection. Many of the Tartars of Russia seem to be good, prosperous, and contented Russian citizens. Both among them and among the Mahometans of the Caucasus and Central Asia, we find prefects and colonels, and men in many ways trusted in high positions. And quite irrespective of religion, many new subjects of Russia seem to enter with some cordiality into her system and into her service. We, on the other hand, have always rather patronised natives than treated them on equal terms, and especially we have, I think, allowed some prejudice to grow up against Mahometans as such." What is the practical inference from this? First, here again is evidence that our system in India has still reached no height of statesmanlike perfection. Second, we have given no

special signs of an exclusive mission to incorporate Mahometan races in a higher civilisation. In other words the practical inference is that we have still much to do and more to learn in India; that this is the true field of our foreign policy; and that Russia has shown herself perfectly well-fitted to do as good work in Central Asia as we believe ourselves to have done on our own side of the Indus and the Himalaya Mountains. Such a prospect as this is of course contemptible to those who are dreaming not of a steadfast empire of policy like that of Rome, but of an empire of mad pride like that of Spain; and even of imperial Rome let us remember when people are declaiming the immortal line, *Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento*, that though Rome did a great work, she was blindly wasteful of capital and the sources of wealth, but her fiscal and economical policy was as ruinous as that of Turkey itself, and that under her imperial sway great cities declined, and some of the most flourishing regions of the earth became depopulated and desert. Such language stirs the impatience of the military classes, and we may measure the number of persons energetically interested in a policy of war and aggrandizement by the fact that including India we annually spend forty-five millions sterling on the two services. I am not now saying that this sum is too large for the defence of the national possessions, but only that it furnishes some measure of the vested interests of war. Even the great improvement that is alleged to have taken place for the last ten or fifteen years in the professional skill and interest of the army, has brought with it the natural drawback that men become eager to test an instrument which they have taken so much trouble to perfect. England can never escape the common European influences, and it was not to be expected that she should feel no effect from the vast militarism of the continental powers. But the honest traders, manufacturers, merchants, seafarers, who have built up the true greatness and solid prosperity of the land, will not suffer their fortunes to be scattered by barrack politics. But it is time that people began to face what the new talk about great armies and a commanding position in European diplomacy really means. It is time that they began seriously to consider whether our free institutions, the elements of our prosperity, the character of our people are adapted for the policy of aggrandizement.

It is mere blindness to conceal from ourselves that parliamentary government is essentially an unfit form of machinery for an imperial policy. The difficulties of reconciling the two have often been stated, and they are tolerably obvious; what people have failed to recognise is that these difficulties are not only serious, but insuperable and fatal, and that the two are absolutely and for ever incompatible. An ambitious, restless, and complicated foreign policy must inevitably abound in emergencies; and a policy of emergencies is

incompatible with a government of public deliberation. Such affairs demand promptitude, daring, concentration, and whenever such affairs have overtaken a government, from the Roman Senate down to the great French Convention, sovereign authority has been necessarily placed, under whatever name, in the hands of a dictator or a small committee with a dictator's supremacy. The English nation must make their choice. If they deliberately embrace a policy once for all that must commit us to far-reaching combinations with foreign powers, that cannot but engage us in long and intricate courses of diplomacy, that of its very essence involves a vast fabric of military administration and a thousand secret schemes of military movement, that can only be judged on condition that we are in complete mastery of facts that are only possessed by experts in the silence of official bureaux, then popular control sinks into nullity, and parliamentary criticism becomes the most desperate of political farces. Do we not already see this in the case of the one great military dependency that we now possess, or that now possesses us? An Indian subject, unless it happens to have been chosen for the issue of a party debate, empties the House of Commons, and it is not in the least unreasonable that this should be so; for what does the ordinary member of Parliament know of the deciding considerations of the most important branches of Indian polity and administration? Nay, not only of the ordinary member of Parliament is this true; Mr. Mill himself, who had passed all his life behind the scenes of Indian government, was more reserved than anybody else in the House in speaking on Indian subjects, because he knew that the minister on the front bench was very likely to have information which would wholly change the aspect of the matter under discussion. An office that has, and must have, its most important affairs habitually confined to a Secret Department is practically withdrawn from parliamentary criticism. But in an imperial system, everything worth knowing in the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Admiralty, would be locked up in the Secret boxes, and in such a system these are the very departments which would have the destinies of the nation under their control.

India is not the only illustration. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is another and a less inert example of the same invincible necessity of putting Parliament aside the moment that you embark on the urgent tides of militant diplomacy, of territorial interests, and international obligations. On this treacherous and formidable sea, a storm blows up with such swiftness from such unexpected quarters, that the man at the helm has no chance of referring home for instructions. The Opposition in the concluding debates of the session were perhaps right in dwelling on the unconstitutional elements in the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The ministers

answered that, whether the Convention was a good or a bad thing, it was impossible under the circumstances to consult Parliament before concluding it, and we have always thought this position perfectly good, so far as it goes. The important point is, not merely that the conclusion of the Convention and the summoning of the Indian contingent were unconstitutional, but that the whole policy to which these acts were incidental, and in which a large portion of the nation<sup>e</sup> has seemed to acquiesce—the policy of intervention at any price, of territorial aggrandizement, of competitive braggadocio—both is and must always inevitably be disastrous to constitutional government, to parliamentary criticism, and to popular control.

If parliamentary methods, their publicity, their freedom, their tendency to lag and be very slow, are all hostile to a kind of policy that implies dispatch, privacy, and the ready energy of personal resolution, so too is the power of wavering and instable constituencies as the ultimate arbiter of the action of a government fatally incompatible with the new system of intervention and empire. This is the true reason why such a system as a permanent innovation is impossible in this country. If household suffrage had been the base of our representation between the French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo, does anybody believe that the successive governments of these long years would have been allowed to persevere in their warfare first against the Republic, and then against the Empire? Whether the policy of those wars was sound or unsound, it is certain, if either history or observation can teach us anything about democracies, that it must have been abruptly broken in upon, and its thread rudely severed, not once but half-a-dozen times, by the impatience and weariness of those classes on whom the full weight and burden of the miseries of a long war must always fall. Seventy years ago those classes were powerless; to-day they are omnipotent. If an English minister henceforth hopes to hold the nation engaged in a long war, he will either be compelled to show them with unanswerable force of demonstration, and often repeated, that the very independence of the country is in danger, or else he will have to overthrow the electoral system. An open democracy of free people, such as ours is, must always be unfit for great and compacted schemes of ambitious foreign policy, which can never be possible save in an aristocracy or under an absolute monarchy. We need only consider the violent reaction in common sentiment which took place before our eyes less than two years ago. If the elections had been held in the autumn of 1876, nobody doubts that the government would have been swept from power. Before the following winter was at an end, and apparently for no better reason than that the Sultan's government had rashly defied the verdict of the Conference, the tide had turned, the government

was secure, and an anti-Russian policy was in the highest favour. The reaction did not stop even here. A second change of front followed. The popular sentiment was anti-Russian but pacific: it next became, as well as anti-Russian, belligerent. We have a measure of this political delirium in the case of Batoum. For a whole week it seemed as if we were actually to be plunged into war to prevent Russia from acquiring a port, which as people afterwards learned on the highest authority was more like Cowes than Portsmouth. We were summoned to a crusade on behalf of the Lazis, in dithyrambs which would have been overstrained if the Lazis had been a great and civilised nation with a noble polity and an eternal tradition, instead of being a horde of the most detestable ruffians on the face of the earth. Is it with constituencies of this kind at your back,—not knowing their own minds, strong for peace to-day and ready for war to-morrow, raging against the vileness of Turkey one week, raging against any power that should punish the vileness of Turkey the next; content in 1877 that Constantinople and Egypt should mark the line of British interests, and in 1878 willing to hear that wretched Batoum or wretched Bessarabia was a British interest—is it with people of such a temperament as this, moderate, cautious, and even a little too sober in their domestic affairs, but vacillating, random, and headstrong in their foreign interests, is it with these for your masters, that you propose to try high flights and plunge into the shadowy hazards of great adventure?

It is said, however, that in foreign affairs the constituencies will always follow the government, and that therefore though the constituencies may be ignorant, yet provided the Foreign Office be well informed, all would be well. For proof of this docility we are referred to the attitude of the nation during the recent events. The bulk of the nation, we are told, has allowed Lord Beaconsfield to carry out his own policy without disturbance, and has even been eager to condone the secrecy and independence with which he committed the nation to the annexation of new territory, the obligation of a new protectorate, and the invention of a new military policy. This may be true for the moment, though we repeat a warning against allowing ourselves to be misled by the satisfaction of the press into overrating the satisfaction of the public. Apart from that, the argument has not been tested, for the durability of the popular approval, and the willingness of the taxpayers to bear the burdens, have not yet been tested. "They are ringing their bells now," Sir Robert Walpole said a hundred and forty years ago, "they will be wringing their hands soon." Or if they are not, it will be because the Convention with Turkey will gradually go to limbo.

We did not need this lesson to teach us that a democracy may be as violent, unjust, and imperious as a military dynasty. From the

time of the vindictive decree of the Athenian Demos against Mytilene, down to the approval by the American people of the flagitious Indirect Claims, we have seen a thousand illustrations that personal governments have no monopoly of inequitable and tyrannous impulse. The soul of man, according to Plato's famous image, is like a driver with two horses, one of them strenuous, docile, steadfast, the other turbulent, capricious, destructive, ungovernable; and what is true of the soul of man, is true of the motives and acts of multitudes of men. They too, multitudes like each of the individuals who comprise them, are alternately swayed by righteousness and violence, by justice and a spirit of insolence.

Let us never forget the words of Burke when he was remonstrating with those who taunted him for wishing to relax the Penal Code against the Catholics. "It is but too true," he said, "that the love and even the very idea of genuine liberty is extremely rare. It is but too true that there are many whose whole scheme of freedom is made up of pride, perverseness, and insolence. They feel themselves in a state of thralldom, they imagine that their souls are cooped and cabined in, unless they have some man, or some body of men, dependent on their mercy. The desire of having some one below them descends to those who are the very lowest of all; and a Protestant cobbler, debased by his poverty, but exalted by his share of the ruling Church, feels a pride in knowing it is by his generosity alone that the peer, whose footman's instep he measures, is able to keep his chaplain from a gaol. This disposition is the true source of the passion which many men, in very humble life, have taken to the American war. *Our* subjects in America; *our* colonies; *our* dependants. This lust of party power is the liberty they hunger and thirst for; and this Siren song of ambition has charmed ears that we would have thought were never organized to that sort of music." What Burke here says of freedom is just as true of justice. Justice and freedom alike go down under the same flood of arrogant and domineering passion. The soundness of a nation in the condition of England depends upon the success with which vulgar and false patriotism of that kind is kept in control by those who have cultivated instincts of justice towards other nations, and a right sense of the distinction between solid interests and hollow blasts on the trumpet of patriotic charlatanry. This it is on which it depends whether England is to be submitted to one of those great changes of which we began by speaking.

EDITOR.



## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

STRANGE spectacles meet us everywhere in a period of speculative fermentation, when men's thoughts are heaving and working they know not why, and their minds, like those of half-aroused sleepers, are unable to distinguish between dreams and perceived realities. Our conceptions of the unknown world are naturally most sensitive to every change of belief. They grow fantastic and unsubstantial, like shadows at the close of day. From every pulpit we hear passionate assertions of the transcendent importance and enduring vitality of some form of belief in a future life. What the belief ought to be, and upon what logical foundation it should be based, becomes ever more uncertain. In all ages there has of course been a vast gap between the ostensible creed upon such matters, and that which has really consistency and vividness enough to affect men's conduct. Preachers and their adversaries agree as to the matter of fact, that the hopes and fears of future retribution exert no influence upon the ordinary human being at all proportionable to their avowed magnitude. Whether men's intellects are too sceptical or their imaginations too sluggish, they are strangely indifferent to the most tremendous threats and the most inspiring promises.

Such a phenomenon has never been otherwise than normal. The only remarkable fact about modern sentiment is the degree in which the language used by believers betrays the absence of reasoned grounds of conviction, and the vacillating and indefinite nature of the conception obtained. In the curious discussion recently published in the *Nineteenth Century*, one of the ablest advocates of the orthodox position said that he believed "because he was told." As he was arguing against persons who told him not to believe, this was merely another way of saying that he believed because he chose. The saying, however, was but an epigrammatic avowal of the inconclusiveness of the ordinary argument for a future life. That argument proceeds smoothly so long as it is simply an assault upon materialism. But the idealist position may be victoriously established without leading us a step farther. Hume was the natural development of Berkeley. Idealism of a newer fashion than Berkeley's may have other issues; but, if it avoids the sceptical conclusion in regard to all theology, it will probably land us in some form of Pantheism, entirely irreconcilable with a belief in that indestructible spiritual atom called a soul. The logical gap, which inevitably occurs, has to be filled by some scholastic show of argument, by a recourse to the

supernatural authority, or more frequently by setting the emotions in the place of reason.

The real appeal—that which persuades although it can scarcely be said to convince—is the appeal to the emotions. It is the vehement assertion that without this belief life would be intolerable; that the world would be hideous, morality paralytic, and religion an empty name. No creed, it is urged, could have any real hold upon mankind, of which the Christian dogma of personal immortality did not form an organic part. It should follow that such a doctrine has formed part of all widely-spread and enduring creeds. This statement, indeed, brings us into rude conflict with the most notorious facts. The briefest outline of the religious history of mankind shows that creeds which can count more adherents than Christianity, and have flourished through a longer period, have yet omitted all that makes the Christian doctrine of a future state valuable in the eyes of its supporters. But, even if we could get rid of so stupendous a fact as, for example, the existence of the multitudinous creeds of the East, by expedients scarcely admissible in the days when religion is being studied in a scientific spirit, we should find some strange puzzles within the limits of the Christian Churches.

Thus, for example, the most fervent preachers of Christianity are committed to the assertion of the essential continuity of their own with the Jewish creed. Every one, infidel or orthodox, will agree that of all creeds known to mankind, the Jewish has stamped itself most deeply into the very fibre and ultimate constitution of the believing race. And yet it is a palpable fact that the creed of the early Jews virtually ignores all distinct reference to a future state. If some indirect and constructive allusions can be tortured out of special texts by the ingenuity of commentators, the general silence is the more remarkable. The doctrine which forms a corner-stone of Christianity appears as an extraneous addition appended by way of after-thought to the main structure of Judaism. The Christian priest calmly reads to his hearers the melancholy scepticism of the Jewish preacher, and assures them that every word is divinely inspired. “The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion in anything that is done under the sun. . . . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.”

If some of the Preacher's phrases may be forced to look another way, his doctrine is one which reads strangely in a Christian mouth; so strangely, one may say, that if his book were now discovered for the first time it would have as little chance of being added to the

canon as the magnificent stanzas of Omar Khayyam of being incorporated with the gentle pietism of the *Christian Year*. Or, again, what is the true moral of the Book of Job, accounted to be the most impressive poetical treatment in all literature of the great problem of the unequal distribution of good and evil? Is it to be found in the odd statement—surely not very edifying from any point of view—that Job was rewarded with six thousand camels and fourteen thousand sheep, besides oxen, asses, sons, and daughters; or is it not virtually a splendid declamation in favour of agnosticism? The problem of the universe is insoluble. The wisest of us cannot presume to comprehend even a fractional part of the vast scheme of the universe. The ways of the God who made Behemoth and Leviathan are past finding out, and we must not presume even to try to understand. When Dante incarnated in poetry the deepest thought of an age really penetrated to the core with a belief in future retribution, we know how he answered the problem. He replied by the most elaborate and minute description of that future world in which the demands of a rigid justice will be satisfied to the uttermost scruple. It is plain that the faintest hint of such a solution was scarcely present to the mind of his Jewish predecessor when awed, overpowered, and driven to the most sceptical utterances by the pressure of this tremendous problem. It is surely strange that the most impressive books in the Hebrew canon are such as could be accepted almost without reservation by the sceptic who is reproached for denying their Divine authority.

A Christian preacher, then, should be the last man to deny that a religion which pointedly omits all reference to the doctrine of immortality may yet, under some conditions, lay the most vigorous grasp upon human nature and supply the life-blood of a Puritanical code of morality. But the Christian creed itself includes contrasts which are from some points of view even more remarkable. The discussion as to the logical basis of belief has suggested another as to the superstructure. Canon Farrar has lately published a set of sermons upon "Our Eternal Hope," which have been criticised by the representatives of various shades of Christian opinion in the *Contemporary Review*. It is barely possible with the best intentions to take such a discussion seriously. Boswell tells us how a lady interrogated Johnson as to the nature of the spiritual body. She seemed desirous, he adds, "of knowing more; but he left the subject in obscurity." We smile at Boswell's evident impression that Johnson could, if he had chosen, have dispelled the darkness. When we find a number of educated gentlemen seriously inquiring as to the conditions of existence in the next world, we feel that they are sharing Boswell's *naïveté* without his excuse. What can any human being outside a pulpit say upon such a subject which does

not amount to a confession of ignorance, coupled it may be with more or less suggestion of shadowy hopes and fears? Have the secrets of the prison-house really been revealed to Canon Farrar or Mr. Beresford Hopo? Have those gentlemen some private information about the next world that they can lay down its geography as Mr. Stanley can describe the course of the Congo? Dante did so once; and the very vigour of his realism suggests hallucination, if not consciousness of a deliberate invention. But Dante was at least creating outward symbols for a vivid sentiment. The darkness has gathered since his days. It is hardly to be dispelled by special pleading as to the meaning of texts and the opinions of respectable divines. It is due to the "utter dearth of metaphysical knowledge," says Canon Farrar, that we cannot now understand that eternal is a word having no relation to time. Alas! if we had all the knowledge of that kind which has accumulated in all ages, we should, as Voltaire forcibly observed, know *fort peu de choses*. The question as to what the Jews meant, or St. Paul meant, or what the articles mean, is doubtless very interesting in certain relations, but one would like to see a rather clearer recognition of the fact that such meanings have but an infinitesimal bearing upon the ultimate problem itself. St. Paul was doubtless amongst the greatest of the sons of men, but is there the smallest reason for supposing that he knew anything more about that problem than Plato, or Confucius, or Comte, or the humblest of their disciples? The veil which covers that mystery is one which depends upon the constitution of the human mind, and is not drawn back as its faculties grow. The keenest eye is no more able than the feeblest to get beyond the regions of light.

When men search into the unknowable they naturally arrive at very different results. There are, according to Canon Farrar, four different forms of creed within the Christian Church. Most Protestants are of opinion that we shall be divided into two classes hereafter, the good being eternally happy and the wicked eternally tortured. Catholics hold that there is a large intermediate class of morally imperfect people who are only tortured for a long time until they become good. A third class thinks it more reasonable to suppose that the bad will be simply extinguished instead of tortured. A fourth holds the pleasant creed that, after a certain time, everybody will be infinitely and eternally happy. As, moreover, there are radical differences of opinion upon the significance of every word employed and the proportion of damned and blessed, it is obvious that we might again subdivide the classes into many others. Now it is to be observed that the nominal believers in an everlasting hell-fire have included, by general admission, the great numerical majority of Christians. The greatest divines, philosophers, poets, and reformers—such men as Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, and Luther—have

accepted and enforced this belief. It is plainly the belief of the average multitude in those sects which represent the most vigorous forms of Christianity. Protestants, Papists, and Greeks vie with each other in setting forth the doctrine in the most forcible manner. No one who has listened to a revivalist sermon or looked at the pictorial representations common in Catholic countries, can deny that the belief is profoundly interwoven with the religious instincts of the masses. Destroy hell, and you destroy that part of the Christian creed which most impresses the popular imagination, and in some sects may almost be called the keystone of the arch.

Further, the third form of doctrine appears on Canon Farrar's showing to be nearly peculiar to the Rev. E. White, whilst the fourth is avowedly held only by the small and decaying sect of Universalists in America. Indeed, Canon Farrar does not himself dare to deny hell; he only thinks that fewer people will go there, and perhaps find it much less disagreeable than is generally supposed. He also holds that the fate of every man will not be irrevocably and definitely fixed at death, and so leaves room for a purgatory differing in certain respects from the purgatory of the Roman Church. He quotes a good many writers who, from the time of Origen, have more or less sympathised with these views; nor would any one deny or wish to deny that a large number of the most philosophical Christians, especially in recent times, have greatly softened the doctrine, and cherished hopes amounting more or less nearly to a final restitution of all men. A leaning to scepticism, or a more sensitive imagination, or some loftier philosophy than that of the average believer, has enabled most men to extenuate or to spiritualise a doctrine inconceivably repulsive in its more intense forms.

It remains true that the milder form of belief is the exception. The fact that it is so is admitted, and, indeed, Canon Farrar writes just because he admits it. His own opinion, he says, "is not and never has been the opinion of the numerical majority;" and it has been explicitly condemned by a whole crowd of eminent writers. "Thousands of theologians," as he says in rather strained language, "have taught for thousands of years" that "the vast majority are in the next world lost for ever." The whole of Canon Farrar's contention is therefore, not that the doctrine which he assails is heretical, but that his own doctrine may also be admissible. The early Church, it appears, was "wisely silent," and "allowed various mutually irreconcilable opinions to be held by her sons without rebuke." The Church wisely admits that it has nothing to say as to the most important of all conceivable questions; it allows us to believe in a maddening or an intoxicating doctrine; we may hold that the great majority of the human race are destined to endless torture, and—if Canon Farrar establishes his point—we may also

hold that nobody will be tortured eternally, and that the great majority will be eternally happy. The pleasant belief may perhaps be admitted by the side of the painful one, but, even in that case, Canon Farrar cannot retort upon his opponents the imputation of heresy. His opinion *may* be, theirs *must* be admissible.

What, then, is the doctrine which, by the general agreement, is an allowable, if not the only allowable, interpretation of the Christian creed? It is a doctrine of which Canon Farrar cannot speak without horror and indignation. It drives him—and not without excuse—into spasms of excited denunciation. Canon Farrar is accused by his opponents of being illogical and sentimental. His rhetoric is perhaps apt to transgress the bounds of good taste; but certainly, if anything could justify a man for such offences against sobriety, it would be the vision of unutterable horror upon which some theologians declare themselves able to gaze with complacency. But in the rush and fervour of his eloquence, he neglects one very obvious consideration. He never seems to observe that he is drawing up an indictment against Christianity itself. In one of these sermons, he discusses the question which has been lately raised, whether life is worth living. He reaches of course the orthodox conclusion that life would not be worth living without the eternal hope of Christians. The atheist ought to admit that life is a failure. The Christian can reply, "Life is infinitely worth living, and death is even infinitely more worth dying;" and the reason is that "to die is to be with God for evermore." Who is the "Christian" who gives this reply? If he is a believer in the creed of the majority of "thousands of theologians" during "thousands of years," he believes that for most men to die is to be shut out from God and doomed to hell-fire for evermore. He believes that, for the majority of the race, it would have been infinitely better not to have been born. The infidel may look forward to annihilation as a release from the troubles of existence. The Christian looks forward to a state of things in which most human beings will long for annihilation and know that it is impossible. They are doomed to the state described by the great poet, in which it is the worst aggravation that they have "no hope of death."

Canon Farrar can tell us himself what is the effect of such a creed upon an amiable mind. He "declares and calls God to witness," that if the popular doctrine of hell were true, he would resign all hope of immortality, if he could thereby save "not millions, but one human soul from what fear and superstition and ignorance and inveterate hate and slavish letter-worship have dreamed and taught of hell." If *aiónios* means what some people take it to mean, he would ask God, "kneeling on his knees" (if that would make any difference), that he might die as the beasts that perish "rather than that his worst enemy should endure the hell described by Tertullian,

or Minucius Felix, or Jonathan Edwards, or Dr. Pusey, or Mr. Furniss, or Mr. Moody, or Mr. Spurgeon, for one single year." In other and less excited words, however discouraging infidelity may be, the creed held upon this point by the majority of Christians, by most theologians, and by the most effective preachers is incomparably worse. It is only in accordance with this view that Canon Farrar observes that the doctrine is one main cause of infidelity, and that it is a "wild and monstrous delusion" to suppose that it deters from vice. Christians who are in the habit of asserting that the doctrine of personal immortality is the great bulwark of morality, and the great advantage of their own creed over infidelity, may do well to reflect upon this avowal of so eloquent and enthusiastic an advocate. If your creed is so pleasant and delightful, why does it produce this passionate revolt from an eager adherent?

For reasons to be presently given, I think that Canon Farrar has exaggerated the horrors of the belief. If, however, we are to assume that Christians believe in hell as they believe in Paris, as a sober, serious matter of fact, my only complaint against Canon Farrar's language would be that all rhetoric becomes simply impertinent in presence of such an abomination. To hold the belief groundlessly is a misfortune deserving of the sincerest sympathy; to propagate it without certainty, an offence deserving of the gravest reprobation. Scorn, indeed, rather than anger is the emotion provoked by the resuscitation of these shadowy relics of the torture chamber. The preacher who affects to produce them knows that they are rotten and will crumble if he dares to expose them to any real strain. The question, however, still remains which I have just asked. If Canon Farrar's view be correct, the doctrine of popular Christianity is, in one word, damnable. How does he propose to defend the Church distinguished above all others for the force with which it has propagated this devilish sentiment?

The ordinary mode of evasion is familiar enough. We know it well in the allied question of toleration. For many generations the chief Christian sects persecuted right and left; they burnt, hanged, flogged, dragonnaded, enforced penal codes, drove the best part of the population into banishment, and, in short, oppressed the unfortunate minority—whichever it might be—by every conceivable instrument of tyranny. When some heretics began to denounce the practice under which they suffered, the doctrine of toleration was hooted down as savouring of Socinianism, deism, and atheism. Thanks to the rationalist spirit within and without the Churches, thanks above all to the influence of such men as Voltaire, men of all creeds have slowly come to admit that religious persecution is a detestable crime, and one of the most fruitful of all the causes of misery that depend upon the human will. And, then, the advocates

of the Churches turn round and declare, with astonishing self-possession, that they are not responsible; persecution is quite irreconcilable with the true spirit of Christianity. If Philip II. or Louis XIV. or Henry VIII. chose to persecute, so much the worse for them and their instruments. Yes! but why did you not find that out a little sooner? If I were a landlord and had calmly sat by whilst my agent extorted rents from my tenants by dint of applying thumbscrews and rubbing pepper on their eyelids, am I—when my tenants have grown strong enough to turn the tables—to say, quietly, “Oh, it was quite against the letter of my instructions?” Why, then, did not I return the rents, punish the agent, and make my instructions a little plainer? And now for me, a fallible human being, substitute what you take to be the immaculate Church of God, the medium through which eternal truth is revealed to erring man; suppose that this Church profits and thrives for a time by help of the most atrocious crimes that have ever disgraced mankind; that, far from reviling the criminal, it has always denounced the victim, and now, when it is down and the victim on his legs, that it complacently observes that it was all a mistake; what am I to think of such a revelation and its God? You can damn men readily enough for not holding the right shade of belief about mysteries which you loudly proclaim to be inconceivable; did you ever—when you were strong enough—bring your tremendous arsenal of threats to bear upon men who were making a hell upon earth, and committing every abomination under the sun in your name and for your profit? You did not explicitly approve? or, rather, the persons who approved in your name, did it without proper authority? But what is the good of a body which can allow its whole influence to be used in favour of unspeakable atrocities, till its power of inflicting them has vanished? Persecution is either an imperative duty, or it is one of the worst of crimes. The Church, on Dr. Farrar’s principle, “wisely” allows us to hold either view. We can only say, if it be right, uphold the doctrine and encounter the disapproval of the conscience of mankind; we can, at least, honour your courage. But if it be wrong, you cannot sneak out of your responsibility by help of your legal quibblings without admitting that your true Church which is to guide us unto all truth has only a potential existence, whilst the concrete Church which we can all see and recognise may be an accomplice in the worst and most demoralizing of all the cruelties that have left their stain upon history.

And, now, may we not say just the same of this doctrine of everlasting damnation? Whilst the Christian creed flourished—and I use the word Christian to mean the actual creed which was implicitly accepted by concrete human beings—dominated their consciences and was vividly realised by their imaginations—not a doubt could be



uttered of the truth of this dogma. Protestants and Papists agreed in enforcing it. Catholics now claim at times that they are not more intolerant than Protestants. Formerly it was their popular and most troublesome argument against such men as Chillingworth, that a Protestant could not be saved on the Papist theory, whilst a Papist might possibly be saved on the Protestant theory. Threats of hell-fire crossed each other as thickly as bullets in a battle. Turks, Jews, and heretics, and even unbaptized children, the vast majority of the whole race, were consigned to its flames as freely as brutes to annihilation, by "thousands of theologians" and millions of ordinary believers. Only a few mildor thinkers could breathe a half-suppressed whisper of doubt under imminent peril of heresy. Fanatics, preachers, and orators exhausted their ingenuity in giving form and reality to the conception. Men, women, and little children were driven into paroxysms of hysterical excitement, numbers into madness, by vehement and unreprieved declamation. Every cruelty of the persecutors was justified by the necessity of saving souls from hell. And now, at last, your creed is decaying. People have discovered that you know nothing about it; that heaven and hell belong to dreamland; that the impertinent young curate who tells me that I shall be burnt everlastingly for not sharing his superstition, is just as ignorant as I am myself, and that I know as much as my dog. And, then, you calmly say again, "It is all a mistake; this, and that, and the other excellent man cherished a benevolent doubt; perhaps *αἰώνιος* necessarily means a limited time or has necessarily no relation to time at all, or has both meanings at once; only believe in a something—and we will make it as easy for you as possible. Hell shall have no more than a fine equable temperature, really good for the constitution; there shall be nobody in it except Judas Iscariot and one or two more; and even the poor devil shall have a chance if he will resolve to mend his ways."

This, again, is all very well, and no doubt the terror can easily be exterminated after we know it to be baseless. But, then, what are we to think of the religion in which so fearful a belief grew and flourished; a belief which, according to you, is calculated to drive men mad, to make them pray for annihilation as infinitely preferable to the state which it reveals, and which so far from exerting a moral influence pollutes the imagination and lowers the tone of character of all who accept it? Your contention is really that the historical Christianity, the actual belief of millions of men and women, deserves upon this head all that its fiercest adversaries have ever said against it. You add indeed that a religious creed may be put together in conformity with the official documents, which omits this ghastly superstition. Possibly, but a creed must be judged by its fruits; by the effect which it actually produces upon living men and

women ; and, if in its actual working, it formulates or protects such detestable doctrines as this, it is useless to complain of the facts. If Christianity meant really what it meant for Mr. Maurice or Mr. Erskine of Linlathen or Canon Farrar, it would be a very much milder form of belief than it has actually been. Only as a matter of fact it has had quite a different meaning for Tertullian, Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Luther, "thousands of theologians," and millions upon millions of professed believers. The fact affords a conclusive presumption that the belief is what Dr. Newman would call a development, not an "incrustation." It must have an organic connection of some kind with the vital principles of the creed, or it would not have grown so vigorously and flourished so persistently wherever Christianity has been strongest. Accidental dogmas may be engrafted upon a creed here and there under special circumstances ; they die and drop off when the conditions alter ; but a phenomenon so universal and enduring could hardly be produced unless there were an underlying logical necessity which binds it indissolubly with the primary articles of the faith. It is, one must assume, a consequence of the mode of conceiving the universe implied in the very structure of Christianity, not an addition from without. In any case, we are virtually asked to adopt a new creed, because the old has fostered a detestable superstition. It is no strained inference that some more radical remedy is required than a simple omission of a particular clause of the revealed code. The whole must require to be remodelled. We cannot retain the amiable parts of a doctrine whilst leaving out the sterner elements, or be sure that we can clip and mangle without emasculating.

Is, then, the Christian doctrine of a future world to be regarded as simply a curse to mankind ? That seems to be the reasonable inference from Canon Farrar's assertions, though it is as far as possible from being the inference which the Canon draws. If I took his representation of Christianity to be true, I should regard it as necessarily including a very large element of devil worship. No dogma can be of more importance than one which serves as the basis of the whole moral system and governs the whole application of religious principle to conduct. If the accepted version of this doctrine be utterly repulsive, we should be forced to hold that Christianity poisons the springs which it represents as the sole support of the spiritual life. No other doctrine is so important in regard to practice and none so horrible. And yet I believe, as I suppose all moderately intelligent persons believe, that Christianity not only represents the teaching of many of the greatest and most moral of mankind, but was for centuries one of the chief reforming agencies in the world. I leave it to Canon Farrar and those who agree with him to solve this paradox upon their own principles. Upon mine

the explanation is simple enough. It is that the so-called belief in a future life—whether in hell or heaven—has always been in reality a dream, and not strictly speaking a belief at all. Occasionally this dream, like others, passes into hallucination; as a rule it is as flimsy in its texture as other dreams, and really supplies new symbols for the emotions instead of suggesting genuine motives for action. The ignorant and the childish are hopelessly unable to draw the line between dreamland and reality; but the imagery which takes its rise in the imagination as distinguished from the perceptions, bears indelible traces of its origin in comparative unsubstantiality and vagueness of outline. If Christianity counselled men in sober earnestness to interpret the universe as significant of a cruel and arbitrary despotism it would deserve unmixed reprobation. The true statement is that it generates fantastic and sometimes horrible dreams which are insufficiently distinguished from realities. The confusion has sometimes disastrous results; but they are not such as might be anticipated from the matter-of-fact statement which confound poetry with prose and shadow with substance.

There is, of course, a logical groundwork for this as for other widespread beliefs. The sources of the illusion, indeed, are so numerous and plausible that the only difficulty of explaining is in the selection. When, for example, another being has become interwoven with our habitual experience; when we have learnt to interpret various phenomena as signs of a living presence; the process becomes so spontaneous and instinctive that we cannot speedily unlearn it. We actually feel (who has not felt?) the pressure of the hand that is still for ever, and hear the footstep that is no longer caused by the living form. It is as hard to reduce the touch or sound to the bare testimony of the senses as for an educated man to see in a book the bare black and white symbols without imbibing the meaning beyond. There is, indeed, a contradiction to thought once organized by experience in supposing that the dead can still speak or move. But the infantile intellect is tolerant of contradictions; it is not surprised on discovering that a body which was covered with earth and burnt with fire is again appearing in its former state; and the fact that death ends life is but slowly forced upon it by experience. If my dog saw something which recalled me after my death he would accept the vision without the least shock of surprise; the childish mind certainly, and, we may presume, the savage mind, is in the same stage. As it begins to become sensible of the empirical truth that the dead do not rise, whilst still believing that they are sometimes seen and felt, it tacitly solves the contradiction by imagining another life, a race of dim shadows which haunt the graves of the dead and visit the dreams of survivors. Recent philosophers have shown us how the experience of dreams

and other phenomena may suggest or corroborate a similar theory, until a spirit-world is created more populous than the world of the living, and inhabited by beings some of whom gradually decay, whilst others are gradually promoted to the honours of godhood.

But if the framework of the belief is suggested by misinterpreted experience, all that fills it up, that gives it definite form and substance and colour, is necessarily the work of the creative imagination. This land of vague shadows is the natural heritage of the poet. Its population is in part supplied by ordinary dreams, and the waking dreams naturally find in it a congenial dwelling-place, where they can acquire a kind of shadowy reality. Even the most orthodox of intelligent persons intimate that the particular symbols, the fire of hell and the harps of the blessed, have no more than a poetic or symbolical truth. The whole question is as to the extent of the share contributed by the imagination. A very slight comparison of the fully-formed belief with the ostensible logical groundwork, will suggest how little is due even to a mistaken system of reasoning. The Christian belief is still supported by a show of scholastic argument as to the existence of the soul. But the argument is obviously too wide. There is not even a fragment or shadow of ostensible reason for confining immortality to man and excluding brutes. Still less can any argument be given for a future immortality, which is not equally valid in favour of the past. The doctrine of transmigration of souls is, on purely logical grounds, more reasonable than the Christian, because it neither involves this arbitrary limitation nor requires us to believe in a soul existing and energizing in a perfectly inconceivable state of separation from the body through which alone it is known to us. And again, if there is a show, there is no more than a show of proof, for indestructible personality. The existence of a universal soul in which the individual soul is merged as the drop in the ocean, is, it would seem, far more plausible than the view of the separate "indiscernible" unity, and falls in better with the loftiest metaphysical systems. That which distinguishes the Christian system from systems which can reckon a much greater number of disciples, is precisely that for which no shadow of proof can be advanced; and, moreover, it is that upon which the whole value of the dogma depends in the eyes of believers.

The simple explanation is that the whole process is poetical in substance. It is the construction of an ideal world, which may be in some sense congenial to the imagination. The conscience as trained by great Christian teachers creates spontaneously a system of retribution inconsistent with a pre-existent state, or an ultimate absorption of the soul in the infinite. The dream-world is framed to suit the moral theory, instead of the morality being adapted to facts. The illegitimate nature of the process betrays itself in the arbitrary and

even repulsive conclusions ultimately reached ; but it is the normal process of the imaginative faculty.

The world of dreams in fact, if not created, is moulded by our desires. It is the embodiment of our hopes and fears. The historical conditions which render certain impulses prominent at particular epochs, determine also the direction which will be taken by our wandering fancies. The plastic world of the imagination yields to every passionate longing that stirs our natures. Pure emotion knows of no limits. The more vividly we feel, the less we attend to the conditions of feeling. Absorbed in love or hate, we cannot for the moment even conceive the possibility of satiety, and imagine raptures indefinitely protracted. Past feelings survive, and the future is anticipated, and we imagine a state independent of time, and in which destruction has no place. We are irritated by the unsubstantiality of the images created, and we try to compensate their faintness by magnifying them to gigantic and more than gigantic proportions. The phantasms die away rapidly as we wake, and we stimulate our jaded and flagging imaginations by drawing indefinitely upon the boundless resources of dreamland.

A world thus framed may at times represent the strength of love. We cannot and we will not believe in the loss of those whose lives seemed to be part of our essence. A belief caused by (I cannot say based upon) this passionate yearning, is so pathetic and even sacred, that the unbeliever may well shrink from breathing his doubts in its presence. But, again, it may mean the intense dislike of a selfish nature to part from all chance of enjoyment. It is mere greediness for life, and means so strong a regard for one's own wretched little individuality, that the universe seems worthless unless it is preserved. Or it may be the expression of the intense longing for rest of the weary and heavy laden, to whom life is an incessant struggle against overpowering forces, who have come to regard all desires as torments, and whose ideal is an everlasting repose scarcely distinguishable from annihilation. The more active intellect frames a different ideal : it feels that the physical needs, and the sensual desires which bind us to satisfy them, are the conditions that clog its energies, and longs for a region where the pure intellect and the finer essence of love may have room for action in perfect independence of those degrading encumbrances. The moralist longs for a state in which good and evil shall be finally and unalterably divided, and the harrowing sense of unequal distribution of happiness and misery cease its tormenting discords. The philosopher longs for a final revelation of truth, and the bigot for a world in which heretics will be tormented. The nihilist and the ascetic and the sensualist, the lofty and the common-sense moralist, the selfish and the benevolent man, the mystic and the hard logician, will each create a heaven or

a hell of his own; and the future world, created by a creed which represents a wide and carefully elaborated system of speculation, will blend more or less consistently many different conceptions. Only it is as well to remark that when people begin to quarrel about their dreams, the whole fabric is apt to show its baselessness; and further, that opponents should remember that one of the conditions of dreamland is that it should admit the phantoms of terror as well as of ecstasy. •Wake, and the phantoms will disappear; but if you choose to dream, you must have your nightmares as well as your visions of undying bliss. Dreams must be at least distorted and grotesque shadows of realities. Since life is at best a hard struggle, you can only create a heaven at the price of supposing a counterbalancing hell. That is a law of the imagination which will fulfil itself in spite of the best meant efforts. Heaven and hell are corollaries, and rise and fall together. Hell, so far as it is real, is the hell within us. Shame, remorse, unavailing regret for the past, are the very materials out of which it is constructed. It is precisely the shadow of the mental anguish cast upon the misty world of dreams. To produce "conviction of sin" is the aim of all Christian preaching; the more intense the conviction, the more vivid the phantoms generated in the mind. The triumph of good may be logically interpreted to mean the extinction of evil. But in the logic of the imagination, since our satisfaction in the good is bound up with, if it does not rather spring out of, our misery under evil, the triumphant good is inconceivable without the prostrate evil. The background of darkness is necessary to make the glory visible. Our hopes are but the obverse of our fears. Whatever the meaning of *aiwvios*, the fearful emotion which is symbolized is eternal or independent of time by the same right as the ecstatic emotion. It is as impossible to separate light from darkness, height from depth, object from subject, as to conceive of good without conceiving evil. And, indeed, the logic of the creed really falls in with its symbolism. Time can have nothing to do with arguments about the absolute and the infinite; and, if a sense of the real existence of evil is at the root of our religious beliefs, its existence at all implies its existence in eternity. You may escape verbally by denying that evil has any real existence, but that is to adopt an optimism, impossible as a genuine creed, and profoundly alien to the Christian sentiment. You may escape from Manichæism, terribly plausible as it is, by representing evil as limited and prostrate, but you cannot destroy evil without destroying its antithesis. To cultivate a strong sense of the corruption of humanity, a dogma which is of the essence of Christianity, without stimulating the belief in hell, is the hopeless task of proving at once that sin is destructive, and that it has no real existence.

Canon Farrar may denounce to his heart's content the hell created by savage intolerance, or by the coarse terrorism which outrages the conscience with its elaborate images of physical horror. We may be glad that such denunciations at the present day imply a cheap show of courage even from an orthodox divine, but the phantasms cannot be finally exorcised so long as the popular imagination is invited and encouraged to dwell upon the future world, and to invert the true order by basing realities upon dreams. Hell, with the loftier theologians, meant a stern and righteous hatred of sin—a vigorous grasp of the fact that the past is irrevocable, and the future its necessary development—that ill deeds have consequences reaching forwards through all conceivable time, never to be wiped out by any bitterness of repentance; and that, in a world which is one incessant struggle, the triumphant nature must be idealised, not as seated on a throne of everlasting indolence, but with feet planted on the neck of evil, prostrate, but always ready to burst into renewed activity upon the least intermission of watchfulness. Given such sentiments and convictions, and the same method of imaginative projection, they must always be interpreted in the same symbolism. Hell must be an integral part of the ideal world so long as the radical convictions of Christianity retain their genuine vitality. Simply to suppress it, is to substitute a vapid optimism which will never satisfy men nourished upon the Christian version of the unmistakable facts of the universe. Eternal damnation is as much a necessity of the imagination, as a logical deduction from the fundamental principles of the creed.

So far, again, as hell was merely a translation into poetical symbols of their genuine beliefs, we must make allowances for the apparently atrocious language of men like Augustine or even Jonathan Edwards. We pardon a child or a peasant for using language which to us is horrible, partly because the immature mind can only use such phrases as infinite and eternal by way of vague superlatives, and partly because it does not so much believe in errors, as it fails to distinguish between belief and fancy. Its discrimination is not logical, but imaginative. The images which it creates are distinguished from the realities which it perceives, not by being less believed in, but by being of a more shadowy texture. The same leniency of construction must be extended to great men who were themselves in a more infantile stage of mind, or who had inherited infantile modes of conception. The underlying emotion deserves our respect, although the images which it generated become grotesque and horrible when we have learnt to put more bluntly the decisive dilemma of fact or fiction.

The true evil is not that the dreams sometimes take hideous shapes, but that all mixture of dreams and realities involves distortion of facts. Dreamland is, of course, the natural empire of magic, sacer-

dotal or other. The phantoms of the imagination do in fact obey laws different from those of reality. In that region, fancy determines instead of being determined by fact. A charm cannot turn aside a real bullet, but it may well govern the flight of an imaginary missile. Expiatory rites which dull the pangs of conscience, really release us from the hell which conscience creates. Here, therefore, is the source of all the quack remedies for remorse which assume that the past can be wiped out by changing the play of the imagination. Luther was content with abolishing that part of the imaginary world from which priests derived their chief claim to authority. So long as purgatory was admitted, he saw that it would generate the superstitions from which Canon Farrar supposes it to be separable. Admit that the future state is modifiable, and men will try to modify by the only method available for the imaginary world—some form, namely, of supernatural charm. But Luther's reform still left room for other modes of spiritual quackery. The Protestant could get rid of the hell within him by the simple method of persuading himself that he personally was saved. Conviction of salvation is salvation in dreamland. If priests had no longer the keys of the next world, the believer could alter his own fate by the paroxysm of excitement which he called a conversion. Such methods do in fact affect a man's dreams, and are inevitably adopted when dreamland is asserted to be the sole reality. The preachers might appeal to good feelings, as the discipline of the Church might be exerted for moral purposes. But the method necessarily generated under certain conditions the corrupt Protestantism which attributed a supernatural value to a mere imaginative change, and the corrupt Catholicism which attributed the same efficacy to external rites. When we abandon ourselves to the guidance of our imagination, we shall inevitably believe in remedies which have only an imaginary validity.

A belief in a future world is necessary, so we are told, to morality. We reply that the future world owes its conformation in great part to the play of the moral instincts. We agree that it once provided the only mode through which those instincts could find expression. We maintain that, in this sense, hell, with all its fantastic horrors, has yet been associated with the most vital of all regenerative forces. But then in that very fact lies the danger of prolonging the association when the belief has become a mere effete shadow. You would still frighten men into virtue by bugbears. To make your threats effective at all, you must exaggerate the dream indefinitely to compensate for its unreality. Then it shocks and revolts instead of governing the conscience, and you imagine expedients for softening the shock which you have produced. They are seen to be immoral because arbitrary and unreal, and you then try to deprive the nightmare of its horrors. You will find that a mere rose-coloured dream



fails to satisfy the deepest instincts which lie at the root of your religion. And meanwhile the whole vision has become so shadowy and uncertain that its hopes and its terrors cease alike to have any tangible influence. If the other world is to supply the sole adequate motives of morality, then morality is to be based on a foundation more vague and shifting than the spectre projected upon a mountain cloud.

The substance of morality is distorted as well as its supposed sanction. In dreamland we get rid easily enough of all the pressing material wants of life. If to be moral is to fit ourselves for dreamland, we should therefore become ascetics or mystics, and abandon as insoluble and unimportant the problems which are most urgently pressing upon mankind. The saintly ideal may doubtless be beautiful, but there is an ineradicable taint of the morbid and sickly in its very beauty. It has the same relation to actual life as the wizards and knights of chivalrous romance to real soldiers or philosophers. To present a lofty ideal for our imitation is among the most important functions of all great religious or poetical teaching. But the imagination which soars too far above the earth into the regions of the purely arbitrary, ends by creating the grotesque and unreal. We want to know what a man should be under the actual conditions of hungering, thirsting social beings, and we are presented with an emaciated invalid with a pair of impossible wings tacked mechanically to his shoulders. Such religion orders men not to reform the world, but to retire from it in despair, and to aim at an ideal which is radically unattainable. So, again, we may trace the opposite development in which we separate the worlds of dreaming and reality effectually enough. We are sensual or cruel or avaricious in this life, and reconcile ourselves to evil by dreaming in the most edifying fashion. We are niggardly tradesmen on week-days and plunged in saintly devotion on sabbaths, or indulge in every luxurious enjoyment, secure of an absolution by proper compliance with the ceremonies that satisfy our imagination.

Such evils are common enough in all ages, and will probably be common in one form or another in all time to come. They are stimulated and nourished by any form of belief which helps us to regard morality as ultimately dependent upon anything but a compliance with the actual conditions of the real, tangible, and visible world in which we live. The more extreme aberrations of asceticism and antinomianism, of excessive faith in 'priestly magic and in supernatural conversions, are of course rare in a civilised society which knows pretty well that its dreams are woven of unsubstantial materials. The hell of the present day is objectionable for a rather different reason. It can hardly be said, I think, with fairness, that it is ever a product of commonplace selfishness. The selfish man is

too comfortable to want a hell. So long as we do not look beyond that part of the universe which is buttoned within our own waistcoats, we can generally make ourselves tolerably happy. The other world is generally created by a deep sense of evils so inextricably intertwined with our present state, that we frame an imaginary world where all great problems are solved, and dwell upon it till we half believe in its reality. It is not that which makes "life worth living," for it is the embodiment of a profound discontent with the world as it is; but it is that which might make life better worth living if its force were expended, not upon dreams, but realities.

Amiable and philosophical minds cling to this belief, because they believe in all sincerity that to abandon it is to abandon the world to sensuality, materialism, and anarchy. To these we can only say that it is surely undesirable to associate the features of morality and our highest social interests with a belief which daily proves more shadowy in outline, more palpably demoralising as it is more distinctly realised, and more obviously divorced from any reasonable speculation, until even its advocates can say little more than that they wish it were true. If the association be really enforced by logic, there is no more to be said; only in that case it is desirable that an exhibition of the logical ground should be less frequently superseded by a simple appeal to emotion. It is surely a misfortune that morality should be ostensibly based upon a conception which is avowedly little more than a vague "perhaps."

The tendency to cling desperately to dreamland is more frequently an utterance of that refined Epicureanism which is one of the worst and commonest tendencies of the day. It is the tendency which in one direction generates the cant of "art for art's sake"—the doctrine, that is, which would encourage men to steep themselves in luxurious dreaming, and explicitly renounce the belief that art is valuable, as it provides a worthy embodiment for the most strenuous thought and highest endeavour of the age. In politics it corresponds to the doctrine that men should be diverted from dangerous aspirations towards social reform by bribes administered to their lower passions, and that acquiescence in enervating despotism should be preserved by lavish expenditure upon frivolous or corrupting indulgence. The religion which falls in with such conceptions is a fashionable accomplishment, governed by the canons of good taste instead of argument, and is equivalent to a systematic cultivation of some agreeable emotion. The so-called believer of this type is a cynic in a thin disguise. He is partly aware that his belief is a sham, but is not the less resolved to stick to so pleasant a sham. He answers his opponents by a shriek or a sneer. The sentiment which he most thoroughly hates and misunderstands is the love of truth for its own sake. He cannot conceive why any man should attack a lie simply

because it is a lie, and supposes that the enemy is prompted to disperse his dreams by coarse brutality and malignant hatred of the beautiful. His most effective weapon is the petulant sarcasm which was once used by sceptics because they were not allowed to argue seriously, and is now used by believers because they cannot. His indignation is the growl of the sluggard who will not be roused from his dreams. Why cannot men be satisfied to amuse themselves with the reverent phantoms of the past, instead of prying into all manner of awkward questions, upsetting established convictions, and pressing every comfortable old creed to give a rigid account of its validity and utility? An honest believer is not necessarily or probably an obstructive or a bigot; but obstructive and repressive tendencies predispose a man to accept the intellectual attitude which justifies him in complacently asserting that the actual world is going straight to the devil, whilst he masks a selfish indifference under cover of loftier aspirations towards the world of the imagination. Dreamland once provided a safe issue for much discontent, for it sanctified a policy of submission to tyranny and abnegation of social duties. Though it has grown more shadowy it still provides a pleasant refuge for the far less vigorous sentiment of men who see that the world has escaped from their guidance, and who welcome a good excuse for folding their arms, sneering at busy agitators, and declaring that the sole worthy aim of human effort is to be found in dreamland instead of amidst the harsh shock of struggling realities.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

## MRS. GASKELL'S NOVELS.

TOWARDS the close of the Regency, a book was published which had a more rapid sale and achieved a wider popularity than any book of its generation. It cannot be said to be popular now, and it does not rank among our classics; there are many literary cyclopædias that contain no mention either of it or of its author; still its fame has so far survived in the mouths of men, that the sound of its name is familiar. It was called *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*. Many people have heard of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and Bob Logic, who never had the curiosity to read the original work. Thackeray tells, in one of his *Roundabout Papers*, how he went to the British Museum to refresh his memory by looking at it, and how, on reperusal, he found it to be not so brilliant as he had supposed it to be. The style of writing, he was compelled to own, was not pleasing to him; he even thought it a little vulgar, and, as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing. Manners have gone on receding so fast from the standard of the Regency, that there are few readers of the present day who would be so tolerant even as Thackeray to this picture of an extinct life; most people would refuse to believe that such a life could ever have been possible, and that human beings could ever have taken pleasure in running about the town at midnight, singing, brawling, drinking, gambling, tearing down signboards, wrenching off knockers, upsetting the boxes of the watchmen, and otherwise improving their time. Yet there can be no doubt that Pierce Egan's *Tom and Jerry* gave a faithful picture of the ways of the young bucks and bloods of the period, and was read with all the avidity with which readers generally welcome any book that enables them to "see life." The enormous popularity of the book was the best proof of its loyalty to facts. It went through many editions. A dramatic version of it was put on the stage, and ran for two seasons—a longer run than any piece had obtained since the *Beggar's Opera*, a century earlier. The author wrote a continuation of it, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, in which he described the life of Tom and Jerry in the country, and the continuation was as popular as the original.

Pierce Egan's works, trivial as they are, and vulgar as they now seem to be, are really worth the serious attention of the historian of literature, who occupies himself in tracing effects to their causes. He was the inventor of a new form in literature, and was followed by an eager and jostling crowd of imitators. As when a new

machine is contrived, or a new chemical process, capital at once presses forward to put it in use and turn it to profit, so with a new literary form. A band of comrades, united by some common object of interest, scouring town or country in search of adventures, was an idea that lent itself readily to the manipulation of booksellers' hacks and the co-operation of skilled illustrators. Many such volumes found capitalists to float them during the reign of George IV. The industry was in the main unproductive, at least for the permanent delight of mankind, but the form which Pierce Egan had invented at last found its way into the hands of a man of genius. Our respect for *Tom and Jerry* rises above any impatience or weariness that we may feel at its vulgarity or its extinct hilarity when we remember that it is to it that we owe the conception of the *Pickwick Papers*. The suggestion was made to Charles Dickens by a bookseller, that he should write the history of a Nimrod Club, a body of gentlemen who should travel through the country in search of sport, and meet with various adventures by the way. He wrote instead the history of the Pickwick Club, but in the general scheme of the work he retained Pierce Egan's idea. *Tom and Jerry* was, as it were, the plant from which the *Pickwick Papers* were fertilised. This fact gives it a rank in literature to which its intrinsic merits would not entitle it. In trying to analyse the wonderful complex of forces by which the literature of any period has been shaped and coloured, we are apt to overlook those factors whose bulk does not arrest the eye. Fascinated by the imposing revolutions of the large wheels in the machine, we often fail to see the insignificant little pinions by which their movements are directed. By the side of the magnificent creations of the genius of Dickens, Pierce Egan's slight and rambling sketch of the manners of the Regency seems a very poor affair; yet it was not the least powerful ingredient in the *milieu* of circumstances that influenced his career. Without Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, we should not have had the *Pickwick Papers*. Without a thousand other circumstances, my reader may say; but here at least is one that can be traced.

The impulse which Dickens received from Pierce Egan was evanescent; he transmitted none of it to those who felt his influence in their turn. It may be said to have spent itself in lifting him into fame. It was as if the exponent of the spirit of the Regency, before finally disappearing from a world with which he was no longer in harmony, had designated a successor possessed by the new spirit, and supremely gifted to be the vehicle of its inspiration. The apostolic hand of Corinthian Tom was laid upon the prophet of a new generation, which was too conscience-smitten for the boisterous enjoyment of low life, and would not consent to drink and dance with African Sal and Dusty Bob unless supported by good resolutions to reclaim

them from their evil ways. The dominant classes of the generation which passed the Reform Bill were willing to laugh with Dickens at the humours of *Life in London*, but their laughter was not without *arrière pensée*. They were not at ease till they had seen the seamy side of the tapestry, and had been shown some source of corruption and misery which they might devote their energies to removing. The Artful Dodger amused them, but they wished to know how to prevent innocent boys like the hero of the story from following his example. The difference between *Oliver Twist* and *Tom and Jerry* marks the change which had come over the spirit of the age. When Dickens wrote the history of the trials and temptations of the charity boy, he put himself at the head of the exponents of this spirit. The track which his powerful genius had opened up, was eagerly followed; the literary pack went after him in full cry. For several years the novel of humble life, descriptive of the humours and the sorrows of the poor, and elevated by some reforming purpose, divided public interest with the novel of fashionable society. Even the author of *Pelham* did not disdain to work in a field which was found to be so rich in the materials of story and character. The author of the psychological romance of *Contarini Fleming* also essayed to show his knowledge of the English people in all their ranks and conditions. When the public mind was agitated by the commercial and industrial distress of 1842, and the propertied classes were filled with misgiving by ominous sounds of deep-seated discontent, Mr. Disraeli stepped forward to explain the feelings and opinions by which the community was divided into "two nations—the Poor and the Rich," and to indicate how the gulf between them might be bridged over.

*Sybil* is a wonderful *tour de force*, but it may be said, without disparagement of the author's genius as a romance-writer, that it contributed little to the exact knowledge of either of the two nations of which it treated. It had, however, one good result; it raised up a really competent describer. In all probability it was *Sybil* that suggested to Mrs. Gaskell the idea of writing *Mary Barton*. Mrs. Gaskell had acquired without conscious effort all the knowledge that Mr. Disraeli laboured to obtain by hurried special study and daring exercise of the imagination. Mr. Disraeli had thrown himself heartily into his task—had spent days and nights over the reports of select committees and royal commissions, had gone down in person to the manufacturing districts, had seen the mills at work, inspected the work-people in their squalid dens, watched them in their glittering temples of amusement, learnt to talk familiarly of "butties" and "doddies," and to explain the mysteries of the "Wadding Hole." For once he had conquered his repugnance to details. But he would have been more than mortal if he had acquired as intimate a knowledge of the poor nation as Mrs. Gaskell had done. She had lived

amongst them ; her position as the wife of a dissenting minister gave her a privileged access to their homes, of which she availed herself with all the frankness of a tender-hearted energetic woman ; and she so won their confidence by her unaffected kindness, that they spoke to her and laid bare all the incidents of their struggle for existence as freely as if she had been one of themselves. Mr. Disraeli knew the working classes as a traveller knows the botany of a strange country, which he has examined for the purpose of discovering a new staple of commerce. Mrs. Gaskell knew them as an ardent naturalist knows the flora of his own neighbourhood.

When I say that *Mary Barton* was probably suggested by *Sybil*, I do not of course intend to detract from Mrs. Gaskell's originality, to represent her as an imitator or a plagiarist, or even to imply that she was moved to write by a conscious spirit of emulation. I have tried to follow one line of the literary pedigree of Mrs. Gaskell's novels, only because it is interesting to trace how in the world of literature the vital principles are transmitted, and every plant in any cross-section that we may take of the stream of literary history owes the fact that it lives at all to something which has lived before and has blossomed and borne fruit and launched its fertilising seeds upon the great current. I am aware that such pedigree-hunting is a speculative and precarious amusement, and I do not wish to claim for it either scientific exactness or thrilling interest. To trace the influence of one writing upon another is almost as difficult and uncertain as to follow the course of the erratic thistle-down with its life-giving burden, and as an employment is only one degree less idle. It is much simpler and perhaps more profitable to determine the larger influences, the permanent and the ephemeral social conditions, that contribute to the genesis of a literary plant, and supply it with sap and fibre. We could have predicted beforehand that the great wave of reforming aspiration and activity which swept over our community in the second quarter of this century, and had not subsided in the third, though now it would seem to have spent its force, would infallibly make itself felt in every branch of literature as well as in the other incorporate members of the body politic. We could also have predicted that the novel, so quick to catch and reflect the passing moods of society, would in an especial degree feel the force of this influence. We might even have predicted that foremost in the good work to which the reformers were inspired, of averting the threatened national disintegration by conciliating the antagonism of classes, would be found women of genius, breeders of strife in peaceful times, but quite as often in the world's history evangelists of reunion and mediators between inflamed combatants.

Mrs. Gaskell may never have read *Sybil*. It was enough that she had heard of this high political attempt to find a *modus vivendi*

between "the two nations—the Poor and the Rich." Even that impulse may not have been wanted. She may have resolved to become an interpreter between the working multitude and their wealthy employers, without thinking of the fact that the office had already been assumed; this at least, we may be sure, was but a small part of her motive. She has herself told us how she was directly stirred to write *Mary Barton* by seeing before her eyes in Manchester so many sad instances of the embittered hostility between employers and employed. She believed that much of this hostility arose from mutual ignorance, and that she would do a service to both classes if she could bring them to a better understanding of each other. More particularly, comparing what she knew of them with what she heard about them from manufacturers and their organs in the press, she was convinced that the workmen were misunderstood by their masters, that due allowance was not made for their sufferings, and that due credit was not given to their virtues. She heard them denounced as miscreants, eager to enjoy what they had not laboured for, and only prevented by the fear of the law from seizing and wastefully consuming the hard-earned accumulations of the rich. She went into their homes and made herself acquainted with all the circumstances of their hard lot; she saw how cheerfully they bore their poverty, how generously they gave out of their small superfluities to neighbours in distress; she listened to their tales of grievance, and carefully noted what things they complained of. She found differences of character among them, of course. There were many discontented spirits who were filled with envy and anger when they contrasted their own squalid life with the signs of luxury among their masters—when they saw strong men enfeebled by privation and children dying of want, while others of the same flesh and blood enriched, as they believed in their bitterness, by the work of their hands, lived in palaces and squandered precious money on the pampered appetites and capricious whims of themselves and their families. Mrs. Gaskell had no difficulty in finding among the working classes the miscreant who might have sat for the ideal of manufacturers as bitter and unreasonable as himself, who was ready to throw all the blame of his own idleness and improvidence upon men who had acquired the means of luxury by hard work and frugal living. But her experience taught her that such miscreants were the exception—as, indeed, they must have been if society was to hold together—and that the mass of the working classes were industrious, mutually helpful, orderly citizens, tolerably satisfied with their lot, and disposed to grumble only when their normal burdens were increased. She could not help seeing that the great wages question, the strife between labour and capital as to their respective shares of the profit upon their joint productions, was rooted in the nature of



things and permanent; it might sleep but it would never die outright. Nor did she shut her eyes to the fact that in periods of commercial depression, when the number of hands at the mills were reduced, and there was talk of lowering wages, sullen looks and gaunt faces increased among the workmen, subversive opinions found a readier hearing, and feelings were cherished which accident might fan into a revolutionary blazo. But she felt certain that the most dangerous element in this bitterness might be removed, if only the manufacturers could be brought to sympathize with the great trials of the workmen in such seasons of distress—could be taught to recognise that, though they also suffered, their anxious calculations and reduced expenditure were comparatively slight vexations to those which beset men who had to do battle against hunger and nakedness, and could be persuaded to show that they were aware of the difference. To make masters less wrapt up in their own cares, to lay bare to them the depths of wretchedness with which their workmen had to contend, and so quicken their sympathies, teach them habits of forbearance and consideration, and prevent them from stumbling against galled places and pressing upon sensitive sores, was Mrs. Gaskell's object in writing *Mary Barton*.

It did great honour to her kindness of heart; but perhaps Mr. Disraeli's plan of accepting the antagonism between masters and men as natural and inevitable, and making the championship of the working classes a fashion and a party policy, showed greater knowledge of mankind. At any rate, Mrs. Gaskell's well-meant efforts to remove misunderstandings were not appreciated as they might have been. She made many personal enemies among the manufacturers, and drew down upon herself many severe journalistic criticisms for encouraging dangerous illusions. One of these criticisms has recently been reprinted by Mr. W. R. Greg among his essays on the *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class*. This essay is a memorable instance of how completely a writer's intention may be misunderstood, even by an acute and fair-minded man, when dealing with subjects concerning which public feeling is excited. To form an impartial judgment of such a work seems to be as impossible as to determine the taste of a hot potato; the critical sense refuses to approach it. Mr. Greg finds fault with Mrs. Gaskell for representing John Barton as a type of the artisan in respect of his animosity towards his employers. "As a picture of an individual—that is, of the feelings of this or that person—John Barton is, unhappily, true to the life; as a type of a class, though a small one, he may be allowed to pass muster; but to bring him forward as a fair representative of the artisans and factory operatives of Manchester and similar towns generally, is a libel alike upon them and upon the objects of their alleged hatred." It is

difficult to understand how any one can read *Mary Barton* and come away with the impression that Mrs. Gaskell means to represent John Barton as a type of the working population at large, or to express a conviction for herself that his bitter hatred of the manufacturers, and his thirst to take vengeance on them for his wrongs, were founded in reason and justice. It is true, she says in her preface, that there were "too many" of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester like him, and that they seemed to her, when she wrote (in 1848) "to be left in a state wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses and the hands clenched and ready to smite." But no one would suppose from reading the novel that she wished to convey the impression that the mass of the factory-workers were like John Barton in his passionate hatred of rich masters and luxurious families. He is but one figure in a broad picture of varied life. There is no reason why we should take Barton as the general type, any more than the large-framed, sturdily Wilson, who is half amused at his friend's vehemence against "the gentlefolks;" or his manly son Tom, who invents "a crank, or a tank, or something," and is promoted to the rank of foreman; or old Job Legh, who spends his leisure in the study of natural science, as devoted to his hobby and lukewarm towards trades unions as any *sacant* in a higher walk of life who does not concern himself with politics. The pale-faced, gleaming-eyed, hollow-checked men who haunt John Barton's house, and beckon him away to mysterious consultations, never come on the page except as a small band of men whom exceptional buffets of fortune have rendered desperate. Mrs. Gaskell is at pains to make clear the facts in John Barton's history which explain his alliance with these malcontents, while she mitigates our reprobation and disposes us to pity him as the victim of untoward fate, rather than detest him as a ruffian of innate depravity, by showing us the better side of the man's nature—his warm liking for his friends, his tender love for his daughter, his generous sympathy for his neighbours in distress, and self-sacrificing readiness to help.

"His parents had suffered; his mother had died from absolute want of the necessities of life. He himself was a good, steady workman, and, as such, pretty certain of steady employment. But he spent all he got with the confidence (you may also call it improvidence) of one who was willing, and believed himself able, to supply all his wants by his own exertions. And when his master suddenly failed, and all hands in the mill were turned back, one Tuesday morning, with the news that Mr. Hunter had stopped, Barton had only a few shillings to rely on; but he had good heart of being employed at some other mill, and accordingly, before returning home, he spent some hours in going from factory to factory, asking for work. But at every mill was some sign of depression of trade; some were working short hours, some were turning off hands, and for weeks Barton was out of work, living on credit. It was during this time that his little son, the apple of his eye, the cynosure of all his

strong power of love, fell ill of the scarlet fever. They dragged him through the crisis, but his life hung on a gossamer thread. Everything, the doctor said, depended on good nourishment, on generous living, to keep up the little fellow's strength, in the prostration in which the fever had left him. Mocking words! when the commonest food in the house would not furnish one little meal. Barton tried credit; but it was worn out at the little provision shops, which were now suffering in their turn. He thought it would be no sin to steal, and would have stolen; but he could not get the opportunity in the few days the child lingered. Hungry himself, almost to an animal pitch of ravenousness, but with the bodily pain swallowed up in anxiety for his little sinking lad, he stood at one of the shop windows where all edible luxuries are displayed; haunches of venison, Stilton cheeses, moulds of jelly—all appetising sights to the common passer-by. And out of this shop came Mrs. Hunter! She crossed to her carriage, followed by the shopman loaded with purchases for a party. The door was quickly slammed to, and she drove away; and Barton returned home with a bitter spirit of wrath in his heart, to see his only boy a corpse!

"You can fancy, now," Mrs. Gaskell adds, "the hoards of vengeance in his heart against the employers. For there are never wanting those who, either in speech or in print, find it their interest to cherish such feelings in the working classes; who know how and when to rouse the dangerous power at their command; and who use their knowledge with unrelenting purpose to either party." In Mr. Greg's opinion, the novelist should not have moralised in this strain, but in a very different one; she ought to have pointed out how unreasonable was Barton's bitter spirit of wrath against Mrs. Hunter and her gay enjoyment of life; how entirely his own improvidence was to blame for the desolation of his home. But this is really a misunderstanding of her purpose, which was avowedly to explain what the working classes felt and thought. "How far Barton's strong exaggerated feelings," she says, "had any foundation in truth, it is for you to judge." As well censure her for not formally lecturing the wives of manufacturers out of this incident on the heartlessness and the danger of giving gay entertainments in times of commercial depression.

Another of the incidents which embittered John Barton was his wife's death. His wife's sister, a giddy, light-hearted girl, was tempted by visions of living in splendour as a fine lady into running away from her home, and this degradation gave such a shock to the poor woman that she died in childbed. With his wife's death, Mrs. Gaskell adds, "one of the good influences over John Barton's life had departed. One of the ties which bound him down to the gentle humanities of life was loosened, and henceforward the neighbours all remarked that he was a changed man. His gloom and his sternness had become habitual instead of occasional. . . He joined clubs, and became an active member of trades unions." Mr. Greg would scarcely have had the novelist reflect upon the unreasonableness of this conduct, instead of simply showing in her history of John Barton's deepening gloom and gathering vindictiveness, how like many

another man in higher walks of life, private grief drove him for relief to public activity, made him readier to adopt the miseries of others as his own, and enlarged his resentment against what he believed to be their common causes. Mrs. Gaskell was too great an artist to do any such thing, and besides it did not fall in with her moral purpose, which was, as I have said, to trace the discontent of the working classes to its true causes, leaving it for others to suggest practical remedies, and only admonishing them that whether the discontent was remediable or not, it did not spring from any inhuman depravity, any evil bias of nature from which ordinary human beings were exempt. This purpose she keeps steadily in view from beginning to end of *Mary Barton*. She explains, for example, as follows, how John Barton became a Chartist delegate :—

“ For three years past trade had been getting worse and worse, and the price of provisions higher and higher. This disparity between the amount of the earnings of the working classes and the price of their food occasioned, in more cases than could well be imagined, disease and death. Whole families went through a gradual starvation. They only wanted a Dante to record their sufferings. And yet even his words would fall short of the awful truth; they could only present an outline of the tremendous facts of the destitution that surrounded thousands upon thousands in the terrible years 1839, 1840, and 1841. Even philanthropists who had studied the subject were forced to own themselves perplexed in their endeavour to ascertain the real causes of the misery; the whole matter was of so complicated a nature that it became next to impossible to understand it thoroughly. It need excite no surprise, then, to learn that a bad feeling between working men and the upper classes became very strong in this season of privation. The indigence and sufferings of the operatives induced a suspicion in the minds of many of them that their legislators, their magistrates, their employers, and even the ministers of religion, were, in general, their oppressors and enemies, and were in league for their prostration and enthralment. The most deplorable and enduring evil that arose out of the period of commercial depression to which I refer, was this feeling of alienation between the different classes of society. It is so impossible to describe, or even faintly to picture, the state of distress which prevailed in the town at that time, that I will not attempt it; and yet I think again that surely in a Christian land it was not known even so feebly as words could tell it, or the more happy and fortunate would have thronged with their sympathy and their aid. In many instances the sufferers wept first, and then they cursed. Their vindictive feelings exhibited themselves in rabid politics. And when I hear, as I have heard, of the sufferings and privations of the poor, of provision shops where ha’porths of tea, sugar, butter, and even flour, were sold to accommodate the indigent—of parents sitting in their clothes by the fireside during the whole night for seven weeks together, in order that their only bed and bedding might be reserved for the use of their large family—of others sleeping upon the cold hearthstone for weeks in succession, without adequate means of providing themselves with food or fuel (and this in the depth of winter)—of others being compelled to fast for days together, uncheered by any hope of better fortune, living, moreover, or rather starving, in a crowded garret or damp cellar, and gradually sinking, under the pressure of want and despair, into a premature grave; and when this has been confirmed by the evidence of their careworn looks, their excited feelings, and their desolate homes—can I wonder that many of them, in such times of misery and destitution, spoke and acted with ferocious precipitation ?

"An idea was now springing up among the operatives that originated with the Chartists, but which came at last to be cherished as a darling child by many and many a one. They could not believe that Government knew of their misery: they rather chose to think it possible that men could voluntarily assume the office of legislators for a nation who were ignorant of its real state; as who should make domestic rules for the pretty behaviour of children, without caring to know that those children had been kept for days without food. Besides, the starving multitudes had heard that the very existence of their distress had been denied in Parliament; and though they felt this strange and inexplicable, yet the idea that their misery had still to be revealed in all its depth, and that then some remedy would be found, soothed their aching hearts and kept down their rising fury.

"So a petition was framed, and signed by thousands in the bright spring days of 1839, imploring Parliament to hear witnesses who could testify to the unparalleled destitution of the manufacturing districts. Nottingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Manchester, and many other towns were busy appointing delegates to convey this petition, who might speak, not merely of what they had seen and had heard, but from what they had borne and suffered. Life-worn, gaunt, anxious, hunger-stamped men were those delegates.

"One of them was John Barton."

"I have gone among your workmen," Mrs. Gaskell keeps saying to the manufacturers, "and after what I have seen and heard I can quite understand why it is that so many of them are bitter and discontented. Put yourselves in their place." She did not say that their animosity was justifiable, but she said that it was intelligible, and she endeavoured to make the manufacturers understand it. "They forget," she says, speaking of the attitude of certain men who went on strike, "that the strike was, in this instance, the consequence of want and need, suffered unjustly, as the endurers believed; for, however insane and without ground of reason, such was their belief, and such the cause of their violence. It is a great truth that you cannot extinguish violence by violence. You may put it down for a time; but while you are crowing over your imaginary success, see if it does not return with seven devils worse than its former self. No one thought of treating the workmen as brethren and friends, and openly, clearly, as appealing to reasonable men, stating exactly and fully the circumstances which led the masters to think that it was the wise policy of the time to make sacrifices themselves, and to hope for them from the operatives."

But Mrs. Gaskell even undertakes to show how the hatred between workmen and masters may be kindled by slight circumstances into a motive for assassination. She commits herself to no such heroics as—

"Accursed be the hand that dares to wave  
The regicidal steel that shall redeem  
A nation's sorrow with a tyrant's blood."

But she traces in a psychological study, which is not surpassed as such in the literature of fiction, how, step by step, a man of passionate and sensitive nature may be led to look upon murder as an act of

imperative justice. When Mr. Greg says that "the only real offence" committed against John Barton by Henry Carson, the master manufacturer whom he deliberately assassinated, was "an attempt to seduce his daughter, of which he was wholly ignorant," his criticism surely implies a certain failure to seize the point of Mrs. Gaskell's story. He must have passed rather hastily over the chapter in which the novelist describes, with Rembrandt-like force, the meeting between the masters and the delegates of the men, and the subsequent dark gathering in the Weavers' Arms, where lots were drawn for the perpetration of the crime. That chapter makes it clear what was Henry Carson's offence. Mrs. Gaskell leaves it to the readers to judge how far it was "real." When the stunted, half-famished, ragged delegates were admitted to the presence of their masters to ask what they believed to be justice, in the name of the starving wives and children of themselves and their comrades, Mr. Carson, a leading spirit among the manufacturers, instead of listening calmly to the men and trying to disabuse them of their mistaken views of the state of trade, amused himself by drawing caricatures of the dilapidated creatures on a slip of paper, and handing it round among his fellow-masters, with a quotation from Sir John Falstaff's description of his ragged regiment. This ill-timed display of his cleverness fell into the hands of the delegates. John Barton, though one of the delegates nominated, was not present; he had been called away on a charitable errand to a "knobstick," who had been frightfully injured by vitriol for seeking work against the instructions of the union. When Barton joined his companions at the Weavers' Arms, full of horror at the agony of mind and body in which he had seen the maimed knobstick lying at the hospital, he told them that he had seen enough of what came of attacking knobsticks, and would have nothing more to do with it. When they murmured disapprobation of this, he told them passionately that they were acting like cowards in attacking the poor like themselves—"them as has none to help, but mun choose between vitrol and starvation." They are furious at Henry Carson's caricature of them. Why did they not take vengeance on him? "Have at the masters!" he shouted.

"We come to th' masters wi' full hearts, to ask for them things I named afore. We know that they've gotten money, as we've earned for 'em; we know trade is mending, and they've large orders, for which they'll be well paid; we ask for our share o' th' payment; for, say we, if th' masters get our share of payment it will only go to keep servants and horses—to more dress and pomp. Well and good, if yo choose to be fools we'll not hinder you, so long as you're just; but our share we must and will have; we'll not be cheated. We want it for daily bread, for life itself; and not for our own lives neither (for there's many a one here, I know by mysel, as would be glad and thankful to lie down and die out o' this weary world), but for the lives of them little ones, who don't yet know what life is, and are afeared of death. Well, we come before th'

masters to state what we want, and what we must have, afore we'll set shoulder to their work : and they say, 'No.' One would think that would be enough of hard-heartedness, but it isn't. They go and make jesting pictures on us ! I could laugh at myself, as well as poor John Slater there ; but then I must be easy in my mind to laugh. Now I only know that I would give the last drop of my blood to avenge us on yon chap, who had so little feeling in him as to make game on earnest, suffering men !"

It was after this speech that the desperate men drew more closely together, "hoarsely muttering their meaning out, and glaring with eyes that told the terror their own thoughts were to them upon their neighbours." The thoughtless offence for which Henry Carson suffered did not merit so terrible a punishment. Mrs. Gaskell does not say, or imply, that it did, and she represents him as being, on the whole, a kind-hearted youth, though somewhat supercilious in manner ; but she makes Barton's motives as intelligible as if he had been actuated by a more vulgar thirst for vengeance against the betrayer of his daughter's honour. And who can say that the incident is not charged with a useful lesson ? Mrs. Gaskell laid bare the volcanic depths, and showed the danger of playing frivolous tricks on the surface. Her readers might judge in their own consciences whether such terrible explosive elements ought to exist ; she gave the warning that they did exist, showed how they accumulated, and cautioned manufacturers against such inconsiderate conduct to their workmen as might provoke an explosion.

To promote a better understanding between different sections of society, to remove prejudices, to enlarge the limits of tolerance and charity, to dispel that ignorance of ways of life different from our own, which is so fruitful a source of injustice in the smaller as well as the weightier matters of social intercourse, may be said to have been the central purpose of all Mrs. Gaskell's earlier novels. As if afraid lest in *Mary Barton* she had produced too unfavourable an impression of the manufacturers as a class by describing the life of the manufacturing towns too exclusively from the workmen's point of view, she wrote *North and South* from the point of view of the masters. She did not hold a brief for the masters in this novel, any more than she held a brief for the men in *Mary Barton*. Shakespeare himself was not more dramatically impartial in his presentation of character ; but by choosing her hero from the manufacturing class she centred the interest of the reader in their life, and enabled us, as it were, to look out upon the world from their windows, and justify their conduct as they were in the habit of justifying it to themselves. Mr. Thornton is not a type of the whole manufacturing class, any more than John Barton is a type of the whole artisan class, but he is a type of many, and his faults are explained and his virtues illustrated with the same penetrating insight into the play of lifelong circumstances upon character, and we are taught in the same way how natural it was that two such men should be in

antagonism, and how much more smoothly they might work together for their common interest, if their relations had a little of the oil of mutual understanding. In *North and South* also Mrs. Gaskell had another unprejudicing mission to perform,—to remove from the whole industrial system of the North the coarse and savage aspect which it wore in the eyes of populations among whom the ways of life were smoother and the struggle for existence less strenuous and fierce. She shows that the higher elements in man are not all trodden down and extinguished in the sordid race for wealth, that there is opportunity in the manufacturer's life for loftier sentiments than the mere pride of money-getting; nobler visions than bank notes and stock. As her manner is, she does not undertake this apology in her own person, but puts it into the mouth of one of her characters. She makes Mr. Thornton dilate to Mr. Hale, his Oxford-bred friend and tutor, upon "the magnificent power, yet delicate adjustment, of the steam-hammer," till he recalls to the imaginative scholar some of the wonderful stories of the subservient genii in the *Arabian Nights*, "one moment stretching from earth to sky, and filling all the width of the horizon, at the next obediently compressed into a vase small enough to be borne in the hand of a child." Thornton speaks enthusiastically of the genius of the man out of whose brains this gigantic thought came, and boldly expresses his conviction that "we have many among us who, if he were gone, could spring into the breach, and carry on the war which compels, and shall compel, all material power to yield to science," and Mr. Hale, catching his enthusiasm, quotes the lines—

" 'I've a hundred captains in England,' he said,  
 'As good as ever was he.' "

Then, when Mr. Hale's daughter, Margaret, whose love in the end Thornton wins, in spite of his rough and awkward manners, by the force of his manliness and tenderness, looks up to wonder how in the world the conversation had passed from cog-wheels to Chevy Chase, Mr. Thornton says—

"It is no boast of mine, it is plain matter-of-fact. I won't deny that I am proud of belonging to a town—or perhaps I should rather say a district—the necessities of which give birth to such grandeur of conception. I would rather be a man toiling, suffering—nay, failing and successless—here, than lead a dull prosperous life in the old worn grooves of what you call more aristocratic society down in the South, with their slow days of careless ease. One may be clogged with honey and unable to fly."

Mrs. Gaskell, in several of her shorter stories, as well as in *North and South*, seeks favour for the men of the North as hiding warm hearts and bold imaginations under hard, inelegant, unceremonious manners. Everywhere in her novels we come upon traces of this persistent desire to break down prejudices and open the way to harmony. It is very prominent in her tragic story of *Ruth*, where



gives no sign of caring much for nature. There are very few set descriptions in her novels, and I do not remember any that can be said to be taken from the point of view of the painter. She does not seem to care how the landscape looks, but how people contrive to make themselves comfortable in it. When she describes the country round Monkshaven, in *Sylvia's Lovers*, she does not dwell upon the beauty of the moorland hollows, but remarks how, "while on the bare swells of the high lands you shivered at the waste desolation of the scenery, when you dropped into these wooded 'bottoms' you were charmed with the nestling shelter which they gave." She carries us out upon the moors, not to touch our imaginations, as the Brontës would have done, with a sense of their lonely grandeur, but to ask us to look at the distance between the bare farmhouses, "the small stacks of coarse, poor hay, and almost larger stacks of turf for winter fuel," the half-starved cattle, and the little black-faced sheep, whose lean condition "did not promise much for the butcher," and whose wool was not "of a quality fine enough to make them profitable in that way to their owners." She leaves us to guess for ourselves what sort of a place Cranford was; she describes the inhabitants with loving care, so that we seem to know every turn of their thoughts and every trick of their gesture, but we learn the details of the scenery by which their lives were bounded only as they come in contact with it. This, so far as I have observed, is Mrs. Gaskell's invariable method of treating a landscape; she does not stand outside her people to describe it as if it had any independent interest for us. Dr. Johnson himself had not a more complete indifference to the forms and colours of still life. "Sir," she seems to say to the nature-worshipper, "let us take a peep into some English household. Let us watch its inmates in comfort and in distress. I will tell you their history. You shall see how a Lancashire mechanic entertains his friends, how a country doctor gets on with his neighbours, how a coquettish farmer's daughter behaves to her lovers. I have no strange experiences to reveal to you, only the life that lies at your doors; but I will show you its tragedies and its comedies, I will describe the characters of your countrymen to you, and I will tell you things about them that will interest you, some things that will make you weep, and many things that will make you smile."

No one would dream of ranking Mrs. Gaskell as a novelist beside Dickens or Thackeray, but she deserves a very high place among those who are comparatively unambitious in their efforts, and who, having a just measure of their own powers, succeed perfectly in what they undertake. She never attempted high flights, but pursued her way steadily and surely at a moderate elevation. Her style has not the magnificent reach of her friend, Charlotte Brontë; it is homely, as suited her subjects. It was natural that art such as hers, working earnestly within a definite field, without straining to get beyond it,

and never wasting its strength against the precipices, should become more perfect as she went on. She could not easily have written another novel that would take such a hold of the public mind as *Mary Barton* did, because, as we have seen, it ministered so directly to interests that were uppermost at the moment, and gave body and substance to a spirit then predominant. So deep an impression did she produce by this effort to remove misunderstandings between masters and men, that people were for some time unwilling to listen to her on any other subject; her second novel, *Ruth*, was felt as a disappointment, and thought to be a falling off, and it was not till the appearance of *North and South* that she regained her hold of public favour. To the last she was best known as the authoress of *Mary Barton*, and as long as the strife between labour and capital continues, this novel and its companion are likely to remain her chief distinction, and may be read with advantage by both parties to the dispute. Nor could she easily have surpassed the force and delicacy of the touches by which she made the various persons in these novels live and move in our memories as real men and women. But in her later novels, *Sylvia's Lovers* and *Wives and Daughters*, in which she left the manufacturing towns behind her, and essayed to describe less oppressive and painful conditions of life, though she cannot be said to have improved upon the completeness and vividness of her separate portraits, she shows greater art in the management of her story. It has been said with truth, that the beginnings of her earlier novels, where she is setting forth her characters upon the stage, are the most interesting parts of them; the characters once put in motion, she seems to have become too much absorbed in the incidents of the plot, and to have hurried along in a narrow stream without sufficiently relieving the monotony of its course. But she was not exposed to this danger when the current of her story was not too impetuous for her. Her last novel, *Wives and Daughters*, though she did not live to write the concluding chapters, is in many respects the most mature, as it is, with the exception, perhaps, of *Cranford*, the most delightful of her works.

As I spoke at starting of the literary pedigree of Mrs. Gaskell as a novelist, I may say a word in conclusion about her influence. Her novels have not been childless in literature. I have no wish to institute comparisons between Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot. No comparison is possible between two writers of genius, interpenetrated as these two are by the spirit of different generations. George Eliot has lived and worked in a different social atmosphere, and has pursued the more purely artistic and philosophical aims to which that atmosphere has been favourable, but no one who reads the *Scenes from Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede*, can fail to see that Mrs. Gaskell has been not the least important of her literary progenitors.

W. MINTO.

## HALLUCINATIONS OF THE SENSES.

By hallucination is meant, in scientific phraseology, such a false perception of one or other of the senses as a person 'has when he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives as real what has no outward existence—that is to say, has no existence outside his own mind, is entirely subjective. The subject is one which has special medical interest; but it will be seen to have also a large general interest, when it is remembered how momentous a part hallucinations have played sometimes at critical periods of human history. Take, for example, the mighty work which was done in the deliverance of France from English dominion by a peasant girl of eighteen—Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who was inspired to her mission by the vision which she saw, and the commands which she heard, of St. Michael and other holy persons. Now, as there are few persons nowadays who believe that St. Michael really appeared to this enraptured maiden, and as few, if any, will doubt that she herself sincerely believed that he did, one must needs suppose that her visions were hallucinations generated by the enthusiasm of a mind which was in a singularly exalted strain of religious and patriotic feeling.

The special medical interest of the subject lies in this—that there are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument nor demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive, will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken; that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in your opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs think, either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect.

Let me give an example or two of the character of these hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane

enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body : there was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business ; no one, talking with him, would, for a moment, have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them ; he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible ; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground-floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night ; and this he did to prevent the bad odours from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that the people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing ; and when he passed a cabstand in the street, he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbours. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success ; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons whom he met daily in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see that they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchiefs to their noses—no doubt for a quite innocent purpose.

Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination ; he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him at all times and all places—in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voices of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them ; the remarks which they made were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing ; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical-box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices and enabled him to get to sleep ; but, as he said, the measure was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes, it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this

gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system. After listening attentively to my arguments he went away sorrowful, feeling that I had no help for him. I may remark, by the way, that auditory hallucinations of this kind are apt to occur in prisoners who are subjected to long periods of solitary confinement in their cells: they have no mental resources to fall back upon, and their brooding thoughts, not being distracted by the conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices.

I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features: the patient commonly sees reptiles and vermin in his room, serpents crawling over the floor, rats and mice running over his bed, and pushes them away in a state of restless agitation. In some forms of insanity, the sufferer mistakes persons, believing entire strangers to be near friends or relations; or, again, he may see a person whom he imagines to be his persecutor, escape from the house, when there was really no such person, and buy a revolver, to be ready for him when next he comes prowling about; and in one form of the deepest melancholy, which is known as *melancholia attonita*, he has sometimes terrible hallucinations—sees, probably, a deep abyss of roaring flames or a vast sea of blood immediately in front of him, and will not make the least movement, lest he should be precipitated headlong into it. There can be no doubt of the mental disorder of persons who suffer in this way; but it must not be supposed that hallucinations of sight do not occur to persons who are free from mental disorder. I cannot help thinking that they furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times. A belief so universal must have some deep foundation in the facts of nature or in the constitution of man. One may freely admit that persons have seen apparitions and have heard voices which they thought to be supernatural; but inasmuch as seeing is one thing, and the interpretation thereof quite another thing, it may be right to conclude that they were nothing more than hallucinations, and that the reason why no ghosts are seen now, when people pass through churchyards on dark nights, as our forefathers saw them, is that ghosts are not believed in nowadays, while we have gained a knowledge of the nature of hallucinations, and of the frequency of their occurrence, which our forefathers had not.

One does not fail to notice, when proper attention is given to the subject, a fact which is full of meaning, viz. that the apparitions which have been seen at different ages were in harmony with the

dominant ideas or beliefs of the age. It is not probable that any one could be found at the present day to affirm that he had seen an old woman riding through the air on a broomstick to a witch's meeting, because the belief in witchcraft is happily well-nigh extinct; but two or three hundred years ago, when it would have been thought something like blasphemy to doubt the being and doings of witches, persons of character and veracity might have been found to avouch it solemnly. In like manner, apparitions of Satan were not very uncommon in the middle ages to persons who, like Luther, were in earnest spiritual conflict with him; but there is no instance on record, so far as I know, of such an apparition having ever been seen by an ancient Greek or Roman. The Satan of the middle ages who gave Luther so much trouble had not then been invented. Spirits, ghosts, then, and all apparitions of the same kind, I was prepared to have pronounced unhesitatingly to have been hallucinations, which would be found on examination to reflect pretty fairly the prevailing ideas of the time concerning the supernatural; but it occurred to me that it might be prudent, before doing that, to consult the article on apparitions in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, lest perchance I should be outrunning current authority; and I have there discovered, to my no small surprise, that it is still an open question whether invisible inhabitants of the unknown world did not take human or other shapes and become visible to men. The writer of the article plainly inclines to the opinion that they do, and that there is more in the matter than science has yet dreamt of. So also think the spiritualists.

I now go on to consider the mode of production of hallucinations. At the first blush there might seem to be a great gap between such false perceptions of the senses as I have given examples of, and the faithfully serving senses of a person who is in good health of mind and body. But here, as elsewhere, in nature we find, when we look closely into the matter, that there is no break; we may be pretty sure, perhaps, that when we say of any phenomenon, however strange, that it is singular and quite unlike anything else in the world, we are mistaken, and that we shall not fail to discover other things like it if we search intelligently. Certainly we can trace gradational states between the most extreme hallucinations and such temporary disorders of the senses as healthy persons often have. Let any one stoop down with his head hanging low for a minute, and when he raises it he will have, besides a feeling of giddiness, a sound of singing or of ringing in his ears, and may see a flash or two of light before his eyes; and there are some persons who, under such circumstances, see actual figures for the moment. These sensations are hallucinations; there is no light, nor sound, nor figure outside to cause them; they are owing to the stimulation of their respective nerve-centres

by a congestion of blood in the brain, which has been produced by the hanging down of the head. Here, then, we have hallucinations that are consistent with the best health; they are due to temporary causes of disturbance of the circulation, and disappear as they disappear. Going a step further, we may watch at the beginning of a fever how gradually the hallucinations take hold of the mind, until their true nature is not recognised. At first the fever-patient is quite aware of his actual surroundings, knowing the persons and objects about him, and when strange faces seem to appear among the familiar faces, as they do, he knows that they are not real, and will talk of them as visions; perhaps they occur at first only when his eyes are shut, or when the room is dark, and vanish directly he opens his eyes or the room is lit up. After awhile they come more often, and whether his eyes are shut or not; he becomes uncertain whether they are real or not, assenting when he is told that they are phantoms, but falling back immediately into doubt and uncertainty. At last they get entire mastery of him, he cannot distinguish in the least between them and real figures, discourses with them as if they were real—is wildly delirious.

If the nature of the process by which we perceive and know an external object, be considered, it will be seen that it is much easier to have a false perception than might appear at first sight. When we look at any familiar object—say a cat or a dog—we seem to see at once its shape, its size, its smoothness of coat, and the other qualities by which we know it to be a cat or a dog, but we don't actually see anything of the kind. The proof is that if a person blind from his birth, who knew the cat and dog perfectly well by touch, were to obtain sight by means of a surgical operation when he was thirty years old, he would not know by sight alone either cat or dog, or be able to tell which was which. But if he were permitted to touch the animals he would recognise them instantly, and ever afterwards the impression which they produce on sight would be associated with the impression which they produce on touch, and he would know them when he saw them. That is the way in which the perception of a particular object is formed—by the association of all the sensations which it is adapted to excite in our different senses, their combination in what we call an idea. For example, in the idea of an orange are combined the sensations which we get by tasting it, by touching it, by smelling it, by looking at it, by handling it, each sensation having been acquired by its particular sense in the course of an education which has been going on ever since we were born: when we have got them in that way, they combine to form the *idea* of the orange; and it is by virtue of this idea, which has been formed and registered in the mind, that we are able to think of an orange, that is, to form a mental image of it,

when it is not present to any sense, and to recognise it instantly when it is. It is plain, then, how large a part, by virtue of its past experience, the mind contributes to each perception: when we look at an orange it tacitly supplies to the impression which it makes on sight all the information about it which we have got at different times by our other senses, and which sight does not in the least give us; the visual impression is no more in truth than a sign to which experience has taught us to give its proper meaning, just as the written or spoken word in any language is a sign which is meaningless until we have been taught what to mean by it. So true it is that the eye only sees what it brings the faculty of seeing, and that many persons have eyes, yet see not.

This being so, it is clear that the idea in the mind will very much affect the perception, and that if any one goes to look at something, or to taste something, or to feel something, with a strongly preconceived idea of what it is, he will be likely, if it is not what he thinks it, to have a mistaken perception—to see, or feel, or touch what he thinks it is, not what it really is. This is, indeed, one of the most common causes of erroneous observation, and one which the scientific observer knows well he must always vigilantly guard against. If a man has a foregone conclusion of what he will see, it is not safe to trust his observation implicitly, either in science or in common life. We witness the most striking examples of this dominion of the idea over sense in persons who have been put into the so-called mesmeric state. The operator gives them simple water to taste, telling them at the same time that it is some nauseating and bitter mixture, and they spit it out with grimaces of disgust when they attempt to drink it; when he tells them that what he offers them is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, they smack their lips as if they had tasted something remarkably good; if assured that a swarm of bees is buzzing about them, they are in the greatest trepidation, and go through violent antics to beat them off. Their senses are dominated by the idea suggested, and they are very much in the position of an insane person who believes that he tastes poison in his food when he imagines that some one wishes to poison him, or sees an enemy lurking about his premises when he believes himself to be the victim of persecution.

Here, then, we are brought to one efficient cause of hallucinations—namely, a vividly conceived idea which is so intense that it appears to be an actual perception, a mental image so vivid that it becomes a visual image. Everybody knows that the idea or imagination of a sensation will sometimes cause a person to feel the sensation; the mention or the sight of certain little insects which inhabit the bodies of uncleanly persons, seldom fails to make the skin itch uncomfortably. John Hunter said of himself: "I am



confident that I can fix my attention to any part, until I have a sensation in that part." Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, "as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him; and a great French novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner—a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish! Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental representation as to become mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way, and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which to lay them again. Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more; I put away my canvas, and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person—I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man. . . . Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then—and then—all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses—was

thirty years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory."

Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melancholy and despair, and even to commit suicide.

"I know," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes *himself*, and often laughed heartily at his double, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke; but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself. This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement, or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence—paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the 31st December, and as the clock struck twelve fired it into his mouth."

Were illustrations needed of the production of hallucination by the intensity of the conception, I might take them from Shakspeare, who has given many instances of these "coinages of the brain" which, he says truly, *ecstasy is very cunning in*. Hamlet, perturbed by the apparition of his father's ghost, whose commands he was neglecting, bends his eyes on vacancy and holds discourse with the incorporeal air. A dagger, sensible to sight but not to feeling, points Macbeth the way to the bed where lay Duncan whom he was about treacherously to stab; he attempts to clutch it, exclaiming justly when he grasps nothing—

"There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes."

In the well-known passage in which he compares the imaginations of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Shakspeare sets forth the very manner of the production of hallucinations, and illustrates the gradations of the process:—

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

Or I might adduce the case of the great Protestant Reformer, Luther, who is said—I know not how truly—to have thrown his inkstand at the devil on one occasion ; at any rate the mark of the ink is still shown on the wall of the chamber which Luther occupied. True or not, there is nothing improbable in the story ; for Luther, though endowed with great sagacity and extraordinary intellectual energy, entertained the common notions of the personality and the doings of the devil which were current among the people of his age. He pictured him very much as a Saxon peasant pictured him. It was the devil, he believed, who caused a great storm, and he declared that idiots, the blind, the lame, and the dumb were persons in whom devils had established themselves, and that physicians who tried to cure their infirmities as though they proceeded from natural causes were ignorant blockheads who knew nothing of the power of the demon. He speaks of the devil coming into his cell and making a great noise behind the stove, and of his hearing him walking in the cloister above his cell in the night ; “but as I knew it was the devil,” he says, “I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep.”

This, then, is one way in which hallucination is produced—by the downward action of idea upon sense. My illustrations of this mode of production have been taken from sane minds, but the hallucinations of the insane are oftentimes generated in the same way. A person of shy, suspicious, and reserved nature, who imagines that people are thinking or speaking ill of him or going out of their way to do him harm, nurses his habit of moody suspicion until it grows to be a delusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy ; he then sees evidence of it in the innocent gestures and words of friends with whom he holds intercourse, of servants who wait upon him, and of persons who pass him in the streets ; these he misinterprets entirely, seeing in them secret signs, mysterious threats, criminal accusations. It may be pointed out to him that the words and gestures were perfectly natural and innocent, and that no one but himself can perceive the least offence in them ; his belief is not touched by the demonstration, for his senses are enslaved by the dominant idea and work only in its service. Sometimes an insane patient who tastes poison in his food and refuses it when it is given to him by one attendant whom he suspects of poisoning him, will take the same food from another attendant, of whom he has no suspicion, without tasting any poison : a proof how much the morbid idea perverts his taste. There is a form of insanity, known as general paralysis, which is marked by an extraordinary feeling of elation and by the most extravagant delusions of wealth or grandeur, and the patient who labours under it often picks up pebbles, pieces of broken glass, and the like, which he hoards as priceless jewels : there is another form of insanity known as melancholia, which is marked by an opposite

feeling of profound mental depression and corresponding gloomy delusions, and the patient who labours under its worst form sometimes sees devils in those who minister to him, hears jeers in their consoling words, and imagines torments in their anxious attentions. In each case the hallucinations reflect the dominant morbid feelings and ideas.

A second way in which hallucinations appear to originate is directly in the organ of sense or in its sensory ganglion, which for present purposes I may consider as one. Stimulation of the organ or of its ganglion will undoubtedly give rise to hallucination: a blow on the eye makes a person see sparks of fire or flashes of light, a blow on the ear makes his ears ring; in fact, any organ of sense, when irritated either by a direct stimulus to its nerve-centre, or by a perverted state of the blood which circulates through it, will have the same sensation aroused in it, no matter what the stimulus, as is produced by its natural stimulus. We can irritate the sensory ganglion directly by introducing certain poisonous substances into the blood, and so occasion hallucinations: for example, when a person is poisoned with belladonna (deadly nightshade) he smiles and stares and grasps at imaginary objects which he sees before him, and is delirious. Other drugs will produce similar effects. A French physiologist has made a great many experiments in poisoning dogs with alcohol by injecting it into their veins, and he has found that he can arouse in them very vivid hallucinations: the dog will start up perhaps with savage glare, stare at the blank wall, bark furiously, and seem to rush into a furious fight with an imaginary dog; after a time it ceases to fight, looks in the direction of its imaginary adversary, growling once or twice, and settles down quietly.

The hallucinations which occur in fevers and in some other bodily diseases evidently proceed directly from disorder of the sensory centres, and not from the action of morbid idea upon sense; for we have seen that before they are fixed the intellect struggles against them successfully and holds them in check. A well-known and instructive instance of hallucinations, due to bodily causes, and which did not affect the judgment, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who, being a person of great intelligence, observed his state carefully and has given an interesting account of it. He had been exposed to a succession of severe trials which had greatly affected him, when, after an incident which particularly agitated and distressed him, he suddenly saw, at the distance of ten paces a figure—the standing figure of a deceased person. He asked his wife if she could not see it, but she, as she saw nothing, was alarmed and sent for a physician. When he went into another room it followed him. After troubling him for a day it disappeared, but was followed by several other distinct figures; some of them the figures of persons he

knew, but most of them of persons he did not know. "After I had recovered," he says, "from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were—the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me." He could trace no connection between the figures and his thoughts, nor could he call up at his own pleasure the phantoms of acquaintances which he tried to call up by vivid imagination of them; however accurately and intensely he pictured their figures to his mind, he never once succeeded in his desire to see them *externally*, although the figures of these very persons would often present themselves involuntarily. He saw the figures when alone and in company, in the daytime and in the night; when he shut his eyes they sometimes disappeared, sometimes not; they were as distinct as if they were real beings, but he had no trouble in distinguishing them from real figures. After four weeks they began to speak, sometimes to one another, but most often to him: their speeches were short and not disagreeable. Being recommended to lose some blood, he consented. During the operation the room swarmed with human figures, but a few hours afterwards they moved more slowly, became gradually paler, and finally vanished. This example proves very clearly that a person may be haunted with apparitions, and yet observe them and reason about their nature as sanely as any indifferent outsider could do. It illustrates very well, too, the second mode of origin; for it is reasonable to suppose that they were produced by congestion of blood in the brain acting upon the sensory centres, and that they were dissipated by the removal of the congestion by blood-letting. This is the more probable, as cases have been recorded in which the suppression of a habitual discharge of blood from the body has been followed by hallucinations, and others again in which hallucinations have been cured by the abstraction of blood.

Exhaustion of the nerve-centres themselves by excessive fatigue, mental and bodily, or by starvation, or by disease, will cause a person to see visions sometimes. I may call to mind the well-known case of Brutus, who, as he sat alone at night in his tent before the decisive battle of Philippi, wrapt in meditation, saw on raising his eyes a monstrous and horrible spectre standing silently by his side. "Who art thou?" he asked. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." He replied, "I will meet thee there." The religious ascetic who withdrew himself from the society of men to some solitary place in the desert or to some cave in the hills, there passing his lonely life in prayer and meditation, and mortifying his body with long fastings and frequent

scourgings, brought himself to such a state of irritable exhaustion that he commonly saw, according to his mood of feeling, either visions of angels and saints who consoled him in his sufferings, or visions of devils who tempted and tormented him.<sup>1</sup> The shipwrecked sailor, when delirious from the exhaustion produced by want of food and drink, sometimes has attractive visions of green fields and pleasant streams, and cannot be prevented from throwing himself overboard in the mad desire to reach them. The dying person, in the last stage of exhaustion from a wasting disease, has had his deathbed visions of joy or of horror: the good man, whose mind was at rest, has been comforted by visions of heaven; the wicked man, whose troubled conscience would not let him die in peace, has been terrified with spectres of horror—the murderer perhaps by the accusing apparition of his victim. These were thought at one time to be supernatural visitations; they are known now to be for the most part hallucinations, such as occur in the last stage of flickering life, when, to use Shakspeare's words,

“ His brain doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.”<sup>2</sup>

I cannot of course enumerate all the bodily conditions in which hallucinations appear, but there is one more which I shall mention

(1) This is a Mohanmedan receipt for summoning spirits:—

“Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloes-wood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the chapter 1001 times (from the Koran) in the seven days—a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect.”—*Upper Egypt; its People and Products*, by Dr. Klunzinger, p. 386.

An acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, *but he saw them also when his eyes were shut.* At last he got quite terrified and left the place.

(2) In the Second Part of *Henry VI.*, Shakspeare gives an instance of a fearful death-bed hallucination, when Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death:—

“*King.* How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Cardinal.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*King.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*Warwick.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto the trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.”

particularly, because it has been the foundation of a prophetic or apostolic mission. It is not at all uncommon for a vivid hallucination of one or other of the senses, of hearing, of sight, of smell, of touch, of muscular sensibility, to precede immediately the unconsciousness of an epileptic fit. It may be a command or threat uttered in a distinct voice, or the figure of a person clearly seen, or a feeling of sinking into the ground or of rising into the air; and a common visual hallucination on such occasions is a flash, a halo, or a flood of bright or coloured light, which makes a strong impression before the person falls unconscious. When he comes to himself, he remembers it vividly, and believes perhaps that it was a vision of an angel of light or of the Holy Ghost. There can be no doubt that angelic apparitions and heavenly visions have sometimes had this origin. Proceeding from the sensory centre, not from the higher centres of thought, they are calculated to produce the stronger impression of their miraculous nature; for if the person knows that he was not thinking of anything of the kind when the vision occurred, he will naturally be the more startled and affected by it. I might give many striking examples in proof of what I say, but I will content myself with an ordinary and comparatively recent one. Two or three years ago a labourer in the Chatham dockyard, who was epileptic and had once been in an asylum for insanity, suddenly split the skull of a fellow-labourer near him with an adze. There was no apparent motive for the deed, for the men were not on bad terms. He was of course tried for murder, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, in accordance with the medical evidence, but directly in the teeth of a strong charge of the judge, and much to the disappointment of certain newspapers whose editorial feelings are sadly harrowed whenever an insane person escapes from the gallows. He is now in the criminal asylum at Broadmoor, and he has told the medical officers there—what was not known at the trial—that some years before the murder he had received the Holy Ghost; that it came to him like a flash of light; and that his own eyes had been taken out and other eyes, like balls of fire, substituted for them. A characteristic epileptic hallucination! Let us suppose that this man had undertaken some prophetic mission, as epileptics have done, and had put into it all the energy of his epileptic temperament, he would have declared with perfect sincerity, so far as he was concerned, that the Holy Ghost appeared to him in a vision as an exceeding bright light, and, behold! his own eyes were taken out and balls of fire were in their places.

Some persons maintain that the earliest visions of Mahomet, who, like Cæsar, was epileptic, were of this kind, and that his change of character and the assumption of his prophetic mission followed an epileptic vision. Tradition tells us that he was walking in solitude

in the lonely defiles and valleys near Mecca, when every stone and tree greeted him with the words, "Hail to thee, O messenger of God!" He looked round to the right and to the left, but discovered nothing but stones and trees. Soon after this, the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision on the mountain Hira, and announced to him the message of God. The origin of the hallucination seems to have been in this wise. While walking in the valley meditating in solitude on the degrading idolatry of the people, and girding himself to the resolution to undertake a great work of reform which might well seem beyond his strength and make him pause, the intense thoughts of his mental agony were suddenly heard by him as a real voice, where there was no voice; and the vision which he saw when he next fell into an epileptic trance was deemed to be the apparition of the angel Gabriel.

If this be so, and much more if all the apparitions and visions which mankind have seen at different times were really hallucinations, it is startling to reflect what a mighty influence illusions have had on the course of human history. One is almost driven to ask in despair whether all in the world is not illusion, whether "all that we see and seem is not a dream within a dream." But there are countervailing considerations which may abate alarm. If a great work in the world has been done in consequence of a vision which was not, as it was believed to be, a supernatural revelation, but a hallucination produced in accordance with natural laws, the work done, were it good or bad, was none the less real. And inasmuch as the hallucination, whatever its character, is in accordance with the habit of thought and feeling of the person to whom it occurs, and is interpreted, if it be not actually generated, by his manner of thinking, we may put it out of sight as a thing of secondary importance, as an incidental expression, so to speak, of the earnest belief, and fix our minds on this belief as the primary and real agent in the production of the effect. Had Mahomet never seen the angel Gabriel, it is probable that the great mission which he accomplished—the overthrow of idolatry and polytheism and the welding of scattered tribes into a powerful nation—would have been accomplished either by him or by some other prophet, who would have risen up to do what the world had at heart at that time. Had any one else who had not Mahomet's great powers of mind, and who had not prepared himself, as he had done, by many silent hours of meditation and prayer, to take up the reformer's cross, seen the angel Gabriel or any number of angels, he would not have done the mighty work. Who can doubt that the mission of Mahomet was the message of God to the people at that time, as who can doubt that the thunder of the Russian cannon has been the awful message of God to the Mahometan Turks of this time?



So much then for the nature of hallucinations and their principal modes of origin. Although they sometimes originate primarily in the sensory centres, and sometimes primarily in the higher centres of thought, it is very probable that, in many instances, they have a mixed origin. It can hardly be otherwise, seeing how intimate is the structural and functional connection between the nerve-centres of thought and sense, and how likely so closely connected nerve-centres are to sympathise in suffering when the one or the other is disordered.

No one pretends that a person who, labouring under hallucinations, knows their true nature, as Nicolai did, is insane; but it is often said that he has passed the limits of sanity and must be accounted insane when he does not recognise their real nature, and believes in them and acts upon them. But the examples which I have given prove this to be too absolute a statement. I should be very loath to say that either Mahomet or Luther was mad. When the hallucination is the consistent expression of an earnest and coherent belief, which is not itself the product of insanity, it is no proof of insanity, although it may indicate a somewhat unstable state of the brain, and warn a prudent man to temper the ardour of his belief. When, however, a person has hallucinations that are utterly inconsistent with the observation and common sense of the rest of mankind, when he cannot correct the mistakes of one sense by the evidence of another, although every opportunity is afforded him to do so, when he believes in them in spite of confuting evidence, and when he suffers them to govern his conduct, then he must certainly be accounted insane: he is so much out of harmony of thought and feeling with his kind that we cannot divine his motives or reckon upon his conduct, and are compelled to put him under restraint. Persons of this class are apt to be troublesome and even dangerous; believing that they are pursued by a conspiracy, hearing the threatening voices of their persecutors wherever they go, seeing proofs everywhere of their evil machinations, smelling poisonous fumes, feeling the torture inflicted by concealed galvanic wires, they endeavour to protect themselves by all sorts of devices—appeal to the magistrates and the police for assistance, become public nuisances in courts of justice, are, perhaps, driven at last, either from despair of getting redress, or by the fury of the moment, to attack some one whom they believe to be an agent in the persecution which they are undergoing. Some of them hear voices commanding them peremptorily to do some act or other—it may be to kill themselves or others—and they are not unlikely in the end to obey the mysterious commands which they receive.

Having said so much concerning the causation and character of hallucinations, I ought, perhaps, before concluding, to say something

about the means of getting rid of them. Unfortunately, it is very little that I can say, for, when once they have taken firm hold of a person, they are seldom got rid of. When they occur during an acute case of insanity, where there is much mental excitement, they certainly often disappear as the excitement passes off, or soon afterwards, just as they disappear when the delirium of fever subsides; but when they have become chronic they hold their ground in defiance of every kind of assault upon them. Over and over again the experiment has been tried of proving to the hallucinated patient in every possible way, and by every imaginable device, that his perceptions are false, but in vain :—

“ You may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
 As or by oath or counsel shake  
 The fabric of his folly, whose foundation is  
 Piled upon his faith, and will continue  
 The standing of his body.”

There is more to be done to prevent hallucinations, I think, than to cure them; that is to say, by prudent care of the body and wise culture of the mind. Looking to their mode of origin, it is obviously of the first importance, trite maxim as it may seem, to keep the body in good health; for not only will bodily disorder directly occasion hallucinations by disturbance of the sensory centres, but by its depressing influence on the entire nervous system it hinders sound, and predisposes to unsound, thought and feeling. Every one knows how hard a matter it is to perceive accurately, to feel calmly, and to think clearly, when the liver is out of order; there is then a good foundation for hallucination. It has so long been the habit to exalt the mind as the noble, spiritual, and immortal part of man, at the expense of the body, as the vile, material, and mortal part, that, while it is not thought at all strange that every possible care and attention should be given to mental cultivation, a person who should give the same sort of careful attention to his body would be thought somewhat meanly of. And yet I am sure that a wise man, who would ease best the burden of life, cannot do better than watchfully to keep undefiled and holy—that is, healthy—the noble temple of his body. Is it not a glaring inconsistency that men should pretend to fall into ecstasies of admiration of the temples which they have built with their own hands, and to claim reverence for their ruins, and, at the same time, should have no reverence for, or should actually speak contemptuously of, that most complex, ingenious, and admirable structure which the human body is? However, if they really neglect it, it is secure of its revenge; no one will come to much by his most strenuous mental exercises, except upon the basis of a good organization—for a sound body is assuredly the foundation of a sound mind.

In respect of the mental cultivation to be adopted, in order to guard against hallucination, I can now only briefly and vaguely enforce one important principle—namely, the closest, most exact, and sincere converse with nature, physical and human. Habitual contact with realities in thought and deed is a strong defence against illusions of all sorts. We must strive to make our observation of men and things so exact and true, must so inform our minds with true perceptions, that there shall be no room for false perceptions. Calling to mind what has been said concerning the nature of perception—how the most complete and accurate perception of an object is gained by bringing it into all its possible relations with our different senses, and so receiving into the idea of it all the impressions which it was fitted to produce upon them—it will appear plainly how necessary to true perception, and to sound thought, which is founded on true perception, and to wise conduct, which is founded on sound thought, are thoroughness and sincerity of observation. So to observe nature as to learn her laws and to obey them, is to observe the commandments of the Lord to do them. Speculative meditations and solitary broodings are the fruitful nurse of delusions and illusions. By faithfully intending the mind to the realities of nature, as Bacon has it, and by living and working among men in a healthy, sympathetic way, exaggeration of a particular line of thought or feeling is prevented, and the balance of the faculties best preserved. Notably the best rules for the conduct of life are the fruits of the best observations of men and things; the achievements of science are no more than the organized gains—orderly and methodically arranged—of an exact and systematic observation of the various departments of nature; the noblest products of the arts are nature ennobled through human means, the art itself being nature. There are not two worlds—a world of nature and a world of human nature—standing over against one another in a sort of antagonism, but one world of nature, in the orderly evolution of which human nature has its subordinate part. Delusions and hallucinations may be described as discordant notes in the grand harmony. It should, then, be every man's steadfast aim, as a part of nature, his patient work, to cultivate such entire sincerity of relations with it; so to think, feel, and act always in intimate unison with it; to be so completely one with it in life, that when the summons comes to surrender his mortal part to absorption into it, he does so, not fearfully, as to an enemy who has vanquished him, but trustfully, as to a mother who, when the day's task is done, bids him lie down to sleep.

HENRY MAUDSLEY.

## THE PROSPECTS OF MORAL PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE history of British India is a remarkable illustration of the relationship between two civilisations at an unequal stage of development in immediate contact with one another. England and India still keep at arm's length: there is no sign of closer inter-communion or of blending the two nations into one. The result was inevitable. In all such cases the weaker civilisation must either succumb and be blotted out, or it will exist aloof from and alien to the higher, which seeks vainly to modify the opinions and habits of a people whose acts it can control. In America and Australia the advance of the white race has extinguished the feeble opposition offered by the aboriginal inhabitants. But in the East immense populations and a disagreeable climate are an effectual barrier to a policy of extermination. The people are left to themselves in evolving a patient and spontaneous development of the national character, subject only to the partial and very imperfect moral influence exercised upon them by a foreign and benevolently despotic administration.

It is possible for Government to produce an ennobling influence upon a people with whom it is completely homogeneous. But where there is a radical difference between the governors and governed, the influence of the former becomes almost inappreciable. In proof of this we may appeal to ancient times. We have but to contrast the influence of Rome upon her Western and her Eastern subjects. In the West she encountered a military civilisation similar to her own, and was there enabled to carry out successfully her policy of incorporation. But she never could incorporate the non-military or theocratic East. Her dominion both in Africa and Asia was always artificial and precarious, and produced no really permanent results. Even the Greeks never heartily accepted amalgamation with Rome. Unlike the Iberians and Gauls, they contributed no Emperor to Roman rule, and the final schism of the Byzantine and Latin Empires marked a fundamental repulsion, socially not less than ecclesiastically. The Greeks had developed a military civilisation, but it rested upon an intellectual individualising basis, and never would subordinate itself to the socialising destiny of Rome. The United Kingdom is an instance of successful incorporation. On the conquest of England by the Normans a process of assimilation ensued, to the great advantage of the conquered country. Scotland and Ireland are illustrations of the same policy. The existing basis of order was unchanged. But it is different in the case of India; such as was the dominion of Rome

in the East, such must be that of Great Britain in India ; and with England, as with Rome, the simple keeping of the peace must be the main object. The Roman prefects of old were all unequal to the task of Christianising the Empire ; far less is the depolytheising of India a task reserved for English officials to undertake. Such a change can only be effected by voluntary missionary efforts, partly foreign and partly indigenous, the doctrine coming in its main features from the West, but being moulded into appropriate forms by Eastern intellects.

The difficulties that surround Englishmen are more considerable than those with which the statesmen of Rome had to deal. The gulf is wider now than it was then. The native civilisation differs from European not only in degree, but in kind ; it is absolutely and relatively at a lower stage of progress. And the consciousness of higher moral duties imposes upon England responsibilities unknown in former days. The problem is a more complicated one both in regard to the handful of officials who administer the empire, and the vast populations who exist in peaceful subjection under their sway. Insurmountable obstacles of colour, of physique, of race, of religion, present themselves at every turn to frustrate the possibility of a fusion with the inhabitants of the country, and even in some cases prevent the establishment of friendly relations with the people.

It were idle also to deny the fact that the sympathies of the two nations are less kindly at the present day than they were a few years ago, when the affairs of the country were controlled by the fathers of the present generation. Formerly, English officials, notwithstanding their occasional sacrifice of self-respect, did succeed in some measure in identifying themselves with the people. Their absorbing devotion to India was not diverted into other channels. Their home was their adopted country. Now their successors, with stronger ties to England and increased facilities for visiting England, grudge every hour of Indian service which keeps them from the West, where they feel, and of course feel rightly, they have their real home. Home yearnings, instinctively right in themselves, thus prejudice an active outflow of sympathy for a dark-skinned and subject people. Conspicuous devotion is still displayed by the governing classes ; and the fact is honourable in the history of Englishmen that they should continually be found ready to risk health and happiness in a pestilential climate, upon a moderate salary, without luxury, or comfort, or thanks, or reward beyond the satisfaction of a good conscience. But although zeal and honesty of work are still prevailing attributes of the Indian services, it is unquestionable that there is not now the same old Anglo-Indian feeling of enthusiasm for India to the exclusion of aught else. Other aspirations now occupy the first place. The enhanced cost

of the necessities of life has tended to excite unfavourably all classes of the English community. The official mind has been embittered by special causes, such as memories of the mutiny, and the increased worry of administering new taxes, and yielding vastly more work under more arduous conditions. The tendency in the present state of things is to degenerate into indifference, and from indifference into dislike. There is, so to speak, more reciprocity of dislike in India than there was. The action of the past twenty years has not inclined to solve, but rather to increase, the difficulties of the great problem of administration.

The impress of Western thought has always been inconsiderable. It is not widely spread, and, as far as it has gone, it affects only a limited class. It grows as an exotic. The only influence that extends it in a direct degree is education. But it may be said that the moral progress of India, such as it is, is principally due to indirect influences. The vices and crimes of a people proceed mainly from their poverty and ignorance, and more from poverty than ignorance. Where labour is amply rewarded, where all can easily get employment, and where the poor are provided for, the people lead virtuous and industrious lives. A tormenting struggle with the miseries of poverty and want operates with a baneful effect on the moral character; and it so happens that such a struggle has always prevailed in India in a remarkable degree. India is notoriously a poor country. But there has been a great increase in the prosperity of the people under British rule. For many years past the exportation of raw produce has been exercising a progressively potential influence on the material and social condition of the peasantry, enabling them to get increased returns for their labour, whereby they can afford to lodge, feed, and clothe themselves better than formerly, and to fill their dwellings with superior implements and furniture, causing new wants to arise in proportion as the means of supplying them are augmented, and creating a spirit of self-reliance and a disposition to appreciate and assert the rights which pertain to the tillers of the soil. By improvements in administrative procedure, by an increase in the strength of the executive and judicial agencies, by the establishment of localised jurisdictions in every district, justice has, comparatively speaking, been brought to each man's door. Security of person and property is now as certain in India as in any country in Europe. The people not only earn more wealth, but are enabled to enjoy the fruits of their labour in peace. Material and social prosperity have immensely advanced, and moral progress follows in their train.

Education also exercises a conspicuous influence upon moral progress, even though it must be confessed that that influence is more specious than real. Education is the official panacea for evils

of every description. Schools and colleges have been established by a benevolent Government; grants in aid are scattered through the length and breadth of the land. The annual Government grant for education exceeds a million sterling. The strong missionary body is more of an educating than a proselytising force. Efforts are lavished and no pains spared to make the system a success. Its results are pointed to with pride.

The strongest advocates of the system are, however, unable to affirm that its results have hitherto been more than superficial. The Government action affects only the middle strata of society; it does not strike lower than the surface, and neither levels up nor filters down. Numerically the number of persons brought under the influence of Western education is very limited. All schools and colleges in India educate their pupils with a view to the university examinations and degrees, and their success is judged by the number of the students who pass the several university tests. The university dominates and guides the course of instruction in all places of education, except the very lowest. It is important, therefore, to know that in the whole of India during the ten years from 1866 to 1876, there were only 16,031 students who successfully passed the matriculation entrance examination, only 1,496 who obtained a B.A. degree, and only 275 who proceeded to the higher degree of M.A. The number of persons undergoing a nominally high education is thus quite small; the number of failures is no doubt considerable—more than double that of successful candidates; but even if all these are included among the total of persons influenced by Western ideas, the aggregate is still so small as to form an almost imperceptible proportion of the population of the country. The members of the class affected betake themselves to the avenues of law and of the public service, and in their sphere of life, as well as in their knowledge of the English language, come prominently to notice. They appear to be a larger class than they really are. In reality they are very few, and the vast bulk of the people of India is still wholly unmoved by any of the moral or civilising influences that contact with missionaries, or the efforts of the Department of Public Instruction, might be expected to impart.

And, rightly considered, this is no matter for regret. It is not difficult to show that the action of the system is as little ennobling as its incidence is superficial. Although the benefits of Western civilisation are too great and self-evident to be ever seriously undervalued, our admiration would be blind indeed if we were not able to acknowledge that grave evils are likely to attend upon the transplantation of such an exotic to Indian soil. The actual Hindooism of the present has behind it a polytheistic past of thirty centuries or more, and this past must inevitably mould and colour its future,

whatever the form into which it may hereafter be developed. Already, however, the introduction of a Western system has been to break this continuity. We may observe in the minds of all our educated natives, whether belonging to the careless many or the earnest few, an undisguised contempt for the simple faith of their forefathers. We may observe a deplorable tendency to exaggerate the value of modern at the expense of ancient achievements. It is undoubted that one effect of our education has been to undermine the social feelings of attachment, obedience, reverence for age, and respect for ancestors. In these respects, as in others, the vices of Europe have supplanted virtues of a distinctly Oriental character.

There is fundamentally little or no difference in the action of the two great educational agencies in India. In the case of both Government and the missionaries the system is destructive. In both cases the system pursued destroys respect for the old organization, and the old beliefs are replaced by a superficial rationalism which demoralises the individual and tends to produce disorder in the community.

But missionary action differs, it is only fair to say, from that of Government in that it offers some substitute for the beliefs which are destroyed. Our State colleges are content with chaos: the missionary scheme does contemplate the establishment of an order. It is to the credit of the missionaries that they have ever held the right end in view, namely, to substitute a definite, social, and religious organization for the old Hindoo polity, the downfall of which they foresaw. And, in the main, they have done a good work, and done it bravely. We may offer them the genuine expression of our sympathy in their frank and persevering attempt at reconstruction. Their failure has, however, been complete. No one would wish to depreciate the wonderful moral efficacy of Catholicism, and the remarkable example of self-sacrifice it once set in a portion of Southern India. But a retrospect of the past no longer presents a promise of any successful proselytism in the future. Wherever there is a highly organized religious creed, Christianity fails to make conversions on any large scale. It is absolutely powerless when brought face to face with Mahometanism; and among Hindoos its influence is confined, almost exclusively, to the very lowest classes, where the mental development has not advanced much beyond the earliest stage. Though here and there an educated native may have been brought to Christianity, the educated natives, as a body, have not been slow to perceive that the intellect of Europe in the aggregate is drifting away from the traditional religion. Whatever change may eventually be effected, the change from Hindooism to Christianity is perhaps the most improbable. The people themselves cannot be induced to accept it.

With regard to Government, the case is worse on many grounds. Our policy is to apply education to the Hindoos in a most uncom-



promising manner. We enforce our Western ideas on a purely Procrustean principle. It is the object of our system to effect an artificial evolution of native character. In consequence, the results are subversive and destructive, and have loosened the whole framework of the narrow society within which they operate. The old belief is thrown off, the consequent disturbance issues in no real substitute, and the mental and moral state suffers from the negation.

A successful social revolution has never been directed by Government, much less by any foreign Government. It is more than doubtful whether an alien Government can under any circumstances whatever effect permanent good by educational machinery, which must, more or less, be in the hands of the ruling power, and therefore in the hands of men who cannot fully sympathize with the wants of the people. There is nothing deep, general, or national in the present movement in India. If the State aid and State employments were withdrawn, the whole fabric would crumble to pieces within a twelvemonth. Nor is there anything in it of a transitional character. Transitional states play doubtless an important and often indispensable part in history, when they arise naturally as the result of inward forces and national travail, and are manifest signs of the approach of a better state. But such is not the condition of things in India. The disorder there only affects a certain class and is imported from without. There may, indeed, exist a reaction more or less faintly felt by those with whom this class is in contact, but still the movement, such as it is, is not spontaneous, and cannot therefore permanently produce any benefit upon society as a whole.

The moral progress of India, as of every other country, if it is to be effective, must be spontaneous; it must result from the action of internal forces. Education will never be in a healthy condition so long as the teaching of the home is at utter variance with the teaching of the school or college. Any one who has visited an ordinary Hindoo family at its home must have been struck with the bewildering contrast between the domestic environment of the young Hindoo, amidst which his active life is spent, and the intellectual atmosphere he breathes during his college hours. The domestic life of the Hindoo is indeed in itself not more immoral than that of a European home. Far from it; there is so much misconception on this point, that it is desirable to state the very contrary. The affection of Hindoos for the various members of the family group is a praiseworthy and distinctive feature of national character, evinced not in sentiment only, but in practical manifestations of enduring charity; the devotion of a parent to child, and of children to parents, is often most touching. The normal social relations of a Hindoo family, knit together by ties of affection, rigid in chastity, and controlled by the public opinion of village elders and caste, command our

admiration, and in many respects afford an example we should do well to follow. There is nothing radically wrong in the young Hindoo's home associations. But the life he leads does present a painful contradiction where, to take an ordinary type, the family idols are tended by the mother and other female members of the family at sunrise and sunset with flowers, and ablutions, and ceremonial observances; and in the meanwhile the midday occupation of the student consists in analysing, it may be Milton's *Arcopagitica*, a favourite text-book, or some other scathing exposition of priestcraft and idolatry. It is impossible that education can be healthy under such conditions. The Professors of the Educational Department deliver their lectures, and discourse on Milton or Mill in the same spirit as a magistrate dispenses justice in his cutcherry. They do their official duty, but they do not, must not exceed it; they make no attempt to exert a moral influence over their pupils, to form their sentiments and habits, or to control and guide their passions. The Government system of education is intellectual only; the moral character is left to be wholly moulded by the associations amidst which the young are placed at home without any endeavour to modify or improve it. Thus there is a great gulf fixed between the relative position of the intellectual and of the moral culture. When we see the educated native take some pains to bridge this gulf and to make his home a cultured one, then we may have some confidence in his progress; but not till then. A social reformation must begin around the domestic *lares* and *penates*. Collegiate influences are at present like a tinselled out-door decoration discarded by their possessor as a superfluity in private. And, in the majority of cases, they are, at all times, apparent rather than real; for though the educated natives lose their belief in Hindooism as an intellectual system, it still continues in a marked degree to mould their social and moral prejudices. The result is an anarchy for which Government is responsible, and which it is powerless to remedy. A tendency to look to the State for assistance, a disposition to exaggerate the power of political action over social events is natural; but while in some cases, no doubt, the evils felt fall legitimately within the scope of politics, in others, and these are the vast majority, the Government is powerless to effect a cure, or can at best employ but palliative measures. Government can do little more than hold the purse and keep the peace, and put down practices like *Suttee*, which are positively murderous; but even in a case like this, it cannot eradicate the sentiment upon which the practice depends. No social reform can be popularised by official insistence. The educational movement in India, if it is to be effective, must arise from national aspirations, and emanate from a spontaneous impulse.

The situation is now one of extreme social anarchy, and although the disturbance is not widespread, but prevails only among a limited section of the community, the mere existence of a disorganized class within the community is in itself no small evil. A dispassionate consideration of the events passing in Europe may be useful for our guidance. We might learn valuable lessons from the conflict of classes in the West, and steer our course so as to avoid those shoals and breakers upon which at home we are drifting so inevitably. It might have been our policy to weld together existing classes, and bridge over the differences between caste and creed. But in the peculiar situation of the British Government this has now become impossible. The Government is in need of a certain number of intelligent English-speaking natives, who are to hold subordinate appointments and do its work. In consequence it has brought into existence an unfortunate and, as we can now see, most undesirable class for this purpose. A new race has arisen in our midst. We have created an Anglo-Vernacular middle class, whose members seek a livelihood exclusively in service or about the courts of law. The class is fairly represented by the Baboo of Bengal, with whom every one who has been in India is familiar. His virtues are conspicuous, and it is felt as an ungrateful duty in speaking of a community that contains so many men of sterling merit and of a high order of probity and ability, and for whom personally we entertain sincere regard and cordial attachment, to be compelled to criticise its members as a body in terms of disapprobation. It is in no spirit of anger, certainly in no spirit of dislike, that we arrive at an unfavourable opinion of the class. Few English officials are more indebted than the writer for aid and co-operation most generously accorded by natives at all times, and it is far from his wish to record a harsh verdict upon friends, colleagues, and subordinates in a distant country. Those who have known the Baboo longest and best will be the last to speak of him in language of unreserved condemnation.

But justice forces us to say that his virtues are tempered, and sometimes overshadowed, by defects, the result of circumstances over which he has little or no control, but which are none the less disappointing and dangerous. The class is educated—highly educated—as compared with the mass of the people: who can wonder that it should be conceited, and hold itself aloof? The class is debarred from holding the highest offices under Government: who can wonder that it should be discontented? The class is an artificial and exotic product: who can wonder that it should be disorganized and demoralised within itself and in its relations to society at large? Neither national nor foreign, neither native nor European, neither oriental nor occidental, alien to and, in many cases, jealous of the foreign superstructure of Government—alien to and, in many cases, despising the less favoured natives of their own country—the

class of the so-called educated community discharges no civilising or useful function in general society, and internally is torn by discord in the family, and by a life of self-contradiction, more or less, in almost every individual instance. Further complications also have arisen. The narrow sphere in which alone the educated natives find it possible to move is dangerously over-crowded. The exigencies of a foreign Government exclude them from holding the higher offices of State. Social prejudices, the strength of which it is impossible to exaggerate, forbid them to resort to manual work. The conception of the dignity of labour is even now but a faint glimmering light among the advanced civilisations of the West. The conception, however, exists. In India, on the contrary, the idea is rooted that labour is debasing and degrading, and utterly unworthy of a man who is in a social sense of respectable parentage, or of one who although sprung from the lower ranks has penetrated by a knowledge of the mystic symbols into the arcana of the elect. Numbers of young men yearly issue from our institutions who find that they can obtain neither practice in the law courts nor places in the public service. They look back on all the mental toil they have endured, and are chagrined in discovering that in but too many instances it leads to nothing. This accounts mainly for the discontent and restlessness which are perceptible in the rising generation. "It is melancholy," writes Sir Richard Temple, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in his last report: "it is melancholy to see men, who once appeared to receive their honours in the university convocation, now applying for some lowly-paid appointment, almost begging from office to office, from department to department, or struggling for the practice of a petty practitioner, and after all this returning baffled and disheartened to a poverty-stricken home, and then to reflect how far happier their lot might have been had they, while at school or college, been able to move in a healthier atmosphere of thought and freer walks of life. Nevertheless, with these examples before their eyes, hundreds, perhaps thousands of young men, persist in embarking on the same course, which can only lead to the same ending. And one reason, among several reasons, is this, that they still dread and dislike the thought of manual work, even though it be accompanied with mental training. This unhappy prejudice, though not perhaps avowed nor even admitted, is palpably existent and banefully influential."

It is evident in such a condition of things that the general sense of the population of the country is not prepared to acknowledge the priceless boon of education befittingly. The cry for compulsory education which rang through England and forced Parliament into action is a convincing proof—if one were needed—that there is among the people of the West a worthy instinct, a popular craving for education demanding satisfaction, and not an obstinacy requiring

that it should be thrust upon them. An English artisan who is not worn out by excessive toil may, as well as the wealthy, indulge in intellectual pursuits throughout his life: he becomes in virtue of his acquirements a more useful member of the community in which he lives. In India this is not so. It is notoriously the case that when a poor peasant has been raised from his own position in society and taught to read, write, and to keep accounts, his hands forsake the hoe, the plough, and the fishing net, and he struggles through life, mayhap as an humble scribe in the office of the village landholder, or as a hireling accountant or law agent, or he simply degenerates, as often happens, into a lazy and expensive encumbrance upon the other members of his family. There is no national demand for the spread of education. Our efforts are premature. And in the meantime the injury we are likely to inflict on a poor and backward country by encouraging a distaste for manual labour is excessive. Already we have fostered an impression among our subjects that the office and the pen are nobler employments than the shop or plough, and that genteel poverty has a kind of inherent claim to be petted, and rewarded, and exalted above the honest sweat of the ryot or artisan. A common type is that of the penurious student who, having no means to continue his own education, wearies all the European residents of an up-country station to become his patron, and enable him ultimately to secure the prize he covets—a pass in the matriculation examination and a post in Government service. Already the market is overstocked, and the supply of literates in excess of the demand. They are unable to find literary employment. They are too proud to dig; they are not ashamed to beg.

A policy of inactivity is demanded in this crisis. It is the peculiar privilege of man to guide progress, to stimulate action, and where necessary to refrain from interference. And from the Government point of view a policy of inaction is often the most desirable. As far as Government is concerned, the theory of education in India may be regarded as simply a bargain between the British Government on the one hand, and a certain number of natives who are to hold Government appointments on the other. If the Government, as appears most probable, can now obtain an adequate supply of servants without any educational action of its own—well and good: if it cannot, it is its duty to train up the number of servants it requires and no more. It seems to the writer that with the single exception of the development of primary education in the indigenous schools, and possibly of the establishment of a few high institutions for special branches, Government should abstain from any active interference. All systematic education beyond this limit should be left to private enterprise. When the State endeavours to impart “higher instruction,” and thereby, as is implied, to direct and mould the national mind, it deviates wholly from its proper sphere

and inflicts serious injury upon intellectual and moral progress. This is a universal truth, but it is especially applicable to the case of India; and, as things now are in that country, it would surely be the wisest policy to refrain from a course which leads directly to collision with the old theocratic organization. Our chief end in view should be to maintain the *status quo* until modifications can be introduced which shall enable us to pass from the old to the new without perceptible disturbance. Hindoo polytheism is a present basis of moral order, and rests upon foundations so plastic that it can be moulded into the most diverse forms, adapting itself equally to the intellect of the subtle metaphysician and to the emotions of the unlettered peasant. It combines in itself all the elements of intensity, regularity, and permanence. Its chief attribute is stability. The system of caste, far from being the source of all the troubles which can be traced in Hindoo society, has rendered the most important services in the past, and still continues to sustain order and solidarity. The admirable order of Hindooism is too valuable to be rashly sacrificed before any Moloch of progress. Better is order without progress, if that were possible, than progress with disorder. Hindooism is still vigorous, and the strength of its metaphysical subtlety and wide range of influence are yet instinct with life. In the future its distinctive conceptions will be preserved and incorporated into a higher faith; but at present we are utterly incapable of replacing it by a religion which shall at once reflect the national life, and be competent to form a nucleus round which the love and reverence of its votaries may cluster.

We may, indeed, believe that the Eastern nations will some day be brought, with the rest of the world, under one common faith, towards which all discordant religions will eventually converge. But no considerable impulse in this direction is likely to be produced by the mere official experiments of a Government which is alien to the people, and which from no fault of its own is necessarily unsympathetic with caste and polytheism. The Educational Department possesses no adequate force for revolutionising the thoughts and manners of the people. The missionary bodies seem as incapable as laymen of sympathizing with the special idiosyncrasies of the Hindoo intellect. It is certain, however, that the regenerating doctrine must arise in the West. The vanguard of Humanity is in the West; and the development of the race everywhere being due to the same fundamental laws, must correspond in its main features with the earlier development of its most advanced portion. But if we look at the West as it actually is, we find a state of utter confusion in every department of human energy. Nations, churches, and classes are not only at war with one another but are disunited among themselves. It is a serious symptom of insufficiency that there should be found among us those who hope to establish a national

organization upon the fragments of Christendom. It is even more deplorable that any should advocate the wholesale importation into India of European civilisation, in its most material and anarchical form, without any moral safeguards. Revolutionary doctrines may have been unavoidable in Europe. They characterize the transitional epoch between the repressive policy of the old Catholic régime and that healthier policy of the future which is destined to rest upon the basis of a stable and progressive public opinion. But what do such doctrines become when transplanted to the East? There they can form no such transition; they do not arise spontaneously out of the necessities of the existing situation; they can act only as purely disturbing forces, and their disastrous effects will have to be carefully eliminated at some future period. The West must itself be united before it can expect to produce a salutary influence upon the less advanced populations. Any present movement must be premature. Our true policy for some time to come should be one of conservation, to restrict ourselves to maintaining the *status quo*, and to encourage as much as we can a system of protection.

We cannot say what the future, and doubtless it must be a far-distant future, is destined to bring forth. Yet we may hope with a reasonable confidence. Although the prospects of moral progress in India are threatened by gathering clouds, we may derive encouragement from a contemplation of the brilliant success attained by evangelists of an earlier generation. The admirable efforts of the Jesuit missionaries in China, in Southern India, and in Paraguay, have shown the possibility of surmounting obstacles at first sight fairly insuperable. Their success was due to their wonderful power of sympathy, and their rare facility of adaptation to unaccustomed modes of thought and action. They possessed in an eminent degree the apostolic faculty of being all things to all men, without compromising the fundamental principles of their creed. Like skilful pilots they steered clear of an absolute enforcement of doctrine, and instinctively adopted a theory of relativity in all their dealings with the social customs and religions of the Eastern world. Had they possessed a more tractable dogma, they would doubtless have overcome the moral difficulty for themselves. Even in their failure they accomplished a great work, and have set an example of procedure that succeeding missionaries must follow.

H. J. S. COTTON.

## BROCKDEN BROWN.

IT is no affront to our readers to assume that to most of them the name at the head of this paper is wholly unfamiliar. Brockden Brown, as an American critic has remarked, "is rarely spoken of but by those who have an habitual curiosity about everything literary, and a becoming pride in all good writing which appears amongst ourselves [Americans]." His works "have not met with the usual success of leaders in matters of taste, since with all their admiration they have not been able to extend his celebrity much beyond themselves." Some of his novels have been republished in this country, but copies of these it is now difficult to meet with. Yet a public which so liberally admires Hawthorne, ought to know something about a writer of kindred and more potent genius. If Hoffmann's *Night-pieces* and *Fancy Pieces after the manner of Jacques Callot* must rank first in the literature of the Weird, Brockden Brown comes second, and he adds to the weird such elements of psychological subtlety as give him a place to which Hoffman had no claim in the literature of spiritual analysis.

To a daring imagination—the most singular and flexible, perhaps, yet witnessed amongst American writers—Charles Brockden Brown united a placid temperament and a contemplative intellect. Such a combination of seemingly discordant, and yet sharply defined qualities, is almost unique. Deep-rooted melancholy, and the pathos of an apparently disordered mind, distinguish the works of this author, and yet few men were happier in their lives, or more profoundly enjoyed the simple fact of existence. He coveted no complex pleasures or recreations; his greatest solace was Nature; and he extracted happiness from those commonplace pursuits which by most men of genius would have been deemed monotonous and insupportable. His creations are dire, astounding, terrible—his life was sedate, tranquil, serene.

This remarkable writer was born at Philadelphia on the 17th of January, 1771. His ancestry, whom he could trace back for a considerable period, were natives of England, and suffered persecution as Quakers. One of them fled from the country on the same ship with William Penn. By him the family was established in America, and its traditions handed down. His weak constitution debarring him from the sports and amusements of other children, the future novelist developed at a very early age a passionate fondness for books. Even when but an infant, his parents knew that if they but gave him the solace of a book, when he was left alone in the house,



he would remain contentedly behind. When eleven years of age, Brown received in the school of Robert Proud (historian of Pennsylvania), the rudiments of Greek and Latin. His progress, however, which was very great, was attained at the expense of his already enfeebled frame, and for a time he was compelled to abstain from study, and to make frequent excursions into the country for the re-invigoration of his health. As evidence of his early devotion to literary pursuits, as well as his ambition to excel therein, we may mention that before he had completed his sixteenth year, he had written much in prose and verse—certain of these efforts being concerned with the book of Job, the Psalms of David, and passages from Ossian. One year later he sketched plans of three distinct epic poems—one on the discovery of America, another on Pizarro's conquest of Peru, and a third on Cortez's expedition to Mexico. With the warmth and ardour of youth, it seems that he regarded life as valuable only in that it would enable him to complete these great epics. He was not the first who has drawn his bow at the sun.

Brown's youthful activity in the pursuit of knowledge was almost unexampled. His acquaintance with geography was so thorough, that he was a walking chart at the age of ten; while a few years later he taught himself French by the aid of books, and invented for himself a system of shorthand by which he could speedily follow the most rapid speakers verbatim. These, and other facts cited, attest the extraordinary receptivity and spontaneity of his intellect, and were quite sufficient, to an observant spectator, to point to future distinction, in one or other branch of literature. The serious business of life, however, for a time checked the young student's aspirations, and he was called upon to choose a profession. He adopted that of the law, at once one of the most honourable and certainly the most lucrative of the professions in the United States. Mr. Dunlap, his biographer, states that he was thrown into the constant society of men who afterwards became the ornaments of their profession, men with whom he debated abstruse questions of law, yet even amongst these he was distinguished both for solidity of judgment and acuteness of investigation. In the discussions of the Belles Lettres Club, also, Brown excelled his companions both in composition and eloquence. In one of the earliest of his literary efforts—a poetical address to Benjamin Franklin—published in an Edentown newspaper, the fledgeling author was ludicrously unfortunate. It appears that the printer, "from his zeal or his ignorance, or perhaps from both," substituted the name of Washington for that of Franklin. The confusion may be imagined. As he afterwards wrote in his journal, "Washington stands arrayed in awkward colours. Philosophy smiles to behold her darling son; she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory on the field of

battle, to this her favourite candidate who had never participated in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquests of philosophy alone. The printer by his blundering ingenuity made the subject ridiculous; every word of this clumsy panegyric was a direct slander upon Washington, and so it was regarded at the time." Authors frequently feel tempted to take the lives of printers, and in this case Brown might well have advanced the plea of *circumstances atténuantes*. •

The profession of the law did not long retain its fascination for Brown, if indeed it ever really possessed any. He delighted in subtle argument, and in special and abstruse pleading, when these things were pursued in the abstract, as in the case of the debating society of which he was a member; but when it came to the actual drudgery of the law, he revolted from it. His dislike of the law afterwards found expression in his novel of *Ormond*, where he described it as "a tissue of shreds and remnants of a barbarous antiquity, patched by the stupidity of modern workmen into new deformity." His biographer observes that "as the time approached which rendered it necessary for him to pass from the office of his master to one of his own, to consider real instead of fictitious cases, and mingle in real debate as the champion of the really oppressed, the mind of Brown shrank from the scenes he saw preparing for him, and conceived an antipathy to the profession which he had voluntarily chosen, that neither the persuasions nor arguments of his friends, nor his own sense of duty, were sufficient to overcome." With many other sensitive men of genius, who have been unable to reconcile the actualities of human life with their ideal state of existence, Brown shrank within himself, and wherever it was possible avoided contact with the world. The gloomy and unhealthy feelings thus engendered he described under the character of "A Rhapsodist," in a series of papers written for the *Columbian Magazine*. In giving up the law, there was no desire to escape from it because it was laborious, for Brown would have undertaken tasks as difficult as that of Sisyphus, from a conscientious sense of duty. Haunting the purlieus of the law, and giving himself up to the study of its technicalities and puerilities, was regarded by him as incompatible with an earnest striving after an imagined but unrealisable perfection. He was also perplexed with problems which, before and since his time, have agitated minds averse to the promiscuous advocacy which the practice of the law involves. "He professed that he could not reconcile it with his ideas of morality to become indiscriminately the defender of right or wrong; thereby intimating, if not asserting, that a man must, in the practice of the law, not only deviate from morality, but become the champion of injustice. He would demand, what must be the feelings of a lawyer if he had become an auxiliary

in the cause of wrong and rapine? If the widow and the orphan were thus by a legal robbery deprived of their just and righteous claims through the superior artifice or eloquence of the advocate, was he not as criminal as the man who committed such felony without the sanction of a court of justice, and for which the same court would pronounce the severest punishment?"

Moved by these ideas—and sentiment will always have a deeper and profounder influence upon such natures as Brown's than philosophy—it was probably a wise step on his part to relinquish the law; for while his mental gifts, and his chaste and vigorous eloquence eminently fitted him for forensic triumphs, he could have derived neither pleasure nor success from a profession whose practice seemed to him to be subversive of the bases of morality. Later in life, however, he would appear to have greatly modified, if not absolutely to have renounced, the opinions he previously expressed with so much warmth.

It might naturally be supposed that a person who was afflicted with a delicate and sickly constitution, would (at certain periods, at least) give way to melancholy, and contrast his condition unfavourably with that of the rest of mankind. Not so our author; the enjoyments and pleasures of robust and energetic youth never moved him with envy; he regarded them with complacency, delighted at possessing, in the very frailty of his physical nature, an excuse for those habits of introspection and reflection in which his mind delighted. Even in physical defects he discovered gifts and blessings in disguise. We find that having learnt by accident that he was afflicted with a myopism, by putting on spectacles accommodated to such vision, he concluded that he possessed a sight superior to that of ordinary men. "He has only to apply to his eyes what Dr. Rush calls the aid of declining vision, and he is ushered into a new and beautiful creation. He observes that it is in his power to make the sun, the stars, and all surrounding creation sparkle upon his view with renovated lustre and beauty. Not satisfied with this, he goes on to compare his situation with the situation of those who had ever beheld the sun in all his majesty and effulgence. To him he had been in all his glories a stranger; he had never been familiarly acquainted with so glorious a personage." If he perceived less of the beauty of the material universe than other men, the vision he enjoyed was of a keener description, and brought him a deeper and more enduring felicity.

A sad and almost despairing tone breathes in his letters written some time after the relinquishment of his intended profession. His extreme solicitude for the welfare of his relatives as well as for the retention of their good opinion, caused him ultimately poignant regret for the step he had taken, and which was now irrevocable.

The disappointment of his friends, and their anxiety for his future, says Mr. Dunlap, preyed upon his spirits. So strongly was he moved that Brown wrote to a friend that were it not for his relatives and sympathising acquaintances he should long ago have ceased either to exist, or to exist as an inhabitant of America. Yet though almost overwhelmed by personal regrets, nothing gave him so much delight as to hear of the doings of others—to share in their joys and sorrows. But as regards his own concerns he was most reticent. "His correspondence, therefore," we read, "with his most intimate friends, wears a most curious cast. On their side is the utmost frankness in the disclosure of all the little circumstances affording them pleasure; on his part he joins in their joy, and revels in their intellectual hilarity; presents these circumstances again in a more fascinating shape, and makes his page the depository of all the benevolent sympathies in which he so munificently indulges." Yet in return for all this frankness and confidence, he reveals nothing of his own condition; and when pressed to dilate upon the character and tenor of his life, he replies that "his own heart shall be the depository of its own gloomy sensations; and that when he cannot communicate pleasure he will communicate nothing. He represents afflictions as beyond the power of friendship to redress; and that it would be mean in him to excite sympathy so unavailing."

Yet this attitude of singular reservation and self-repression in Brown was not that of the mere misanthrope, for he keenly enjoyed the aspects and influences of nature, and the delights of human friendship. In the *Misanthrope* of Molière, Alceste exclaims—"All men are so odious to me that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes. I have conceived a terrible hatred for them. They are all alike; and I hate all men: some, because they are wicked and mischievous; others, because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous minds." This is pure misanthropy, but of such darker sentiments there was nothing at all in Brockden Brown. He experienced a fervent satisfaction in the gladness of others; he laboured for the good of those dear to him, with unwearied hand and brain; while the contemplation of the outward life in nature thrilled his being with the most grateful sensations. What seemed misanthropy was reserve, whose barriers could not be broken down—a reserve due in the first instance to his sensitive temperament, but deepened by regrets over decisions precipitately acted upon, and his extreme shrinking from wounding the susceptibility of others.

Unable to shake off the burden of his anxiety, Brown left home for a time, and in New York made the acquaintance of Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith, an able physician and a man of culture. The friendship which sprang up between the two had the happiest effects

upon the mind of Brown. One seemed to furnish the necessary complement to the other. Smith appears to have been an economist, a great believer in system, precise in his person, appearance, and life, and endowed with all the ease and grace which belong to the finished man of the world. Brown was the opposite of all these; he would have been cramped and dwarfed by system; he cared as little for providing for the future as the fowls of the air; he was negligent of his personal appearance, and was distrait in mixed society. Yet the two harmonized perfectly, and were genuinely attached to each other until the bonds of friendship were severed by death. A literary society formed in New York, with the title of The Friendly Club, afforded Brown the opportunity of airing his opinions upon social progress and the amelioration of society. Like Hawthorne and the founders of Brook Farm, he speculated upon a Utopia which constantly changed its phases in his vision, but was always surrounded by a halo which was the result of his glowing imagination and his ardent desires for the accomplishment of his dream. Fragmentary references to these ideas and aspirations are to be found here and there in his earlier writings, but as years passed on they became less vivid, and finally were perceived to be altogether impracticable. The generous enthusiasm of youth became tempered by the wisdom of an enlarged experience.

Greatly averse to travel, our author contented himself with excursions into Connecticut and certain other of the American States, and he has left a very pleasant record of a jaunt to Rockaway. In the autumn and winter of 1797 he devoted himself to the composition of *Alcuin*, his first published work. In this book he discusses the matrimonial institution, and puts forth, in an ingenious manner, all the arguments that Godwin before him arrayed against it. In Brown's *Paradise of Women*, extracted from *Alcuin*, we find the following objections: "My objections are weighty ones," says one of the parties to the discussion. "I disapprove of it, in the first place, because it renders the female a slave to the man; it enjoins and enforces submission on her part to the will of her husband; it includes a promise of implicit obedience and unalterable affection. Secondly, it leaves the woman destitute of property; whatever she previously possesses belongs absolutely to the man." Again, "Why is marriage to condemn two human beings to dwell under the same roof, and to eat at the same table, and to be served by the same domestics? This circumstance alone is the source of innumerable ills. Familiarity is the sure destroyer of reverence. All the bickerings and dissensions of a married life flow from no other source than that of too frequent communication. How difficult is it to introduce harmony of sentiment, even on topics of importance, between two persons? But this difficulty is increased in proportion to the

number and frequency, and the connection with our private and personal deportment, of these topics."

After the dialogues of *Alcuin*, Brown commenced something in the shape of a romance, having acquired a powerful incentive from the works of Godwin, whose novel of *Caleb Williams* exercised a singular fascination over him. This new work was never finished, but all that was left of it the writer afterwards published in a collection entitled, *Carwin and other American Tales and Pieces*. In the year 1793 he witnessed the desolation of his native city of Philadelphia by pestilence. The yellow fever committed frightful ravages in America during this year and several succeeding years. The whole of the Brown family joined in the stampede from Philadelphia in time to escape the fever; but, in 1798, Charles, having remained in New York until it was too late to fly, was an eye-witness to the terrible effects of this plague. The scenes which distinguished the disease were peculiarly abhorrent. Writing from New York to his brother James, in August, 1798, he mentioned that he was preparing his novel of *Wieland* for publication, and he also referred to a project, which had been suggested, of a magazine for his benefit. The letter closed with allusions to the new epidemic of yellow fever that had broken out in the city, but he added, "You may be under no concern on my account, since my abode is far enough from the seat of the disease, and my mode of living, from which animal food and spirituous liquors are wholly excluded, gives the utmost security." His family, notwithstanding, wrote him many urgent letters, entreating him to fly from New York as they had fled from Philadelphia. Every day saw the fever cover a still wider area, till some of the finest streets in New York were completely depopulated. At length it effected a lodgment in Brown's own residence, one Scandella having been struck down by the disease. The sufferer was nursed by Brown's most intimate friend, the Dr. Elihu Smith of whom we have already spoken. Brown himself was subsequently attacked by the fever, but it yielded to treatment in the first stages; Scandella and Smith, however, perished. The latter had sacrificed himself in the endeavour to save others, and we are told of his melancholy ending, that "he saw the last symptom of disease, black vomit, pronounced the word 'decomposition,' and died." The scenes of which Brown was the unwilling spectator during this period fixed themselves indelibly upon his imagination.

At the close of 1798, proposals were issued in connection with Brown's new magazine. He was almost alone, amongst all the writers in the United States then living, in the resolve to make a livelihood from the profession of letters alone. *Wieland* was published in 1798, and the following year witnessed the appearance of *Ormond: or, the Secret Witness*. The author's restless mind was

always projecting some new work. In 1799 he had the conception of no fewer than five novels, all of which were more or less in a state of progression. Of these, *Arthur Mervyn* and *Edgar Huntly* were completed, and published in the same year as *Ormond*. In the year 1800 appeared the second part of *Arthur Mervyn*, and in 1801 the novel of *Clara Howard*, which was republished in England under another name. These were all written during Brown's stay in New York. *Jane Tulbot*, his last romance of the same character, was written after his return to Philadelphia. In April, 1799, was published the first number of *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, and Brown continued this work until the close of the year 1800. In October, 1803, the first part of his new periodical, entitled *The Literary Magazine and American Register*, was issued. For five years the editor laboured assiduously at this work, to which he contributed an immense number of sketches and papers. His energy apparently knew no diminution, and recognised no obstacles, for in this same year, 1803, Brown wrote and published the first of three political pamphlets with which his name is associated. This brochure was entitled, "An Address to the Government of the United States, on the cession of Louisiana to the French; and on the late breach of treaty by the Spaniards: including a translation of a memorial on the war of St. Domingo, and cession of the Mississippi to France, drawn up by a French Counsellor of State." In this pamphlet the writer (though assuming the character of a French Counsellor of State) demonstrates his patriotism as an American citizen. Looking back upon the devastations of the late war, he would be still willing to incur as terrible a visitation, if necessary, for the purpose of driving the foreigner from the land. The soil of the United States he regards as sacred and God-given, and the human race demands from its present legitimate owners the exercise of their rights. He deprecates the introduction of an active European power into Louisiana as inimical to American interests and progress. "All on fire to extend their own power," he observes; "fresh from pernicious conquests; equipped with all the engines of war and violence: measuring their own success by the ruin of their neighbours; eager to divert, into the channel of their own, the trade and revenue which have hitherto been ours; raising an insuperable mound to our future progress; spreading among us, with fatal diligence, the seeds of faction and rebellion—what more fatal wound could befall the future population, happiness, and concord of this new world?"

Brown's second political pamphlet dealt with the British Treaty, and was inscribed, "To those Members of Congress who have the sense to perceive, and spirit to pursue, the true interests of their country." In the year 1809 appeared his third political pamphlet, "An Address to the Congress of the United States, on the utility and justice of

Restrictions upon Foreign Commerce, with Reflections on Foreign Trade in General, and the Future Prospects of America." From the constitution of his mind, as may have been already gathered, the political philosophy of Brown was Utopian, but over it there was thrown not only the charm of a fervid affection for his own country, but the glamour of a spirit of benevolence and solicitude that embraced all humanity.

Brown's last novel, *Jane Talbot*, was published in 1804. It is generally confessed that this is the least meritorious of all his works; indeed, had he not already acquired a high reputation, he could certainly not have achieved it by his last romance. In 1804, he married Miss Elizabeth Linn, the sister of an eminent Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia. Brown now settled down in his native city, and in domestic life found that deep happiness for which, as his biographer assures us, his nature eminently fitted him. Enjoying a period of quiet and repose, yet not having won material success by his romances, he conceived the more solid idea of an annual publication to be called the *American Register*. The first volume of this work appeared in 1806, and four others succeeded it before the death of the editor. In addition to presenting the annals of Europe and America, the Register embraced an abstract of laws and public acts, a review of literature, a chronicle of memorable occurrences, foreign and domestic scientific intelligence, American and foreign state papers, and miscellaneous articles. To the last Brown was much enamoured of geographical science, and he left unfinished a system of geography, general and particular, which would have been invaluable if completed. The late Mr. John Murray, who once had the manuscript in his possession, gave it as his opinion that if it had been finished and published, the great work of Malte Brun would never have been translated. Brown, also, executed a number of architectural drawings with such skill and care that they are represented as being more like the works of an engraver than the result of hand-labour.

But while he was devoting himself to his various literary undertakings with almost unexampled energy, his constitutional enemy was secretly gaining upon him. Nothing daunted by the symptoms of consumption, he pursued his labours with unabated courage and devotion, until the disease had made such alarming inroads upon his frame as to necessitate action on the part of his friends. They earnestly recommended a sea voyage, but this he would not listen to. At length, in the summer of 1809, he was prevailed upon to visit his friends in New Jersey and New York, for the purpose of recruiting his health. Writing to his wife from Hoboken, he asks, "When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces



in some men ? and would produce in me, no doubt—at least, when not soured by misfortune. Never—scarcely ever—not longer than half an hour at a time since I have called myself man.” Yet he persistently and unweariedly prosecuted his efforts on behalf of relatives who had been the victims of misfortune, and whom he had voluntarily taken under his own protection. On his return home, his illness assumed a more serious aspect, and from November 10th, 1809, till the 22nd of February, 1810—the day of his death—life was with him one prolonged agony. His age was thirty-nine.

Brockden Brown was unfortunately cut off at the very time when the results of his wide study might reasonably have been expected to be made of service to others. He had little of the spirit of adventure, and on one occasion said he would rather consort with a ploughman or an old market-woman for ever, than expose himself to the hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Ledyard or a Park. He was careless of money, and slovenly in dress, but he was habitually careful in his diet. He abstained from spirituous liquors long before temperance societies were established, and he wrote papers in one of his magazines on the deleterious effects of intemperance, and of the use of greasy articles of food.

Though nominally a Quaker, he had little sympathy with the sect. “The truth is,” he said, “I am no better than an outcast of that warlike sect.” He was as far removed from the ordinary orthodox believer as he was from the atheist. He believed in the common Father of the human race, but beyond that his religion was difficult to define, if, indeed, it recognised any precise dogmas. Finally, Brown differed from the great majority of men in indulging a very modest estimate of his own powers. “Though attached,” says his biographer, “to the seclusion of the closet, though he would for hours be absorbed in architectural studies, measuring proportions with his compasses, and drawing plans of Grecian temples or Gothic cathedrals, monasteries, or castles; though addicted to every kind of abstraction, and attached by habit to reverie, he would break off with the utmost ease from these favourite occupations of his mind, and enter into conversation on any topic with a fluency and copiousness which approached to the finest eloquence. He was never dictatorial or intrusive; and, although pleased when holding discourse, and conscious of superior colloquial talents, he was, among men of the world, or loud and long talkers, generally silent, though not perhaps a listener. Though not, imposing in personal appearance, and with great simplicity of manners, he was winning in his address, and made friends of both sexes wherever he felt that the object was worthy. A man of uncommon acquirements, superior talents, amiable manners, and exalted virtues.”

Turning now to a consideration of the works of this writer, the

one abiding impression left upon the mind after a perusal of his novels is that of a singular and abnormal imagination. We remember nothing exactly like them, either amongst English or American writers, and upon a first reflection they seem utterly out of harmony with the nature and disposition of the author himself. There is a fulness and spontaneity of eloquence in some of these romances which can only be matched by Shelley in poetry; and between these two minds there was not a little in common. Had Shelley written novels, we can well imagine that they would have been after the same type as Brown's—distinguished for a grand picturesqueness, and a bold and vivid imagination. One who knew Shelley well is reported to have said that "nothing so blended itself with the structure of his interior mind, as the creations of Brown." Much has been said of the similarity that exists between Godwin and Brockden Brown, and yet they present as many points of difference as of concord. Undoubtedly, Brown was a close reader of the author of *Political Justice*, but the cast of mind and disposition of the two varied considerably. The English philosopher was to a great extent cold, calculating, precise, and diplomatic. Brown was the very reverse of all these; he was calm and placid, not from lack of sympathy, of which he had abundance, but from his soft and childlike disposition. Then, too, he had moments of high poetic exaltation to which Godwin was a stranger. He has left on record, nevertheless, his sense of "the transcendent merits of *Caleb Williams*," a work which impressed him so profoundly as to cause him the deepest dissatisfaction with his own early literary efforts. But the one protracted horror of *Caleb Williams* differs altogether from the fearful and ghostly situations in Brown's best novels. Indeed there is another work by Godwin which must have remained upon Brown's memory as clearly as, if not more so than, the masterpiece of fiction just named. It is in *St. Leon* that we see a nearer approach to the class of mysterious and apparently supernatural incidents in which Brown revelled. Passion was finely and terribly depicted in *Caleb Williams*, but it was in *St. Leon* that Godwin endeavoured to "mix human passions and feelings with incredible situations," to use his own language. The hero, St. Leon, becomes the depository of the two mighty secrets, the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir Vitæ. He becomes endowed with boundless wealth, and enjoys complete immunity from disease, weakness, and death. This strange romance, saturated with improbability, must have exercised, equally with its predecessor, a wonderful influence over Brown. Accordingly, as the first important result of his traffic with the mysterious phenomena of nature, we have the novel of *Wieland: or, the Ventriloquist*. This title, however, conveys no notion of the exact character of the romance. To a reader of an unsympathetic or unimaginative mind,

it must always appear a very unsatisfactory work. The invention is so bizarre, the machinery so fantastic and unexpected. The author claims that the incidents occurred between the conclusion of the French and the beginning of the Revolutionary war; but the opinion of the reader will be that the age of miracles has indeed returned, if he be called upon to affirm his belief in the extraordinary events recorded in *Wieland*. We do not now refer to the conduct of the younger Wieland, for no deeds can be more strange, more cruel, or more revolting than those sometimes committed under the pressure of religious hallucination. The experience of Wieland in this direction is enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The Wieland family, doomed to premature extinction, consists of Wieland himself, his wife, and three children, his sister (who relates the story), a bosom friend named Pleyel, and an adopted daughter. The mysterious death of Wieland's father by self-combustion impressed the son very deeply, till he became reserved, grave, and the subject of religious previsions. Moral necessity and Calvinistic inspiration were the props on which he reposed. Carwin, the bilquist, destined to be the spring of every evil to this happy family, contracted a familiarity with its members under the most singular circumstances. He first began to act with his secret and extraordinary powers upon Wieland himself. The wretched man having left his home one day, suddenly imagines he hears his wife's voice by his side. He converses with her, but on reaching home he is amazed to discover that she has never quitted the house. This becomes the first strong intimation to Wieland of that which he has always suspected since his father's death—that he is to be the direct subject of Divine communications. Pleyel is next informed, apparently by the same supernatural agency, that his mistress, who is in Europe, is dead; and long afterwards it is shown that at this time she had given out a report of her own death for a special purpose. Wieland's sister next passes under the spell of Carwin. His first appearance before her made a vivid and indelible impression upon her, and in describing his person she says—"His cheeks were pallid and lank, his eyes sunken, his forehead overshadowed by coarse straggling hairs, his teeth large and irregular, though sound and brilliantly white, and his chin discoloured by a tetter. His skin was of coarse grain and sallow hue. Every feature was wide of beauty, and the outline of his face reminded you of an inverted cone; and yet his forehead, so far as shaggy locks would allow it to be seen, his eyes lustrously black, and possessing, in the midst of haggardness, a radiance inexpressibly serene and potent, and something in the rest of his features which it would be in vain to describe, but which served to betoken a mind of the highest order, were essential ingredients in the portrait." But to describe the *character*

of this most fatal of mankind she has no adequate language. When she calls up his image her blood is congealed, and her fingers palsied. Pleyel and Wieland's sister become the subjects of a mutual affection, but it is blasted when the former is an ear-witness to the assignations of the lady with another lover. The mystery deepens; it is in vain she endeavours to explain, and her arguments only convince Pleyel that she adds hypocrisy to dissoluteness, and he flies from the scene. It is Carwin who has wrecked their happiness by the exercise of his marvellous powers. She constantly hears mysterious voices, but they are rather directed towards her preservation than otherwise. Meanwhile, the subjugation of Wieland to the Divine will—for such he takes to be the end of the manifestations of which he is the subject—proceeds in terrible stages. He also believes in the supposed fall of his sister from virtue. A friend who arrives at the house of the Wielands, assures the sister that Francis Carwin is a criminal who has escaped from Newgate prison—that he had been found guilty upon two indictments of robbery and murder. A correspondent, speaking of Carwin, describes him in general terms “as the most incomprehensible and formidable among men; as engaged in schemes reasonably suspected to be in the highest degree criminal, but such as no human intelligence is able to unravel; that his ends are pursued by means which leave it in doubt whether he be not in league with some infernal spirit; that his crimes have hitherto been perpetrated with the aid of some unknown but desperate accomplices; that he wages a perpetual war against the happiness of mankind, and sets his engines of destruction at work against every object that presents itself.” Wieland, carrying out, as he believes, the mandate of Heaven, first murders his wife. He had earnestly prayed for the substitution of some other victim, and would readily have given his own life; but the Divine fiat had gone forth, and he must obey it. After the deed had been perpetrated, he again heard the mysterious voice directing him as follows:—“Thou hast done well, but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete: thy children must be offered; they must perish with their mother!” And he forthwith takes the lives of his three innocents. He next endeavours to take the life of his sister, but fails. He is arrested, and thrown into prison. Endowed with superhuman energy and strength, he bursts all bonds, escapes, and once more appears at his own home. Carwin has just revealed to Wieland's sister the power of ventriloquation which he possesses; but when he is aware of the awful crimes which have resulted from his use of it, he professes his innocence of any intention to instigate these deeds, and expresses the utmost horror of them. He then relates his past history. Wieland returns during the recital, and thanks God when he perceives his sister, for she is to be the final victim of that

holocaust whereby the Divine will shall have been completely fulfilled in his own person. He is proceeding to this last sacrifice, when his hand is arrested. She reveals to him that he has been acting under the instigation of Carwin—a fact which she herself firmly believed. Wieland is seized with a fearful trembling; he does not comprehend all; but he hears the voice again, this time to assure him that he has acted not upon supernatural decree, but in obedience to the fanatical guidance of his disordered senses. He is transformed at once into the man of sorrows. His blissful visions are ended; his eyes are without moisture, and gleam with the fire that consumes his vitals. He grasps the knife which lies upon the ground, plunges it to the hilt in his own neck, and his life instantly escapes with the stream that gushes from the wound. Thus ends the career of one whose mind, devoted to morbid introspection and religious delusions, was already prepared for the operations and impostures of Carwin.

Where the author will be regarded as having overstepped the bounds between the natural and the supernatural is in such incidents as that of the spontaneous combustion of the elder Wieland. It may or may not be that history furnishes a parallel case of the extinction of life and bodily decomposition; but we require more evidence upon the question, and upon the process, than we find tendered here. But as an imaginary instance of that alleged awful and mysterious phenomenon of nature, self-combustion, the narration in this romance is at once graphic and enthralling. Having beheld a prelusive gleam, and witnessed other prognostications of his fate, the father of the hero is environed by a fiery cloud, and at last perishes; “yet not till insupportable exhalations, and crawling putrefaction, had driven from his chamber and the house every one whom their duty did not detain.”

The successive scenes in which the story of *Wieland* is worked out are instinct with dramatic power; while the strange and incomprehensible appearances of Carwin excite alternate emotions of terror and disgust—emotions enhanced by the mystery which envelopes his deeds, and the potent influence which he wields over his unsuspecting victim. Especially eloquent and impassioned is that chapter of the novel where Wieland is placed at the bar of justice to answer for his crimes, and he delivers a reply “with significance of gesture, and a tranquil majesty, which denoted less of humanity than god-head.” We have not space to give the pathetic parts of Wieland’s address, but we quote its opening passages as indicating the line of his defence, and as showing the level of simple yet singularly impressive rhetoric attained by the author throughout the novel:—

“Theodore Wieland, the prisoner at the bar, was now called upon for his defence. He looked around him for some time in silence, and with a mild countenance. At length he spoke:—

“It is strange; I am known to my judges and auditors. Who is there present a stranger to the character of Wieland? Who knows him not as a husband—as a father—as a friend? Yet here am I arraigned as a criminal. I am charged with diabolical malice! I am accused of the murder of my wife and my children!

“It is true they were slain by me; they all perished by my hand. The task of vindication is ignoble. What is it that I am called upon to vindicate! and before whom?

“You know that they are dead, and that they were killed by me. What more would you have? Would you extort from me a statement of my motives? Have you failed to discover them already? You charge me with malice; but your eyes are not shut; your reason is still vigorous; your memory has not forsaken you. You know whom it is that you thus charge. The habits of his life are known to you; the treatment of his wife and his offspring are known to you; the soundness of his integrity, and the unchangeableness of his principles, are familiar to your apprehension; yet you persist in this charge! You load me hither manacled as a felon; you deem me worthy of a vile and tormenting death!

“Who are they whom I have devoted to death? My wife—the little ones that drew their being from me—that creature who, as she surpassed them in excellence, claimed a larger affection than those whom natural affinities bound to my heart. Think ye that malice could have urged me to this deed? Hide your audacious fronts from the scrutiny of Heaven. Take refuge in some cavern unvisited by human eyes. Ye may deplore your wickedness or folly, but ye cannot expiate it.

“Think not that I speak for your sakes. Hug to your hearts this detestable infatuation. Doem me still a murderer, and drag me to untimely death. I make not an effort to dispel your illusion; I utter not a word to cure you of your sanguinary folly: but there are probably some in this assembly who have come from far. For their sakes, whose distance has disabled them from knowing me, I will tell what I have done, and why.

“It is needless to say that God is the object of my supreme passion. I have cherished in his presence a single and upright heart; I have thirsted for the knowledge of his will; I have burnt with ardour to approve my faith and my obedience. My days have been spent in searching for the revelation of that will; but my days have been mournful, because my search failed. I solicited direction. I turned on every side where glimmerings of light could be discovered. I have not been wholly uninformed; but my knowledge has always stopped short of certainty. Dissatisfaction has insinuated itself into all my thoughts. My purposes have been pure, my wishes indefatigable; but not till lately were those purposes thoroughly accomplished, and these wishes fully gratified.

“I thank thee, my Father, for thy bounty; that thou didst not ask a less sacrifice than this; that thou placedst me in a condition to testify my submission to thy will! What have I withheld which it was thy pleasure to exact? Now may I, with dauntless and erect eye, claim my reward, since I have given thee the treasure of my soul.”

The accused then proceeds in vehement language to set forth the black catalogue of his crimes, with the method of their accomplishment.

What was the author's object in this story, which is a veritable *tour de force* of passion, misery, and terror? Some may object that the exceptional manifestations of Nature are not legitimate groundwork for the purposes of fiction; but there is no reason why that which is apparently beyond Nature, as well as that which in

humanity strikes us with horror and awe, should not be taken by the artist whose genius has a special susceptibility in that direction. Brown used these things, and practically conveyed an indelible lesson against all superstition. Man is rebuked for his proneness to believe that he is worked upon by supernatural powers, and the crimes of *Wieland* are a protest against those hysterical religious feelings which may not always result in such dire calamities, but which—when cherished and brooded over—inevitably lead to the dethronement of reason. In the hands of a tiro, the materials of which *Wieland* is composed would have resulted in a melodrama of the commonest and most pinchbeck order; but being infused by the spirit and power of genius, they are transformed into a gloomy and awful tragedy, in which the reader forgets for a time the incredibility of the incidents and the impossibility of the situations.

*Wieland*, upon the whole, deservedly ranks as Brown's completest work of fiction. There is method in its composition, order in its development, and naturalness in its termination. In many of the author's efforts he appears to have devoted himself to the manipulation of particular phases of passion with an energy that has not served him throughout the work. Hence the fragmentary and unequal character of some of his novels. The great charge against him is that he has departed from the realities of every-day life. Griswold defends him by affirming that "the most incredible of his incidents had parallels in true history, and the metaphysical unity and consistency of his novels are apparent to all readers familiar with psychological phenomena." Griswold appears to have accepted Brown's own statements of the alleged facts upon which his novels were based. Even his warmest defender admits that he disregarded rules and cared little for criticism. This attitude of superiority to the laws which are supposed to govern fiction has in several cases marred the effect of what is otherwise really fine and remarkable work. The plain truth is that all this talk about probabilities and possibilities is wholly beside the mark. It is senseless to criticise a fairy tale by the standard of the morning paper, and it is just as senseless and perverse to insist on cramping invention within the arbitrary limits of commonplace realities as seen through commonplace vision.

In *Ormond*, Brown again devotes himself to the development of individual character. All his strength is spent upon the delineation of the hero of the novel, who in some respects appears more diabolical than *Wieland*. An affinity has been traced between *Ormond* and *Falkland*, the hero of Godwin's celebrated romance. In the outset this affinity appears real and substantial, but as *Ormond* gradually unfolds himself, it is perceived that the affinity is only superficial. Both characters are conceived originally in the most

amiable colours; they are the paragons of benevolence and moral excellence—but lines of divergence quickly appear. Falkland has been drawn into the commission of a solitary act which haunts him with fatalistic power; but his real sentiments are what they first appear to be. Ormond, on the contrary, is one of those beings who place before themselves supreme objects of good, and are prepared to commit wholesale crimes to compass these objects. He is an angel of light to Constantia Dudley at the very moment when he is plotting her ruin, and overwhelming her with obligations the more readily to lead to the accomplishment of his desires. Failing in all, he endeavours to force her virtue, after having removed her father from his path. Here is a glimpse of the true character of this man, who to the world at large appears a second Bayard :

“The enormity of this deed (the murder of the heroine’s father) appeared by no means incongruous with the sentiments of Ormond. Human life is momentous or trivial in our eyes according to the course which our habits and opinions have taken. Passion greedily accepts, and habit readily offers, the sacrifice of another’s life; and reason obeys the impulse of education and desire. A youth of eighteen, a volunteer in a Russian army encamped in Bessarabia, made a prey of a Tartar girl, found in the field of a recent battle. Conducting her to his quarters, he met a friend, who, on some pretence, claimed the victim. From angry words they betook themselves to their swords. A combat ensued, in which the first claimant ran his antagonist through the body. He then bore his prize unmolested away, and having exercised brutality of one kind upon his victim, stabbed her to the heart, as an offering to the manes of Sarsfield, the friend whom he had slain. Next morning, willing more signally to expiate his guilt, he rushed alone upon a troop of Turkish foragers, and brought away five heads, suspended by their gory locks to his horse’s mane. These he cast upon the grave of Sarsfield, and conceived himself fully to have expiated yesterday’s offence. In reward for his prowess, the general gave him a commission in the Cossack troops. This youth was Ormond, and such is a specimen of his exploits, during a military career of eight years, in a warfare the most savage and implacable, and at the same time the most iniquitous and wanton, which history records.”

This combination of Moloch and Belial was never the character of Godwin’s Falkland. Yet both romances have the common object of demonstrating the Fatalistic tendency of a master-passion. From the smouldering fire rises a Vesuvius of destruction. In the case of Ormond the ruin which he works is of a complete and devastating nature. There is no villainy so hateful, and yet at the same time so cruel and powerful for evil, as that which fashions and matures its purposes under the cloak of virtue and benevolence.

In the first part of *Arthur Mervyn*, or *Memoirs of the Year 1793*, Brown depicts the horrors of pestilence as witnessed in the city of Philadelphia. As he observed in the preface to his work, it is scarcely possible for such visitations to pass away without giving rise in thoughtful and humanitarian minds to schemes of reformation and improvement in the future, which, if they cannot wholly avert such visitations, may at least mitigate their effects. In the



autumn of 1793 Philadelphia presented scenes of terror, and yet at the same time of fortitude and constancy, whose parallel must be sought for in the plague-stricken cities of the ancient world. "He that depicts," says the author, "in lively colours, the evils of disease and poverty, performs an eminent service to the sufferers, by calling forth benevolence in those who are able to afford relief; and he who portrays examples of disinterestedness and intrepidity, confers on virtue the notoriety and homage that are due to it, and rouses in the spectators the spirit of salutary emulation."

The novel opens with the discovery of Arthur Mervyn leaning against the wall of a mansion in Philadelphia stricken with the terrible fever. He is rescued by a humane passer-by, and conveyed to his own home, where he is tenderly nursed by his wife. While recovering, a stranger appears upon the scene, who poisons the mind of his benefactors against Mervyn. As the result of this, the hero narrates his own story. He is the son of a Pennsylvanian yeoman. After the death of his mother, his father marries a low-bred woman; and Arthur, unable longer to remain under the paternal roof, endeavours to push his fortunes in Philadelphia. Meeting with a young man, to whom he reveals his situation, he is conveyed to a magnificent mansion, and is there locked up in a closet. A husband, who has deposited an infant in his wife's bed in the hope that having just lost her own, she will adopt it, enters the adjoining apartment. Arthur hears the dialogue which ensues, and also the details of a plot for defrauding a rich nabob of thirty thousand dollars. He at length procures his freedom, and determines to leave the city. He begs from a passing stranger money to carry him over the Schuylkill, whereupon his patron hears his story, becomes interested in him, and engages him as his amanuensis. He is clothed in new garments by his employer Welbeck, and is astonished to discover the great similarity between himself and a mad youth named Clavering, who had died under his father's roof. Welbeck introduces Mervyn to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who is filled with the strongest emotion on noticing Mervyn's resemblance to another. Mervyn deems Welbeck to be an illustrious foreigner, expatriated from Europe, and the lady he regards as his daughter, while the youth to whom he bears so extraordinary a resemblance was doubtless her brother, to whom she was deeply attached. Mervyn, after having been bound to secrecy as to all that has gone before, is requested by Welbeck to carry a letter to a Mrs. Wentworth. When he sees this lady she also is surprised by his appearance. In her house he discovers a portrait of Clavering, drawn by himself, and given to Mervyn by the artist, but lost with some other things by Arthur. He ascertains from Mrs. Wentworth that Clavering was the son of the gentleman who

owned the house in which Welbeck resides. Clavering had suddenly disappeared. Mervyn's suspicions of his patron are now aroused, and amongst other things he discovers that the supposed daughter can only sustain the relation of a wife towards Welbeck. The plot thickens, and one night Mervyn hears the report of a pistol from Welbeck's room. On proceeding thither, he finds his patron gazing upon the corpse of a man just murdered. Welbeck now discloses his career of villainy. The lady who is with him is one of his victims, thrown into his power by the death of her brother, whose property he has taken. The man lying dead, named Watson, is a person who has come to take vengeance upon him for another crime. Mervyn now assists Welbeck in burying the body of Watson, and then accompanies the former across the Delaware. Welbeck is apparently drowned, but Mervyn saves himself, and also a pocket-book given him by the drowning man. Mervyn afterwards discovers, pasted between the leaves of this book, bank-notes to the amount of twenty-thousand dollars, which belong to the daughter of one Lodi. Mervyn, who has been residing in the country for some time past, returns to Philadelphia, for the purpose of discovering the owner of the notes. He enters the city at the time of the pestilence, and passes through a series of the most extraordinary adventures. In Welbeck's house, he is astonished by the apparition of his former patron. Welbeck had not committed suicide in the Delaware as supposed, but had safely reached the Jersey shore. He also has now returned to Philadelphia, for the purpose of securing the treasure he had lost. Mervyn confronts him, and acknowledges his possession of the notes. Welbeck endeavours to recover them, but in the end the notes are burned to ashes. Other incidents follow, and finally Mervyn, who was suffering from the fever, is rescued by the person to whom he tells his story.

This novel abounds in improbabilities and contradictions, and it is almost impossible to trace its complicated plot. Episodes are introduced which have no connection whatever with what has gone before, and as little to do with that which comes after them. In fact, the whole romance is an *olla podrida* of startling events. But there are passages in it which for beauty and eloquence have never been excelled by the author. The incidents are exceedingly dramatic, and the descriptions singularly graphic and picturesque. The novelist has defied the probabilities, but has succeeded in producing a brilliant series of rhetorical effects. The following passage is taken from Arthur Mervyn's narrative of the ravages of the pestilence—

"The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I entered High Street after night-fall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

"The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated as before by lamps, but between the Schuylhill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures, and these were ghostlike, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and as I approached, changed their course to avoid me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

"I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have seen brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle which I presently recognised to be a hearse. The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, 'I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the fever that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes. . . .'

"'Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but, curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!' continued he, looking up and observing me, standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse, 'What's wanted—anybody dead?'

"I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure."

Similar horrible instances of premature interment have been recorded in connection with the Great Plague of London and other pestilential visitations.

The descriptions of the plague in Philadelphia given in the first part of *Arthur Mervyn* have been ranked by some with Boccaccio's narrative of the Plague of Florence and Defoe's History of the Plague of London; and, undoubtedly, they possess all the force and vigour of the latter work. The second part of *Arthur Mervyn* need not detain us, for, while it contains isolated chapters of great excellence, it exceeds its predecessor in the inconsequence and unnecessarily complicated character of its incidents.

Brown's power of exciting breathless apprehension was never more strikingly shown than in *Edgar Huntly*. Events giving rise to wonder and suspense follow each other in rapid succession. We forget to discuss whether the characters are natural or not, and lose ourselves in their astounding experiences. It has been said of the description in this novel of the encounter between the hero and a panther, that to find a parallel for it we must go to the scene under the cliffs in *The Antiquary*, or that between the two ladies and the panthers in *The Pioneers*. Again has the author fallen back upon an abnormal human manifestation for the groundwork of his romance. Somnambulism has been called into requisition to produce startling

and ingenious effects. Nor is this all; for there has been pressed into service the immitigable hostility which existed—and still in part exists—between European settlers in the States and the Indian tribes. Conflicts between the whites and the indigenous Indians are detailed with realistic power, and opportunity is also given for the delineation of the magnificent scenery which abounds in the western portion of the American continent. We shall not attempt an analysis of this novel; but merely remark that it is a story told by the hero to the sister of his friend, Waldegrave, who has been mysteriously murdered under the boughs of an elm in the midst of a private road in a wild and romantic district of Pennsylvania. Huntly finds the sleep-walker, Clithero, at the murdered man's grave, and instinctively connects him with the crime. Clithero leads him a long and dangerous circuit through mountain fastnesses and over precipices, until the former plunges into a cavern and disappears. The scenes which ensue are of the most extraordinary description, and the imagination which conceived them may be justly called portentous. The life-long misery of Clithero, which assumed a maniacal form, had been caused by the supposed death of his patroness, with whose death he had always charged himself. After a series of adventures which it would be difficult to match out of our author's own works, it is shown that the lady is still alive. Clithero has become a hopeless madman, however, and commits suicide. This singular being, who towers through the novel like the spectre of the Brocken, is one of the most vivid portraitures of a class peculiar to Brown. Half man, half demon, he excites in the reader the most conflicting emotions—commiseration giving way to terror, terror to disgust, and disgust once more, and finally, to pity.

The novel of *Clara Howard* in some respects follows the lines of the work we have been discussing; but it lacks originality; and as Brown's chief merit lies neither in plot nor in individuality of character, but in the eloquence and romantic character of his narrative, when these fail him (as they do to a great extent in this later novel) he is not likely to retain the attention of the reader. Told in the form of letters, the history of Clara Howard is related with a method and perspicuity absent from Brown's other works; but what he gains in straightforward narrative and orderly plan, he loses in passion, force, intensity, genius. He has written with aquafortis before, but in *Clara Howard* he descends to the ordinary ink, shed in such immense quantities by the general purveyors of fiction.

But if (as we have already implied) Brown's novels must not be turned to for studies of character—save chiefly as concerns individuals under the control of strange or abnormal impulses—one exception certainly demands to be made in favour of the heroine of *Ormond*. Constantia Dudley—natural and attractive in the highest

degree from the human point of view—is such a character as our leading English novelists need not have been ashamed to conceive. Shelley, who had a great distaste for novels as such, was greatly enamoured of this character, and expressed his strong admiration of the author's skill in her delineation. The daughter of an immensely wealthy American citizen, she is gradually reduced, by the reverses of fortune, to the deepest poverty. But trouble proves the true alembic for testing the depth and tenderness of her nature. When she is sixteen, the storm of adversity bursts in its full force upon her father's house. Her beauty, and the graces of her mind, attract a thousand admirers; but she resists them all to minister to the comfort of her father, who becomes blind, and falls into premature decay. The fever breaks out in the city; its ravages are terrible; but, surrounded by poverty and disease, Constantia pursues a charmed life, animated by a noble virtue and a splendid heroism. Highly educated and refined, and accustomed to all the luxuries which unbounded wealth can supply, she is compelled to descend, by stages which are the result of machination and villainy, to a condition of life which is a very lazaret-house of poverty and disease. Yet through all she preserves the same sublime attitude of resignation and endurance, and attracts the admiration of even an Ormond, who loves her with all the passion of which such a nature is capable. She resists his attempts to entrap her affections, and when at length he endeavours to subject her to vileness and pollution, with Spartan courage and resolution she resists him to the death. There is nothing vague and shadowy in the character of Constantia Dudley, as is the case with so many of the novelist's *dramatis personæ*; she gives one the impression of being a representation from life: she is a true woman, of a high and pure, but not an impossible type.

In one passage of *Clara Howard*, Brown shows that he was fully alive to the influence which Europe still wielded over both the literature and the character of the American people. Edward Hartley, the hero of the story, exclaims—"Our books are almost wholly the productions of Europe, and the prejudices which infect us are derived chiefly from this source. These prejudices may be somewhat rectified by age and by converse with the world, but they flourish in full vigour in youthful minds, reared in seclusion and privacy, and undisciplined by intercourse with various classes of mankind. In me they possessed an unusual degree of strength. My words were selected and defined according to foreign usages, and my notions of dignity were modelled on a scale which the Revolution has completely taken away. I could never forget that my condition was that of a *peasant*, and in spite of reflection, I was the slave of those sentiments of self-contempt and humiliation which pertain to that condition elsewhere,

though chimerical and visionary on the western side of the Atlantic." The sensitive mind of Brown, and his pride as an American citizen, revolted from European manners and customs. There is no peasantry, as such, in the United States; hence, between the freeholder, however poor, and the richest citizen, there existed none of those sharp class distinctions which pertain to English society. Brown longed for the time when, just as America had triumphantly thrown off English tyranny, she would be able to throw off English customs and the prejudices derived from English literature.

The question, how it comes to pass that with all his power and originality, Charles Brockden Brown has never enjoyed the distinction of a popular writer, is not readily answered. It may, indeed, be said that the link between his creations and humanity in general is missing; there is no accord between them; and, moreover, he is an utter stranger to the humorous faculty. Much also might be said with regard to his deficiencies in the construction of plot; but, on the other hand, there must be set against these the varied charms of his style—its eloquence, its clearness, and its nervousness.

In Brown we not only behold a pioneer in the world of fiction, but one of the earliest of those writers who have endeavoured to give a native tone and character to American literature. Cut off at an age when he had only just begun to gauge his own powers, and to subjugate an imagination which had hitherto revelled in its wild luxuriance and growth, he has left behind him a surprising indication of possible achievements, rather than work accomplished of that full and compact nature of which he was capable. Like the great nation of which he formed a part, he was struggling with a youth of noble potentialities. Hawthorne, Cooper, and others have since done more perfect work, but in none was there evidence of precisely the same latent original power. He was the intellectual product of a people as yet in its nonage, and which stepped forth amidst the nations of the world with all the hope and elasticity of youth, yet lacking the stronger fibre of manhood. To circumscribe the nature and extent of Brockden Brown's literary labours, however, had the Fates been propitious and his life been prolonged, would have been hazardous. But he passed away ere he had reached those greater heights to which he aspired, and which seemed accessible enough to such uncommon talents, such restless energy, and such powerful inspiration.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

## THE DOCTRINE OF METEMPSYCHOSIS.<sup>1</sup>

It seems surprising that in the discussions of contemporary philosophy on the origin and destiny of the soul, there has been no explicit revival of the doctrines of Pre-existence and Metempsychosis. Whatever may be their intrinsic worth, or evidential value, their title to rank on the roll of philosophical hypotheses is undoubted. They offer quite as remarkable a solution of the mystery which all admit as the rival theories of Creation, Traduction, and Extinction.

What I propose in this paper is not to defend the doctrines, but to restate them ; to distinguish between their several forms ; to indicate the speculative grounds on which the most plausible of them may be maintained ; to show how it fits as well into a theistic as into a pantheistic theory of the universe ; and to point out the difficulties in the ethical problem which it lightens if it does not remove.

I may best approach the question by a statement of the chief difficulty which seems to block the way of a belief in Immortality, arising out of the almost universal acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution as explanatory of physical existence, and one of the considerations by which it has been met. This will lead, by natural sequence, to the theories in question.

The difficulty is this. Admitting the development of man out of prior conditions, and retaining a belief in his immortality, a point must have been reached when a mortal predecessor gave rise to an immortal successor. If all that now is has issued inexorably out of what once was, and the human race been gradually evolved out of a prior type, we have but three alternatives to choose from : either first, the whole series is mortal ; or second, the whole is immortal ; or third, a long series of mortal ancestors gave place, at a leap and a bound, to an immortal descendant, the father of a race of immortals. There is no other possible alternative, if we admit a process of development. The first of the three may be set aside meanwhile, since it is the doctrine of the natural mortality or extinction of the individual. The second, presents the insuperable difficulty of the continued existence in a separate form of all the living creatures that have ever appeared on the stage of being ; because it is impossible to draw a line anywhere amongst them, and say that the dog is immortal but the reptile is not ; or that the reptile is, while the bee and the ant are not ; or that they are, while the myriad tribes of the protozoa are not. We are, therefore, limited to the third hypothesis, viz., that a point was reached when immortality was evolved ; that

(1) The substance of a paper read to the New Speculative Society, Scotland, November, 1877.

is to say, that the power of surviving the shock of dissolution was non-existent for ages, but that it became real in a moment of time, when the mortal creature that preceded man gave birth to one who was an "heir of immortality." In stating the problem thus, I merely indicate the logical result of admitting the principle of Evolution as explanatory of physical existence, and conjoining with it the doctrine of Immortality. The derivation of the human body from a lower type is quite consistent with the latter doctrine, because the body is not immortal. It is, besides, a much worthier notion, and more in keeping with analogy, to suppose that the body was formed by natural process out of a previous animal organization, than to imagine it to have been instantaneously created out of the inorganic dust of the world. But was the human soul similarly evolved out of the vital principle of the previous races? Was the ζωή of the animal the parent of the ψυχή, or πνεῦμα, in man? This is the development theory in its completed form. If it be demonstrable, it is certain that man cannot be immortal. His race may be permanent (though, by the hypothesis, it is perpetually altering), but the individuals composing it cannot live for ever. It is impossible, in short, that Immortality can be a prerogative evolved out of mortality, because the one is separated from the other, to use an expressive phrase of Norris's, "by the whole diameter of being." This is the difficulty in question.

It has been met, or attempted to be met, by the following consideration. It is alleged that the case was precisely the same in reference to the first immortal evolved out of a mortal ancestor as it is in reference to any of his descendants, because in both cases the beginnings of life are similar. These may be physiologically traced; and a point is always reached when a possible mortality is averted. The "first beginnings of individual life," says Mr. Picton, "do not involve immortality: and when such an incipient merely germinant life deceases, it perishes utterly." There must be a period reached, therefore, at which immortality begins. "If an individual died one moment before a certain time he would be annihilated: whereas, if he survives a moment longer, he will live for ever" (New Theories and the Old Faith, p. 199). And so it is thought that a time comes when the personality of the individual matures, when "his isolation grows defined," and he is thenceforward able to "survive the shock of death;" whereas, had his bodily organization perished one moment earlier, his destiny would have been simply to remerge in the general whole. Thus, the immaterial principle which in a thousand cases dies, and passes into some other form of immaterial energy, survives in the case of others, and wins permanence for itself by successfully resisting the first perils of independent life. Such is the rejoinder.



I cannot think this way of escaping the difficulty a satisfactory one, unless the principle which survives is believed to have existed previously in some other form. The difference between immortality and mortality is not one of degree. It is literally infinite, and the one can never give rise to the other. The immortal cannot, in the nature of things, be developed out of the mortal. A creature endowed with feeble powers of life may originate another endowed with stronger powers, which will therefore live longer, and be able to survive the storms which had shipwrecked its feebler ancestors; but this is a totally different thing from the evolution of an immortal progeny out of a series of mortal predecessors. Let us suppose, however, that the immortal has descended, that it has "lapsed from higher place," or that it has ascended, risen from some lower sphere, immortality may then belong to its very *essence*. It may, in its inmost nature, be incapable of death, its destiny being a perpetual transmigration, or renewal of existence. The distinction between a theory of evolution (which admits immortality) and that of transmigration is immense. According to the former, man at a definite moment of time emerged out of the animal, and the power of surviving the shock of death was conferred upon him, or won by him, in the struggle for existence. According to the latter, man was always immortal; before he entered the present life he existed in another state, and he will survive the destruction of his present body simply because his soul, which is intrinsically deathless, passes into a new body, or remains temporarily unembodied. The difference is immense. On the other hand, the distinction between the theory of transmigration and that of absorption is equally great. According to the one, the soul retains its individuality and preserves its identity through all the changes it undergoes; according to the other, its individuality is lost though its vital force survives, as an ineradicable constituent of the universe.

The doctrine of Metempsychosis is theoretically extremely simple. Its root is the indestructibility of the vital principle. Let a belief in pre-existence be joined to that of posthumous existence, and the dogma is complete. It is thus at one and the same time a theory of the soul's origin, and of its destination; and its unparalleled hold upon the human race may be explained in part by the fact of its combining both in a single doctrine. It appears as one of the very earliest beliefs of the human mind in tribes not emerged from barbarism. It remains the creed of millions at this day. It is probably the most widely-spread and permanently influential of all speculative theories as to the origin and destiny of the soul.

In a single paragraph I may sketch its history, though in the most condensed and cursory manner. It has lain at the heart of all Indian speculation on the subject, time out of mind. It is one of the

cardinal doctrines of the Vedas, one of the roots of Buddhist belief. The ancient Egyptians held it. It is prominent in their great classic, the "Book of the Dead." In Persia it coloured the whole stream of Zoroastrian thought. The Magi taught it. The Jews brought it with them from the captivity in Babylon. Many of the Essenes and the Pharisees held it. Though foreign to the genius both of Judaism and Christianity, it has had its advocates (as Delitzsch puts it) "as well in the synagogue as in the church." The Cabbala teaches it emphatically. The Apocrypha sanctions it, and it is to be found scattered throughout the Talmud. In Greece Pythagoras proclaimed it, receiving the hint probably both from Egypt and the East; Empedocles taught it; Plato worked it elaborately out, not as mythical doctrine embodying a moral truth, but as a philosophical theory or conviction. It passed over into the Neo-Platonic school at Alexandria. Philo held it. Plotinus and Porphyry in the third century, Jamblichus in the fourth, Hierocles and Proclus in the fifth, all advocated it in various ways; and an important modification of the Platonic doctrine took place amongst these Alexandrians, when Porphyry limited the range of the metempsychosis, denying that the souls of men ever passed downwards to a lower than the human state. Many of the fathers of the Christian Church espoused it; notably Origen. It was one of the Gnostic doctrines. The Manicheans received it, with much else, from their Zoroastrian predecessors. It was held by Nemesius, who emphatically declares that all the Greeks who believed in immortality believed also in metempsychosis. There are hints of it in Boethius. Though condemned, in its Origenistic form, by the Council of Constantinople in 551, it passed along the stream of Christian theology, and reappeared amongst the Scholastics in Erigena and Bonaventura. It was defended with much learning and acuteness by several of the Cambridge Platonists, especially by Henry More. Glanvill devotes a curious treatise to it, the *Lux orientalis*. English clergy and Irish bishops were found ready to espouse it. Poets, from Henry Vaughan to Wordsworth, praise it. It won the passing suffrage of Hume as more rational than the rival theories of Creation and Traduction. It was held by Swedenborg; and it has points of contact with the anthropology of Kant and Schelling. It found an earnest advocate in Lessing. Herder also maintained it, while it fascinated the minds of Fourier and Leroux. Soame Jenyns, the Chevalier Ramsay, and Mr. Edward Cox have written in its defence. If we may broadly classify philosophical systems as *a priori* or *a posteriori*, intuitional or experiential, Platonist or Aristotelian, this doctrine will be found to ally itself both speculatively and historically with the former school of thought. Passing from the schools to the instinctive ideas of primitive men, or the

conceptions now entertained by races that are half civilised or wholly barbarous, the belief in transmigration will be found almost universal. It is inwoven with nearly all the mythology of the world. It appears in Mexico and in Tibet, amongst the Negroes and the Sandwich Islanders. It comes down from the Druids of ancient Gaul to the Tasmanians of to-day. The stream of opinion—whether instinctive, mystic, or rational—is continuous and broad; and if we could legitimately determine any question of belief by the number of its adherents, the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, would apply to this more fitly than to any other. Mr. Tylor speaks of it (Primitive Culture, ch. xii.) as now “arrested and unprogressive,” or lingering only as “an intellectual crotchet.” It may be so: but I think it quite as likely to be revived, and to come to the front again, as any rival theory on the subject, when the decay that is the fate of every system of opinion overtakes those that are in the place of honour and recognition now. Each philosophical doctrine, being in the nature of things only a partial interpretation of the universe, or an approximate solution of the mystery of existence, is in its turn set aside as inadequate; while all the greater ones invariably reappear under altered forms. The resuscitation of discarded theories is as inevitable as the modifications which they undergo in the process of revival. Metempsychosis is true of all theories, whether it applies to souls or not.

There are three possible forms of the doctrine. Logically four may be held, but only three are philosophically tenable. Either, first, it may be maintained that the metempsychosis is universal, extending to all finite forms of life, so that the highest may change place with the lowest, and *vice versa*. The life that was in man may degenerate, or pass downwards into the animal; or the life that was in the animal may rise, and pass upwards into man; the winding stream of development flowing either way, and the particular direction which the current takes being determined by the internal state of the individual. There may be thus, on the one hand, degradation and descent; on the other, elevation and ascent, through a perpetual cycle of successive births and deaths. Or, second, the transmigration may be limited to the animal world, and denied to the human. It is a conceivable and may seem a plausible hypothesis, to those who shrink from extending the transmigration to man, that it applies solely to the lower orders of existence, that the life of an animal is lost or “blown out,” but that on the destruction of its organization, the vital force emerges, and is continued in some other form. (The supposition which is logically distinct from this, but which is not philosophically tenable, is the contrary one, that the transmigration holds good of man only, and does not extend to the animal world.) The third form of the theory is that the transmigration may apply

both to the human and to the animal world; but that in each case it is strictly limited to one sphere, that is to say, that the souls of men animate successive bodies, but that they never descend to a lower level, while the vital spirit of the animal never ascends into the human form. This was practically the development which the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrine took under Porphyry and others in the Alexandrian school. Thus, metempsychosis may be either, first, a law or process regulating the universal development of life on our planet, or, second, a cyclical movement along one line, and confined to one group of existences; or, third, it may be a movement along two definite lines, but strictly limited to these lines.

I may now state some of the obvious facts which gave rise to the belief among primitive races, and the less prominent ones of a higher order which suggested it to the more meditative spirits of antiquity. The inferences may have been illogically drawn; but the natural history of a doctrine is one thing, its philosophical validity is another; and the historical development of a belief does not always or usually follow the lines of scientific evidence. The student of the history of civilisation is familiar with this fact, that reasonings which are philosophically worthless have frequently led to conclusions which are at least highly probable; just as beliefs which are demonstratively true have often been sustained by arguments radically unsound.

The superficial resemblances between the lower animals and men in feature, disposition, and character, in voice and mien, would suggest to the primitive races the probability that the bodies of animals were inhabited by human souls, and those of men by animal natures. The intelligence and feeling of the brutes, their half-human character, and the brutality of some men, seemed an evidence that their respective souls or vital principles had exchanged places. They saw the cunning of the fox, the fierceness of the tiger, in their comrades; they also learned the fidelity of a friend from the rare attachment and devotion of their dogs. As they were in the habit of describing the qualities of men by these surface resemblances, as leonine, currish, vulpine, &c., and, *vice versâ*, of describing the characteristics of animals by terms originally applied to their own race, it was a natural, though not a logical inference that their respective vital principles were interchangeable. In short, the rare humanity of some animals and the notorious animality of some men suggested to the primitive races, not the common origin of both, but the arbitrary passage of one into the other.

In addition, family likenesses being transmitted, and reappearing after an interval of generations, would suggest the return of the spirits of the dead within a new physical organization. Mere facial resemblances led the common mind to believe in the re-embodiment

of souls. Still more significantly the appearance of mental features resembling those of any noted person in the past, suggested the actual return of the departed. If one resembled his ancestors somewhat closely in intellect, or valour, or temperament and style of action, it was supposed that the ancestor had again put on the vesture of the flesh, and "revisited the glimpses of the moon." The spirit of the master being seen in the pupil seemed a hint of the same thing: and the notion that one of the dead had returned to reanimate a body may very naturally have grown out of these obvious concrete facts. I need scarcely add that the deduction is wholly unwarrantable, and the argument illusory. An illogical inference founded on some surface analogy has frequently given rise to a belief which has grown strong in the total absence of valid evidence in its favour. In this case, for example, the spirit of the master appears in the pupil most conspicuously when both are living, or shortly after the death of the master, when his soul cannot have entered his pupil, unless he became the recipient of two souls. Further, there is no reason to believe that if metempsychosis took place, the new manifestations of mind and character would be similar to the old ones. They would much more likely be widely different. It would give us a poor notion of any spirit that reappeared within the old limits, if it merely reproduced its past actions. Such a procedure would be as disappointing as those inane utterances of the dead with which modern Spiritualism pretends to be familiar. If the spirits of the departed make any progress in knowledge and experience, we would expect to find something very different from a repetition of their former mode of activity. The argument is quite illusory.

I pass therefore to a third, and a much higher consideration. It arises out of certain psychological facts which have seemed to warrant the inference of the soul's pre-existence. Quite suddenly a thought is darted into the mind, which cannot be traced back to any source in past experience; or we hear a sound, see an object, or experience a sensation which seems to take us directly out of the circle of sense-perception that has been possible to us in the present life.

"Full oft my feelings make me start  
Like footprints on some desert shore,  
As if the chambers of my heart  
Had heard their shadowy steps before."

This is one of the arguments of the Phædo: and it is the central thought of Wordsworth's magnificent "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood." The "splendour in the grass," the "glory in the flower," which Wordsworth saw and felt in childhood, he explains by their being the dim memory of a brighter experience that was past; a recovered fragment of antenatal life:—

“ Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come,” &c.

On the one hand, the halo with which memory surrounds our childhood, and on the other, the melancholy awakened by a sense of its being irrecoverably gone, have suggested the idea that we look back through the golden gateway of childhood to the glory of a dawn preceding it.

“ The soul that rises with us, our life's star  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar.”

This is also one of the arguments adduced by Gautama, the reputed founder of the Nyaya system of Indian Philosophy. I quote from the aphorisms of the Nyaya, published for the Benares College at Allahabad. “ Joy, fear, and grief,” he says, “ arise to him that is born, through relation to his memory of things previously experienced.” And this aphorism is thus commented upon by one of Gautama's pupils, Viswanatha : “ If joy arises before the causes of joy are experienced, the child must have existed in a previous life.” And so, the subtle Indian metaphysic said, “ If in one life, then in a series, and an illimitable series ; and there being no beginning, it is indestructible, and can have no end.” The same thing Gautama endeavoured to prove from the psychological phenomena of desire. “ We see nothing born void of desire.” Since every creature experiences desires which seek satisfaction before there is any experience of what can satisfy them, Gautama and his commentator trace this back to knowledge acquired in a previous life. Both arguments are inconclusive. The first set of phenomena, referred to by Plato and the Platonic poets so often, can be explained otherwise than by the hypothesis of pre-existence. In dreams, notions seemingly the most discordant unite, and our whole consciousness sometimes passes into a chaotic or amorphous state. As to the second set of phenomena appealed to by Gautama, if instinctive desire demands a previous life to explain it, the same instinct in that life requires one still prior, and so on *ad infinitum*. And the action of instinctive desire can be easily explained as the growth of experience, or the result of a series of tentative efforts which seek, and continue to seek, satisfaction till they find it. On the other hand, while these suggestions of instinct and of reminiscence seem invalid as arguments in favour of pre-existence, the absence of memory of any actions done in a previous state cannot be a conclusive argument against our having lived through it. Forgetfulness of the past may be one of the conditions of an entrance upon a new stage of existence. The body, which is the organ of sense-perception, may be quite as much a hindrance as

a help to reminiscence. As Plotinus said, "matter is the true river of Lethe: immersed in it, the soul forgets everything." In that case casual gleams of memory, giving us sudden, abrupt, and momentary revelations of the past, are precisely the phenomena we would expect to meet with. If the soul has pre-existed, what we would *a priori* anticipate are only some faint traces of recollection, surviving in the crypts of memory.

One of the main objections brought against the doctrine of pre-existence—an objection which seems insuperable to the popular mind—is the total absence of any authentic or verifiable memory of the past. It is supposed that if we cannot remember a past life, it is all the same as if it never was ours; for the thread of identity must be a conscious one. This, however, is just what its advocates deny. They appeal to the latent elements which underlie our present consciousness, out of which our clearest knowledge arises; and they maintain that there is a hidden world of the unconscious in which the subterranean river of personality flows.

But the deeper and more philosophical grounds on which the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul has been and may be maintained are threefold. I would characterise them respectively as the speculative, the ethical, and the physical justifications of the dogma. If they explain its prevalence, and account for its vitality, they do so by giving a show of reason for the theory, by exhibiting its intellectual *raison d'être*.

The first is a purely ontological consideration, the relevancy of which will be denied by the disciples of experience, but which seems, to say the least, to be more valid than their denial. No one has stated it with more force or persuasiveness than Plato. The great idealist of antiquity found an evidence of pre-existence in our present knowledge of *a priori* notions, or ideas which are not the product of experience, such as mathematical axioms and all metaphysical first principles. If they are latent in the soul at birth, their origin must be sought in a previous state of existence. We could not now transcend sense, and reach general notions of any kind, unless these notions had belonged to us in a previous state. But it is evident that if their origin in this life demands for its explanation the presupposition of a prior life, their existence in that state would involve the postulate of one still previous, and so on *ad infinitum*; that is to say, it would demand the eternal existence of the soul itself. And it is thus that we reach the fully developed form of this ontological argument. If life or existence belongs to the soul intrinsically, it must have always existed. As in the Nyaya system, the soul is held to be eternal, because, if not eternal, it would be mortal. "Whatever has had a beginning will have an end," was a fundamental position of Gautama and his school: and this notion is so fixed in the Brah-

minical mind, that every religion which denies it, or fails to recognise it, is looked upon as *ipso facto* a false religion. The Brahminical mind is opposed to Christianity, because it conceives that Christianity is opposed to pre-existence. So the Bhagavad Gita says of the soul, "You cannot say of it, it hath been, or is about to be, or is to be hereafter. It is a thing without birth."

The whole argument of the Phædo revolves around the same centre, that the soul is naturally and intrinsically deathless, that it has in it a principle of life, with which you cannot associate, and of which you cannot predicate mortality. If so, its pre-existence is quite as certain as its posthumous existence. This is the dominant thought of all that Plato teaches on the subject of immortality, alike in the Phædo, the Phædrus, and the Republic. It is a purely ontological consideration. All the detailed argumentation in the Phædo, for example, whether it involves ethical or dialectical elements,—the proof from the everlasting cycle of existence and origination out of opposites, the argument from reminiscence, the proof from the simplicity and consequent indissolubility of the soul, the refutation of the objections of Simmias and Cebes, the psychological plea founded on the native prerogatives and capacities of the soul—all either presuppose or are merely different ways of stating and illustrating the cardinal position that indestructible life belongs to the soul's essence. To Plato, the ideal theory is primary, the immortality of the soul secondary: but the one involves the other. If the mind of man is competent to grasp eternal ideas, it must be itself eternal. If the ideas which it apprehends are eternal, it must participate in their eternity; and this imperishableness is in its very essence. In the Phædrus the argument is advanced that the soul is ἀρχὴ κινήσεως. It is the source of motion; but having the cause of motion within itself, out of this αὐτοκίνησις comes its immortality. In the tenth book of the Republic the question is raised, what can possibly destroy the soul? Evil attacks and corrupts it. It injures its character without wasting its substance: and if this, which most of all might be supposed capable of destroying it, cannot, then nothing else can assail it. What is composite may be decomposed; but the soul, though it has many faculties, is not composite. It is one, and cannot be decomposed, and must therefore live for ever. But, if so, it has lived always. It is without beginning—ἀεὶ ὄν (Rep. X. 609—611); as in the Phædo it is described as αἰδίων ὄν (106 D.). The number of souls in the universe does not increase. An addition to the number of immortals would be a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as what begins to be must die, and what does not die in time was never born in time. If, therefore, we cannot attach the idea of dissolution or non-existence to the soul, it must have had an eternal past: no temporal origin can be assigned to it. Its pre-



existence and its posthumous existence are correlative ideas in Platonic thought. If it has also had a historical origin in time (which it has), it will have it over and over again: experiencing many births and many deaths. It is born when it dies, and dies when it is born. In short, the terms "birth" and "death" denote merely relative conceptions, which disguise our ignorance as much as they disclose our knowledge. We only see the phenomenal appearances of birth and death, of origination and decess; but the amount of vital force or of spiritual existence is a fixed and constant quantity.

The second ground on which the theory of pre-existence finds a philosophical justification is an ethical one. It offers an explanation of the moral anomalies of the world, the unequal adjustments of character and situation, with the heterogeneousness and apparent favouritism of Providence. To many minds this has seemed the most plausible aspect under which metempsychosis may be regarded: and if it unravels the ethical puzzle of suffering associated with virtue, and happiness allied with evil, it may have great moral value, even while its scientific basis remains unproved. Microcles said, "Without the doctrine of metempsychosis, it is not possible to justify the ways of Providence." Let us see. It is offered to us not as an explanation of the origin of evil in the abstract, but as a key to the unequal adjustment of happiness and misery in the present life, or the way in which they are respectively *distributed*. It is an oft-told tale in all the literature of the world, and a perplexing fact in every life, this union of virtue with sorrow, or even with misery (which is the secret of all tragedy), and the opposite and equally incongruous union of happiness and vice. If these phenomena of the moral world, taken by themselves, are to yield us a theory of the universe, it can scarcely be a monotheistic one. It must be dualistic or Manichean. They seem to indicate either the conspicuous partiality and favouritism of Heaven, or a successful assault on the government of a righteous Being by a formidable rival power, if not an equal potentate. At this point, the theories of pre-existence and metempsychosis offer to lighten the burden of the difficulty. They affirm, to quote the words of Jouffroy,—used by him in another connection,—that human life is "a drama whose prologue and catastrophe are both alike wanting." In a previous state, the same laws existed which govern our present life; and as the two states are connected by moral ties, we now gather the fruit of what we formerly sowed. It is not more true that in age we reap the fruit of the seed we sow in youth, than that we gather in this life the harvest of an innumerable series of past lives. The disasters which overtake the good are not the penalty for present action; they are punishment for the errors and faults of a bygone life. The

sufferers are not expiating their forefathers' crimes, but their own formerly committed. Felicity associated with moral degradation has the same relation to a past state of existence. The reward is given for former actions that were worthy of recompense; the external circumstances of each life having a moral relation to the internal state of the soul in its previous existence.

The theory arises out of a demand for equity in the adjustment of the external and the internal conditions of existence. On no moral theory can the present unequal adjustment be considered both equitable and final. If it is final—*i.e.* if there is no future rectification—it is not equitable. If it is not final, but only a temporary arrangement for the purposes of moral discipline and education, it may be the most equitable of all possible arrangements. The moral root of the theory is thus the sense of justice, and the conviction not only that justice will be done, but that *it is now being done*. On the theory of a coming rectification, which connects the present with the future alone, and not with a past life, the idea is that now justice is not done; but the assize and the sentence will put all to rights. The theory of metempsychosis, connecting the present with the past as well as with the future, affirms that there is no region of space or moment of time in which it is not done. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, calls this doctrine "the golden key" to Providence, or that he enlarges in its praise in that remarkable dream in his *Divine Dialogues*, in which he describes his vision of the key. "Let us but assume," he says, "the pre-existence of souls, and all those difficulties which overcloud the understanding will vanish." He supposes that human souls were created "in infinite myriads," "in the morning of the world." "All intellectual spirits that ever were, are, or shall be, sprang up with the light and rejoiced together before God, in the morning of the creation." I make this quotation from More (whose *Dialogues* on the subject are much more interesting than his laboured treatise on the immortality of the soul) because, as he combined the doctrine of the creation of souls with their pre-existence, he represents one branch of the theory: the other branch being that represented by Gautama, Plato, and the Neo-Platonists, who maintain the soul's eternity. Metempsychosis fits equally well into both theories. As a speculative doctrine, it is equally consistent with a belief in definite creation, and with a theory of emanation.

The ethical leverage of the doctrine is immense. Its motive power as compared with the notion of posthumous influence after the individual has perished—the substitute for immortality offered by La Mettrie and his colleagues, with all the positivists—is great. It reveals as magnificent a background to the present life, with its contradictions and disasters, as the prospect of immortality opens up an

illimitable foreground, lengthening on the horizon of hope. It binds together the past, the present, and the future in one ethical series of causes and effects, the inner thread of which is both personal to the individual and impersonal, connecting him with two eternities, the one behind and the other before. With peculiar emphasis it proclaims the survival of moral individuality and personal identity, along with the final adjustment of external conditions to the internal state of the agent.

Several objections to the doctrine, however, from an ethical point of view, must be candidly weighed. To believe in a past state of existence, of which we have no present remembrance, will appear to some minds to weaken the sense of responsibility. It may be doubted whether we can have any moral relation to a past life of which we remember nothing, or to a future life in which the memory of the present will similarly vanish. To this it might be replied that the moral links which connect the successive moments of our present experience are often unconscious ones, and their validity as links does not depend on their being luminous ever afterwards. The supposed recency of our origin is not the ground of our responsibility, and we are accountable for a thousand things we have forgotten.

"For is not our first year forgot?  
The haunts of memory echo not"

even as to terrestrial life. To other minds and temperaments, the notion of a vast ancestry, of an illimitable genealogy, will rather deepen the sense of responsibility than weaken it. As the inheritance of an illustrious name and pedigree quickens the sense of duty in every noble nature, a belief in pre-existence may enhance the glory of the present life and intensify the reverence with which the deathless principle is regarded. The want of any definite remembrance of past states of consciousness can be no barrier to a belief in our having experienced them; and a very slight reflection will show that if we have pre-existed this life, memory of the details of the past is absolutely impossible. The power of the conservative faculty, though relatively great, is extremely limited. We forget the larger portion of experience soon after we have passed through it; and we should be able to recall the particulars of our past years, filling up all the missing links of consciousness since we entered on the present life, before we were in a position to remember our ante-natal experience. Birth into the world may be necessarily preceded by the crossing of the river of Lethe. The result would be the obliteration of knowledge acquired during a previous state; while the capacity for fresh acquisition survived, and the garnered wealth of old experience would determine the amount and the character of the new. So long, therefore, as it is impossible to retain the memory of all

past experiences, so long as fragments survive which suggest pre-existence, so long as the river of our present consciousness flows in many places subterranean, so long as the connection of soul and body induces forgetfulness as much as it quickens remembrance, this difficulty may not be an insuperable barrier in the way of the theory of metempsychosis.

Another difficulty, however, remains. It may be said that pre-existence fails to explain the moral inequality that now exists, because, if we assume a previous life to account for the maladjustment of this, a prior pre-existence must explain the anomalies of that, and so on *ad infinitum*. Even if the moral disorder is temporary, its future elimination will not explain why it once existed under a perfect system of moral government. The theory of its previous existence only carries the difficulty one stage nearer to its source, but it does not remove it, or lighten its pressure in the region to which it is driven back. Besides, if the ultimate prospect is such a rearrangement of destiny, by an adjustment of the external state to the internal condition, that no inequality remains, why is this not effected *now*? Why is the marriage of virtue and felicity (the internal and the external) so long postponed? To this it may be replied, that it is no part of the theory of metempsychosis to explain the origin of evil. It is only the moral inequality arising from the way in which happiness and misery are distributed in this life—often in inverse ratio to virtue and vice—that it seeks to explain. To throw any speculative or moral difficulty into the background and prevent its forward pressure, is to accomplish something, although the puzzle still remains; and to throw it back a little way is perhaps all that we can do, unless we can eliminate it, which assuredly we cannot do. The demand to carry it still further back, so as to explain the previous inequality, is really to raise the question why it is there at all. And to this there is probably no answer except that which the existence of free will supplies. With free will permanently existing, there is a permanent possibility of departure from the moral centre, and a swerving towards the circumference. Hence the necessity for a readjustment of the internal and external conditions will begin afresh. Others may object that their sense of justice is not satisfied by our suffering in the present life for the errors of one that is past. But is there justice in our suffering in manhood for the faults of our youth? in our receiving anything to-day for the acts of yesterday? or in children suffering at all for the deeds of their parents? In the two former cases, it is merely a question of a certain time elapsing between the act and its consequence. The third is the case of one individual suffering for the errors of another, to whom he stands organically and otherwise related. But if one may suffer through another's deeds, and if each may suffer from his own

past actions, the law will continue to operate, although the deed may belong to one stage of being and the penalty to another, though the cause and its consequence be separated by the widest possible interval.

There is a third objection which must not be overlooked. An everlasting cycle of lives might become wearisome, and induce a longing for repose, unbroken by any new birth in time. The perpetual descent and ascent, with repetitions of experience only slightly varied, might lead to the wish of the Lotus-eaters—

“ While all things else have rest from weariness,  
All things have rest, why should we toil alone ?

\*                      \*                      \*

Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease our wanderings ;  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ? ”

This is virtually the longing for *nirvana*. And the relation of the doctrine of metempsychosis to that of *nirvana* is curious and interesting. Metempsychosis is part of the Buddhist belief, and yet *nirvana*, the goal of Buddhist longing, is the cessation of metempsychosis; the soul attaining rest by ceasing to exist, or being “blown out.” Into all the forms of Buddhist opinion transmigration enters; but “soul wandering” is a calamity, an evil inseparable from existence. *Nirvana* is a deliverance from metempsychosis. After undergoing the needful purification of many births and deaths, the soul attains the condition requisite for the perfect felicity of annihilation. In other words, it is the discipline of metempsychosis that gradually induces a feeling of detachment from sensible things. A repetition of experience is no longer necessary, and the soul is at length fitted and entitled to escape from the turmoil of existence, with its endless “vanity and vexation of spirit,” into the perfect rest of non-existence. Such is *nirvana*. It is worthy of note, however, that amongst the Cingalese Buddhists, the transmigration ending in *nirvana*, or the peace of nonentity, passed into a doctrine of extinction plus transmission. The departing soul, ready to be “blown out,” lit the torch or lamp of another spirit before its own annihilation was consummated. Its last point of contact with existence, its expiring effort, was a creative one. It kept up the succession of creatures destined to undergo the same process of metempsychosis, by a final act of *upādāna*, or attachment to existence; after which, it entered itself into the supreme bliss of *nirvana*.

This desire for rest in the extinction of all desire, so congenial to the oriental mind, presents no attraction to the hardier races of the west and north. It may be, in fact, a temperamental feature, determined by subtle climatic conditions and racial peculiarities; but it offers no allurements to natures that have learned to measure the

fulness or the charm of existence by the amount of energy evoked and sustained, or have seen that "pleasure is but the reflex of unimpeded energy." Rest is only valued by us as the condition of a fresh departure and of renewed activity. Tarrying for a time in any harbour of existence, the inevitable longing arises for another sight of the great Ocean and a new voyage.

The last ground on which metempsychosis may be advocated belongs to the metaphysic of physics. As an argument it has often been implied, when it has not been expressly affirmed. Even the imaginative guesses and surmisings of the primitive tribes may have grown unconsciously out of a speculative root, which their authors were incompetent to grasp. That philosophical root is the uniformity in the amount of spiritual existence: the conviction that, since the quantity of matter is neither increased nor diminished, it is the same with the quantity of spirit; that it is neither added to, nor taken from, at any moment of time. It is a doctrine of modern science that there is a uniform stock of energy within the universe which neither increases nor decreases, but which incessantly changes its form and manifestations; dissolving, retiring, re-emerging; appearing, disappearing, and returning,—the Proteus of the physical world. Is there a phoenix in the spiritual realm corresponding to this Proteus in the material sphere? It is affirmed that while the amount of material existence remains stationary, if the quantity of spiritual existence was swiftly to increase at one end, with no corresponding diminution at the other, *i.e.* if the birth of the spirits of the human race was a new creation—multitudes every instant of time darting out of nonentity into manifested being—and their death a simple transference to some new abode, this incessant and rapid increase would overstock the universe.

Now, since no physical power is ever lost, all force being simply transformed, if the doctrine of the conservation of energy be applied to the sphere of moral and spiritual life, two alternative theories alone are possible: either pre-existence and immortality combined, or emanation and absorption. Whether the latter is materialistic or pantheistic matters not, except for the name we choose to adopt; the essence of the doctrine is the same. It is self-evident that if the amount of spiritual existence is *not* increased every moment, the pre-existence of all souls that are born, before their incarnation in the flesh, is as certain as their immortality. The one carries the other with it, or is carried by it; they are, indeed, not two doctrines, but two sides of the same doctrine. Thus the number of souls in the universe will be a fixed and constant quantity.\* If the conservation of energy be true of spiritual existence, and the soul is to survive the death of the body, then it lived before the body was vitalised. If it is never to be extinguished, it never was produced. It was

probably the force of this consideration that led the acute mind of David Hume to affirm that "metempsychosis is the only system of this kind (*i.e.* of immortality) that Philosophy can hearken to" (Philos. Works, iv. p. 404). He says, "What is incorruptible must also be ingenerable." "The soul, if immortal, existed before our birth" (p. 400). In the same connection he acutely suggests "how to *dispose of* the infinite number of posthumous existences ought to embarrass the religious theory" (p. 404). With this we may associate a remark of Shelley: "If there are no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased" (Essays, p. 58). The "continual influx of beings," without a corresponding egress, is a difficulty which will seem insuperable to many minds. There is a growing *consensus* of opinion amongst spiritualists and materialists alike, that the quantity both of matter and of force within the universe suffers no diminution and no enlargement: loss in one direction being invariably and necessarily balanced by gain in another, and all the phenomenal changes in nature being simply a matter of exchange—a transposition of elements, the sum of which is constant. If this be so, it has an important bearing both on the survival of the soul after death, and on its pre-existence; the two doctrines standing and falling together.

As to the permanence of the materials which compose the body, when the organization is broken up and disintegrated, there is no debate. The survival, in some form or other, of what we call the mind, soul, or conscious ego, and what a materialist psychology terms vital force, is also conceded. Neither is annihilated; they are only transmuted or transformed. But the controversy remains after this concession, and underlies it. The alterations which the body undergoes can be traced, because it continues visible after death. Its changes can be experimentally investigated, because its transformations are slowly effected. But the transformations and changes of the soul, or vital principle, cannot be traced. The question, however, which remains to be disposed of, on grounds of probability, is not whether it does or does not survive. Its survival is conceded and maintained as axiomatic. The only controversy is in *what form does it survive?* Is it refunded to the universe, as material substance is restored, to be worked up into new forms, by the protoplasmic force that originally made it what it was? or does it survive with its individuality and identity unbroken? That is the controversy between the materialist and the spiritualist. May not the latter be abandoning one half of his territory, or at least surrendering one of his positions, and thus weakening his ultimate defence, if he throws away the doctrine of pre-existence? It seems difficult to maintain,

on rational grounds, that the sum of finite existence is being perpetually filled up before, with no corresponding diminution behind; a distinctly quantitative increase in front, with no decrease to balance it in the rear. Over-population in the mother country has necessitated emigration to the colonies. But on the theory of incessant miraculous increase, there is no conceivable colony in the universe that would not be already overstocked, and where the arrival of any emigrants from the parent country would not be unwelcome.

In this connection, it is worthy of note how vaguely and capriciously the immortality of the brute creation is spoken of in connection with the immortality of man. By many, who are confident of their own survival, the immortality of animals is considered a curious and possibly an interesting question, but speculatively unimportant and theoretically indeterminable. How much depends on the solution of the problem of the destination of *life* is not perceived. For example, we hear it often said, there can be no objection to the immortality of the *higher* animals. But scientific rigour will not permit a line of demarcation to be drawn between the animal races. They all shade into one another. Are we then prepared to admit the immortality of every creature in which there is the faintest adumbration of intelligence? and if so, of every one in which is "the breath of life?" If we do admit this, then the intelligence which we find in the dog, the beaver, the bee, and the ant, which does not "perish everlastingly," is *conserved* somewhere, after the dissolution of the bodies of these animals. But how vast the Hades stocked with the spiritual part of every creature that has ever lived and died upon our planet from primeval time! When the prolific increase of the tribes of animated nature is realised, and the enormous cycles of time during which the succession has been kept up, imagination sinks paralysed before the conception of any shadowy storhouse in which these creatures continue to live, far less to flourish. The supposition is *felo-de-se*. But if we abandon the immortality of all, can we retain the immortality of any? Is not transmigration in this case the most probable hypothesis? Is not the notion of a uniform stock of vital energy, which passes and repasses endlessly throughout the organized tribes of nature, the most consistent theory we can frame? No one need hesitate to apply the doctrine of metempsychosis to the animal world, though he may doubt its applicability to the human race: while, if we reject it in the lower sphere, and, in consequence, hold that the intelligence and devotion of the dog perish, it may be hard to maintain that the reason and affection of man survive.

A special difficulty, however, arises at this point. It is, perhaps, the chief objection to the doctrine of metempsychosis. How does



"the life" that survives unextinguished pass from one organized form to another? We can trace its signs or manifestations till they cease at death. So far all is clear. But what *becomes* of it on the dissolution of the body?

"Animula, vagula, blandula  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?"

If not extinguished, it merely retreats and reappears. "But how does it connect itself with the new organization, into which it subsequently enters as an animating and vitalising principle? This is a difficulty not only in the way of transmigration, but of survival in any form. The present connection between soul and body is known so far: and, in the absence of experience of separation, we have some psychological facts which suggest that the union is not inseparable, that the soul is not a function of the body, but that in each individual we have two principles, if not two substances, temporarily united. When they are separated, however, as they are at death, how does the spiritual part continue to live disembodied? and how does it unite itself, or how is it united to a new corporeal form? Does it ally itself with its new organization in some cases by a voluntary act? in others, by a passive and involuntary process? If the latter, there must be some law by which the change is effected, some method of development determining the movement in a cycle. If the act is voluntary, we have a fresh difficulty to face, viz. that the spiritual principle must be able to select its new abode. It must, therefore, either choose one out of many, or it must enter the only one that is fitted for its reception. It must be either wholly active, or wholly passive, or partly active and partly passive. We can state the alternatives, but how to choose amongst them, how to select any one of them, is a difficulty that remains. The spirit shrinks from a ghostly or disembodied state as its perpetual destiny nearly as much as it recoils from the sleep of nirvana: but how to find a body, how to incarnate itself, or even to conceive the process by which it could by any foreign agency be robed anew, remains a puzzle, even while, as Henry Vaughan expresses it,

"It feels through all this fleshly dresse  
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse."

These are difficulties which attend every attempt to form definite conceptions as to the details of this question. Mr. Greg is wise when he says of the belief in immortality, "Let it rest in the vague, if you would have it rest unshaken."

A further point, however, is to be noted. Though we may validly object to have the roots of our convictions exhibited to view, as we decline to expose the rootlets of a plant to "the nipping and the

eager air" of winter, it is a signal gain to integrity in belief that the scientific spirit of our age demands the removal of all presuppositions which cannot be verified, and insists that those which remain shall be luminous from root to branch. It does this with even more force and rigour than Descartes employed in his new method of research. So much intellectual mist has been allowed to gather and settle over this question of the soul's destiny, that when a breath of the east wind raises it, and shows how little is known or can be intelligently surmised, many desire that the obscuring curtain should speedily fall again. But in discussing the question of immortality it is above all things necessary that we keep modestly within the lines of verifiable evidence; that we lean on no broken (if possible on no breakable) reed; and that, distinguishing between what we know and what we may only hope for, we mark the *alternatives* of the controversy, and the consequences that follow from our premises, alike of affirmation and denial. If we reject the doctrine of pre-existence, for example, we must either believe in non-existence, or fall back on one or other of the two opposing theories of creation and traduction: and as we reject extinction, we may find that pre-existence has fewer difficulties to face than the rival hypotheses. Creation—or creationism, as it has sometimes been named—is the theory that every moment of time multitudes of new souls are simultaneously born, not sent down from a celestial source, but freshly made out of nothing, and placed in bodies prepared for them by a process of natural generation. It is curious to observe how vehemently the Cambridge Platonists recoiled from the notion of a pure spirit fresh from the hand of Deity being placed by him "in such a body as would presently defile his image." The idea of the Creator being *compelled* to add a spirit to the body, however and whenever a body might arise, according to natural law and process, seemed to them a monstrous infraction of Divine liberty. The theory of traduction seemed to them even worse, as it implied the derivation of the soul from at least two sources—from both parents; and a substance thus derived was apparently composite and quasi-material.

It is easy to criticise the doctrine of Pre-existence, as held in the Pythagorean brotherhood, and taught by the mystic sage of Agrigentum, or even by Plato. The fantastic folly of the Brahminical teaching (as in the twelfth book of the Laws of Menu) and the absurdity of Buddha's transmigrations are apparent. But it is easier to follow Lucretius in his satire of it, than to appreciate the difficulty which gave it birth. As reproduced by Virgil and by Cicero, the genius of the Greek poets and philosophers lost the charm of its original setting: and I question if the surmises of Plato were fully appraised till the Phædo itself experienced metempsychosis in Wordsworth's ode. But stripped of all extravagance, and expressed

in the modest terms of probability, the theory has immense speculative interest and great ethical value. It is much to have the puzzle of the origin of evil thrown back for an indefinite number of cycles of lives, to have a workable explanation of *nemesis*, and of what we are accustomed to call the moral tragedies, and the untoward birth of a multitude of men and women. It is much, also, to have the doctrine of immortality lightened of its difficulties, to have our immediate outlook relieved by the doctrine that in the soul's eternity its pre-existence and its future existence are one. The retrospect may assuredly help the prospect. And if "this grey dogma, fairly clear of doubt," as Glanvill describes it, seems strange in the absence of all remembered traces of past existence, it is worth considering that in a future state a point will be reached when pre-existence will be true. If we are to be immortal, immediately after death metempsychosis will have become a realised experience; and our present lives will stand in the same relation to the future, on which we shall then have entered, as the past stands to our present life.

Henry More said that he produced his golden key of pre-existence "only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy him touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis he might keep his heart from sinking." Whether we make use of it or not, we ought to realise its alternatives. They are these. Either all life is extinguished and resolved through an absorption and reassimilation of the vital principle everywhere: or a perpetual miracle goes on, in the incessant and rapid increase in the amount of spiritual existence within the universe; and, while human life survives, the intelligence and the affection of the lower animals perish everlastingly.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A CONSERVATIVE Ministry has spent six millions on preparations for war which happily has not come, and has pledged the country, whenever the Porte may make the signal, to spend ten, or twenty, or thirty times as much. This is the most tangible result of a foreign policy finally approved by a parliamentary majority of one hundred and forty-three on the 2nd of August. A chapter of history proclaimed full of triumph in its issue to Great Britain is now written, and its contents may be summed up.

The Government had three alternatives before it at the moment when Russia bade the Porte choose between war and acquiescence in the decisions of the Constantinople Conference. It might have intimated to Prince Gortchakoff that England would aid Turkey in arms. It might have accepted the invitation of the Czar to co-operate by sea with the efforts of Russia by land in compelling the Porte to reform itself. It might stand by, protesting or not, and watch events. If the first course had been selected, Russia must have halted, and thrown the responsibility of Christian wrongs on Great Britain; if the second, she must have reformed Turkey in the interests of Europe, not of herself; if the third, she was sure, sooner or later, to overpower Ottoman resistance, and equally sure to appoint herself sole guardian of the changes her arms alone had effected. Public opinion in England was fortunately not equal to the first course. Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Austen Layard were prepared to forbid by force Russian interposition in the affairs of Turkey. Even now the speeches of the one and the despatches of the other avow regret for the old state of things. But the Prime Minister's colleagues were as persuaded as Mr. Gladstone of the impossibility of inducing the country to guarantee impunity to Ottoman oppression. Public opinion, it must be admitted, seemed unequal also at the time to a combination with Russia for the enforcement on the Porte of the changes counselled by the Conference at Constantinople. Some ground exists for suspecting that Lord Salisbury was inclined to try the experiment of winning over public opinion to consent to join Russia in exerting pressure, in preference to leaving Russia to exert the pressure alone. He might have found the country less hard to persuade than was Lord Beaconsfield for one reason, and, perhaps, Lord Derby for another. Finally, the third course, of which Lord Derby has always shown himself the champion, was adopted. Russia had declared herself executor of the alleged will of Europe. Lord Derby protested against a championship assumed without the assent of Europe. But he was willing the Czar should be in some sort an executor *de son tort*. Europe and England should be free to accede to any acts they liked, and dissent from whatever they disliked. It

was not a very magnanimous policy, nor was it the most advantageous. In this country there was for the moment only one pronounced section of opinion, and that would have supported pressure on the Porte. In the Cabinet itself Lord Salisbury was apparently on the same side, and Lord Beaconsfield apparently as resolute against it. Ministers like Mr. Cross, and Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy seem, from the contrast between the present policy of the Government and their utterances up to six months ago, not to have understood the conditions of the question. Lord Derby, with all his merits, had too much faith in the capacity of European questions, as of questions in this prosperous realm of England, to settle themselves. An attitude of expectancy had the merit in his eyes that England would not be compromised by anything Russia might do. At any moment it would be in her power to interpose between Russia and Constantinople.

A majority, at all events, of the Cabinet accepted Lord Derby's policy up to Christmas. Its plea for a policy of suspicious neutrality was that no other policy was possible. It argued that to apply pressure to the Porte was to proclaim war between Turkey and this country, and to set all the nations of Europe in arms against each other. Few politicians would now venture to assert that the Porte would have resisted the mandate of England, had England declared that the resolutions of the Conference of Constantinople must be accomplished. The British fleet, employed as Russia asked, would have cut short Ottoman opposition in a month, by forbidding the transit of Asiatic reinforcements into European Turkey. Fears that an European war might arise out of a decision to insist upon Ottoman obedience to the decree of Europe were absolutely baseless. We do not deny that war might probably have been equally prevented by a threat of war with Russia. But public opinion a year ago was fortunately not educated to the point of giving the Porte the territorial guarantee to which Englishmen have now assented with complacency.

The capture of Plevna and the march of the Russian army across the Balkans had not been reckoned for in Lord Derby's policy. They created a panic in England about the safety of Constantinople, and strengthened the growing indisposition to remain spectator in such a contest as was being waged in Eastern Europe. Lord Derby bravely defended the policy of neutrality in the Cabinet and before the nation; but the conduct, not perhaps highly creditable to their calmness of judgment, of the chiefs of Opposition themselves showed that the contest was growing hopeless. The Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano was discussed, or rather denounced, in England as if it were proof conclusive that Russia had to be resisted by England in arms. One feature that treaty presented, which it was the duty of the British Government to insist upon changing. It was natural

that Russia, having extorted by her own sole force reforms in European Turkey, should nominate herself their guarantor. But England was entitled to claim that an European guarantee should be substituted for a Russian. England, in Lord Salisbury's Circular, rightly explained the points on which she objected to the treaty; the Circular contained no account of the changes we desired to introduce. It was left to Count Schouvaloff to tell the Czar what was proposed by this country, as if St. Petersburg had contained no English Embassy, or as if the English Foreign Office had no medium by which it could communicate its own thoughts in its own words. It is a popular belief that Indian troops at Malta and a British fleet in the Dardanelles were necessary to make the Czar understand that Lord Salisbury meant what he said. A Government which is not believed unless it spend six millions on warlike preparations, is convicted either of great duplicity or of a curious incapacity for explaining its intentions. When Count Schouvaloff, playing the part of agent for Great Britain as well as for Russia, had at length brought the two powers into diplomatic relations with each other, the coyness of the British Government gave way to an excess of frankness. A preliminary agreement between Russia and England was in itself nothing monstrous. It was a convenient preface to the meeting of an European Congress. We may doubt the expediency of some details; instead of weakening Bulgaria by dividing it, we should have preferred to strengthen it, and make out of its national pride an impregnable barrier between Russia and Turkey. We may doubt the morality of other details. The British Government properly abstained from resisting, but it need not have countenanced, the spoliation of Roumania by Russia. We may dislike the secrecy of the arrangement, which gave it in the eyes of Europe the semblance of another treaty for the partition of Poland. But the crime of the Memorandum of the 30th May was that they gave the lie to all the noisy words of Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross and Mr. Gathorne Hardy about the British championship of the sole and indefeasible right of Europe to adjudicate between Russia and the Porte.

The British Government, by the application of opportune pressure to the Porte, might have won without war more than all it obtained at the Congress of Berlin by the threat of war and by many of its burdens. It is not as though all this had been a policy past and gone, which no longer could have been put into operation once war was declared by Russia. It is not even as though it were a policy to be pursued only by enemies of the Porte and sympathizers with St. Petersburg. At any moment before Plevna fell the British Cabinet might have informed the Porte that the concessions demanded by the Conference at Constantinople must be made. An English fleet acting in the highest interests of Turkey could have compelled obedience, and Russia, still in her trenches before Plevna, would

Ministers take counsel with their parliamentary constituents whenever the policy of their party or the kingdom is to enter upon a new phase. Lord Beaconsfield has adopted the course of reserving his request for parliamentary approval to the consummation of an act of policy instead of its preparation. Parliament can dissent and eject the Minister; but it can no longer warn him. Secrecy has taken the place of publicity, and our English Parliament's functions have been reduced during the session which closed on the 16th of August to something like those of a Parliament of Paris in its "bed of justice." A Conservative majority may be content with the economy it secures of intellectual tissue through having nothing to do but record an assent. It is after all in no worse plight than the body of a Cabinet with two of its members sending home from Berlin articles of peace it has mechanically to register. But it is an usurpation to deprive a minority without any consent, expressed or implied, of the power it has hitherto possessed of colouring a policy it cannot initiate. The nation at large suffers also. It loses its habit of criticism in the efforts to guess what novel act its statesmen have been accomplishing in its name. There may be members of the Cabinet who do not think that the least of the recommendations of the new system. It seems strange, however, to find Sir Stafford Northcote, who, with trade depressed and a sinking revenue, lays with a light heart a burden on the country of some £200,000 a year, justifying a new experiment in prerogative by the chance of driving a better bargain with the owners of transports at Bombay, and of surprising a capricious despot out of a consent he might have refused if forewarned.

As if to cast ridicule upon the whole fancy-work structure of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, rumours of Russian designs in the neighbourhood of Afghanistan raised a scare in the middle of August, which the right to defend the Ottoman frontier in Asia was powerless to dissipate. Certainly there is at present no cause to apprehend that the Ameer contemplates any favour to Russia beyond what may be necessary to insure from Great Britain a higher bid than the Governor-General of Turkestan would think it prudent to make. If, however, British India should be confronted with a Russo-Afghan alliance, England would scarcely be better able to meet a Russian invasion of the Punjab from the obligation she has contracted to resist a Russian invasion of Asia Minor. The Porte would help England but little even within the Turkish Empire. It would probably leave her to war alone for the integrity of the new Armenian frontier, just as it will leave her to reform as she may, at her own charges, the internal abuses of Turkey. To the modest demand of Great Britain for improved financial and judicial regulations, the reply is reported to be "no effects." The Porte thinks justice and economy extravagances: England, if she have a taste for propagating such luxuries, must pay for them. British policy has conveyed

to the Ottoman as to the European mind the impression that all has been done for the profit of England, and that England must bear the cost of what is her own lucrative investment in an Ottoman future. Austria frankly treats her part of the Ottoman spoils as wreck, which they who have in some measure caused it must expect to gather in without aid from the crew. Englishmen have naïvely been supposing they were to be welcomed as apostles and reformers; they are scarcely as yet prepared to find themselves regarded as selfish aggressors. Next session, whether of the present or of a new Parliament, threatens to be as occupied with questionings about the crude Government plans for renewing Ottoman vitality, as was that which ended in August with the ebb and flow of the conflict between Lords Beaconsfield and Derby whether it was to be war or peace.

It is a melancholy prospect. The Factories Act and the Highways Act, the Scotch Roads and Bridges Act, the Cattle Diseases Act, and the Irish Sunday Closing and Intermediate Education Acts, even with additional bishops thrown in, are not an ample year's supply of legislation for Great Britain. Much law-making is so ill considered and ill digested that men are apt to think the less of it the better. Yet, in a country like this, with circumstances ever shifting and changing, the process of legislation must shift and vary to meet the circumstances. But the new laws and amendments in the law should have an idea in them; and that they cannot have so long as the best minds are absorbed in star-gazing round and about the European firmament. The Cattle Diseases Act is a type of legislation without a ground plan. Till the very moment when it received the royal assent, it was impossible even to discuss a measure which transformed itself at every sitting of the House. Had the Bill been properly thought out before its introduction into Parliament, it would have been impossible to defend its original form as the Duke of Richmond and Sir Stafford Northcote defended it, and to accept, as they did, its final shape. The only common ground—not merely with the two sides, the country and town interests, in the controversy which the Bill aroused, but also with the Government at the several stages of the debate in the Houses—would seem to have been a vague belief that permanent powers ought to be intrusted to the Privy Council for the prevention as far as possible of cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia, and foot and mouth disease, and their extirpation when introduced. Cattle plague is happily too rare a visitor for the procedure necessary to encounter it to be of immediate practical importance; the Bill's opponents and supporters thought not so much of it as of foot and mouth disease. Foot and mouth disease did not originate in these islands; but it has naturalized itself in them. If the importation of foreign sheep and cattle were prohibited, it would still be necessary to guard against



the propagation of the epidemic by native flocks and herds. The indomitable and ignorant recklessness and selfishness of British farmers has enabled the mischief to take a much deeper root than the most unrestricted importation would have permitted. But to any suggestion of strict official supervision and quarantine in English farms the answer has always been ready, that a single steam-packet from Rotterdam would convey an amount of disease enough to infect half the farmyards in the country. The Duke of Richmond's Bill offered a bribe to the home farmer that any restriction he consented to should be repaid him by a threefold restriction on importation. The Bill was not introduced for the purpose of protecting the agricultural interest; but it bribed the farmers to let the Government defend them against themselves by threatening foreign importers with conditions which would limit greatly their competition with home breeders. The reply of ministers to charges of protectionist tendencies was satisfactory enough as regards themselves; but they never affected to deny that the measure in its original form would have operated as a measure of protection. They claimed that this was not its merit in their eyes; but they could not suggest that it was not its one merit in the eyes of their agricultural friends.

It would have mattered little what farmers thought if either the restrictions on importation could have been proved to be necessary, or if their effect on the consumers of meat had been likely to be insignificant. Representatives of the farmers, like Mr. Read, did not prove the one point, nor did ministers prove the other. No one of the opponents of the Bill in its first shape argued that the most stringent precautions should not be taken against the importation of disease. Their position throughout was that, in the consumer's interests, the Privy Council should be given the fullest powers for the purpose. But they contended that there was no reason to tie the Privy Council's hands, and not permit it to admit animals from any and all countries which could show a clean bill of health. In the case of a country like the United States the presumption was allowed to be that cattle and sheep can be imported safely. Mr. Forster asked that the same presumption should be made general. He and his supporters, however, would have been content at one time with leave for other countries to be admitted to prove to the satisfaction of the Privy Council that their cattle and sheep can be imported with as little danger to our own as American. Yet this moderate concession was extorted from the Conservative majority only by the fear that further resistance would destroy the Bill. When the ministry at first yielded, it confined its extension of the Privy Council's discretion to some few states. Only the risk our commercial treaties would run from the grant to certain countries of the privilege we withheld from others forced the Government to accept the enlargement of the exception. Under the clause common to all commercial treaties called "the

most favoured nation" clause, it is unlawful to refuse to one nation a right we confer on another. Never was it more clear how impossible it is for an advocate by profession to cease to be an advocate than when the Attorney and the Solicitor-General declared it to be their unprejudiced conviction that to allow the Privy Council power to admit cattle from Denmark and refuse it power to admit them from Holland, however free from disease not only the whole import but Holland itself might be proved to be, is not to give Denmark a preference over Holland. Not only Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, but lawyers like Sir John Holker and Sir Hardinge Giffard were courageous enough to assert that it is as advantageous for a country to be able to apply to Parliament to enact that it may import cattle into England as that it should be free to obtain the leave from the Privy Council on proof that it has no cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia, or foot and mouth disease in it. The mere insistence of the farmers' friends on the retention of the distinction might, we should have supposed, have been considered sufficient evidence to the contrary.

On this point, however, the more sagacious and temperate of the Conservative rank and file counselled concession, and Mr. Pell not for the first time has saved his friends from a grave blunder. As it is, the consumer has to thank for the contingent protection of his interests partly the alarm of the agricultural interest for the vitality of its Bill in July, and partly ministerial apprehensions of diplomatic controversy. That the consumer was directly concerned in the question the Government paradoxically refused to admit. According to the Duke of Richmond and Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, the foreign meat supply is no more than about a tenth of the total this country requires. Whatever in this way is cut off from the market will, they assert, be spontaneously made good, and more than made good, by the increased health of the home flocks and herds, their multiplication through the extended encouragement held out to the producer, and the indefinite expansion of the so-called dead meat trade. The Duke of Richmond's calculations are somewhat vitiated by his calm assumption that the total annual import of foreign cattle and sheep is to be compared with the total of native beef and mutton. He appears to suppose that we eat up year by year the whole of our farm stock. But even on his own figures the loss will be very considerable. The increase of price to the consumer is not to be measured by the numerical diminution in the tons of meat brought to market. A deficiency of a hundredth part in the ordinary supply of a commodity may swell the price almost indefinitely, for the same reason which makes the sellers of any article fear above all things a glut. The champions of the measure profess to be persuaded that the dead meat import will more than balance any deficiency; and in time, we believe, this may be so. But for the development of any branch

of trade time is necessary. The consumers of meat will not be content to pay twopence or threepence a pound more now because in a few years butchers will have to satisfy themselves with present profits. Ministerialists have cause for gratitude to the Opposition for introducing amendments into the Bill which may have the effect of bridging over the interval before foreign producers have learnt how to send their animals to England in the form of beef and mutton instead of sheep and oxen. Had the resistance of the Opposition and some Conservative representatives of great towns been beaten down, and had a revival in trade enlarged the demand, the diminution of the supply attributable to this Act in its first form would have raised prices to an extent which might have unseated half the Conservative borough members at the next general election.

Much may be said against the folly of the English public in accepting hap-hazard legislation which may turn from our shores the very food we eat. Nothing can be more preposterous than that British statesmen should have had no time or thought to spare during their last idle six months from the consideration of imaginary dangers and an imaginary arena of reform in Asia Minor, for the discussion of practical amendments in a criminal law which its very practitioners do not understand. We may take such comfort as we will from the fact that the same lesson might be read to other nations besides our own. Russia is burning to wipe out a supposed diplomatic defeat and to raise once more the standard of Panslavism. It should be a matter of more intimate concern than even the destinies of Panslavism, that the whole empire is worm-eaten at the heart with impossible conspiracies against a system of government by secret police. Italy on the verge of bankruptcy gnashes her teeth at being denied a share in such spoils as the friends of Turkey have appropriated. Sicily and the Abruzzi are not enough on a nation's hands, when Englishmen have intrigued themselves into the right to sicken of fever in Cyprus, and Austrians to be slain by the Bosnians they affect to liberate. Germany is ready to try the experiment, strange for her, of a financial deficit, so only that she may remain chronically ready to meet a world in arms. In the meantime her elections reveal an arrayed strength of hostility to all property which defeat intensifies. Once England had a right to preach to the world on the profit nations might derive from understanding the proportion of things, the advantage of commerce and industry over imperial ambitions. Such sermons would seem hypocrisy now. We must not be surprised that the annexation of Cyprus and the Anglo-Turkish Convention are taken by the Continental Powers as irrefutable testimony to British recantation of the traditional British policy. The example Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry has set may prove strangely fruitful.

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IMPERIALISM.

THE time cannot be remote, it may be very near at hand, when we shall be called upon to elect a new Parliament. The election when it does arrive will, as far as we are permitted to see at present, turn upon questions very different from those which have agitated the public at least during the memory of the present generation. For reasons too obvious to require statement, the election can hardly turn on the merits or character of any existing statesman. We have not, and, we may be permitted to assert, are not likely to have, any proposal for domestic legislation which is calculated very deeply to interest the feelings or stir the energies of the great bulk of the constituencies. And yet this election will in all probability be ranked by posterity among the most momentous that has occurred during the last six hundred years. It may not turn on persons or on measures, but it will decide that on which the fate of persons and the success of measures must henceforth depend. It will lay down the principles on which statesmen must act, and the kind of measures which Parliament will henceforth view with favour. To many keenly disputed principles the present Parliament has already given the seal of its approbation. During the maximum period of two years which may remain to it, Parliament may give its approval to many more. But two things must always be remembered: one, that the innovations to which we allude have hitherto been the work not of those who are usually regarded as the party of innovation—the chartered libertines to whom nothing, however venerable from age or prescription, is sacred—but of the Conservative party, the party of tradition and permanence; the other, that these signal innovations on the ancient traditions and practice of England have never been brought to the notice and have never received the sanction of the electors, in whose hands the ultimate decision still lies. Many of these questions have been raised from time to time in the form of criticisms on the declarations or actions of the ministers

now in power. Others, though not distinctly stated, appear to be necessary corollaries from them. Others seem to point to analogies of very large and sweeping application. It has occurred to the writer of this paper that, perhaps, something might be gained for that clearness and precision which is so essential in a matter of such unspeakable importance, if he were first to endeavour to lay down affirmatively, rather than by way of hostile criticism, what appear to him to be the leading principles in dispute, and the reasons on which he conceives those principles to be based, reserving for after-consideration the criticism of those principles which appear to have been finally adopted by our present Ministry and Parliament.

So deep does the unsettlement of men's minds go, that the first question on which the constituencies will be bound to give an opinion is nothing less than the very elementary problem, What is the object which all those entrusted with political power ought to have in view in conducting the affairs of the country? The only answer that calm reason can give to such a question seems to be that the one duty of those entrusted with the government of mankind is to act purely and solely, as far as the infirmity of human nature will permit, with the single view of obtaining for that country over which they preside the greatest amount of happiness which the condition of its existence admits of. This is the alpha and omega of the duty of a statesman. As far as he does this, he discharges his duty to the people with whose destiny he is entrusted. As far as he allows himself to be drawn aside by any consideration whatever from this first and paramount obligation, be the temptation ever so great and so seducing, he is false to the trust reposed in him and to the office which he has undertaken. All other objects of desire, how glittering and seductive soever—military glory, success in diplomacy, personal distinction, increase of territory, prestige of all kinds—are not to be regarded as things to be desired for their own sake, but only so far as they contribute to the one cardinal and exclusive object, the happiness of those who have either directly or by their authorised agents entrusted their welfare to his care. Yet, true as this undoubtedly is, in the whole course of the recent controversy we never remember to have heard it mentioned. The whole dispute has turned on secondary matters, and the one end, in comparison with which all others sink into absolute insignificance, has been kept out of sight, and replaced by substitutes of infinitely inferior value.

Supposing this primary and all-important proposition to be conceded, another duty is thrown upon Government, for the performance of which they are gravely responsible. They are bound not only to abstain themselves from misleading the less informed and more excitable part of the community by directing their attention to these *idola theatri*, which may be substituted for the

pursuit of happiness; they are bound to warn them against these delusions, and to point out to them that upon them and upon their children the effects of what is called a spirited foreign policy, as opposed to the pursuit of happiness, will surely fall. The business of a just and honest administration was, we think, well illustrated in the case of the Alabama award. Every conceivable motive prompted refusal except one, but that one was the happiness of the people of England and America. It was a case where the ministry of the day might have easily gained a temporary popularity by stimulating the popular passion. They preferred saving the people to trafficking on their weaknesses and passions, and when they incurred unpopularity in such a cause they were discharging the highest and clearest duty of their office.

The same considerations which apply to war determine the duty of a really honest and patriotic government with regard to finance. A really honest and patriotic government regards itself as a trustee, in the strictest sense of the word, of the money which is raised from the people. Not only is it bound not to misapply those funds, it is bound to employ them strictly in the manner which Parliament has decided to be most beneficial to the public at large. When the service of the year has been provided for, the surplus, if any, should return to those from whom it came. It was theirs originally, it becomes theirs again when the purpose for which it was raised is answered. This may be done in one of two ways, either by remission of taxation or by payment of debt. It seems right that the people who contribute the taxes should have the surplus returned to them, rather than that the Government should spend it for them. Every man is the best judge of where the shoe pinches. It is not right to divert the balance to lending money to powerful municipal bodies at a lower interest than can be obtained elsewhere, although it is undoubtedly a means of obtaining popularity. The present Government has made many friends by the lending system. The late Government took off twelve millions of taxes, and paid off forty millions of what was or would have become debt, and we are not aware that by doing so they made a single friend or conciliated a single opponent—but most undoubtedly they did their duty.

The happiness of men, as far as money matters are concerned, is best consulted by leaving them as far as possible to spend the money they have earned in their own way. It may be said that this principle would countenance that of which we have recently had a sample, the postponing the duty of raising money for the payment of sums which are due for the service of the present year, for a period more or less remote. The answer is that the Government is a trustee for the happiness of the people not only during the present year, but

for all time; and that nothing tends so directly to foster those habits of extravagance, which are fatal alike to the happiness of nations and individuals, as giving any countenance to the idea that it can be either just or wise to teach the lesson that we have discovered the art by which one set of persons may be forced to pay for that which another set of persons have contrived to enjoy. In these, as in all other cases, a rigid adherence to justice will be found not only the guide to what is right, but also to what is sound policy, not necessarily the policy that will secure a prolonged tenure of office, but a policy which is good in itself, and will give to those who practise it the consciousness of having done their duty, and to those who live under it a respect for the institutions under which they live.

When we turn from domestic to foreign relations, we shall find that the same rule obtains. Our foreign relations have been happy and prosperous just in proportion as we have observed the rule of guiding ourselves by our true interests alone. From the first dawn of history mankind have been subject to the delusion that the happiness of a nation consists in the degree of influence that one people can exercise over the destiny of another; happy if they could make their neighbours tributary, happier still if they could reduce them to absolute dependence, happiest of all if they could degrade them to the condition of slaves. The Romans, who regulated their rights between each other with the most scrupulous exactness, had neither mercy nor justice for foreigners. The heroic stoic virtue of Brutus did not prevent him from starving the whole senate of our new and interesting possession of Cyprus to death, in order to extort from them the payment of interest at the rate of forty-eight per cent. The conquered provinces were plundered without mercy by prætors and pro-consuls to defray the expenses of Roman elections; and things reached such a degree of disorder and misery that the conquerors of the world submitted to a single tyrant, and reduced themselves to the condition of those whom they had conquered and trampled upon, rather than submit any longer to the fearful consequences of their own victories, bought by the extermination of the brave and thrifty inhabitants of Italy. This signal and prerogative instance, to which it would be easy to add many others, seems to show that when a nation has attained a certain amount of freedom and self-government, no step can be more fatal than a career of successful conquests. The dilemma forms itself in this way: if you raise your conquered enemy to a level with yourself, the blood and treasure which you have expended in the conquest have been wasted, and all that you have gained by it is a new element of discord and sedition; if you keep them in subjection they will inevitably, as in the case of Rome, drag you down to their own level.

It must also be remembered that the modern conqueror is in two respects worse off than his Roman predecessor: the ancient conqueror could impose a tribute, which the comparative mildness of modern notions will scarcely tolerate; and it was once worth while to conquer poor and savage races for the sake of obtaining slaves, which the civilisation of modern Europe no longer endures. Thus it appears that the principal motives which spurred men on to war in former times no longer exist, and that if it is the duty of statesmen to act solely for the happiness of the people they govern, it is equally their interest to avoid wars from which the mildness of modern manners prevents them from winning even the miserable advantages that war, if successful, could once afford.

But the case against war is still stronger when we consider that we have already obtained, without shedding a drop of blood, all and more than all that the most successful war could possibly give us. We won Canada by a series of bloody battles, but Australia we obtained without any battle at all. We sought in the most imperial way to make our colonies in North America our tributaries, and they separated from us, after inflicting upon us defeat and humiliation unknown to us before. We supposed that we had lost a great and irreplaceable dominion, but we found that for all useful purposes we had lost nothing by the separation; for all pacific uses the United States were still at our service. So long as vacant lands in temperate latitudes exist on the earth we have at our disposal, without shedding a drop of blood, all that the most successful war can give us. Just as we have discovered that any amount of territory may be acquired without war, so we have discovered and clearly proved that wealth beyond the dreams of avarice may be acquired without plunder. The way to grow rich is not to plunder and ruin other people, but to assist them in becoming rich themselves. The Roman empire perished because the subjects were unable to endure the weight of taxation. England flourishes because her peaceful industry can supply the demands of her Government, and yet leave enough in the hands of her people to stand against the competition of the world.

We trust that the observations which we have made will be found an appropriate introduction to the question which must be decided at the next general election. That question is, Shall we adhere to the policy which we have on the whole consistently adopted since the close of the Crimean war, or shall we discard it and substitute for it what in the language of our Secretaries of State is called Imperialism?

Every one of us when he enters upon life has before him two courses of action. He may take for his guide the simple rule of treating others as he would wish to be treated himself; he may consider their feelings, their interests, their prejudices; he may strive to place himself in their position; he may remember how often he



has required indulgence himself, and how often he may yet require it; he may reflect upon the uncertainties of the most assured position, and the probability that he may at some time find occasion to ask for that fair consideration which he is now asked to give to his neighbour. Without entering into the moral merit of such conduct, we are in the habit of considering such a man, it may be, as a good but certainly as a prudent and judicious person. Take a person of the contrary cast of character—a man who, bent only on his immediate advantage, pushes every opportunity to the utmost, avows cynically that his own interest is the sole guide of his conduct, and shows by words and actions that he recognises no other limit to the liberty which he allows himself in his dealings with others than the strict law, and not even that, unless there is a strong probability of its being enforced against him. Which course should we, speaking in the abstract and without any special temptation before us, desire those who are adopted as the agents for a nation of which we are members to follow? Surely we should say, we prefer the fair and generous course, more especially when we remember that man is but a transitory being, but that nations are endowed with almost boundless longevity, and have therefore much stronger motives than individuals for establishing a good character. To do the Tories justice, the name of Imperialism and the theory were foreign to their opinions and traditions. But now the party has obtained not only office but power, and this is the contribution which its new position has brought us. We are invited to cast aside what we had fondly conceived to be the universally recognised principles of foreign policy, and to adopt those in their stead which it was hoped and believed we had finally discarded.

Let us examine this new idol to which we are summoned to bow down, as suddenly and as unreasonably as the subjects of Nebuchadnezzar himself. What does Imperialism mean? It means the assertion of absolute force over others. If we can gain some purpose by persuading our adversary that we are right and he is wrong, that is mere logical and rhetorical dexterity. There is nothing imperial in it. If we can, by abating somewhat of our extreme right, or even by larger concessions, avert the calamities of war, that is utterly repugnant to Imperialism. But if by the menace of overbearing force we can coerce a weaker state to bow before our will, or if, better still, we can by a demonstration of actual force attain the same object, or, best of all, if we can conquer our adversary in open fight, and impose our own conditions at the bayonet's point, then, as Dryden sings, "these are imperial arts and worthy thee." It does not follow that the strongest party is always in the wrong, but the triumph of Imperialism is most complete when power is most clearly manifested; and of course the

victory is doubled when the victory is not only over weakness but over right.

We do not say that in her long and chequered history England has not often abused her power, but we believe that this is the first time that the leading members of her Government in England have descended so low as to teach their party to put forward such a symbol. Let us see what it is, and whither it will lead us. We are told as a matter of reproach that the question is between a great and a little England. Whether there may not also be a choice sometimes between a happy and a great, between an imperial and a just England, we are never desired to consider. Let us then analyse this light, and see whether it is of heaven or of the fogs and swamps of earth.

Imperialism is the apotheosis of violence. From the point of view of Imperialism, the less that there is to say for it beyond brute force the better. Every scintilla of justice that there is in your case is just so much deducted from its imperial quality. If he is thrice armed that has his quarrel just, he that has his quarrel unjust is thrice imperial. This doctrine in a nation like ours is as impolitic as it is iniquitous. We have a great deal more to lose than to gain by the spread of violence and rapine, and should, if it were only out of mere selfishness, adhere to the theory that sanctions existing rights and possessions. These cynical pretensions suit well with the insolence of prosperity, but have a bitter recoil in the days of adversity. Imperialism, so far as it is a leading motive, is the claim to be judges on our own cause—a claim which is neither just nor honourable. The Athenians, in their controversy with the Melians, cynically declare that "justice is to be applied when the forces on each side are equal; but what the strong shall exact, or the weak shall yield, is a mere question of power." Was that their opinion when, ten years afterwards, they found themselves at the mercy of the Spartans? There lurks a delusion, a prestige, in the proper sense of the word, in the very notion of Imperialism. One can imagine a single despot exulting in uncontrolled power, but what application has this to some thirty-five millions of people? We call them England by a figure of speech, but how many of them understand the glories of Imperialism, and how many of those on whom her glories descend would be willing to pay for them, if they knew the cost at which they are obtained, and had the question fairly put before them. We have recently had two samples of Imperialism which might, one would think, cool the aspirations of the most ardent Imperialist. The Emperor of the French, having no just title to fall back upon, determined to be ultra-imperial, *i.e.* to maintain by glory what he had gained by fraud and murder, and plunged into a most unjust war, with results which corresponded much more nearly to his deserts than his expectations. And we have a striking example in

Prussia how little mere military success contributes to the happiness or content of the victor.

The introduction of this new and most unacceptable addition to our vocabulary calls to memory Swift's comment on the pretentious motto of Chief Justice Whitshed:—

"Libertas et natale solum,  
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em."

The real strength of a nation is measured not so much by what it does as by what it is able to do. Our strength in the day of trial, if it should arrive from unavoidable misfortune or be brought about by ministers imperially minded and, in search of prestige, will consist mainly in this, that we have not trained away the flower of our youth from innocent and useful employment to spend their lives in barracks and cantonments, that we have not squandered our finances in vain military flourish and bravado, and that by these means we have kept our country in a state which will enable us to put forth considerable power if it should become necessary. How long this will be the case under the notions that are dominant in the most influential quarters, it is impossible to say. We may at any rate point with some pride and satisfaction to what was once the non-imperial policy of this country. Hitherto, as being more anxious for defence than attack, we have availed ourselves to the full of the advantages of our insular position, and safe behind our watery rampart have dispensed ourselves from the duty of vying with continental armies. But now it would seem all this is to be changed, and the principles to which we owe so much are to give way to a ruinous competition with the great continental armies. The Crimean war has taught us, if we did not know it before, how rapidly the wear and tear of war tells upon an English army, and how easily a force which can go anywhere and do anything may be transformed into the body of half-trained boys who were unable to hold the Redan. It is best to look our position boldly in the face, and to admit what is really undeniable, that the necessary concomitant of an imperial army and the first condition of giving effect to our new ideas is to adopt some form of conscription as soon as possible. As long as we were content to trust to our insular position, as long as we could count on being the attacked and not the attacking party, we were well justified in relying on an army of volunteers. But the attitude which we have now assumed really leaves us no other choice, unless we are prepared to be as ridiculous as we have been presumptuous, than to place our little army in some degree on an equality with our inflated pretensions. 0

We admit that there is one exception to the line of policy which we have pursued, but that exception only proves the rule. The conquest of India was not the work of the English Government but of a mercantile company. At the time when it passed into

the hands of the Crown, as it virtually did about a hundred years ago, we had a wolf by the ears which it was as difficult to let go as to hold. We could not go back, we could not stand still. We had no choice but to advance. We are committed to this experiment, but the exception, we repeat, proves the rule. The greatest part of the difficulty in which we are involved arises from an overstrained and ridiculous anxiety as to the probability of an attack on India from the west. The existence of this periodical panic only shows the danger of such possessions and the rashness of committing ourselves, as we have just done, to other continental engagements, which, being less under our control, may very probably be even more dangerous and burdensome.

The objections which we have taken to the doctrine of imperialism have turned very much on its immorality. It is founded on the reckless acceptance of any means which appear likely to attain the ends in view, on the grossest selfishness and the most absolute disregard of what all men admit in the abstract to be their duty towards each other. Its principle, if anything so utterly unprincipled can deserve the name, resolves itself to the oppression of the weak by the strong, and the triumph of power over justice.

The Government seem to be labouring under the impression that the disorder from which the inhabitants of the British Islands are at this time suffering is a want of self-appreciation, and so they proceed logically enough to administer the strongest antidote to this disorder in the form of the grossest appeals to our national vanity. The effect that "Violet Crowned" is said by Aristophanes to have produced on the Athenian populace, our ministers evidently expect from the administration in large doses of the term "imperial." We are self-governed in England; we are the governors of others in India; and it is evidently thought by our guides and instructors that it is a much finer thing to govern others, than to be able to govern ourselves. They think that we are deficient in a due share of national vanity, and that it is their duty to raise us to a proper appreciation of our own merits. The only other supposition would be that the Government were playing the odious part of seeking low popularity by the arts of flattery and sycophancy, which, of course, is not to be entertained. But without inquiring too deeply into motives, we should like very much to be told when the Government has succeeded in flattering and fooling the people to the top of their bent, when each of us has come to consider himself as an Alexander or a Sesostris what shall we have gained, and what will the Government have gained by it? We must refer those who are rude enough to ask this question to Falstaff's Catechism of Honour, reminding them that if Imperialism pricks you on, it may also prick you off, and that it has no skill in surgery.

How desirable it is for those who do not share the views of the

Government to bestir themselves may be gathered from the following extract from the *Times* correspondent from India of September 11th, who is evidently writing under official inspiration. "It is necessary," he says, "to provide for a strong strategic position. It is indispensable that we should possess a commanding influence over the triangle of territory formed on the map by Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad. War would be an evil of infinitely less gravity than Russian influence in Cabul, which would extend hostility to British power in India." The only construction that we can put on this passage is that unless the Ameer of Cabul, who is notoriously hostile to us, will enter at once into a treaty of amity, we will at once enter upon a repetition of the invasion of Afghanistan of 1838—9, just to see whether we can re-enact the sanguinary drama of 1841—42. In other words, we will leap into the furnace, in order to save ourselves from the flames. The pretension thus put forward really seems to amount to this. Great Britain and Ireland are only a kingdom after all. India is an empire. But an empire is more worthy than a kingdom, and though it may happen that our whole strength lies in the kingdom, and our weakness mainly in the empire, it is the interest of the empire rather than the interest of the kingdom by which our policy is to be regulated. What is called a far-sighted policy is not always a wise one. A microscopic ingenuity may find for itself more profitable employment than in discovering causes for war. To search for a cause of offence, to find it, and by a sudden attack to convert an unpleasant possibility into a still more unpleasant certainty, is not one of the highest achievements of statesmanship. It is well to remember that the impact which we receive will be exactly in proportion to the violence of the attack, and that it is often wiser to watch and wait for mischiefs that may never happen, than by headlong precipitation to convert them into certainties. When every day brought a fresh challenge to Russia, it was only reasonable that she should seek what appeared to her the readiest mode of retaliation. Had we not better wait and see whether, the cause being removed, the effect may not also cease.

But we have still to consider Imperialism in another aspect in which it is even more odious. We know not of what materials an imperial conscience is made, but we think there must be very few English gentlemen on either side of the House who can have witnessed without some feelings of indignation and shame our treatment of the assembled powers of Europe at the Congress of Berlin. For reasons, which we will not now enter into or dispute, the English Government had come to the conclusion that it was expedient to form the state of Eastern Roumelia, to cede Batoum to Russia, to guarantee the integrity of the Turkish empire against Russia, and to obtain a decisive influence over the domestic administration of Turkey. They also desired to obtain possession of the island of Cyprus. We are not

dealing with the wisdom or expediency of these desires, but simply with the fact of their existence. There was but one fair and honourable way of attaining them. The European Conference was about to meet. These were all matters intimately connected with the questions which the Conference was summoned to discuss. If they were to be insisted on, to state them to the Conference was an absolute duty of ordinary honesty and good faith.

The meeting of Berlin was the Areopagus of Europe. It was acting in a judicial as well as an executive capacity, and no duty can be clearer than that of every member of the Congress to abstain from any secret arrangement which might limit its jurisdiction or mislead its judgment. But England had a point to carry, and that point was most easily if not most honourably attained by underhand negotiations and secret conventions. The moral principle once broken down, the choice lay between force or fraud, each founded on the maxim that the means justify the ends—both alike imperial and alike disgraceful. The powers of Europe who were not tainted by these transactions understood their dignity too well to waste time in fruitless reclamations; but Europe will not forget that England just before entering into a conference of a judicial nature on the affairs of Turkey, which bound her to the utmost purity and impartiality, stooped to receive a bribe from the country on whose destiny she was about to arbitrate, and forestalled the decision of the Congress by clandestine negotiations.

We have hitherto considered the spirit of Imperialism only as it relates to our dealings with foreign nations. But unhappily this does not exhaust the subject. We have yet to say a word on the influence of this pernicious innovation on our own constitution. Belial is a divinity who will not be served by halves, and no nation ever cast away the principles of just and fair dealing in its relations with others, without speedily feeling the recoil in its domestic affairs. Of all countries in the world England is the one which affords the readiest opportunity for unscrupulous persons to practise the arts of Imperialism as we have explained the term. The history of the English constitution is a record of liberties wrung and extorted bit by bit from arbitrary power. The shell of absolute power has been allowed to remain, so much of substance being removed as the emergencies of a particular crisis rendered necessary. When the prerogatives of the sovereign have been grossly abused, they have been restricted, but, owing to a certain moderation and phlegm in the character of the people, they have been more studious to guard against the mischiefs that have actually arisen, than to reduce the constitution to a clear and logical consistency. Thus most of the prerogatives of the Crown remain untouched, the country having been content with the assurance that they can only be exercised under the advice of responsible ministers.

It is the happy discovery of the present Parliament that responsibility has no terrors for a Government possessed of a large and manageable majority. Our institutions are framed in a spirit of generous but, as it now appears, mistaken confidence. The power of entering into treaties without the consent of Parliament has been only retained, because it was believed that it would not be abused. That by the abuse of this power the members of the Cabinet, without consulting Parliament, should be able to pledge the country to the most formidable engagements, to the clandestine acquisition of new territory peculiarly calculated to wound the susceptibilities of powers with whom it is alike our desire and interest to be on the most amicable terms, and to a treaty under which we may be called upon at a moment's notice to engage under every conceivable disadvantage in a war in a desolate and remote country with one of the greatest military powers in the world, as near to his resources as we are distant from our own, can only be believed possible because it has just been actually done. It is thus that the poisoned chalice of Imperialism which we have held out to our allies and rivals is now commended to our own lips. We have been learning under our present guides and leaders the doctrines of despotic and arbitrary power, and we must not repine if we experience in our own persons that which we are taught by these our new schoolmasters to be the proper treatment of our friends and allies. Thus it has ever been. The laws of good faith and fair dealing are violated towards strangers, in the vain hope that those virtues may flourish at home which are cynically cast aside abroad.

But this can never be. The spirit which teaches that the means are justified if the end be obtained, will not suffer its sphere of action to be limited to dealings with our adversaries, or our allies. If all is held to be fair in war or diplomacy, it is but a slight step in advance to hold that political opponents within our own borders are entitled to no greater consideration. The House of Commons was called together three weeks earlier than usual that the Government might have the advantage of its advice and assistance. We will not weary our readers by recapitulating a history with which every one is well acquainted; but we put it to any candid person whether the treatment which the House has received from the first day of the session to the last of the Conference of Berlin, has not been on the part of Government one long course of deception and mystification. The House was deceived as to the movements of the fleet, kept in the dark as to the transportation of troops from India, and committed without knowing it to a new and most hazardous policy in Asia Minor. It would almost seem that the Commons of England were summoned and kept together mainly to show to the rest of Europe how vain was the notion that this great assembly is the ruling power in the State, and to prove that its functions are practi-

cally limited to voting money for expenditure on which it has never been consulted, and ratifying new and most hazardous schemes of policy of which it never heard till they were beyond recall. Just as a bold speculator in cosmogony is said to have declared that it was the duty of the architect of the universe to create it and then to commit suicide, so it seems to be assumed that the duty of a House of Commons is to create a Government, and, having accomplished this feat, to sink into a state of political coma till a new election heralds the advent of a new or the continuance of an old ministry. The result of what we have said seems to be that we are in no little danger of undergoing a very real revolution, however it may be veiled under apparent observance of the forms of the constitution. The House has become a machine for electing, and seems disposed to abdicate its functions of controlling and instructing ministers. The business of the Government is to find its occupation in the hunting of rats and mice and such small deer, while weightier matters are sedulously concealed from it till any practical interference, even were the House disposed to attempt it, has become impossible.

These things call aloud for a remedy if the House of Commons is to be something more, to discharge some higher duties, than the persons whose duty is limited to the election of the President of the United States. The remedy is in the constituencies or nowhere. The time which may elapse before the dissolution of Parliament cannot be better employed than in pointing out to those with whom the decision ultimately rests the great issues that are raised by a condition of affairs like the present. The people should be put on their guard against the flimsy but dangerous delusions to which they are exposed. They should be reminded of the principles by the observance of which this country has hitherto grown and prospered to an extent to which history affords no parallel. These may be summarised in industry and freedom at home, and peace, fair dealing, and moderation abroad. They should be warned against the stupid worship of mere size and bulk; they should be taught that the question is not, as our blind guides tell us, between a great and a little, but between an honest and happy and a disgraced unhappy England. They should be guarded against those odious sophisms which, under the vulgar mask of Imperialism, conceal the substitution of might for right, and seek to establish the dominion of one set of human beings on the degradation and misery of another. And above all, the public ought to be warned against that abuse of the prerogative of making treaties, by which, in defiance of constitutional practice and theory, we have been entangled in the most tremendous liabilities without the previous consent of the Parliament that should have sanctioned, or the people who must bear them.

ROBERT LOWE.



## THE CHARACTER OF THE HUMOURIST.

CHARLES LAMB.

THOSE English critics who at the beginning of the present century introduced from Germany, together with some other subtleties of thought transplanted hither not without advantage, the distinction between the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*, made much also of the cognate distinction between *Wit* and *Humour*, between that unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot, and the laughter which blends with tears and with the sublimities of the imagination even, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity,—the laughter of the comedies of Shakspeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious.

This distinction between wit and humour, Coleridge and other kindred critics applied, with much effect, in their studies of some of our older English writers. And as the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humour, finds a sort of visible analogue and interpretation in the character and writings of Charles Lamb;—one who lived more consistently than most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art.

The author of the *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, coming to the humourists of the nineteenth, would have found, as is true pre-eminently of himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humour proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for instance, freer and more boisterous.

To this more high-pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even, with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work. We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years, spent on Thames' side, among the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London. Just above the poorer class, de-

prived, as he says, of the "sweet food of academic institution," he is fortunate enough to be reared in the classical languages at an ancient school, where he becomes the companion of Coleridge, as at a later period his enthusiastic disciple. So far, the years go by with less than the usual share of boyish difficulties; protected, one fancies, seeing what he was afterwards, by some attraction of temper in the quaint child, small and delicate, with a certain Jewish expression in his clear, brown complexion, with eyes not precisely of the same colour, and a slow walk adding to the staidness of his figure; and whose infirmity of speech, increased by agitation, is partly engaging.

And the cheerfulness of all this, of the mere aspect of Lamb's quiet subsequent life also, might make the more superficial reader think of him as in himself something slight, and of his mirth as cheaply bought. Yet we know beneath this blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness also, of old Greek tragedy. His sister Mary, two years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb devoted himself, "seeking thenceforth," says his excellent biographer, "no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her." The "feverish, romantic tie of love," he cast away for the "charities of home." Only, from time to time, the madness returned, affecting him too, once; and we see them voluntarily yielding to restraint. In estimating the humour of *Elia*, we must no more forget the strong undercurrent of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius so sombre, so heavily coloured, so *macabre*. *Rosamund Grey*, written in his twenty-third year, a story with something bitter and exaggerated, an almost insane fixedness of gloom perceptible in it, strikes clearly this note in his work.

For himself, and from his own point of view, the exercise of his gift, of his literary art, came to gild or sweeten a life of monotonous labour, and seemed, as far as regarded others, no very important thing; availing to give them a little pleasure, and inform them a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner; but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world. And yet this very modesty, this unambitious way of conceiving his work, has impressed upon it a certain exceptional enduringness. For of the remarkable English writers contemporary with Lamb, many were greatly preoccupied with ideas of practice,—religious, moral, political,—ideas

which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness; and, these having no longer any stimulus for a generation provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of those who spent so much of themselves in their propagation have lost, with posterity, something of what they gained in immediate influence. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, even—sharing so largely in the unrest of their own age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, of their actual work, surrender more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent regarding them.

Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, smaller in England than in France, Charles Lamb is one. In the making of prose he realises the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. And, working thus ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it. What sudden, unexpected touches of pathos in him!—bearing witness how the sorrow of humanity, the *Welt-schmerz*, the constant aching of its wounds, is ever present with him; but what a gift also for the enjoyment of life in its subtleties, of enjoyment actually refined by the need of some thoughtful economies and making the most of things! Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, he preserves,—little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit,—and has his “Praise of chimney-sweepers,” (as William Blake has written, with so much natural pathos, the Chimney-sweeper’s Song,) valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel Castle, as he tells the story, anticipating something of the mood of our deep humourists of the last generation. His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness, for instance, or fateful disease of mind, like his sister’s, has something primitive in its bigness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a “Pity’s Gift.”

And if, in deeper or more superficial senses, the dead *do* care at all for their name and fame, then how must the souls of Shakspeare and Webster have been stirred, after so long converse with things that stopped their ears above and below the soil, at his exquisite apprecia-

tions of them; the souls of Titian and of Hogarth also; for, what has not been observed so generally as the excellence of his literary criticism, Charles Lamb is a fine critic of painting also. It was as loyal, self-forgetful work for others, for Shakspeare's self first, and then for Shakspeare's readers, that this too was done; he has the true scholar's way of forgetting himself in his subject. For though "defrauded," as we saw, in his young years, "of the sweet food of academic institution," he is yet essentially a scholar, and all his work mainly retrospective, as I said; his own sorrows, affections, perceptions, being alone real to him of the present. "I cannot make these present times," he says once, "present to me."

Above all, he becomes not merely an expositor, permanently valuable, but for Englishmen almost the discoverer of the old English drama. "The book is such as I am glad there should be," he modestly says of the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*; to which, however, he adds in a series of notes the very quintessence of criticism, the choicest aromas and savours of Elizabethan poetry being sorted and stored here with a sort of delicate intellectual epicureanism, which has had the effect of winning for these, then almost forgotten poets, one generation after another of enthusiastic students. Could he but have known how fresh a source of culture he was evoking there for other generations, all through those years, in which, a little wistfully, he would harp on the limitation of his time by business, and sigh for a better fortune in regard of literary opportunities!

To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or Lady Newcastle; and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others,—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator,—that, is the way of his criticism; cast off in a stray letter often, or passing note, or lightest essay or conversation; it is in such a letter, for instance, that we come upon a singularly penetrative estimate of the genius and writings of Defoe.

Tracking, with an attention always alert, the whole process of their production to its starting-point in the deep places of the mind, he seems to realise the but half-conscious intuitions of Hogarth or Shakspeare, and develops the great ruling unities which have swayed their actual work; or "puts up," and takes, the one morsel of good stuff in an old, forgotten writer. There comes even to be an aroma of old English in what he says even casually; noticeable echoes, in chance turn and phrase, of the great masters of style, the old masters. Godwin, seeing in quotation a passage from *John Woodvil*, takes it for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and goes to Lamb to assist him in finding the author. His power of delicate

imitation in prose and verse goes the length of a fine mimicry even, as in those last essays of Elia on Popular Fallacies, with their gentle reproduction or caricature of Sir Thomas Browne, showing the more completely his mastery, by disinterested study, of those elements in the man which are the real source of style in that great, solemn master of old English, who, ready to say what he has to say with a fearless homeliness, yet continually overawes one with touches of such strange utterance from things afar. For it is with the delicacies of fine literature especially, its gradations of expression, its fine judgment, its pure sense of words, of vocabulary,—things, alas! dying out in the English literature of the present, together with the appreciation of them in our literature of the past,—that his literary mission is chiefly concerned. And yet, delicate, refining, daintily epicurean, though he may seem, when he writes of giants such as Hogarth or Shakspeare, though often but in a stray note, you catch the sense of awe with which those great names in past literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them. Reading, commenting on Shakspeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humour of Hogarth, as he analyses it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque; while he too knows the secret of fine, significant touches like theirs.

There are traits, customs, characteristics of houses and dress, surviving morsels of old life, like those of which we get such delicate impressions in Hogarth, concerning which we well understand, how, common, uninteresting, or worthless even, in themselves, they have come to please us now as things picturesque, when thus set in relief against the modes of our different age. Customs, stiff to us, stiff dresses, stiff furniture,—types of cast-off fashions, left by accident, and which no one ever meant to preserve, we contemplate with more than good-nature, as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits; like those tricks of individuality which we find quite tolerable in persons, because they convey to us the secret of life-like expression, and with regard to which we are all to some extent humourists. But it is part of the privilege of the genuine humourist to anticipate this pensive mood with regard to the ways and things of his own day; to look upon the tricks in manner of the life about him with that same refined, purged sort of vision, which will come naturally to those of a later generation, in observing whatever chance may have saved of its mere external habit. Seeing things always by the light of some more entire understanding than is possible for ordinary minds, of the whole mechanism of humanity, and the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connexion

with the spiritual condition which determines it, a humourist like Charles Lamb anticipates the enchantment of distance; and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand on unbroken the tradition of such fashion or accent. "The praise of beggars," "the cries of London," the traits of actors just "old," the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played-out farces, he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sundials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse,—he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving as an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from the poetry of things flatly gone from us and frankly antique, coming back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotch-border figures, their oaths and armour. Such gift of appreciation depends, as I said, on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole; its organic wholeness, as extending even to the least things; of its outward manner in connexion with its inward temper; and it involves a fine perception of the congruities, the musical accordance of humanity with its environment of custom, society, intercourse of persons; as if all that, with its meetings, partings, ceremonies, gesture, tones of speech, were some delicate instrument on which an expert performer is playing.

These are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne, "never judging," as he says, "system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars;" saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and as a pastime, yet succeeding thus, "glimpse-wise," in catching and recording more frequently than others "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" a casual writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose. There is something of the follower of George Fox about him, and the quaker's belief in the inward light coming to one passive, to the mere wayfarer, who will be sure at all events to lose no light which falls by the way; glimpses, suggestions, delightful half-apprehensions, profound thoughts of old philosophers, hints of the innermost reason in things, the full knowledge of which is held in reserve; all the varied stuff, that is, of which genuine essays are made.

And with him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, below all more superficial tendencies, the real motive in writing at all,—a desire closely connected with that intimacy, that modern subjectivity, which may be called the *Montaignesque* element in

literature. What he designs is to give you himself, to acquaint you with his likeness; but must do this, if at all, indirectly, being indeed always more or less reserved for himself and his friends; friendship counting for so much in his life, that he is jealous of anything that might jar or disturb it, even to a sort of insincerity, of which he has a quaint "praise;" this lover of stage plays significantly welcoming a little touch of the artificiality of play to sweeten intercourse.

And, in effect, a very delicate and expressive portrait of him does put itself together for the duly meditative reader; and in indirect touches of his own work, scraps of faded old letters, what others remembered of his talk, the man's likeness emerges; what he laughed and wept at, his sudden elevations and longings after absent friends; his fine casuistries of affection and devices to jog sometimes, as he says, the lazy happiness of perfect love; his solemn moments of higher discourse with the young, as they came across him on occasion, and went along a little way with him; the sudden, surprised apprehension of beauties in old literature, revealing anew the deep soul of poetry in things; and still the pure spirit of fun, having its way again,—laughter, that most short-lived of all things, (some of Shakspeare's even having fallen dim,) wearing well with him. Much of all this comes out through his letters, which may be regarded as a part of his essays. He is an old-fashioned letter-writer, the essence of the old fashion of letter-writing lying, as with true essay-writing, in the dexterous availing oneself of accident and circumstance, in the prosecution of deeper lines of observation; although, just as in the record of his conversation, one loses something, in losing the actual tones of the stammerer, still graceful in his halting, (as he halted also in composition, composing slowly and in fits, "like a Flemish painter," as he tells us,) so "it is to be regretted," says the editor of his letters, "that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

Also, he was a true "collector," delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the colour an old book or print gets for one by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's *Emblems*, "that old book and quaint," long-desired, when he finds it at last, he does not value less because a child had coloured the plates with its paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of the tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men living within them, he "sticks to his favourite books as he did to his friends," and loved the "town," with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, "old houses" coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him, in another, makes him content with pure brotherliness, "the most kindly and natural species of love," as he says, all through life, in place of the *passion* of love;

Jack and Jill sitting thus side by side, till one sat alone in the faint sun at last, in a way, the anticipation of which sounds sometimes as a too poignant note in the sweetly-linked music of their intercourse, and sets us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen, and makes us note with pleasure his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of too curious musings over what is gone, and what remains, of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humour on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs and weary, humdrum pre-occupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities," even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakspeare.

And that care, through all his enthusiasm of discovery, for the accustomed in literature, connected thus with his close clinging to home and the earth, was congruous also with that love for the accustomed in religion, which we may notice in him. He is one of the last votaries of that old-world religion, based on the sentiments of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters, (as Sir Thomas Browne has his *Religio Medici*;) religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century, Addison, Gray and Johnson, by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later. In its essence, a high way of feeling induced by the constant presence of great things in literature, extended in its turn to those matters greater still, it lives, in the main retrospectively, in a system of received sentiments and beliefs; received, like those great things in literature and art, in the first instance, on the authority of a long tradition, in the course of which they have linked themselves in a thousand complex ways to the conditions of human life, and no more questioned now than the feeling one keeps by one of the greatness of Shakspeare. For Charles Lamb, such form of religion becomes the solemn back-ground on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm; its necessary atmosphere being indeed a profound quiet, that quiet which has in it a kind of sacramental efficacy, working, we might say, on the principle of the *opus operatum*, almost without any co-operation of one's own, towards the assertion of the higher self; so physically sweet, moreover, to one of Lamb's delicately attuned temperament; such natures seeming to long for it sometimes, as for no merely negative thing, with a sort of mystical sensuality.

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his



humour, and what may seem the slightness, the merely occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as I said at starting, as in his life, a true tragic element. The gloom, reflected at its darkest, in those hard shadows of Rosamund Grey, is always there, though restrained always in expression, and not always realised either for himself or his readers; and it gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature, among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful play of expression, as if at any moment these light words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper heart of things. In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy; following which, the mere sense of relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having just escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in the mere sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.

He felt the genius of places; and I sometimes think he resembles the places he knew and liked best, and where his lot fell;—London, sixty-five years ago, with Covent Garden and the old theatres, and the Temple Gardens still unspoiled, with Thames gliding down, and beyond to north and south the fields at Enfield or Hampton, to which, “with their living trees,” the thoughts wander “from the hard wood of the desk;”—fields fresher, and coming nearer to town then, but in one of which the present writer remembers, on a brooding early summer’s day, to have heard the cuckoo for the first time. Here, the surface of things is certainly humdrum, the streets dingy, the green places, where the child goes a-maying, tame enough. But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly, mounting a little way till the sun touches their dun into gold; those quaint pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, visible from those distant fields also, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm, in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.

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### PART I.—AUSTIN AND MAINE ON SOVEREIGNTY.

THE analysis of our primary ideas in law which was finally reduced to method by John Austin exactly fifty years ago, still remains to Englishmen the foundation of rational jurisprudence. But it is desirable to get rid of a great deal of exaggeration with which his work has been surrounded. The theory of Austin contained little that was in any sense new; it may be reduced to a small number of very simple propositions; and the truth of these propositions has been asserted in much too absolute a way.

The value of his analysis has been obscured, and the mind of the student is perplexed, by everything which prolongs this exaggeration. There is not the least ground for regarding the analysis as a purely original discovery, much less as forming a new epoch in political philosophy. Again, Bentham and Austin were driven by the conditions of their time into endless repetitions and criticisms which have now become simple encumbrances. And they fought tenaciously for a scheme of moral philosophy which is no longer the critical battlefield it was. Putting aside the parts of the "Province of Jurisprudence," which are purely combative, and the parts which belong rather to general or to moral philosophy, the residue is capable of being stated in a few plain doctrines. But these doctrines, if few, are of fundamental importance. And the frame of mind which they encourage is perhaps of more importance than the actual dogmas in themselves. For when we come to test them by the light of all that we have learnt in these fifty years we find that they depend for their truth on assumptions which are very far from being universally true in fact; and they require qualifications which very much reduce their scientific completeness as social laws.

The history of the famous analysis of sovereignty, political independence, law, sanction, and forms of government, which Austin has made so familiar to us, is a subject of some interest. Austin has reduced all these notions to their complete form; but it is well known that he did not discover them. His true merit is that he seized firm hold of these notions as the foundation-stones on which a strict jurisprudence must rest; and then he kept a tenacious grip on the definitions themselves with a marvellous consistency of hold. What lies in Bentham and in Hobbes imbedded in a mass of moral and political discussion, stands out in Austin clear cut like the proposition at the head of a problem in geometry. But no one can deny that all the essential features of this dissection of sovereignty, law,

political independence, and sanction, are to be found in Bentham, and in a far more distinct form in Hobbes. It has always been assumed that Hobbes (who is so often mentioned and quoted by Austin) was the original author of this method of thought. So far as England is concerned, he probably is. But substantially the same ideas are found in a much earlier foreign writer, whose influence on European, and indeed on English, thought long remained paramount in that sphere: one whom it is clear that Hobbes had not only read, but had assimilated. This man was the great French lawyer and politician of the sixteenth century, *John Bodin*, who is usually regarded on the Continent as, with *Machiavelli*, the founder of modern political philosophy. Bodin was a lawyer of the great law school of Toulouse, who rose to office and trust in the court of Henri III. of France, and came to England as the adviser of the Duke of Alençon when he was here to sue for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. Bodin's work *On the Commonwealth* was published in French in 1577, in Latin in 1586, under the title of *De Republica*, and in an English translation in 1605. There are not two opinions as to the originality and power of its reasoning, as to the profusion of learning and historical observation with which it is stored, or as to the vast influence which it exercised for at least a hundred years, until the works of Hobbes and of Locke somewhat superseded it. Mr. Hallam,<sup>1</sup> who compares Bodin with Aristotle and Machiavelli as a political philosopher, tells us that he and Montesquieu "are, in this province of political theory, the most philosophical of all those who have read so deeply, and the most learned of all those who have thought so much." With the political philosophy of Bodin we have now nothing to do; but it is impossible to read the *De Republica* without seeing how thoroughly the ideas of Hobbes as to sovereignty, political independence, law, and the normal types of government, had already become the common property of political thinkers. Those who rate at the highest the philosophical genius of Hobbes can still admit that in the juristic questions before us the relation of Hobbes to Bodin is even closer than the relation of Austin to Hobbes. Germs of these ideas undoubtedly appear in the discourses of Machiavelli; but it is not easy to trace them in Machiavelli in a very definite shape, nor do I know of any original of earlier date.

A few quotations will show how closely Bodin came to those notions of Hobbes about sovereignty and law which Bentham and Austin subsequently popularised. In the eighth chapter of his first book Bodin undertakes to analyse the idea of sovereignty, or *majestas*, as he calls it in his Latin version. The essence of this he makes to be "an absolute power, not subject to any law." "The chief power," he says, "given unto a prince with charge and condition is not

(1) *Literature of Europe*, vol. ii. ch. iv.

properly sovereignty, nor power absolute." Here appears Hobbes' aversion to limited monarchy. Bodin then describes the sovereign power as subject to no law but the law of God and of nature, and he gives as the tests and attributes of sovereignty the same general marks that Hobbes gives; all of them, he says, being summed up in the power to give laws to all subjects, and to receive none from them. "All the force of law and of custom lieth in the power of him that hath the sovereignty in a commonweal," and "all the marks of sovereignty are contained in this, to have power to give laws to all and every one of his subjects, and to receive none from them." He then very sufficiently treats of the question that no subordinate power, however powerful, can be sovereign, or any authority less than the supreme authority of an independent political community. The sovereignty again, he shows, may reside either in a single monarch, or in an aristocracy, or in a sovereign people. This famous tripartite division of states was originally propounded by Machiavelli; but Bodin has worked it out most fully, and his language curiously accords with that of Hobbes. Bodin then gives an analysis of law, which, he says, is, "The command of the sovereign concerning all his subjects in general or concerning general things" (the *or* here shows a looseness of grasp, or else a divergence from the view of Austin). *Law*, he says, "carryeth with it either reward or punishment;" and *custom* he rightly explained to depend on the sovereign and to owe its force to the confirmation of the sovereign; the power of the magistrate being also a delegated authority. In his words, "The magistrate next unto the sovereign prince is the principal person in the commonweal, and he upon whom they *which have the sovereignty discharge themselves*; communicating unto him the authority, force, and power to command."

Now here we have, at any rate in outline, the theory of Hobbes as read in his *Leviathan*, or the *De Cive*; and at least the germs of the famous analysis of Bentham and Austin. We have the firm grasp on the idea of *sovereignty* as an unlimited power, itself free from law and the source of law, variously distributed in the body politic; the body politic as essentially *independent* of all external control whatever; *law*, *custom*, and *judicial authority* as having a power by delegation or implied assent of the sovereign power; *law* as being a command of the unlimited sovereign power imposing on the subject body some general rule, and as implying in itself a *sanction*—such sanction being either *reward* or *punishment*, which was Bentham's idea. And, curiously enough, the treatise opens with something very like Bentham's principle of Utility, as where he asks, "What is the object of the political society?": he replies, "The greatest good of every individual citizen, which is the same as that of the common wealth."

The history of these ideas is not difficult to trace. When Bodin

came to England in 1581, he found his work in such repute that it was taught in London and in Cambridge; and at his death, in 1595, his system was the one which dominated the political thought of Europe. Spinoza, Hobbes, and all the exact and profounder thinkers followed him; and the natural tendency of his severe logic was to strengthen the party who favoured absolutist theories and that imperialist spirit which played for a century so great a part in the history of European politics. The inevitable reaction followed in the metaphysical conception of a law of nature, anterior, and as it were superior, to the positive law of sovereign authority. This idea had been in terms admitted by Bodin and Hobbes, but in such a way as practically to absorb and supersede any law of nature. At the head of the other school stood Grotius, whose anti-absolutist theories were expanded by Locke and the republican school. It is obvious that this recourse to a fictitious law of nature was merely a metaphysical expedient to get some sanction to a legitimate resistance to absolute authority. And however useful or efficient in practical politics this theory may have been as a weapon, it was fatal to any strict reasoning in the analysis of sovereignty and law. Under the loose methods of argument, and the recourse to the reason of the thing and to natural justice, which were inevitable in this philosophy, the stricter logic of Bodin and Hobbes was lost sight of, until the constructive genius of Bentham seized on the mighty resource of a conception of sovereign authority unlimited in power of legislation, and itself anterior to and superior to all law; and finally the dry dogmatism of Austin found a congenial material in the passionless analysis of facts which Hobbes had cast into so hard and abstract form. Such was the origin of the Austinian analysis. But there never was a time when the abstract analysis of social force on which it rests in the pages of Bodin was ever without a regular succession of adherents, or during which it failed to exercise an influence over the thoughtful minds of Europe, and that long after Bodin himself had ceased to be read, or the theory had ceased to be ascribed to him.

Though we may get rid of the exaggeration which supposes Austin to be the original discoverer of his legal analysis, we must beware of undervaluing his remarkable achievement. He is plainly the first Englishman who detached these general ideas from an elastic political philosophy, or from utopian schemes of reform. In Austin English law found the first clear conception of an abstract jurisprudence; that is, a methodical examination of the general language of law. Though he occasionally wanders in his first six lectures into moral philosophy and the theory of politics, in the main his lectures deal with law alone in the spirit of a lawyer. His next great merit is to have detached for purposes of study rules of positive law from moral philosophy and from all general political theorising.

It seems to us so easy to keep ethical and legal ideas distinct, that we are apt to wonder what merit there could be in insisting on the line of demarcation. Now that the work is done, and the notion is a familiar commonplace, it seems easy enough. But it was not altogether easy at all times. Under the influence of the theory of the Law of Nature (indispensable as that theory no doubt was to make head against theocratic and absolutist dogmas) there was a constant tendency to base law either on moral justice or upon natural equity as the reputed parent, or source, or corrector of law. No man of that age ever attempted to generalise about law or its sources without at once breaking into pompous and elastic platitudes. The problem was this: how to get high abstract theories of the underlying conceptions in law without wandering into metaphysical commonplace? And this problem Austin solved. He insists, *usque ad nauseam*, that positive law as enforced in courts of justice (and positive law alone) is his subject; that positive law he traces up to its source in the unlimited sovereign authority of an independent body politic. Law, he says, rests for its title on the unlimited authority of the sovereign in every state to legislate for all citizens of its own community. That unlimited sovereign power is with him an ultimate fact. The form, monarchic, aristocratic, or democratic, is not his concern. Beyond that he will not be dragged: how it came into being is the business of the historian, not of the jurist. Law is what that sovereign commands by sanctions; and that which has no legal sanction is not law. But then, he says, taking positive law as an ultimate fact, we can analyse its elements and strictly define its leading conceptions, resources, and distinctions. And this he proceeds to do. It is quite true that in so doing he himself digresses into long and tedious discussions about the Law of Nature and the Law of God; the principle of utility, and the test of morality. All this is perfectly beside his own avowed method, and I think in itself almost worthless. But the current of ideas was too strong for him. He found everybody around him bent on discovering a basis for law in the law of Nature or the law of God. He himself insists that law rests on the command of the sovereign. But withal he wastes precious energy in trying to show that the legislator should always be animated by the principle of utility; and then, that the principle of utility will always conform to the Law of God, and in any rational use of the term to the Law of Nature. All this disquisition is needless for his theory, besides being, I think, perfectly idle. But perhaps it was too much to expect an Englishman, thinking upon law in the reign of George IV., to say boldly that law meant the rules which the legislature authorised its tribunals to enforce; and that what the legislature enforced must be obeyed. It was inevitable that a reasoner seeking to impress these two ideas on his time should fall

back on the logic of Hobbes, who coldly said, "No law can be unjust." But the horror which for two centuries this maxim has excited, forced Austin to clothe the unpopular truth in a long digression about the principle of utility, in order to show that there was nothing cynical in what he propounded.

It would be an interesting line of inquiry to seek how it came about that so much difficulty was in fact experienced in dissociating ethical from legal ideas, and why for centuries men shrank back from the very simple proposition that *law* is what the tribunals of the sovereign enforce on all men, simply as having sovereign authority; and that law must be obeyed simply because it is law—that is, enforced by penalties. Of course, during all these centuries, law was enforced as a fact, and men obeyed it in fact without a murmur; but they could not be brought to say so, at least not in solemn and thoughtful trains of reasoning. The reason, I think, is to be looked for in the history, and especially in the religious history, of Europe. In the mediæval time there had been a variety of vague theories underlying the curious problem presented to thoughtful minds by the question, Why should men obey the law? Partly, it was said, the law was contained in Revelation, and based on the will of God and the voice of the Church. Again it was said, that law rested on a vague authority of infinite custom going back to the Roman Empire. Or again, the absolute and divine authority of princes was asserted as a sufficient authority. But at the Reformation and the religious wars, and the wars against monarchy, all these bases gave way; the Roman law became more and more inadequate for modern civilisation; it entirely failed as a basis of English or even French and German common law; the theological basis became less and less sufficient, and the prevailing tone was one of resistance to any antecedent right in princes. Nor did the idea of any paramount right in the people satisfy men's minds any better. In this unsettled state of things, for at least two centuries, there was a continual effort to clothe law and judicial authority with a moral or metaphysical dignity, to compensate it for the divine or imperial dignity which it seemed to have lost. Men who fiercely repudiated the claim that the law of the land was based either on royal prerogative or divine revelation were eager to believe and to persuade mankind that it was based on a natural and eternal justice anterior both to prerogative and to revelation. And both sides, whether republican zealots or sacerdotal absolutists, were equally prone to mix up in one spiritual and temporal power; both sought to use the sword of justice to enforce their own moral ideas, and claimed for their own decrees the sanction of paramount moral right. Hence, for nearly two centuries, all general statements about law involved an inextricable confusion with ethics. It was not until the intellectual battles which led up

to and led down from the great French Revolution, that the simple idea of social utility began to seem adequate as a basis for law and as an object for legislation. Bentham's principle of utility was nothing but the recognition of the truth that social well-being is a motive sufficient in itself, whether for the legislator in making the law, or for the citizen in obeying the law. This grand, simple, but somewhat late conception of human society had long, in truth, animated in this country, as in other countries, the political reformers of the age, both before and after the explosion of 1789. And under cover of that dominant school of ideas, Austin at last took heart to propound the simple doctrine which had so scandalised our forefathers: that law, if it is to be understood, must be kept free from morals; that the bases and sanctions of law and morals are, for logical purposes, totally distinct; and that, if we try to carry the authority of law to any higher and ulterior ground than the will of a sovereign legislature, it simply ceases to be *law*. In the language of modern philosophy, law belongs to the sphere of the temporal power. If we seek to give law a spiritual (or moral) foundation, we constitute a court of appeal over the highest magistrate, and we weaken the temporal efficacy of law. The citizen becomes a law to himself, or some other authority than the judge becomes a law to him. In either case he tends to weaken his obedience to law.

Now these propositions, which seem to us ordinary truisms, were anything but truisms when they were first insisted upon; and truisms or not, I cannot but think the assiduous reiteration of them by Austin is of the highest possible value to the student who is fresh to law. As a rule, he comes to the study of the law from some systematic education in moral and philosophical problems. His almost inevitable inclination is to assume some kind of ethical clue to law, and to attempt to generalise in law by the same logic and in the same spirit in which he has generalised in philosophy. In ethics and in metaphysics authority does not go for much, and a training in ethical and in metaphysical learning is too often the art of remembering which philosopher contradicted this or that philosopher, and in what particular part of his theory. Now in *law* authority is everything, and the reason of the thing, or philosophical probability, is nothing. There is no greater snare to the young lawyer than a proneness to reason by analogy, or to reason by any imagined standard of justice, that is to say by the light of nature. *Ita scriptum est* is the Decalogue of the jurist. Principle there is, analogy there is, and a very elaborate system of logical method. But it is a legal principle, a legal analogy, and a legal logic. There is nothing about it at all akin to ethical or philosophical reasoning. It is to be acquired by long practice and a refined sense of general rules underlying varying accidents. But law is almost as distinct from ethics as political



economy is distinct. And there is nothing which can so brace up the mental fibres of the student familiar with ethical and philosophical methods as to be plunged into the cold bath of Austin's clear but frigid reiteration of the truth that law means nothing but what the tribunals enforce by the delegated authority of sovereign power, and that nothing not so enforced is of account in law.

It was natural that the clearest and most logical assertion of this doctrine should come from an Englishman. The England of the eve of the first Reform Act, the profession of Mackintosh and Romilly and Brougham, formed exactly that mental atmosphere where ideas of any vague judicial prerogative were lowest, and ideas of the summary omnipotence of Parliament were highest; where the letter of the King's printer's statutes and of the cases in the authorised reports seemed to be of quite boundless authority; and where the idea of treating as law what had not been recorded in express words or formally promulgated as law, had most utterly receded out of sight. Everywhere on the Continent there is at times visible a tendency to refer law to the unexpressed will of a sovereign ruler, or to some sublime dictates of eternal justice, or to the paramount rule of public safety. To an English lawyer a case or a statute grows to be the one, final, and all-sufficient appeal and test of law. To the English publicist, Parliament presents a phenomenon of power without limit in the range of its capacity and the irresistibility of its force.

It is unfortunate that this valuable delimitation of the province of law has been mixed up by Austin with a mass of the very matter from which it was his special business to extricate law. But considered from the point of view of the mere jurist the propositions in Austin's first six lectures may be reduced to a few very plain definitions and a small body of argument in support. For this purpose we may neglect almost everything contained in the six lectures, excepting the first, the fifth, and the sixth. The second, third, and fourth are almost wholly occupied with that which is matter of ethics or of political philosophy. And the reasoning of the first, fifth, and sixth lectures might now be put into much fewer pages. There is no longer (thanks to Austin himself) any danger of confusing moral and legal obligation. No one needs any justification for giving an obedience to the decrees of courts of justice, or doubts that the sovereign Legislature can make that law which it chooses to enforce. No one now attaches any distinct meaning to the vague rhetoric of Blackstone about obeying the law of God when it conflicts with the law of man, or to the slipslop of Ulpian about the law of nature common to men and animals. The work is done; and therefore it is most unfortunate that Austin's clear assertion of the province of law should still be administered to the student encum-

bered with so much irritable iteration about the muddiness of Blackstone, and so much needless discussion about the principle of Utility. It being conceded that Blackstone wrote and thought in the age of vague commonplace about the ultimate sanction of law and of mysterious veneration of the British constitution, it is to be regretted that Austin should fill the mind of the beginner with contempt for a work like the *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, which is not only in itself a very masterly work of art, but is still the only available attempt to cast into a literary form a comprehensive panorama of English law as a whole. Austin was absorbed in keeping his grasp with rigid tenacity on certain coherent conceptions. Blackstone was occupied in arranging the complex labyrinth of English law into such an artistic composition as should at once impress the imagination of his lay readers. And this he has undoubtedly succeeded in accomplishing—and he alone has succeeded. Again, as a practical lawyer, he has, I think, adhered to a scheme of arrangement which, for real convenience, will probably outlast the efforts of analysis to recast. In the same way Austin's book is, to my mind, disfigured by violent attacks on men like Montesquieu and Hooker, whose purpose was a totally different one from his, who were not considering the *law* of the law courts at all, and whose very object it was to draw attention to the close analogy between the *order* enforced by positive enactments and physical penalties, and the *order* which rests only on the force of moral sanctions and public opinion.

## II.

When we subtract the invective, now needless, and the excursus into ethics and the like, the first six lectures of Austin rest on a simple ground, and will go into a very moderate compass. If we reduce them to a practical form, divesting them of their highly abstract shape, and thinking only of their utility to the beginner in law, they amount, I believe, to something like the following principles and maxims:—

In every legal inquiry, the primary necessity is to determine the limits of the sovereign authority by which any legal obligation is created. That is equivalent in practice to the question of jurisdiction as a preliminary.

The sovereign authority is determined when we ascertain the definite superior in any independent political society which, as a fact, is habitually obeyed by the bulk of the community, and does not itself obey any higher authority. That amounts to say that the obligation to obey the laws of a community rests on the *de facto* authority of the power for the time being actually supreme, and habitually exercising the physical police.

We ascertain what is an independent political society when we find the limits and extent of that society which is free from any superior without it, and receives orders from no authority outside of it. That is to say, that we must separate all subordinate authorities from the supreme authority, until we reach back to the ultimate superior which gives, but never receives, commands.

That supreme authority in every independent community is, *for the purposes of the lawyer*, regarded first, as determinate; and then as of absolute, that is, of unlimited power. There is a popular saying which is equivalent, "An Act of Parliament can do anything except make a man a woman." That is to say, the only limits to the absolute power of the legislature lie outside of law altogether; in the case supposed, they are physical. Of course, there are also moral, political, and even international limits to the absolute power of the legislature; and there may be, as matter of history, politics, or political philosophy, no determinate sovereign. But there are no limits to the absolute power of the sovereign within the range of *municipal law*; or, in other words, *to the lawyer*, there are none. And, *to the lawyer*, there is always a determinate sovereign.

*Law, for the purposes of the lawyer*, is a species of command issued by such a political supreme authority, to its political inferiors or subjects habitually obeying it. Nothing that is not a *command* is *law*; and nothing commanded by anything but the supreme authority, as already defined, is law.

The *command* is the expression of a desire by the sovereign, or supreme authority, that the subject shall do, or abstain from doing, certain specified acts, or shall recognise a specified line of conduct.

But the simple expression of a wish is not enough to make a law. It needs a *sanction*. That is, there must be some evil which the supreme authority will inflict on the subject in case of neglect to observe the wish so expressed.

Nor is it sufficient that it should be a simple act to which the command relates. The command must be to do, or to abstain from, *acts of a class*.

When this *command* is duly accompanied with a *sanction*, or penalty for neglect to observe it, a *legal obligation* or duty lies on the subject to obey the command and to observe the rule.

If the legal obligation, or primary obligation, is violated, the liability of the sanction then arises, and is called a secondary obligation, or liability to punishment.

These few propositions seem nearly all of solid principle established in the first six lectures of Austin as to the analysis of sovereignty and of law. Summing up the steps in the process they may all be comprised in two propositions.

I. The source of all positive law is that definite sovereign authority which exists in every independent political community, and therein

exercises *de facto* the supreme power, being itself unlimited, as a matter of fact, by any limits of positive law.

II. Law is a command relating to the general conduct of the subjects, to which command such sovereign authority has given legal obligation by annexing a sanction, or penalty, in case of neglect.

Now these propositions are in themselves perfectly simple and almost obvious. They follow from the careful statement of the terms employed; and are only not truisms, because they have been so very confusedly conceived in other authors. The value of them to the student of law is this. The proposition or propositions as to sovereignty force on his attention that *law* is self-contained; that it draws a hard and fast line between all that is law of the land, and all that is without that line. In law there is no ambiguous zone, no no-man's law, as there is in morals and the like. Law is perfectly unaccommodating and rigid, as passionless and inexorable as a phenomenon in nature. The lawyer has nothing to do with hard cases. Bad law to him is not inequitable law (to him in his own science there is no such thing), but bad law is a rule falsely supposed to be law. His sole and ultimate standard of good law is the formal command of sovereign force supposed to be irresistible and unlimited.

It is somewhat singular that Austin rather inverts the order in which the analysis of law and of sovereignty are taken by him; and we have intentionally transposed them, speaking first of sovereignty and then of law. I know no sufficient reason why Austin should deviate from the natural order, the order followed by his own immediate authorities, by Bodin as by Hobbes, who start with the analysis of sovereignty. Austin has perhaps somewhat increased his difficulties by taking law first; for his analysis of law leads him to exaggerate somewhat the nature of the element of *command*; then he has to use forced language to present every law whatever as a command of the sovereign, bringing the *penalty* into prominence, and lastly he has to accumulate the language of forcible compulsion and of unlimited power in his definition of *sovereignty*. Without saying that his language in analyzing sovereignty is not to be justified, we must observe that he has used language about sovereign power in its capacity of unlimited might, which in effect is somewhat strained. Practically, we know, no sovereign authority is really free to make any law at its own will. And practically many sovereign authorities (such as a theocratic despot) are found strictly submitting to a conventional or customary law which they do not pretend that they are free to violate. Now, had Austin begun, like other writers on the theory of politics, by defining sovereignty, he might have avoided such violent phrases as this: "Every supreme government is legally despotic;" a phrase which I do not question as untrue, but which I think rather

forced in effect. He might simply have defined the sovereign as the power in every independent community which exercises political authority, which makes and enforces all orders of all kinds, and itself is subject to no orders having legal penalties behind them.

Why Austin should have found it necessary to fill so large a part of his first six lectures by enforcing, *usque ad nauseam*, the universal, unlimited, and illimitable despotism of what he calls the sovereign authority, is due, I think, to the following reason. Blackstone, and the school that he represents, were continually suggesting, in vague language, that there was a kind of universal law in the air anterior to legislation, and that the English common law in particular was an institution independent of legislative authority. Blackstone even went the length of saying that there was no binding obligation to obey any law that was contrary to the divine precepts. And these authorities were constantly assuming the existence of some binding law of a mysterious quality which no positive legislation could quite supersede. It was the force of this vague feeling which had animated the conservative resistance to the reforming projects of Bentham and others. These men vaguely regarded the old unwritten common law and the legislature as in some sense co-ordinate authorities, and they rather resented the encroachments of the more recent institution—as it seemed—the legislature. There is much historical justification for this sentiment. Sir H. Maine has shown that *custom* is recognised as a binding force before *law* is recognised; and, therefore, long before distinct or explicit legislation is recognised. Austin found Bentham and his friends resisted by a body of theorists and politicians who regarded this customary law as more ancient, more sacred, than any legislation, and in some sense superior to or independent of legislation. If, in Austin's own day, this idea was dying out, it must be remembered that Austin himself was a contemporary of Sir S. Romilly; that he lived in mental commerce with a generation earlier than his own. To him Blackstone and the defenders of the old constitutional and legal conservatism were living and ever-present realities—the obstacles to all progress and reform—Giants Despair and Doubting. Such I believe to be the explanation of the wearisome iteration with which Austin insists on the somewhat obvious position that the sovereign authority is the sole source of all that exercises powers of actual command in a state (*i.e.*, material pressure to enforce its orders), and is itself free from any material or forcible impediment in changing these commands at will. For us this is now a familiar proposition; we have not the opponents that Austin and Bentham had, and we can go lightly over ground on which they laboured so stoutly.

Let us turn now to the proposition as to *Law*. Law, says Austin, is everything which this unlimited sovereign authority has recognised as having a binding force, and nothing is law unless it has

been so recognised. No custom, or rule of convenience, no maxim of fairness, can make anything law in the absence of this sovereign recognition. The test of this recognition lies in this question—what sanction or penalty is incurred by those subjects who neglect to observe the rule? If there be no penalty, there is no legal obligation, no command, and so no law. If there be a penalty for breach of observance, then the obligation is a legal, instead of a moral, one. And in the threefold analysis of *law* into the correlatives, *command*, *legal obligation*, *sanction*, we get attention most usefully directed to the elementary aspects of every rule of law:—1. In what precise form has this rule been imposed as imperative? 2. On whom, and under what conditions, is the rule binding as a legal obligation? 3. What are the consequences in law to those who have neglected to observe that duty?

Those who know how difficult it is in practice always to detach in a labyrinth of concrete facts these three abstract elements—as to the positive *authority* for a rule of law, as to the *compass* of the legal obligation it creates, as to the consequences of any *breach* of such obligation—they, I say, will be the first to recognise the value of these initial maxims graven upon the portals of scientific jurisprudence.

But these most pregnant definitions have been stated in too absolute a way. They belong to law, and cannot be carried beyond the world in which they spring. The analysis of sovereignty, of independent political societies, and of law, contained in Austin's *Province of Jurisprudence*, is of the highest value provided that we recognise its relative character, and do not attribute to it complete philosophical truth. If we attempt to give this analysis an absolute value apart from law, or if we take these definitions to be strict and ultimate explanations *per se*, we are stretching the theory until it snaps. This corollary, or qualification of the theory, is due to Sir H. Maine.

Shortly stated, the theory of Austin as to sovereignty amounts to this. *The force of all law is derived from that ultimate sovereign authority which in every independent political community actually exercises an unlimited power of command and is habitually obeyed by the bulk of the community.* Now this proposition seems to me perfectly true, and in fact to be almost a truism, if we understand it in the sense in which it is said: *i.e.* as true for the *lawyer* from the point of view of formal and scientific law. And for that very reason it is of such signal use in clearing the brain for the student who comes to law from the study of morals or other branches of social science. But from the point of view of a complete social philosophy, from the point of view of scientific history and scientific politics, the proposition requires so much qualification and correction, that it ceases to be a complete account of the matter at all. In a word, the proposition

ought to run somewhat in this way:—*The business of the lawyer is to consider*—the force of all law as derived from that ultimate sovereign authority which exercises in all regular and normal communities obedient to magistrates (*what for purposes of law we assume to be*) an *unlimited* power of command. From the point of view of history, the theory has been subjected to a searching criticism in the close of Sir H. Maine's work on primitive institutions.<sup>1</sup> He gives us there a suggestion which seems equally ingenious and fertile; that the theory is true, just as the theories of political economy are true, when understood as resting on a hypothesis: on the assumption that one element of the entire problem is being abstracted for logical purposes from the rest and solved independently. And so, he says, the theory of Austin rests on the assumption that the only side of sovereign power which we are considering is its imperative side, and its means of compelling obedience; and the only side of legislation which we are considering is its unlimited power of laying down the law, and the fact of its being uniformly obeyed. And for the lawyer that is exactly the assumption on which his whole train of reasoning rests. The one thing the lawyer has to do is to arrive at the true legal right, and the proper legal remedy, and to attribute to the law as he finds it absolute power, if not absolute wisdom. With any right and wrong—apart from legal right and legal remedy—he has (for the purposes of his own work) nothing whatever to do; nor can he attribute any intention or desire to the sovereign legislature except that which it distinctly expresses and also enforces by penalties. For the lawyer, the sovereign author of law is an absolute autocrat, and an autocrat which is omnipotent if not omniscient. It compels every one; and its power of compulsion is without limit.

But it is very easy to see that from the point of view of the politician, the moralist, or the historian, or the philosopher, this assumption will not serve, and therefore that the theory itself is not applicable. Socially speaking, we know that if law rested simply on sovereign authority, if it were the whole of the truth, as the Romans sometimes said, *ius est quod iussum est*, society would dissolve; and law would disappear with it. The lawyer shrinks from that other Roman definition that *ius est id quod iustum est*, precisely as the moralist shrinks from the *ius est quod iussum est*. But we all know that if law were really or permanently divorced from justice, it would not retain its binding power very long. Socially and politically viewed, the force of law depends on its coinciding with the moral judgment of the society, on its expressing public opinion, as Bentham said of its goodness, on its conforming to the "general expectation." Law would not be really imperative, we know, unless, behind the sword of the magistrate, the bulk of mankind felt the weight of social obligation, the irresistible burden of custom, of im-

(1) *The Early History of Institutions*, chaps. xii., xiii.

memorial tradition and the like, a social, and even a religious sanctity. But then the lawyer has to put aside all these forces, for there are occasions on which these forces are doubtful or conflict with the letter of the positive law; and they always tend to warp positive law. On such occasions the lawyer has to follow his text in the statutes or the reports. And thus it comes about that the lawyer has to assume law as resting on the single force of sovereign authority; whilst in other branches of thought we could only assume this hypothesis with the certainty of ending in confusion and positive error. Politically and socially speaking, law rests on something more than force. Juristically speaking, it rests on force, and force alone.

Sir H. Maine has shown us, in the chapters quoted, with what strange results we are confronted when we compare this theory of sovereignty with historical facts. The origin of sovereign powers has been almost infinitely varied, and sovereignty is found under the most widely different states of social cohesion. Sovereignty may indeed be brought in all under one general definition in words, but the actual conditions under which that sovereignty is exercised, and the actual manifestations of its power are so strangely disparate in ancient and modern societies, under an Eastern theocracy, or an Athenian *Demos*, or a British constitution, that the definition itself thus extended becomes purely verbal and hardly explains anything. As Sir H. Maine shows, the theory excludes from view the mass of historical traditions, which in almost every society known to us really gives sovereignty its social efficacy and its distinctive character.

On the other hand, all this is just what the lawyer has to exclude from his view by a scientific artifice. He is bound to assume that the moral, historical, and social forces which make up so large a part of sovereignty to the philosopher are of no account; because moral, historical, and social authority cannot make forensic law; and sometimes it conflicts with law as laid down by judges; or darkens law, as law is understood by a modern lawyer.

And furthermore, the proposition, or assumption, that there is always discoverable in every political society a determinate sovereign, can only be fitted on to some extreme forms of societies at the opposite pole to that of our Western civilisation, by the use of explanations and ingenuities which reduce the statement to a merely verbal meaning. Here, again, we have a further proof that the theory is relative to the purpose of the modern lawyer, and is only adapted to societies in a condition similar to our own. In other words it must be read with this postulate, *the lawyer of modern Europe has to assume*, that the force of all law is derived from the determinate and formally constituted sovereign authority of the state.

Nor is the assumption that this determinate sovereign power is



unlimited, at all more true outside the strict province of law. It is obvious that society implies a mass of conditions, limits, and obligations lying upon the sovereign authority. The theory may be stretched till it bursts when we suggest, as Sir H. Maine points out the Austinian analysis of sovereignty implies, that the Queen in Parliament might pass a statute for the slaughter of weakly children. No sovereign, as a fact, has unlimited power; no sovereign, not even a despot with a disturbed brain, or the Greek tyrant who is typically spoken of as a sort of wild beast, but is bound by a multitude of limitations, which in fact are stronger than any formal law. The most absolute despot of whom we have any knowledge, such as a Sultan in a purely Mahometan country, blindly obeyed in all things spiritual and temporal, the absolute master in theory of the bodies, and souls, and property, the beliefs, the acts, the ritual, and the labour of his subjects, is usually himself the slave of a code of traditional observance. This unwritten code is the object of more mysterious veneration than any modern body of law; it is not definitely enforced by any courts of justice; it is armed with no definable sanction; it reminds us of that unnameable sanction of the law parliamentary, as Mr. Speaker said, "God in heaven only knows what would happen" if the obligations of it were violated: and there is often no man or body of persons who have any power to change it, or in whose will it resides. Indeed, it is easy to imagine cases, and they abound in ancient and in Eastern history, in which the actual *de facto* sovereign, i.e., the sole and ultimate depositary of all physical power, is regarded as the enemy of law; and his irresistible commands are contrasted with some unembodied undefined mass of usages or observances which are supposed to be the law, but of which no one pretends to be the authorised exponent, and which no one pretends to be able to change or to enforce.

These considerations show that Austin's conception of sovereignty deliberately excludes every other aspect of sovereignty except that of its legislative power; and that the conception has no place, and even no meaning, if taken to be a truth in social philosophy. It is intended to draw attention to this—that the limitations on sovereign power are not *legal* limitations, that what obligations the sovereign power is under are not *legal* obligations, are enforced by sanctions of different kinds, but not the sanctions of the law courts. The consideration of the limits on the sovereign power carries us outside of law courts, and therefore outside of law. If the sovereign be really sovereign, it will be able to compel its own law courts to enforce its own laws. Therefore, *to the lawyer, and for purposes of law*, the sovereign is unlimited. Any limitations on this sovereignty lie wholly outside the lawyer's province.

Austin's definition of sovereignty itself perhaps allows for that element of possible limitation on sovereign power by conditions ex-

ternal to law, in the clause in which he speaks of it as being habitually obeyed by the bulk of the community. We know as a fact that every conceivable type of sovereignty would only be obeyed by the bulk of the community within certain limits. No despot of ancient or modern times would be at all obeyed in some conceivable commands. Not only the bulk of the community, but the entire community would utterly defy him and refuse obedience, if he gave certain orders. Czar, Sultan, an emperor like Caligula, the old King of the Assassins, or the present King of Dahomey, all have limits perfectly known to all men, within which alone they can issue commands that will be obeyed. In theory Parliament, or King, Lords, and Commons, are omnipotent in England; but we all know that the bulk of the community would only obey an Act of Parliament within certain limits. A law of outrageous injustice and cruelty would be universally defied, even if regularly passed. Consequently there is a certain ambiguity in saying that the sovereign is "that authority which is habitually obeyed by the bulk of the community," and then that this sovereign is "unlimited," because there are very strict limits to the habitual obedience everywhere. If we took this proposition as holding good in political philosophy, it would be a sophism. But for law it is strictly true. No theory of scientific law can hold good for social convulsions, states of anarchy, rudimentary theocracies, or barbarous tribes. And the reason is this. Any scientific law implies the regular action of established law courts; and in states like those supposed there are not regular law courts. When the theory breaks down, then we have passed into a social sphere where "*law*," as we mean law in law courts, has ended; or has not begun.

There is, too, another qualification with which the theory has to be guarded. Cases may be imagined of societies very widely different from our own, in which the theory can only be applied, if it is applied at all, by a violent straining of language, or by a series of artificial postulates. There can be supposed societies in which the political forces are too ambiguous to admit of precisely determining the sovereignty, or to which some historical accident has given a form hardly political; as where the legislative force is practically absorbed in the force of custom or undefined habit, with no recognised sanction and no official interpreter. And some societies are so very rudimentary, or so very unstable, or so very minute, that the theory becomes ridiculous if strained to apply to them. Now this would be a fatal objection to any law in social philosophy pretending to explain the conditions under which men live in society. But it is no objection at all to a theory which professes only to explain the phenomena of law as law is understood in the law courts of civilised states. Law is, after all, a perfectly artificial set of rules, suited to the practical conveniences of civilised

men, and the product of infinite accidents, compromises, and adaptations. It is irrational to look for generalisations in this sphere, such as belong to the eternal relations of human nature under all terrestrial conditions.

The generalisations of law are, therefore, only meant to apply to such highly civilised communities as have, except in moments of anarchy:—(1) a perfectly defined centre of sovereign power; (2) where the spheres of positive law and of moral obligation are habitually treated as separate; (3) in which the resources of the tribunals and the range of their power are perfectly marked and generally recognised. It is very easy to imagine political societies in which these elements are held, as it were, in solution, in which the standard of right and wrong and the decrees of the tribunals seem mutually interchangeable, or where they inextricably overlap; where the moral and the political forces are in unstable equilibrium, so that one of the two sometimes seems to disappear or to be transformed into the other; where the practical sovereignty seems to be personal caprice; or where the only sovereign seems to be habit without force at all, and even without will at all. We can imagine such political societies; and to the historian and to the social philosopher they are exceedingly fruitful fields of study. But the lawyer finds that they do not present examples of *law* as understood in civilised states. They lie as completely outside of the sphere of his work, as societies of beavers, or republics of rooks.

The result is that the Austinian analysis of sovereignty is a perfectly sound conception when read in the light of the assumptions by which it is qualified, and limited to the sphere to which it belongs. It belongs strictly to law; and the assumptions or hypotheses on which it depends are:—(1) that the lawyer is considering sovereignty only on the side of force; (2) that for his purpose he assumes the force it exerts to be unlimited; (3) and that he is considering force only as it is applied by the tribunals of settled modern societies. With these assumptions the proposition as to sovereignty is strictly unassailable. But as a general proposition of human society, without the prefixed qualifications, in a word, treated as a philosophical principle, it is quite assailable and not very intelligible. A real step has been taken in the history of scientific jurisprudence when Sir H. Maine pointed out the conditions under which the definition of Austin must be read—conditions, I think, rather ignored by Austin himself. We now know that the historical and political difficulties in the path of Austin's doctrine are difficulties to it only when regarded as an absolute truth, and do not diminish its relative value to the student of modern law, in strictly marking out to him the limits of the field before him.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

(To be continued.)

## THE TWO FAIR COUSINS, A CHINESE ROMANCE.

AN English version of the Chinese romance known as *Iu-Kiao-Li*, or the *Two Fair Cousins*, was published in 1827, having been translated from the French version of M. Abel Rémusat, the distinguished Chinese scholar. M. Rémusat tells us that being desirous of filling up a gap in French literature by translating a Chinese novel, and acting with the advice of two learned French missionaries, he selected the romance entitled *Iu-Kiao-Li*, as meriting a preference from its purity of style and its grace and elegance as a literary composition. The story itself is far more ancient than any work of a similar character produced in Europe; a copy of *Iu-Kiao-Li* in the original has existed in the Royal Library of Paris for nearly two centuries and a half, and the epoch at which the scene is laid is about the middle of the fifteenth century.

When this book was written the refined habits and modes of thought which characterize an advanced stage of civilisation evidently prevailed in China, and even if the author must be regarded as describing Chinese life during his own period rather than at an earlier date, a sufficient antiquity is given to the book for a comparison between contemporary Europe and China by no means unfavourable to the latter. During the centuries which have elapsed since the *Two Fair Cousins* was written, Europe has made giant strides of progress, while China has stood still, or retrograded; but the civilised society and orderly government described therein will contrast favourably with the condition of England during the Wars of the Roses, or of France during the struggle between Louis XI. and his turbulent vassals. Education, wealth, and internal tranquillity appear to have been generally distributed throughout China proper at a period when Western Europe was torn to pieces with civil wars, and when there was no safety for life or property outside the walls of a convent or a castle. In China social and political changes take place so slowly as to be almost imperceptible to outsiders, and the description of life and manners in *Iu-Kiao-Li* seems even now applicable to modern Chinese existence beyond the limits of treaty ports, although of late foreign intrusion and civil war have shaken the empire to its foundations.

Except the Roman Catholic missionaries, who conform entirely in their dress and mode of living to native customs, few foreigners resident in China know anything of the inner life of the Chinese. They employ Chinamen as clerks and as servants (excellent they are in both capacities), and they have business transactions with Chinese

merchants; but there is no social intercourse between foreigners and natives, and it is rare indeed for them to regard each other in the light of personal friends. An Englishman may indeed be found, such as Archdeacon Grey of Canton, who is familiar with the Chinese language, who is welcomed as a friend by all classes of the natives, before whom all doors open, and under whose escort a stranger may penetrate even to "the interior apartments" of a great Chinese mansion, and catch a glimpse of their fair and somewhat highly rouged inhabitants. An hour spent under the Archdeacon's guidance in the palace of the distinguished family of Ng, where every one, from the retired chief-justice to the household slave, received the visitors with smiles and hospitable offers, teaches as much of Chinese domestic life as years of residence in Hong Kong or the foreign settlement of Shanghai, and enables the imagination to picture with some approach to accuracy the scenes described in the pages of the *Two Fair Cousins*.

Works of fiction have been supplied to the reading public of modern Europe in such numbers and in such variety, that it would seem as if the resources of the European imagination were almost exhausted, and as if novelty in novels could now no longer be looked for. A genuine Chinese romance, such as the *Two Fair Cousins*, written to amuse the leisure of the sons and daughters of the Middle Kingdom, and never intended to meet the eye of a foreigner, ushers us into a new world of thought, feeling, and taste, and introduces us to the domestic life of a great civilised race, flourishing on the earth contemporaneously with ourselves, but as completely apart from us, until the most recent times, as if inhabiting the surface of another planet.

From the perusal of this work we discover that it is possible for a community of educated and cultivated persons even now to hold opinions on social and domestic subjects diametrically opposed to those which prevail in Europe, and which we are accustomed to consider essential to the maintenance of a well-organized society. In particular, as M. Rémusat tells us in his admirable preface, "we must go to China to witness bigamy justified by sentiment, and the most exacting of passions accommodating itself to participation and arrangement without losing either its force or its vivacity. A man *sentimentally* loving two women at once is a monster only to be found in the extremity of Asia." From the chivalrous hero of Christian romance and from the sensual polygamist of Islam such a man is equally far removed, and with neither is he in sympathy; but it must not be forgotten that these notions, which appear to us so eccentric, are even now accepted as reasonable by hundreds of millions of rational beings.

The action of our story commences in the middle of the fifteenth

century, when the reign of "universal honesty" was succeeded by that of "supreme splendour," and many magistrates who had been displaced were recalled to office. Among these is Pe Hiouan Thai-hiouan, a learned and upright man of great wealth, then living in retirement near the city of Nanking with his only daughter, the incomparable Houngiu (Red Jasper). The hope of finding in the northern capital a worthy son-in-law induces Pe Hiouan to accept the appointment of Master of Ceremonies at the Imperial Court, as he knows that he will find assembled there "the most eminent in literature that the empire can produce;" on rank or riches he lays no stress whatever.

The first scene is laid in the house of this great dignitary in Peking, where he is entertaining a few intimate friends with a view of his choice flowers, with verse-making, and with numerous small cups of wine, the very ideal of intellectual and luxurious enjoyment in the opinion of an accomplished Chinese gentleman. As a forfeit for talking politics, instead of writing verses on the beauty of the flowers, the host himself is sentenced to drink twenty cups of wine, but the first half-dozen of these prove too much for the head of Pe Hiouan, who retires and falls asleep, leaving his guests busily engaged in composition. Meanwhile Houngiu finds out through a servant what is occurring, and writes on behalf of her father a set of verses, the perusal of which fills the guests with astonishment and admiration. These feelings are of course greatly enhanced when one of their number, Houngiu's uncle, detects the handiwork of his niece. Another guest, an inspector-general of the empire, is at once seized with the desire to obtain in marriage for his only son a young lady so skilled in literary composition, but unfortunately the young man, although by no means disagreeable in appearance, and exceedingly good-tempered, is deficient in learning, and his father is well aware that this deficiency, if discovered, will prove fatal to his matrimonial projects. At a dinner, given for the express purpose, the youth's scholarship is tested by Houngiu's father and uncle, who readily satisfy themselves that his ignorance is such as to counterbalance all other qualifications, and when a formal proposal of marriage is made on his behalf there is no hesitation in declining it. The peculiar feature of the whole transaction is the fact that in rank, wealth, age, character, and appearance, the young suitor is the very husband whom Pe Hiouan is seeking for Houngiu; but these qualifications are hardly alluded to or considered on either side; it is not the beautiful heiress, but the accomplished poetess, whom Yang demands for his son, and it is the plucked candidate for literary honours whom Pe rejects for his daughter. Indignant at the rejection of his proposals, Inspector-General Yang makes use of his powerful court influence to have Pe nominated as ambassador to

Tartary (where the legitimate Emperor of China is at the time a captive), in order to negotiate a peace with the Tartars and to effect the Emperor's release. The mission is difficult and dangerous, the fatigues of the journey and the severity of the climate are particularly formidable to a man of Po's advanced years, and his friends endeavour to persuade him to plead ill-health, and beg to be relieved of the appointment. His reply is: "How can any man in office refuse a commission that is imposed upon him? If I pretended illness now, I should not only be guilty of an act inconsistent with my duty and my character, but I should draw upon myself even the ridicule of old Yang. The Emperor is in the midst of danger, and his only place of shelter is a wretched hut; should the humblest of his subjects then presume to talk of fatigue?"

Animated by these loyal sentiments, the stout-hearted old gentleman sets out for the north, after a sorrowful parting from Houngiu, leaving her under the care of her uncle Gou, a doctor of the Imperial Academy, who promises to seek for her a suitable husband during his absence. The learned academician, finding that old Yang is determined to take advantage of Po's departure, and to effect by force or fraud a marriage between Houngiu and his son, resolves to quit the capital for Nanking, taking his niece with him, and passing her off as his daughter under the unpretending name of Woukiao (without attractions).

A favourite pastime in early spring for all classes among the Chinese is to make picnic parties to admire the fruit-trees blossoming in the precincts of the suburban temples. Dr. Gou, whose mind is much absorbed in the responsibility of finding a suitable establishment for his niece, now in her seventeenth year, while taking part in one of these entertainments, finds inscribed on a wall a copy of verses of the highest purity and elegance, bearing the signature of "Sse Yeoupe." The ink of the gracefully traced characters is not yet dry, and he at once takes steps to discover the gifted author, who proves to be a student of the city college, an orphan with but little fortune, and without relations or connections in Nanking.

To a British parent or guardian these particulars would hardly appear satisfactory, but strange to relate: "Gou's satisfaction was now complete. 'Since this young man is poor and unmarried,' said he to himself, 'the affair is accomplished at once. He is without relations. I have full authority from Pe; there can be no impediment to it. He is a man distinguished by intellect as he is by appearance, and therefore the best husband a father can give his daughter.'"

Accordingly the services of an old lady are engaged as matrimonial go-between (a recognised and honourable profession in China), and formal overtures are made to Sse Yeoupe, whose name has just

appeared at the top of the list of candidates at the annual examination for bachelor degrees. The offer of a rich and noble bride of extraordinary beauty and talent to a poor student seems too good to be true, and Sse's suspicions are not unnaturally aroused. He asks why Dr. Gou has not given his daughter to some great personage, distinguished like himself with the purple sash of honour; and he insists on having a sight of the young lady. To the "go-between" this appears a very unreasonable request, but she tells him where he may have a chance of seeing the lady Gou and her daughter admiring the peach-blossoms from the top of a garden pavilion. Sse accordingly does see a young lady, with whose appearance he is grievously disappointed; she is really the daughter of Gou, betrothed, but still living in her father's house, and "for the daughter of so distinguished a person her merit is not of a superior order." In other words the young lady Wouyan (without beauty) is distinctly plain, and Sse, of course believing her to be the bride proposed to him, respectfully but firmly declines the brilliant alliance.

The worthy doctor is at first neither offended nor discouraged; he attributes the failure of the negotiation to the old woman's want of tact, and employs as his second ambassador a fellow-student of Sse Yeoupe. This young man exhausts his eloquence in pointing out that a poor bachelor, however successful at the examination, could not possibly hope for a more advantageous match. "I speak not of her beauty; her rank, sir, and riches, if you will but take possession of them, will prove a species of seasoning to the matrimonial dish, which you will relish more and more every day."

But Sse Yeoupe takes a different view of the matter: "Of all human affairs the first and most important is matrimony. For if real talent and exterior qualities are not combined, it is in reality but a state of slavery, to which one is condemned for the remainder of his life. I think with the prince of literature (Confucius), that the union which is formed by the sympathy of hearts is such as ensures felicity to two beings, even unto grey hairs; and the close of life shall still find them occupied in watching over each other. If talents even and beauty be found united in the same person, and if her tastes and sentiments do not accord as pulse to pulse with mine, the possessor of them still is not the amiable woman that Sse Yeoupe desires. If I do not meet with an accomplished woman, really worthy of being beloved, I will never marry; this is my determination."

Strange sentiments these for a Chinese to entertain. But Sse Yeoupe is a poet, and according to the Chinese saying, "Three parts of obstinacy and seven of imprudence ferment together to form the character of a poet."

Gou loses his temper when he hears that Sse is obdurate, and uses his influence with the chief examiner to have the young bachelor



deprived of his green collar, the mark of his degree, an act of injustice which does not disturb the equanimity of Sse. Meanwhile Pe Hiouan returns from his mission to Tartary, and receives honour and promotion at the imperial court, with leave of absence to visit his own country. He is, of course, eagerly welcomed by his daughter and brother-in-law, and soon hears the story of Sse Yeoupe, which excites his surprise and admiration. "This young man's firmness only makes him more respectable in my eyes. Men of genius have their own mode of viewing a matter, and they ought not to be harsh with each other." He requests his brother-in-law to lose no time in having Sse reinstated in his bachelor's degree.

At this juncture our hero receives a letter from his uncle, Sse Youan, imperial inspector-general, offering to adopt him as his son, and to take him at once to the capital, for which he is about to sail. Sse Yeoupe accepts, and starts on horseback to join his uncle, whose vessel is lying in the great river; but he is turned from his purpose by a series of adventures encountered on the way, and the inspector-general, after waiting several days for him in vain, is obliged to set sail alone.

Accidentally, Sse Yeoupe, passing near the place of Pe Hiouan's rural retirement, hears of his daughter's many charms and accomplishments, and, little thinking that he has already "*passé à côté de son bonheur*," and has actually refused this peerless damsel, he resolves to enter the lists as a competitor for her favour and that of her father. The lists in question are very different from those which an European hero of the same period must have entered, in order to vindicate his claim to the heroine with lance and sword against all comers. Nor are the suitors required to prove, as in modern Europe, to the satisfaction of the family lawyer, that they are in a position to make good settlements upon the bride.

Pe Hiouan has devoted all his leisure to the education of his motherless daughter, who has consoled him for that greatest of afflictions to a Chinese, the want of a son; and at the age of sixteen she might have vied with the first literary characters of the empire. His sole care now is to find a husband worthy of her, "to rank and wealth he is perfectly indifferent, looking rather to merit, accomplishments, and distinguished capacity."

The method of testing the numerous suitors who present themselves is characteristically Chinese, for even in our own times there has been as yet in the West no instance of a beautiful and accomplished heiress being made the prize of a competitive examination.

Houngiu, like Brynhilda in the *Nibelungenlied*, will wed no man who cannot contend successfully with herself, and the trial to which her suitors are subjected is the composition of verses on the same subject and with the same rhymes as she herself has selected. In

such a contest the redoubtable Sse Yeoupe is not likely to encounter equal foes, and were it not for fraud he would gain an easy victory; but a designing rival contrives to pass off Sse's verses as his own, and such is their excellence that Pe on reading them at once exclaims to his daughter: "My child, I have to-day found out a husband worthy of you!"

Houngiu is not so easily deceived as her father. She admits the taste and genius of the composition, but points out that the writing is heavy and vulgar; and as elegant penmanship is in China the mark of a scholar, she is led to suspect that the verses have not been composed but only transcribed by Chang, whose name they bear. The appearance of the supposititious author, when he presents himself, is not very satisfactory to Pe, and Houngiu's confidential waiting-maid gives a most unfavourable report of him to her mistress; but the unconscious aid of Sse enables him to pass a second test with credit, and he is established on trial as tutor to Pe's nephew. The indulgent father assures his daughter that if there is the least reluctance in her mind he will not strive to overcome it; his only fear is that they may find it very difficult to meet with another man of such intellect as Chang.

But Houngiu "has the penetration of a rhinoceros's eye," and she is ably seconded by her young handmaid Yansou. Ere long they discover who is the true poet, and Houngiu is quite satisfied with Sse's handwriting, which "reminds one of the delicate touches of the flying dragon," as well as with his personal appearance, having seen him from a place of concealment in an arbour. Nothing can be more refined and scrupulous than her conduct throughout; she considers that "the handwriting of a maiden should not be indiscreetly produced beyond the interior apartment," and will only send messages by the mouth of Yansou, who negatives indignantly the suggestion of Sse Yeoupe that he may be permitted to see, "at least in profile," her young mistress. Even when convinced of the fraud that has been practised upon her father as to the poetry, Houngiu thinks that it would be unbecoming for her to interfere, and she sends her lover to seek her uncle's assistance, assuring him at the same time of her unalterable fidelity—"gold and jasper never change." Gou Chouian, whose momentary resentment against Sse is completely appeased, has been recalled to the imperial court, and our hero accordingly sets out for Peking.

During his absence a new suitor for Miss Houngiu appears in Sse Yeoute, who avails himself of the similarity of name, and endeavours to personate the true hero, whom Pe Hiouan has not yet seen; but the result is that the dishonest suitors, Chang and Sse Yeoute, mutually check-mate and expose one another, and both receive their dismissal.

Meanwhile Sse Yeoupe meets with various adventures on his journey northwards. Although a hero of romance, he is an inexperienced horseman, and has nothing to boast of as to personal strength or daring. He is accordingly robbed of horse and baggage in a somewhat ignominious manner by a single highwayman armed only with a bludgeon.

We now come to the most remarkable episode in the story. While Sse is endeavouring to obtain some money for the prosecution of his journey he is seen by the fair Mengli (Pear-tree-in-blossom), daughter of Pe Hiouan's only sister, who many years ago has married an officer named Lo, and settled in the province of Shantung, lying between Peking and Nanking, the northern and southern capitals of the Chinese empire. This young lady, disguised as a boy, comes to the assistance of Sse, and furnishes him with the requisite silver, learning from him at the same time the object of his journey and his engagement to her cousin HOUNGIU. She is not discouraged by this piece of information, but inquires: "The empire is vast; suppose that another person should be found gifted with like charms, what would you do, brother Sse?"

His reply is thoroughly logical: "When one is sensible to the charms of beauty, how can one have two kinds of heart? If another could be found possessing equal beauty, it would be quite natural that I should feel the same passion for her. But to quit one and attach myself to the other would be a treachery of which the fear of death even could not make me guilty."

With these catholic sentiments Miss Mengli is perfectly satisfied, and proposes that Sse Yeoupe should marry her twin sister (meaning, of course, herself) as soon as he has concluded his marriage with HOUNGIU. The impulsive Sse, who is delighted with the character and appearance of the supposed brother, at once accepts the proposal, justly reflecting that young Lo's twin sister most probably resembles him, and even suggests that no time need be lost in completing the business, as he can delay his departure for a few days.

But Mengli is loyal to her cousin, and will not allow him thus to turn aside in his usual desultory manner: "If you should thus stop half-way to marry my sister it would be a breach of your first engagements; and when it should come to Miss Pe's knowledge she would have every right to complain of it; and this would be laying up for the future motives of discord and subjects of contest. My dear brother, you should hasten to fulfil the engagements you have entered into with Miss Pe; that affair once terminated, the marriage of my sister will follow of course." She also advises him to proceed without loss of time to take the degree of licentiate, the next in order to that of bachelor, and dismisses him on his way

rejoicing, and without the slightest misgiving as to the view which Houngiu may take of this new alliance.

He has not proceeded far before he meets his uncle, who has been promoted, and is now judge of the province. The childless old man welcomes with delight his nephew, and adopts him formally as his son. The difficulties are now smoothed away from the path of Sse Yeoupe, and he proceeds successively to the provincial and imperial examinations, taking the two degrees of licentiate and of doctor with the highest distinction. This is the proudest moment in the life of a young Chinese. "The day in which honours are obtained is worth a thousand years of life."

Meanwhile the widowed lady, Lo, and her children seek an asylum with Pe Hiouan, and the two fair cousins meet. Mengli is only one year younger than Houngiu, they both have the same literary tastes, and soon become inseparable, agreeing that they must both marry the same man in order that they may never have to part. Miss Pe, indeed, raises this objection: "I know not if in the world as it now exists it would be possible to find a man sufficiently gifted with talent to be worthy to receive us both." But Miss Lo now confesses the whole story of her having disguised herself as a boy in order to meet Sse in the garden, and of the agreement then made between them: "I saw that since he was incapable of being unfaithful for a moment to you I ran no risk of his becoming so to me afterwards, and I at length obtained his consent to a double marriage." Mengli's conduct meets with Houngiu's complete approval, she praises her wit and resolution, agrees heartily to the arrangement proposed, and "from that moment the two cousins felt their mutual esteem and affection redoubled."

Old Pe, however, is not aware of the amicable agreement to which the two young ladies have come, and although he is charmed with the poetical talents of his niece, he feels strongly the responsibility of providing for her a suitable establishment. "If it has been already so difficult to find one son-in-law, what trouble shall I not now have to discover two?" He has quite lost sight of Sse Yeoupe, who, since taking his black scarf, the mark of a doctor's degree, has been appointed a magistrate in the province of Chckiang, where our old friend Yang is now governor. Once more the young poet gets into trouble through the offer of a splendid alliance: he declines to marry the governor's daughter, although Houngiu has been falsely reported dead, and Mengli has disappeared from her former home without leaving any clue by which she may be followed.

Having thus incurred the resentment of Governor Yang, his official superior, Sse resolves to resign his appointment, and wanders away with a heavy heart, faithful to the memory of Houngiu. The "Hermit of Gratitude," a soothsayer of whose skill he has previously

had a proof, meets him by the way, foretells a happy conclusion to all his troubles within a short period, and promises him a double marriage, with the rank of an imperial academician. Encouraged somewhat by the hermit's confident predictions, Sse Yeoupe follows his directions, and soon encounters Pe Hiouan, who is visiting the picturesque scenery of Chekiang; but both are travelling under assumed names, and, never having met before, they fail to recognise each other. Their dispositions and tastes are, however, thoroughly congenial, and Pe is so much pleased with his young companion, that, after being together for a few days, he offers to him in marriage both his daughter and his niece. Sse professes scruples, and intimates somewhat feebly his intention of remaining unmarried, as one of his betrothed is dead, and the other has disappeared; but Pe points out to him that he is too young for vows of celibacy, and he finally accepts the proposed alliance.

From this point of the story the course of true love runs smoothly enough, and all mistakes are corrected. Sse Yeoupe receives by imperial decree the rank to which his success at the examinations entitles him, but of which he has been defrauded through the jealousy of certain grandees; he becomes a doctor of the Grand Academy—in Chinese phrase, he “mounts the steed of gold, and sits in the hall of jasper,” and all bow down before him. He learns that Houngiu is alive and well, and a letter from Mengli, which has been pursuing him all over the empire, at last comes to hand. The engagement entered into between Pe Thaihiouan and Sse Yeoupe, while travelling under false names, still causes some embarrassment to those gentlemen and some anxiety to the two young ladies, who stand bravely by one another in all their difficulties, Houngiu promising that she will not marry Sse Yeoupe unless Mengli is allowed to do so also. Of course all mistakes as to identity are easily corrected, and nothing remains to impede the double marriage, which takes place with a grand display of festal robes, lanterns and fireworks, music and bell-ringing, banquets and perfumed tapers. The bridegroom's former rivals, Chang and Sse Yeoute, act as his two best men or “go-betweens,” one for each bride, and there is a double display of nuptial presents, given, not to the brides, but to their respective parents. Some tears are shed by the two young ladies, who, “clothed in golden stuffs, with ornaments of precious stones, appeared to be the daughters of the King of the Immortals.” Of Houngiu in particular it is said that “her beauty is capable of attracting the fish from the bottom of the abysses, and bringing down the crane from the heights of heaven,” and she, as the elder, receives the place of honour on the left. Her cousin, however, cannot be called her inferior, either in beauty or accomplishments, and Sse Yeoupe's good fortune seems to be quite beyond his merits,

although it must be admitted that he is modest and unassuming amidst all his literary triumphs, and that, like Horatio, he can take fortune's buffets and her favours with equal thanks.

Such is a brief outline of the tale of the *Two Fair Cousins*, Houn-giu and Mengli, whose love for the same individual proves to be a source of sympathy instead of jealousy, and enhances the mutual esteem and affection between the two girls, whose tastes and opinions are in all respects identical. However repugnant the *dénouement* of the story may be to European notions and prejudices, it is clearly true that (in the words of M. Rémusat), "The union of three persons linked together by a happy conformity of taste, accomplishment, and disposition, forms in the eyes of the Chinese the highest earthly blessing, a sort of ideal happiness which heaven reserves for its favourites, as the reward of talent and of virtue."

Marriage is regarded by the Chinese as the most serious event of life, and the idea of marriage is constantly present to the minds of the Chinese of all classes, assuming as it does extra importance from their anxiety not to die without posterity. As regards the belief in a future state, few persons in China seem to take thought or care on the subject; but all alike dread the prospect of being deprived of proper funeral obsequies and of the reverential homage which ought to be paid at regular dates by male descendants to a tablet inscribed with the name of the deceased. Hence the lack of male posterity is regarded as the greatest of calamities, and celibacy as the height of folly. In order to avoid all risk of leaving no son to survive him, a Chinaman will, if he can, marry "early and often," the natural result being that China is over-peopled. This ruling desire of the Chinese must be constantly borne in mind as being a mainspring of their conduct in life, and a principal motive in all their dramas and romances. Apart from the anxiety to provide against the risk of dying childless, or rather "sonless," the Chinese seem not to be generally disposed towards polygamy, and the bird which they have selected as the emblem of conjugal happiness and fidelity is the teal, because teals are always to be seen swimming together in *couples*, and answer each other with a cry which the Chinese consider to be very harmonious. Even when there are more than one wife in a household, the first usually enjoys a distinct pre-eminence, and is the legal mistress of the house. But although wives of the second rank themselves occupy an inferior position, their children are placed on terms of perfect equality with those of the first wife, even as regards inheritance.

The ceremonious politeness of the well-bred Chinese is illustrated in almost every page of our novel. Of so exhausting a nature are the formal salutations when persons of condition meet, as to be dispensed with in cases of delicate health from sheer physical inca-

capacity to perform them. In such cases a "simple salutation" only takes place, "the hands being crossed upon the breast, and the head gently shaken with a grave and affable air." In polite conversation the speaker is always careful to depreciate his own rank and merits, while extolling those of the person whom he is addressing. The utmost punctilio is observed in paying and returning visits, and visiting cards are in general use. Hospitality is freely exercised, and in particular, when a man of distinction sets out upon a journey, he is overwhelmed with farewell banquets given by his colleagues and dependants, who escort him a part of the way as soon as he has made choice of a fortunate day for his departure. A quasi-supernatural element is introduced into *Iu-Kiao-Li* in the episode of the "Hermit of Gratitude," who displays a power of clairvoyance, or second sight, similar to that claimed by soothsayers and fortune-tellers in almost every age and country. He, however, does not himself lay claim to supernatural faculties, but merely interprets, according to established rules, the accidental positions of small rods, thrown like dice from a wooden case.

It is remarkable that the same method of divining which Gretchen employed is familiar also to Chinese maidens, for they too pluck the petals off a chrysanthemum or an aster in order to ascertain the sentiments of their lovers. Palmistry is practised as a regular profession in China, and even the foreigner who allows his left hand to be inspected is certain to be promised a couple of wives and any number of sons as readily as if he were a native. Throughout the narrative is interspersed much poetry of a mild character, in which fruit-trees, flowers, and birds figure conspicuously. The love of nature and picturesque scenery appears to be a ruling passion among the highly cultivated Chinese, second only to their love of poetry, with which wine is usually associated. Sse Yeoupe thus describes his ideal of felicity in somewhat Anacreontic terms: "Ah! if some day, seated near Houngiu, having an arbour before my eyes and lanterns over my head, I may alternately drink and sing, then will my whole life be filled with delicious thoughts." To drink numerous small cups of wine, and to compose verses in a prescribed metre and upon a given subject, are accomplishments in which no Chinese gentleman and scholar is expected to fail. The topics selected are usually simple enough in appearance, such as "The vernal willows," "The red-blossomed pear-tree," "The departure of the crane," "The return of the swallow," but the verses themselves are full of subtle metaphors and obscure allusions to classical writings, the whole couched in high-flown and somewhat incoherent language. The rapidity with which these concealed meanings are caught up by the hearers, and the certainty with which an impostor is detected by a single error in writing or pronunciation, indicate a

high standard of scholarship in polished Chinese society. The general style of the narrative is simple enough, but many poetical and figurative expressions are interspersed. Thus to die is to "see the land of the nine fountains;" to marry is to "tie the knot of silk," or "to unite one's voice to the concert of the phoenix;" a handsome person "seems to have been formed of the air of the mountains and the rivers." Even the different apartments of a dwelling bear imposing titles, and we have "the gallery of flowers," "the hall of meditations," and "the pavilion of rural dreams." Occasional proverbs occur similar to those in use among ourselves, such as to show "the horse's hoof," equivalent to "the cloven foot." Other sayings are more peculiarly Chinese: "to make a verse of five syllables, you must pluck out more than one bristle of your beard;" "it cannot be said which is the hand that has killed the stag," denoting that equal praise is merited.

The overweening pride and self-confidence which university stories attribute to the typical senior wrangler, can scarcely be called misplaced in the heart of a young Chinaman who has obtained the highest place at the grand triennial examination. A man so distinguished is almost certain of high preferment, although the story now before us shows that degrees are sometimes tampered with, and that jobbery is not altogether unknown even in connection with competitive examinations. The Imperial Academy, to whose members the highest appointments are given, is open to the humblest student; by industry and ability he may attain to "the Hall of Jasper, the Golden Horse, those true isles of the blessed." Nor does official promotion alone await the successful student in China; although good looks and distinguished bearing are by no means despised, talent and literary distinction are the first qualifications sought for by rich and powerful dignitaries in a son-in-law, and an Imperial Academician may aspire to marry the noblest lady in the land.

Among the many curious and interesting sights of a great city in China, none are more characteristically Chinese than the halls of examination for degrees. The examination for the first or B.A. degree is held annually in all the principal towns of China, and the place of trial is merely a large enclosure with numerous rows of tables and stone benches. The second degree, corresponding to M.A., is a far more serious affair, and can only be obtained at one of the provincial capitals, where triennial examinations take place and where persons of all ages compete, the candidates frequently being over seventy years of age. Success in these literary competitions confers honour not only on the learned individual and his immediate relatives, but also on his remote ancestors, which is a great additional spur to the ambition of a Chinaman.

In Canton ten thousand candidates can be examined at the same



time, the attendance of three thousand official persons in various capacities being involved; and the wholesale character of the business renders fraud or corruption on the part of individuals almost impossible. As a matter of fact, these examinations command the complete confidence and esteem of the public, and even if jobbery and favouritism occur subsequently as to appointments, the degrees themselves are fairly conferred according to an accepted standard of merit. It is greatly to be regretted that Chinese conservatism limits the range of study to such obsolete and useless literary subjects as to render the whole affair almost a *reductio ad absurdum* of the competitive system.

The mechanical arrangements for conducting the M.A. examination are most elaborate. Within a great enclosure, surrounded by a high wall, are long rows of covered stalls on either side of a wide central road; each stall is intended for the accommodation of one candidate, and each man is thus completely isolated from his neighbours. In front of each row of stalls watchmen constantly patrol, the only exit from the row is closed, and no candidate can leave the place during the three days of examination. The furniture of a stall consists of two or three boards—the candidate's bed at night, his table and chair by day. He must pay for his own writing materials, but he is provided with food at the public expense, and medical men are in attendance lest he should be taken ill. When I visited the place of examination in Canton, the broad central alley was utilised as a practice-ground for archery by the imperial troops, whose spirit in devoting themselves to that elegant but obsolete military exercise is similar to that which animates the student of ancient Chinese lore: the "wisdom of his ancestors" is quite sufficient for a Chinaman.

For the third and highest degree, usually designated as that of Doctor, the candidate must go to the imperial capital, and if he distinguishes himself there, his future may be looked upon as assured.

The competitive examination system, conducted as it is in China, involves periodical visits to the provincial capitals on the part of thousands of intelligent and educated persons, and brings to Peking the *élite* out of all these thousands for the last and most important competition; it has thus done much to consolidate the empire, and to unite all the provinces with the remote northern capital.

The characters in *Iu-Kiao-Li*, when they wish to make any payment are obliged to weigh out silver by the ounce or fraction of the ounce. It is almost incredible that in this respect the Chinese are now no better off than they were in the reign of "Universal Honesty," and that they are still without a currency of any sort except bullion distributed by weight.

The two great empires of Eastern Asia are naturally associated

together in Western minds, to whom the names of China and Japan suggest ideas almost identical of porcelain and lacquer-work, tea-gardens and pagodas, pigtails and oblique eyes, few being able to realise the essential differences existing between the Continentals and the Islanders as to their national characters, traditions, and modes of thought. This matter of the currency affords a good practical illustration of the intense conservatism of one race and the versatile adaptability of the other. The Japanese have not been in times past a mercantile people, and even now their foreign trade is not great; but no sooner were they made acquainted with the working of a State currency, than they at once appreciated its advantages, and already coins and bank-notes of admirable workmanship, the products of a national mint, are in circulation throughout the empire of Japan.

On the other hand the mercantile spirit of the Chinese has made them the bankers and money-lenders of Eastern Asia. In this capacity they are already invading Japan, and are expelling their European and American competitors from treaty ports, and even from British colonies. But these money-making people possess no money of their own, and their extensive monetary transactions are managed without the aid of any currency, except "cash" of copper, brass, or iron, so small in value that two or three dollars' worth is a load for a coolie, who carries the "cash" upon his shoulders in huge coils, threaded upon strings passed through a hole in the centre of each coin. Mexican dollars are, indeed, used in China for the purposes of foreign trade, but merely as bullion; the eagle and the prickly pear upon a "clean Mexican" are accepted as stamping the *quality* of the silver, but the *quantity* must be ascertained by weighing the dollars as carefully as the rude shoe-shaped lumps of "sycee" silver, which is the sole standard of value in the Chinese empire.

Postal arrangements in China at the period of our romance appear to have been defective, and considerable confusion arises from letters, generally sent by a special messenger, not being forwarded or duly delivered. Similarity, or rather identity, of family names is also a cause of mistakes, which must frequently occur in real life, as there are only four hundred family names for the vast population of China. Individuals, however, have at least two names, or three if they are men of any distinction. Thus the family name of our hero's uncle is Sse, his surname is Youan, and his name of rank Fanghoei, so that his full designation is Sse Youan Fanghoei; and we have in the same way Pe Hiouan Thaihiouan, Gou Kouei Chouian, &c. Roads, bridges, and canals in China have been sadly neglected of late, and the means of communication throughout the empire are now much inferior to what they have once been, if we may judge by the ease and rapidity with which the various characters in *Iu-Kiao-Li* pass from province to province, for we are told that a large household, travelling by easy stages, goes from Peking to Nanking in less than a month.

Important roads have been allowed to become almost impassable, and great canals are in many places nearly dry ; but enough remains to tell of a more prosperous past, when the various provinces of the empire were linked together by a network of good roads and navigable canals.

At the present moment China seems almost to have attained the nadir of her fortunes: her fairest provinces have been for years ravaged by civil war on a vast scale ; the insurgents, Mussulman and Taiping, have vied with the Imperialists in the work of destruction, and everywhere ruinous cities and desolate fields attest the thoroughness with which that work has been accomplished. In those provinces where the havoc of war was comparatively unfelt, drought and locusts have combined to produce a famine of almost unprecedented severity and extent. Large tracts of valuable territory have been ceded to Russia, and it cannot be disputed that of late years China has retrograded in wealth and power, in population and general prosperity.

This stagnation and decay are not likely to be permanent. A frugal and industrious race of inhabitants, a productive soil, and vast mineral resources confer upon China natural advantages that cannot be permanently neutralised by any amount of misgovernment and political corruption ; but in the meanwhile every official hindrance is thrown in the way of progress, which is also grievously impeded by popular prejudice and superstition. The Chinaman worships the memory of his ancestors, and the fertile land, which should provide sustenance for his children, is suffered to lie waste, because the bones of former generations have been buried therein. The electric telegraph is supposed to interfere mischievously with certain occult, quasi-spiritual influences pervading the earth and the atmosphere, and cannot therefore be tolerated in the Flowery Land. The only railroad on Chinese soil has been purchased and destroyed by the government for reasons best known to themselves. The introduction of a stamped coinage, each piece of which, if genuine and unmutilated, shall have a recognised intrinsic value, will one day doubtless give a mighty stimulus to all trading operations in China, but at present a currency of coin or paper is regarded as a barbarous foreign invention, and the lumps of silver, used for so many centuries by their ancestors, are still good enough for the modern Chinese.

Nevertheless the latent power and wealth of China are enormous, and unsurpassed by those of any other country in the world except the United States. If she has indeed reached the nadir of her prosperity, she may be expected again to rise towards the zenith, and to attain once more as lofty a position as she occupied when the *Two Fair Cousins* flourished during the reign of "Supreme Splendour."

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

## THE BEGINNING OF NERVES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

NERVE-TISSUE universally consists of two elementary structures, viz. very minute nerve-cells and very minute nerve-fibres. The fibres proceed to and from the cells, so in some cases serving to unite the cells with one another, and in other cases with distant parts of the animal body. Nerve-cells are usually found collected together in aggregates, which are called nerve-centres or ganglia, to and from which large bundles of nerve-fibres come and go.

To explain the *function* of nerve-tissue, it is necessary to begin by explaining what physiologists mean by the term "excitability." Suppose that a muscle has been cut from the body of a freshly killed animal; so long as it is not interfered with in any way, so long will it remain quite passive. But every time a stimulus is supplied to it, either by means of a pinch, a burn, an electrical shock, or a chemical irritant, the muscle will give a single contraction in response to every stimulation. And it is this readiness of organic tissues to respond to a suitable stimulus that physiologists designate by the term "excitability."

Nerves, no less than muscles, present the property of being excitable. If, together with the excised muscle, there had been removed from the animal's body an attached nerve, every time any part of this nerve is stimulated the attached muscle will contract as before. But it must be carefully observed that there is this great difference between these two cases of response on the part of the muscle—that while in the former case the muscle responded to a stimulus *applied directly to its own substance*, in the latter case the muscle responded to a stimulus applied *at a distance from its own substance*, which stimulus was then *conducted* to the muscle by the nerve. And in this we perceive the characteristic function of nerve-fibres, viz. that of conducting stimuli to a distance. The function of nerve-cells is different, viz. that of accumulating nervous energy, and, at fitting times, of discharging this energy into the attached nerve-fibres. The nervous energy, when thus discharged, acts as a stimulus to the nerve-fibre; so that if a muscle is attached to the end of a fibre, it contracts on receiving this stimulus. I may add that when nerve-cells are collected into ganglia, they often appear to discharge their energy spontaneously; so that in all but the very lowest animals, whenever we see apparently *spontaneous* action, we infer that ganglia are probably present. Lastly, another important

distinction must be borne in mind—the distinction, namely, which I now draw between muscle and nerve. A stimulus applied to a nerveless muscle can only course through the muscle by giving rise to a visible wave of contraction, which spreads in all directions from the seat of disturbance as from a centre. A nerve, on the other hand, conducts the stimulus without undergoing any change of shape. Now, in order not to forget this distinction, I shall always speak of muscle-fibres as conveying a *visible* wave of contraction, and of nerve-fibres as conveying an *invisible*, or *molecular*, wave of stimulation. Nerve-fibres, then, are functionally distinguished from muscle-fibres—and also from protoplasm—by displaying the property of conducting invisible, or molecular, waves of stimulation from one part of an organism to another, so establishing physiological continuity between such parts, *without the necessary passage of contractile waves*.

Such being the structure and the function of nerve-tissue in its fully evolved form, I will now proceed to give the results of my researches on the structure and function of nerve-tissue where this tissue is first found to occur in the ascending series of animal life. The animals in which it so occurs are the *Medusæ* or jelly-fishes, which must be familiar to all who frequent the seaside. These animals present the general form of a mushroom. The organ which occupies the same position as the stalk does in the mushroom is the mouth and stomach of the *Medusa*, and is called the polypite; while the organ which resembles in shape the dome of the mushroom constitutes the main bulk of the animal, and is called the swimming-bell. Both the polypite and the swimming-bell are almost entirely composed of a thick, transparent, and non-contractile jelly; but the



Fig. 1.

whole surface of the polypite, and the whole *concave* surface of the bell, are overlaid by a thin layer, or sheet, of contractile tissue. This tissue constitutes the earliest appearance in the animal kingdom of true muscular fibres. The thickness of this continuous layer of incipient muscle is pretty uniform, and is nowhere greater than that of very thin paper. The margin of the bell supports a series of highly contractile tentacles, and also another series of bodies which are of great importance in the following researches. These

are the so-called marginal bodies, which are here represented, but the structure of which I need not describe. Lastly, it may not be super-

fluous to add that all the *Medusæ* are locomotive. The mechanism of their locomotion is very simple, consisting merely of an alternate contraction and relaxation of the entire muscular sheet which lines the cavity of the bell. At each contraction of this muscular sheet the gelatinous walls of the bell are drawn together; the capacity of the bell being thus diminished, water is ejected from the open mouth of the bell backwards, and the consequent reaction propels the animal forwards. In these swimming movements systole and diastole follow one another with as perfect a rhythm as they do in the beating of a heart.

Previous to my researches, the question as to whether or not the *Medusæ* possess a nervous system was one of the most vexed questions in biology—some eminent naturalists maintaining that they could detect microscopical indications of nervous tissues, and others maintaining that these indications were delusive—the deliquescent nature of the gelatinous tissues rendering microscopical observation in their case a matter of great difficulty. But amid all this controversy no one appears to have thought of testing the question by means of physiological experiments as distinguished from microscopical observations. Accordingly I made the experiment of cutting off now one part and now another part of a jelly-fish, in order to see whether by so doing I could alter the character of its movements in such a way as to show that I had removed nerve-centres or ganglia. The results which I obtained were in the highest degree astonishing. For, on removing the extreme margin of the swimming-bell, I invariably found that the operation caused immediate, total, and permanent paralysis of the entire organ. That is to say, if, with a pair of scissors, I cut off the whole marginal rim of the bell, carrying the cut round just above the insertion of the tentacles, the moment the last atom of the margin was removed, the pulsations of the bell instantly and for ever ceased. On the other hand, the severed margin continued its pulsations with vigour and pertinacity, notwithstanding its severance from the main organism. For hours and even for days after its removal the severed margin would continue its rhythmical contractions; so that the contrast between the death-like quiescence of the mutilated bell, and the active movements of the threadlike portion which had just been removed from its margin, was a contrast as striking as it is possible to conceive.

I may here add that although excision of the margin of the bell thus completely destroys the *spontaneity* of the bell, it does not at all diminish the *excitability* of the bell; so that although the mushroom-shaped mass will never move of its own accord after having been thus mutilated, it will give any number of locomotor contractions in response to an equal number of artificial stimulations, just in the same way as a frog with its head (nerve-centres of spontaneity)

removed will give any number of hops in response to successive stimulations.

These experiments, therefore, prove conclusively that in the extreme marginal rim of all the numerous species of *Medusæ* which I examined, there is situated an intensely localised system of nervous centres, to the functional activity of which the rhythmical contractions of the swimming-bell are exclusively due. And as the *Medusæ* are thus the lowest animals in which a nervous system has yet been, or probably ever will be discovered, we have in them the animals upon which we may experiment with the best hope of being able to elucidate all questions concerning the origin and endowments of primitive nervous tissues. I may here add that these experiments were independently made by Dr. Eimer, of Würzburg.

After I had made the observation which I have described, it seemed to me desirable to follow it up with a number of other physiological, as distinguished from histological, researches. For I was much struck by the certainty and precision of the results which I had obtained by experiment, as distinguished from the uncertainty and disagreement of the results which had previously been obtained by the histological methods. Accordingly I decided, in the first instance, to feel my way in the direction of physiological experiment, before beginning that systematic histological research which, sooner or later, it was manifestly imperative to make. Study of function having so far guided the study of structure as to show that it was in the margin of the *Medusæ* that we must look for the principal, if not the exclusive, supply of central nervous tissue, it seemed desirable to ascertain how much light a further study of function might throw on the character and the distribution of the peripheral nervous tissue.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly, I began my physiological work chiefly with the view of guiding my subsequent histological work. But as the physiology of the subject continued to open up in the wonderful way in which it did, I felt it was undesirable either, on the one hand, to suspend this part of the inquiry, or, on the other hand, any longer to defer a thorough investigation of the histological part. I therefore represented the case to my friend Mr. Schäfer, who very kindly consented to join me in Scotland, with the view of co-operating with me in the research. The histological results which he has obtained from a most skilful and painstaking investigation are in the highest degree interesting. He worked chiefly with *Aurelia aurita*, and found that the tissue which performs the ganglionic function in the marginal bodies is of the nature of modified epithelium-cells, the ganglionic function of which could scarcely have been suspected but

(1) Although it sounds somewhat paradoxical to speak of the central nervous tissue as distributed on the periphery of a circular animal, and of the peripheral nervous tissue as occupying all the more centrally situated parts, the paradox is unavoidable.

for the paralysing effects which are produced by their excision. From these marginal ganglia there radiate what he regards as delicate pale nerve-fibres, which sometimes present the appearance of fibrillation. These fibres spread over the entire expanse of the muscular sheet in great numbers. It will thus be seen that these microscopical researches of Mr. Schäfer fully bear out my inference from the result of physiological experiments, which was previously published at the Royal Society—the inference, namely, that the entire muscular sheet of the *Medusæ* is overspread by a dense plexus of nervous channels. But these researches of Mr. Schäfer tend to negative another inference which was published at the Royal Institution—the inference, namely, as to the degree in which these channels are *differentiated*.<sup>1</sup> As the facts on which this inference was based have not been previously published in the *Fortnightly Review*, and as, apart from the dubious inference, they are facts of the first importance, it is necessary that I should here very briefly re-state them. The annexed woodcut (Fig. 2) represents a specimen of *Aurelia aurita* with its

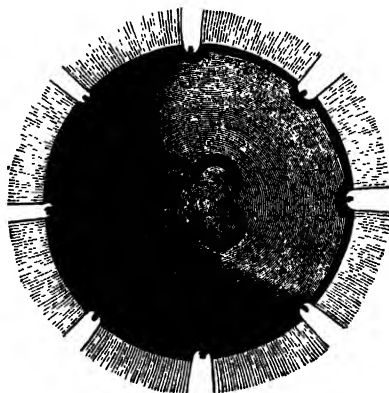


Fig. 2.

polypite cut off at the base, and the under, or concave, surface of the bell exposed to view. The bell, when fully expanded, as here represented, is about the size of a soup-plate, and in it all the ganglia are collected into these eight marginal bodies, as proved by the fact that on cutting out all the eight marginal bodies paralysis of the bell ensues. Therefore, if the reader will imagine

(1) I may here state that previous to Mr. Schäfer's researches I had observed both the tissue-elements which he describes; but I hesitated to pronounce upon their nervous character. It will thus be understood that even now, without wishing to dispute the accuracy of his judgment in this matter, I do wish it to be known that the responsibility of this judgment rests entirely with my friend.



this diagram to be overspread with a disc of muslin, the fibres of which start from one or other of these marginal ganglia, he will gain a tolerably correct idea of the lowest nervous system in the animal kingdom. Now suppose that seven of these eight ganglia are cut out, the remaining one then continues to supply its rhythmical discharges to the muscular sheet of the bell, the result being, at each discharge, two contractile waves, which start at the same instant, one on each side of the ganglion, and which then course with equal rapidity in opposite directions, and so meet at the point of the disc which is opposite to the ganglion. Suppose now a number of radial cuts are made in the disc, according to such a



Fig. 3.

plan as this, wherein every radial cut deeply overlaps those on either side of it. The contractile waves which now originate from the ganglion must either become blocked and cease to pass round the disc, or they must zigzag round and round the tops of these overlapping cuts. Now, remembering that the passage of these contractile waves is presumably dependent on the nervous network progressively distributing the ganglionic impulse to the muscular fibres, surely we should expect that two or three overlapping cuts, by completely severing all the nerve-fibres lying between them, ought to destroy the functional continuity of these fibres, and so to block the passage of the contractile wave. Yet this is not the case; for even in a specimen of *Aurelia* so severely cut as the one here represented, the contractile waves, starting from the ganglion, continued to zigzag round and round the entire series of sections.

The same result attends other forms of section. Here, for instance, seven of the marginal ganglia having been removed as before, the eighth one was made the point of origin of a circumferential section, which was then carried round and round the bell in the form of a

continuous spiral—the result, of course, being this long ribbon-shaped strip of tissue with the ganglion at one end, and the remainder of the swimming-bell at the other. Well, as before, the contractile waves

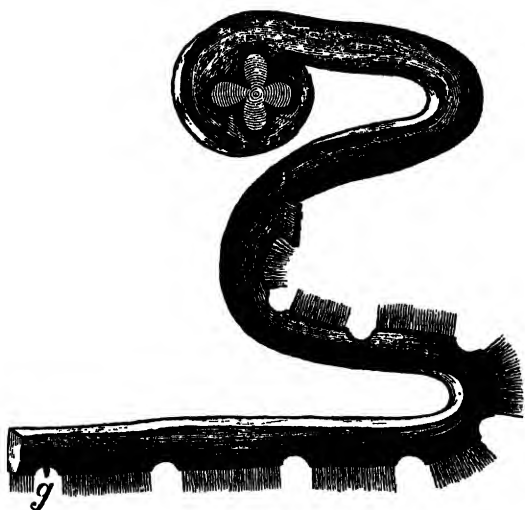


Fig. 4.

always originated at the ganglion; but now they had to course all the way along the strip until they arrived at its other extremity; and, as each wave arrived at that extremity, it delivered its influence into the remainder of the swimming-bell, which thereupon contracted. Now, in this experiment, when the spiral strip is only made about half an inch broad, it may be made more than a yard long before all the bell is used up in making the strip; and as nothing can well be imagined as more destructive of the continuity of a nerve-plexus than this spiral mode of section must be, we cannot but regard it as a very remarkable fact that the nerve-plexus should still continue to discharge its functions. Indeed, so remarkable does this fact appear, that to avoid accepting it we may well feel inclined to resort to another hypothesis—namely, that these contractile waves do not depend for their passage on the nervous network at all, but that they are of the nature of muscle-waves, or of the waves which we see in indifferentiated protoplasm, where all parts of the mass being equally excitable and equally contractile, however severely we cut the mass, so long as we do not actually divide it, contractile waves will pass throughout the whole mass. But this very reasonable hypothesis of the contractile waves in the Medusæ being possibly nothing other than muscle-waves, is negatived by another fact of a most extraordinary nature. At the beginning of this article I stated that

the distinguishing function of nerve consists in its power of conducting stimuli to a distance, irrespective of the passage of a contractile wave; and I may here add that when a stimulus so conducted reaches a ganglion or nerve-centre, it causes the ganglion to discharge by so-called "reflex action." Now, this distinguishing function of nerve can plainly be proved to be present in the *Medusæ*. For instance, take such a section of *Aurelia* as this one (Fig. 5), wherein



Fig. 5.

the bell has been cut into the form of a continuous parallelogram of tissue with the polypite and a single remaining ganglion at one end. (The cuts interposed in the parallelogram may for the present be neglected.) Now, if the end marked *a* of the nervo-muscular sheet most remote from the ganglion be gently brushed with a camel's-hair brush—*i.e.* too gently to start a responsive contractile wave—the ganglion at the other end will shortly afterwards discharge, as shown by its starting a contractile wave at its own end of the parallelogram *b*, thus proving that the stimulus caused by brushing the tissue at the other end, *a*, must have been conducted all the way along the parallelogram to the terminal ganglion *b*, so causing the terminal ganglion to discharge by reflex action. Indeed, in many cases, the passage of this nervous wave of stimulation admits of being actually *seen*. For the numberless tentacles which fringe the margin of *Aurelia* are more highly excitable than is the general contractile tissue of the bell; so that on brushing the end *a* of the parallelogram remote from the ganglion, the tentacles at this end respond to the stimulus by a contraction, then those next in the series do the same, and so on—a wave of contraction being thus set up in the tentacular fringe, the passage of which is determined by the passage of the nervous wave of stimulation in the superjacent nervous network. This tentacular wave is here represented as having traversed half the whole distance to the terminal ganglion, and when it reaches that ganglion it will

cause it to discharge by reflex action, so giving rise to a visible wave of muscular contraction passing in the direction *ba*, opposite to that which the nervous or tentacular wave had previously pursued. Now this tentacular wave, being an optical expression of the passage of a wave of stimulation, is a sight as beautiful as it is unique; and it affords a first-rate opportunity of settling this all-important question, namely, Will this conductile, or nervous, function prove itself as tolerant towards a section of the tissue as the contractile, or muscular, function has already proved itself to be? For, if so, we shall gain nothing on the side of simplicity by assuming that the contractile waves are merely muscle-waves, so long as the *undoubtedly nervous* waves are equally able to pass round sections interposed in their path. Briefly, then, I find that the nervous waves of stimulation are quite as able to pass round these interposed sections as are the waves of contraction. Thus, for instance, in this specimen (Fig. 5), the tentacular wave of stimulation continued to pass as before, even after I had submitted the parallelogram of tissue to the tremendously severe form of section which is represented in the diagram. And this fact, I am not afraid to say, is one of the most important that has ever been brought to light in the whole range of invertebrate physiology. For what does it prove? It proves that the distinguishing function of nerve, where it first appears upon the scene of life, admits of being performed vicariously to almost any extent by all parts of the same tissue mass. If we revert to our old illustration of the muslin as representing the nerve-plexus, it is clear that, however much we choose to cut the sheet of muslin with such radial or spiral sections as are represented in the diagrams, one could always trace the threads of the muslin with a needle round and round the disc, without once interrupting the continuity of the tracing; for on coming to the end of a divided thread, one could always double back on it and choose another thread which might be running in the required direction. And this is what we are now compelled to believe takes place in the fibres of this nervous network, if we assume that these visible fibres are the only conductile elements which are present. Whenever a stimulus wave reaches a cut, we must conclude that it doubles back and passes into the neighbouring fibres, and so on, time after time, till it succeeds in passing round and round any number of overlapping cuts.

Now it was in view of this almost unlimited power of vicarious action on the part of the fibres composing the (then) hypothetical nervous plexus, that I was in the first instance inclined to suppose these nerve-fibres to be of a non-fully differentiated character; and although the above detailed experiments, and others of a similar kind, proved that an intimate network of such channels was present, I scarcely expected that they would admit of being distinguished by

the microscope. But, not to give an inference the value of a fact, I was careful to state in the publication where this inference was adduced—viz. in the printed abstract of a Royal Institution lecture—that this position was only “provisional,” and that until I should have had “time to conduct a systematic inquiry concerning the histology of the *Medusæ*,” the inference in question “must be regarded as premature and uncertain.”<sup>1</sup> Such a systematic inquiry has now shown that this provisional inference was perhaps erroneous, and that, in any case, when stained with gold, some of the nervous channels show themselves in the form of fully differentiated nerves. Now this fact, it is needless to say, greatly enhances the interest of the previous experiments. If, as I formerly said, the proof of vicarious action being possible to an almost unlimited extent in these incipient nerve-fibres appeared to me one of the most interesting among the additions to our knowledge of invertebrate physiology, much more interesting does this proof become if we further learn that these incipient nerve-fibres are only incipient in the sense of constituting the earliest appearance of nerve-fibres in the animal kingdom. For if these *true* nerve-fibres admit, from the peculiarly favourable plan of their anatomical distribution, of being proved to be not improbably capable of vicarious action to so extraordinary a degree, we may become the more prepared to believe that nerve-fibres elsewhere are similarly capable of vicarious action. But the interest does not end here, for Mr. Schäfer’s numerous preparations all show the highly remarkable fact that the nerve-fibres which so thickly overspread the muscular sheet of *Aurelia* do not constitute a true plexus, but that each fibre is comparatively short, and nowhere joins with any of the other fibres. That is to say, although the constituent fibres of the network cross and recross one another in all directions—sometimes, indeed, twisting round one another like the strands of a rope—they can never be actually seen to join, but remain anatomically isolated throughout their length. So that the simile by which I have represented this nervous network—the simile, namely, of a sheet of muslin overspreading the whole of the muscular sheet—is as a simile even more accurate than has hitherto appeared; for just as in a piece of muslin the constituent threads, although frequently meeting one another, never actually coalesce, so in the nervous network of *Aurelia*, the constituent fibres, although frequently in contact, never actually unite.

Now, if it is a remarkable fact that in a fully differentiated nervous network the constituent fibres are not improbably capable of vicarious

(1) I guarded the inference in this way, lest the fibres in question should afterwards prove to be nerves; and it will therefore be observed that, supposing them to be nerves, the above inference cannot be negatived until it is shown that there are no other nervous channels present of a less differentiated character.

action to almost any extent, much more remarkable does this fact become when we find that no two of these constituent nerve-fibres are histologically continuous with one another. Indeed, it seems to me that we have here a fact as startling as it is novel. There can scarcely be any doubt that *some* influence is communicated from a stimulated fibre *a* to the adjacent fibre *b* at the point where these fibres come into close apposition. But what the nature of the process may be whereby a disturbance in the excitable protoplasm of *a* sets up a sympathetic disturbance in the anatomically separate protoplasm of *b*, supposing it to be really such—this is a question concerning which it would as yet be premature to speculate.<sup>1</sup> But if, for the sake of a name, we call this process, whatever it may be, a process of *physiological induction*, we may apply a similar name to a process which seems closely analogous to, if it is not really identical with, the process we are now considering. I refer to some highly remarkable observations which were published a year or two ago in Mr. Darwin's work on Insectivorous Plants. It is there stated that while looking at a linear series of excitable cells with the microscope, Mr. Darwin could observe the passage of a stimulus along the series, the protoplasm in the cells immediately stimulated first undergoing aggregation, then the protoplasm in those next adjacent doing the same, and so on. Now the protoplasm in each cell was separated from the protoplasm in the adjacent cell by the walls of both the cells; yet, notwithstanding there was no observable anatomical continuity between these masses of protoplasm, a disturbance set up in any one of the series of masses immediately set up, by some process of physiological induction, a sympathetic disturbance in the immediately adjacent masses.

This then is one case that seems to be comparable with the case of physiological induction in the nerve-fibres of *Aurelia*, and I think it may be well for physiologists to keep awake to the fact that a process of this kind probably takes place in the case of these nerve-fibres. For it thus becomes a possibility which ought not to be overlooked, that in the fibres of the spinal cord, and in ganglia generally, where histologists have hitherto been unable to trace any anatomical or structural continuity between cells and fibres, which must nevertheless be supposed to possess physiological or functional continuity—it thus becomes a possibility that in these cases no such anatomical continuity exists, but that the physiological continuity is maintained by some such process of physiological induction as probably takes place among the nerve-fibres of *Aurelia*.

(1) That it can scarcely be an *electrically inductive* effect would seem to be shown by the fact that such effects can only be produced on nerves by strong currents; and also by the fact that the saline tissues of the swimming-bell must short-circuit any feeble electrical currents as soon as they are generated.

Before quitting the histological part of the subject, it is desirable to state that at about the same time as Mr. Schäfer's work was communicated to the Royal Society, two other papers were published in Germany on the same subject. One of these papers was by Messrs. Hertwig, and the other by Dr. Eimer. Both memoirs display a large amount of patient research, and describe the character and distribution of the nervous tissues in various species of *Medusæ*. These authors, however, do not describe the nervous network which has been described by Mr. Schäfer. I may add the interesting fact that the nervous tissues in *Medusæ* appear to be exclusively restricted to the body-layer which is called the ectoderm, and which is the structural homologue of that body-layer in which the nervous tissues of all the higher animals are known to have their origin during the life history of the embryo.

Proceeding now to state some further results of various physiological experiments, I shall begin with the department Stimulation. And first to take the case of a physiological principle which I observed in the jelly-fish, and which has also been found to run through all excitable tissues. If a single stimulation is supplied to a paralyzed jelly-fish, a short period, called the period of latency, will elapse, and then the jelly-fish will give a single weak contraction. If, as soon as the tissue has relaxed, the stimulation is again repeated, the period of latency will be somewhat shorter, and will be followed by a somewhat stronger contraction. Similarly, if the stimulation is repeated a third time, the period of latency will be still shorter, and the ensuing contraction still stronger. And so on up to nine or ten times, when the period of latency will be reduced to its *minimum*, while the force of the contraction will be raised to its *maximum*. So that in the jelly-fish the effect of a series of excitations supplied at short intervals from one another, is that of both arousing the tissue into a state of increased *activity*, and also of producing in it a state of greater *expectancy*. Now, effects very similar to these have been found to occur in the case of the excitable plants by Dr. Burdon-Sanderson; in the case of the frog's heart by Dr. Bowditch; and in the case of reflex action of the spinal cord by Dr. Sterling. Indeed, the only difference in this respect between these four tissues, so widely separated from one another in the biological scale, consists in the *time* which may be allowed to elapse between the occurrence of the successive stimuli, in order to produce this so-called summing effect of one stimulus upon its successor: the *memory*, so to speak, of the heart-tissue, for the occurrence of a former stimulus being longer than the memory of the jelly-fish tissue; while the memory of the latter is longer than that of the plant-tissue. And I may here add that even in our own organization we may often observe

the action of this principle of the summation of stimuli. For instance, we can tolerate for a time the irritation caused by a crumb in our throats; but very rapidly the sense of irritation accumulates to a point at which it becomes impossible to avoid coughing. And similarly with tickling generally, the convulsive reflex movements to which it gives rise become more and more uncontrollable the longer the stimulation is continued, until they reach a maximum point, where, in persons susceptible of this kind of stimulation, the muscular action passes completely beyond the power of the will. Lastly, I may further observe, what I do not think has ever been observed before, that even in the domain of psychology the action of this principle admits of being clearly traced. Who, for instance, has not felt it in the case of the ludicrous? We can endure for a short time, without giving any visible response, the psychological stimulation which is supplied by a comical spectacle; but if the latter continues sufficiently long in a sufficiently ludicrous manner, our appropriate emotion very rapidly runs up to a point at which it becomes uncontrollable, and we burst into an explosion of ill-timed laughter. But in this case of psychological tickling, as in the previous case of physiological tickling, some persons are much more susceptible than others. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that from the excitable tissues of a plant, through those of a jelly-fish and a frog, up even to the most complex of our psychological processes, we have in this recently discovered principle of the summation of stimuli a very remarkable uniformity of occurrence.

Hitherto Light has never been actually proved to act as a direct stimulus to ganglionic matter. It is therefore of interest to note that it thus acts in the case of some species of *Medusæ*. *Sarsia*, for instance, almost invariably respond to a single flash by giving one or more contractions. If the animal is vigorous, the effect of a momentary flash thrown upon it during one of the natural pauses is immediately to originate a bout of swimming; but if the animal is non-vigorous, it usually gives only one contraction in response to every flash. That it is light *per se*, and not the sudden transition from darkness to light, which here acts as the stimulus, is proved by the result of the converse experiment—viz. placing a vigorous specimen in sunlight, waiting till the middle of one of the natural pauses, and then suddenly darkening. In no case did I thus obtain any response. Indeed, the effect of this converse experiment is rather that of inhibiting contractions; for if the sunlight be suddenly shut off during the occurrence of a swimming bout, it frequently happens that the quiescent stage immediately sets in. Again, in a general way, it is observable that *Sarsia* are more active in the light than they are in the dark: it appears as though light acts towards these animals as a constant stimulus. Neverthe-



less, when the flashing method of experimentation is employed, it is observable that the stimulating effect of the flashes progressively declines with their repetition. The time during which the deleterious effect of one such stimulus on its successor lasts appears to be about a quarter of a minute. The period of latent stimulation is, judging by the eye, as short in the case of luminous as in that of other stimulation; but when the efficacy of luminous stimulation is being diminished by frequent repetition, the period of latency is very much prolonged.

The question as to what part of the organism it is which is thus susceptible of luminous stimulation, was easily determined by detaching various parts of the organism and experimenting with them separately. I thus found that it is the marginal bodies alone which are thus affected by light; for when these are removed, the swimming-bell, though still able (in the case of *Sarsia*)<sup>1</sup> to contract spontaneously, no longer responds to luminous stimulation; whereas, if only one marginal body be left *in situ*, or if the severed margin, or even a single excised marginal body, be experimented on, unfailing response to this mode of stimulation may be obtained.

Responses to luminous stimulation occur in all cases equally well, whether the light employed be direct sunlight, diffused daylight, polarised light, or any of the luminous rays of the spectrum employed separately. On the other hand, neither the non-luminous rays beyond the red, nor those beyond the violet, appear to exert the smallest degree of stimulating effect. Hence, in all respects, the rudimentary eye of *Sarsia* appears to be affected by the same qualities of light as are our own.

Not so, however, in the case of another species of Medusa, which I have called *Tiaropsis polydiademata*. This jelly-fish responds to luminous stimulation in the same peculiar manner as it responds to all other artificial—as distinguished from natural ganglionic—stimulation; that is to say, instead of giving a locomotor contraction of the bell, it throws the bell into a violent contraction of a long-sustained character, resembling cramp or tonic spasm. Now, in the case of this Medusa, the luminous stimulation requires to act for a comparatively long time in order to produce a response. For while in *Sarsia* the period of latent stimulation appears to be as short in the case of luminous as it is in the case of other modes of stimulation, in the case of *Tiaropsis* this is not so, although, as regards all modes of stimulation other than luminous, the latent period is as brief in the case of *Tiaropsis* as it is in the case of *Sarsia*. In other words, while

(1) In all the naked-eyed division of Medusæ, to which *Sarsia* belongs, total paralysis of the bell can only be obtained by removing the *entire margin*; but in all the covered-eyed division, to which *Aurelia* belongs, paralysis of the bell ensues on removing the *marginal bodies alone*.

this period is quite as instantaneous in the case of *Tiaropsis* as it is in the case of *Sarsia* when the stimulus employed is other than luminous, in response to light the characteristic spasm does not take place till slightly more than a second has elapsed after the first occurrence of the stimulus. Now, as my experiments on *Sarsia* proved that the only respect in which luminous stimulation differs from other modes of stimulation consists in its being exclusively a stimulation of ganglionic matter, we have evidence, in the case of *Tiaropsis*, of an enormous difference between the rapidity of response to stimuli by the contractile and by the ganglionic tissues respectively. The next question, therefore, is as to whether the enormous length of time occupied by the process of stimulation in the ganglia is due to any necessity on the part of the latter to accumulate the stimulating influence of light prior to originating a discharge, or to an immensely lengthened period of latent stimulation manifested by the ganglia under the influence of light.<sup>1</sup> To answer this question, I first allowed a continuous flood of light to fall on the Medusid, and then noted the time at which the responsive spasm first began. This time, as already stated, was slightly more than one second. I next threw in single flashes of light of measured duration, and found that, unless the flash was of slightly more than one second's duration, no response was given. That is to say, the minimal duration of a flash required to produce a responsive spasm was just the same as the time during which a continuous flood of light required to operate in order to produce a similar spasm. From this, therefore, I conclude that the enormously long period of latent excitation in the case of luminous stimuli is not, properly speaking, a period of latent excitation at all; but that it represents the time during which a certain summation of stimulating influence is taking place in the ganglia, which requires somewhat more than a second to accumulate, and which then causes the ganglia to originate an abnormally powerful discharge. So that in the action of light upon the ganglionic matter of this Medusid we have some analogy to its action on certain chemical compounds in this respect—that just as in the case of those compounds which light is able to split up, a more or less lengthened exposure to its influence is necessary in order to admit of the summing influence of its vibrations on the molecules; so in the case of this ganglionic material, the decomposition which is effected

(1) The period of latent stimulation merely means the time after the occurrence of an excitation during which a series of physiological processes are taking place which terminate in a contraction; so that whether the excitation is of a strong or of a weak intensity, the period of latent stimulation is not much affected. The above question, therefore, was simply this, Does the prolonged delay on the part of these ganglia, in responding to light, represent the time during which the series of physiological processes are taking place in response to an adequate stimulus, or does it represent the time during which light requires to act before it becomes an adequate stimulus?

in it by light, and which terminates in an explosion of nervous energy, can only be effected by a prolonged exposure of the unstable material to the summing influence of the luminous vibrations. Probably, therefore, we have here the most rudimentary type of a visual organ that is possible; for it is evident that if the ganglionic matter were a very little more stable than it is, it would either altogether fail to be thrown down by the luminous vibrations, or would occupy so long a time in the process that the visual sense would be of no use to its possessor. How great is the contrast between the excitability of such a sense-organ and that of a fully evolved eye, which is able to effect the needful molecular changes in response to a flash as instantaneous as that of lightning!

Before leaving the case of luminous stimulation, I may observe that some of the *Medusæ* appear to be very fond of light. For, on placing a number of *Sarsia* in a large bell-jar in a dark room, and then throwing a beam of light through a part of the water in the bell-jar, the *Medusæ* all crowded into the path of the beam, and dashed themselves against the glass nearest to the light, very much as moths might do under the influence of similar stimulation. On moving the lamp round the jar, a cluster of *Medusæ* always followed it. This latter experiment is important, because it proves that the marginal ganglia are so far co-ordinated in their action that they can steer the animal in any particular direction.

*Staurophora laciniata* is a large species of naked-eyed *Medusa*, which responds to stimulation in two very different ways, according as the stimulation is applied to the nervo-muscular sheet, or to the marginal ganglia. For if the stimulation is applied to the nervo-muscular sheet, the response is an ordinary locomotor contraction; whereas, if the stimulation is applied to the marginal ganglia, the response is a tonic spasm of the same kind as that already alluded to in the case of *Tiaropsis polydiademata*. Now it is a remarkable fact that into whatever form the bell of this *Medusa* is cut—say, for instance, into the form of a long ribbon—whenever a locomotor contraction is started by stimulating any part of the general nervo-muscular sheet, it will pass all through that sheet, from end to end of the ribbon, in the form of an ordinary or gentle contractile wave. On the other hand, whenever a spasmodic contraction is started in the nervo-muscular sheet by stimulating any of the marginal ganglia, it will pass all through that sheet, from end to end of the ribbon, in the form of a spasmodic or violent contractile wave. Hence the muscular fibres of this *Medusa* are capable of liberating this energy in either of two very different ways; and whenever some of them liberate their energy in one of these two ways, they determine that all the other fibres in the nervo-muscular sheet shall do the same. So that we may adopt a far-fetched but convenient simile, and liken the muscular fibres in

this Medusa to the fibres in a mass of gun-cotton. For in a mass of gun-cotton the fibres are likewise able to liberate their energy in either of two very different ways—viz. either by burning in quiet flame when they are simply ignited, or by exploding in a violent manner when they are detonated, as by a percussion cap. And both in the case of the muscle-fibres of *Staurophora* and the cotton-fibres of gun-cotton, whenever any one of the whole number is made by appropriate stimulation (*i.e.* muscular stimulation or ignition) to liberate its energy in a quiet manner, then all the other fibres in the mass do the same; whereas if any one of the whole number is made by another appropriate stimulation (*i.e.* ganglionic stimulation or detonation) to liberate its energy in a violent manner, then all the other fibres in the mass do the same. Now why the ganglia of this Medusa should thus act as detonators to the muscular fibres, and why, if they do, the muscular fibres should be capable of two such different kinds of response—these are questions quite novel in physiology, and as such I will not endeavour to answer them.

*Poisons.*—As my space is now very nearly exhausted, I will conclude this article by very briefly stating the general results of a large number of observations concerning the action of various nerve-poisons on the Medusæ. It is easy to see that this is an important branch of the inquiry on which I am engaged; for in the nerve-poisons we have, as it were, so many tests whereby to ascertain whether nerve-tissue, where it first appears upon the scene of life, is of the same essential character, as to its various functions, as is the nerve-tissue of higher animals.

Chloroform, ether, morphia, &c., all exert their anæsthesiating influence on the Medusæ quite as decidedly as they do on the higher animals. Soon after a few drops of the anæsthetic have been added to the water in which the Medusæ are contained, the swimming motions of the latter become progressively slower and feebler, until in a minute or two they cease altogether, the animals remaining at the bottom of the water, apparently quite dead. No form or degree of stimulation will now elicit the slightest response; and this fact, it must be remembered, is quite as remarkable in the case of the Medusæ as in that of any other animal. Recovery in normal seawater is exceedingly rapid, especially in the case of chloroform and ether.

The effects of strychnia may be best observed on a species called *Cyanæa capillata*, from the fact that, in water kept at a constant temperature, the ordinary swimming motions of this animal are as regular and sustained as the beating of a heart. But soon after the water has been poisoned with strychnia, unmistakable signs of irregularity in the swimming motions begin to show themselves. Gradually these signs of irregularity become more and more pronounced, until at last

they develop into well-marked convulsions. The convulsions show themselves in the form of extreme deviations from the natural rhythm of this animal's motion. Instead of the heart-like regularity with which systole and diastole follow one another in the unpoisoned animal, we may now observe prolonged periods of violent contraction, amounting in fact to tonic spasm; and even when this spasm is momentarily relieved, the relaxation has no time to assert itself properly before another spasm supervenes. Moreover, these convulsions are very plainly of a *paroxysmal* nature; for after they have lasted from five to ten minutes, a short period of absolute repose comes on, during which the jelly-fish expands to its full dimensions, falls to the bottom of the water in which it is contained, and looks in every way like a dead animal. Very soon, however, another paroxysm sets in, and so on—prolonged periods of convulsion alternating with shorter periods of repose for several hours, until finally death puts an end to all these symptoms so characteristic of strychnine poisoning in the higher animals.

Similarly, without going into tedious details, I may say in general terms that I have tried caffein, nitrite of anyl, nicotin, veratrium, digitalin, atropin, curare, cyanide of potassium, alcohol, as well as other poisons; and almost without any exception I find them to produce the same effects on the Medusæ as they severally produce on the higher animals. The case of alcohol is particularly interesting, not only because an intoxicated jelly-fish is a ludicrous object to observe, but also because the experiments with alcohol show how precisely the specific gravity of the Medusæ is adjusted to that of the sea-water. For if, after a jelly-fish has become tolerably well drunk by immersion in a mixture of alcohol and water, it is transferred to normal sea-water, the exceedingly small amount of alcohol which it has imbibed is sufficient to make the animal remain permanently floating at the surface of the water, until it again gets rid of the alcohol by osmosis.

As my space is now at an end, I must postpone for the present my account of a number of other experiments which, in point of interest though not in point of systematic arrangement, have a better claim to statement than some of those which I have now detailed. It is impossible, however, in one article to treat of all the new facts which have been yielded by this research; so that by making the present article dovetail with the one which was previously published in *Nature*, and also with future articles on the same subject, I shall hope eventually to lay all the results before the general public.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I HAVE heard that aggrieved authors, when they remonstrate with their critics, are wont to lay great stress on the curiously dissonant utterances of the latter. "I am desirous," a person of a modest and docile temper will say, "to improve myself by attending to the dictates of my reviewers; but how am I to do so when I find A blaming me for exactly the same thing which B commends?" It is even on record that one author possessed of a somewhat Gallic malignity, prefixed to his second work an anthology of contradictory judgments on his first, as a testimony against the injustice of critics convinced out of their own mouth. I am not concerned here to discuss the causes of this phenomenon. But there are probably few authors who might assemble in this way more hopelessly irreconcilable judgments than the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. Thackeray, for instance, who may be admitted to have spoken with some authority, is never weary of praising him. The *Roundabout Papers* are full of complimentary expressions to Dumas, and *On a Peal of Bells* contains a formal panegyric and apology devoted to the creator of Chicot and Dantès, D'Artagnan and Coconnas. I think, too, that it will be found that most men of letters of eminence who mention Dumas at all, mention him with a kind of affection and gratitude not dissimilar to Thackeray's. On the other hand, the general judgment is less complimentary. Most of us can remember that in our younger days he was joined with Eugène Sue—very much as if a man should join Scott and the author of the *Mysteries of London*—in a mysterious bond of moral condemnation. Afterwards it became fashionable to affect literary contempt for the author who, next to Victor Hugo, did most to stimulate, if not to exemplify, the great literary revival in France. It is almost a commonplace to speak of him as a scene painter; nor can we greatly wonder at this, when we remember that no less considerable a man than Peacock compared the author of *Waverley* to a pantomime writer, and even affected to consider the pantomime writer the more remarkable genius of the two. I turn from Peacock to a popular, and deservedly popular, book of reference, and I find under the title of Dumas that "his crisp hair and thick lips bear testimony to his African origin, a testimony confirmed by the savage voluptuousness and barbaric taste of his innumerable compositions." Before I have done questioning the relevance and civilised taste of this ethnological remark, I find that Dumas's works "are for the most part worthless, and for the most part not his," that his appearance in literature is

"a portentous phenomenon," and that "the avidity with which his immoral fictions are devoured is the most severe condemnation of modern and especially French society that could well be pronounced." It must surely be worth while to examine the peculiarities of a writer whom one of the greatest of English men of letters is never tired of praising, and who appears to other persons a phenomenon only to be duly qualified by the terms portentous, immoral, and the like.

In the first place, it may be well to get out of the way the charge of issuing other men's works as his own, which is so constantly made, and which seems to prejudice Dumas so much in some English eyes. There is, of course, no doubt whatever that a large part of the enormous total of his so-called works is not his. The industry—doubtless altogether benevolent and public-spirited—of MM. Karr, Quérard, and the person who calls himself De Mirecourt, have put that matter beyond question. Nor is it worth discussing the exact morality of such a proceeding. If not unknown in England, it is not openly practised here, and is certainly not considered creditable. I think, for my part, that we are quite right in refusing it our approval. But it must be remembered that in France collaboration is much more common than here, and that collaboration glides into devilling by very easy stages. However, I am not at all careful to excuse Dumas in this matter. Much of his later work and some of his earlier is obviously not his to the most unpractised literary taster, and all such work has simply done his reputation harm instead of good. I do not suppose that anybody bases his admiration on *Le Pasteur D'Ashbourn*, which is said to be in some roundabout way plagiarised from the German, or on *Madame de Chamblay*, which has the air of being, and may not impossibly be, an unsuccessful attempt of M. Octave Feuillet or some disciple of his, or on *Les Louves de Macheoul*, where the episode of Ewan of Brigglands is calmly translated verbatim from *Rob Roy*. But the assailants of Dumas have gone further. They declare that even his most famous works, the D'Artagnan series and the like, are the work of devils. They go further still, and give us the names of the devils themselves. But this proceeding has given occasion to an answer which has never been fairly rebutted. Many if not most of these inferior spirits have done work independently, and that work has been absolutely different in character, if not in merit, from the *Trois Mousquetaires* and the *Reine Margot*.

Chief among the earlier aides-de-camp is ranked M. Auguste Maquet, who is even said, if I mistake not, to have written the *Three Musketeers*. No devotee of 1830, as I frankly profess myself to be, can think of speaking disrespectfully of M. Maquet. His delightful pseudonym, Augustus MacKeat, adopted to show his

horror of classicism and his admiration for English literature, must conciliate every Englishman. With Philothée O'Neddy and the *Compagnon Miraculeux* Jules Vabre, whose fame as an author rests on the unpublished *Essai sur l'Incommodité des Commodes*, and whom Théophile Gautier last saw in England intent upon translating Shakespeare on the spot, M. Maquet composes the fine flower and unforgettable trinity of the early romantics. But I am not aware that any one has claimed for M. Maquet's original romances, which are tolerably numerous, any share of the merits of the books which he is said to have devilled, though his theatrical powers are well spoken of. Again, M. Octave Feuillet was one of the "young men." Does any reader of *Bellak* or *Onesta* see, in either of those works, possibilities of the scene under the scaffold in *Vingt Ans Après*, or the transports of Marguerite and the Duchesse de Nevers over the heads of Coconnas and La Molle? M. Fiorentino is another name cited. Do his capital feuilletons suggest many memories to the reader of Dumas? We might go through all these writers with the same result. Either their genius failed them utterly when they began to sign their own names, or it completely changed its character, or else Dumas must have had some mysterious power of animating and inspiring his subordinates, which is to me quite as remarkable and quite as interesting as the power of actual composition.

The excellent historian of French literature, M. Gérusez, has a remark which I have always felt inclined to quote to all separatists, critics of internal evidence, and such-like folk. "La critique érudite," says M. Gérusez, "se propose d'enlever à Chrétien de Troyes le Perceval. Nous verrons bien. S'il doit être dépossédé, nous aurons à louer un autre poète qui sera de son école et son égal." This is very much the case with Dumas. No one who has any literary palate can fail to perceive in the best of the works attributed to him a unity and a peculiarity of savour which cannot be mistaken. This savour has not been shown to be the property of any other man, though perhaps it is not his. If it be not, there is another unnamed novelist who possesses the charm. For the present we shall call this novelist by the only name known, that of Alexandre Dumas, and busy ourselves with his characteristics only. Whether he be identical or not with the person who in the flesh made forty thousand pounds in a single year, who followed Garibaldi about, and whose physical peculiarities so distressed the sensitive encyclopædist I have quoted, is a question that concerns a school of criticism to which I do not pretend to belong.

The principles and characteristics of Dumas's *faivre* are not very difficult to discover, though they are by no means so simple and inartistic as it suits the upholders of the scene-painting theory to maintain. In his better work he prefers, though he does not



invariably choose, a tolerably stout canvas of history, memoirs, and the like. Without such writers as De l'Estoile, Tallemant des Réaux, Brantôme, Madame de Motteville, he would, it may freely be acknowledged, be very badly off: perhaps he would not be very well off without the help of more modern commentators and servers-up of such books. Sometimes (it must also be admitted) the canvas shows through, and then the book, as in the case of parts of *Isabel de Bavière*, is a failure. But generally the borrowed material is so skilfully worked up and covered over, that it is legitimately made the borrower's own property. In doing this he uses, of course, the four instruments which every novelist must use—plot, character, description, and dialogue. But there is no comparison between the proportions in which he employs these instruments and the success which attends their employment. For a novelist who is so prodigal of incident, Dumas is remarkably indifferent to a regular or cunningly entangled plot. In many of his works, indeed, there is really no particular reason why they should begin or end at the precise points of their beginning and ending. They are emphatically chronicles, slices from the history of the world or of certain individuals, the dimensions of which are determined merely by the arbitrary will of the carver. This is why they lend themselves so admirably to continuations, and why Dumas is one of the very few writers whose second parts do not disappoint us. It is true that in many of his books there is a central incident of some sort, but its development bears often no proportion to the extraneous matter introduced. What, for instance, is the central interest of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*? The quest for the diamonds? It finishes too soon. The wrath and discomfiture of Milady? It does not begin till too late. What is the central interest of *Vingt Ans Après*? The attempt to rescue Charles I. perhaps, but yet this occupies but a very small part of the book. In *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* there are two distinct themes—the restoration of Charles II., and the winning of Belleisle for Louis XIV.—and the two might well have made two separate books. *La Dame de Monsoreau* has indeed an unusually regular plot; but its sequel, *Les Quarante-cinq*, though it contains some of the very best scenes of the master, is one of the most promiscuous of books, and the forty-five themselves play a very subordinate part as compared with the ruses and adventures of Chicot, and the requital of the Duke of Anjou. The authorities at the disposal of the author or his own fertile imagination usually supply him with an inexhaustible store of moving incidents, and these he connects together as well as may be by the expedient of making the same personages figure in all or most of them. Nor is he any more to be called a novelist of description than a novelist of plot. Indeed he is less abundant and less successful in this respect than almost any other writer of great

volume. Little bits of description of houses, dresses, and so forth are frequent enough, and the authorities are sometimes drawn upon largely for a festival or a battle. But Dumas seems to have felt that his readers did not want elaborate set-pieces from him, but plenty of "business" and lively speech. His characters, however, are a much more curious study. Those who call his general method scene-painting, of course, call his characters lay-figures. The appellation does not do their observation much credit. Dumas is nothing so little as an analyst, and he does not attempt to give us complicated or intricate studies of character, but his men and women are curiously adapted to their purpose and curiously lifelike of their kind. They are naturally types rather than individuals, and types of a somewhat loose and vague order, but still there is an amount of individuality about them which is very rarely found in novels of incident. No one will deny that the three, or rather four, musketeers are sustained in their contrast of dispositions throughout the score or so of volumes they occupy, with a good deal of skill. Nor are the repetitions of the types in different books merely *calqués* the one on the other. Chicot and D'Artagnan have remarkable points of contact, yet they are not mere duplicates. Ernauton de Carmainges is a clever variation of La Mole, rather than a mere reproduction of the character.

But it is in his dialogue that Dumas's real secret consists, and it is this which is the rosin that none of his imitators have ever succeeded in stealing, however confident they may be that they have got the fiddle. Its extraordinary volume would be the most remarkable point about it, if its goodness, considering its volume, were not equally remarkable. The rapidity of it deprives it necessarily of much literary grace, and prevents it from supplying any jewels five words long. Indeed Dumas, to recur once more to Peacock's cavillings at Scott, is one of the least quotable of writers. But still, if not quotable, his dialogue is extraordinarily readable, and carries the reader along with it in a manner hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Dumas possesses fully the secret of making dialogue express action, and this is where he is supreme. His gift, however, in this respect is of the kind which is almost necessarily a snare. He abuses his dialogic facility constantly, and the result is the exorbitant length of some of his books. It is absolutely impossible for him to be concise. He will make a single interview extend over half-a-dozen chapters, and give a volume to the talk of a single day. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. That vast book contains two of his best, if not his very best, pieces of work—the kidnapping, namely, of Monk, and the death of Porthos in the Grotto of Locmaria. But the *longueurs* of its middle, of the endless court conversations, and the conspiracies that come to nothing, are almost incredible. It is undeniable, again, that his situations have a tendency

to repeat themselves, though, as in the case of his characters, the repetition is often very skilfully masked and coloured. But on the whole he succeeds not merely in rivetting the attention of the reader, but also in securing his affection for and interest in his characters. No one has ever managed the process called "working up" better than he has. In such scenes as that where the four princes wait at Marguerite's door, ready to assassinate La Mole, where the powder is found in the wine-casks, where D'Artagnan extracts the Queen and Mazarin from the clutches of the Parisians, and scores of others, it is impossible to avert the attention when once fairly engaged, and impossible to avoid identifying one's self with the characters. That is the triumph of this sort of novel-writing.

It may be noticed that I have hitherto taken my illustrations chiefly from the D'Artagnan series, and from that which contains *La Reine Margot*, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, and *Les Quarante-cinq*. I have done so because these six novels seem to me to be on the whole not merely the author's best, but also the most characteristic of his genius. The period which they cover seems to have had a special faculty of inspiring him, or, perhaps, we may say that it was the only one with which he was sufficiently familiar to be able to employ his method with successful effect. In those of his historical novels which are earlier in date, the elements are less happily blended. I have spoken of *Isabel de Bavière*. Something similar may, perhaps, be said of the *Bâtard de Mauléon*. It is interesting, the story is well told, and there is certainly no lack of exciting incident. The scene indeed of Duguesclin's negotiation with Sir Hugh Calverley and the Free Companions, the battle of Najara, and other passages, are excellent. But the life is not in the characters in the same way as it is in Aramis and Porthos. One feels that the author is not so sure of his surroundings, and is chary of the little touches that make scenes and characters live. Nor do the novels whose scene is in more modern times please me much better. Almost all those of purely modern society may be swept away altogether. Dumas had not the least power of dealing with contemporary subjects in any of the ways in which it is now possible to deal with them. His *Maitre d'Armes* again, and other such things, seem to me very poor stuff. They sink mostly to the level of mere recitals, interesting simply from the actual facts they contain. Nor, again, has he been happier than other novelists in treating the great revolution. Of the *Collier de la Reine* I shall speak presently. But the *Chevalier de Maisonrouge* adds, to my mind, only one more to the long list of failures which might be made up of French novels having '89 and its sequel for their subjects. The causes of this failure, if they were not somewhat irrelevant to my present purpose, it would be rather interesting to discuss. At present I need only

repeat that the *Chevalier de Maisonrouge* is a failure. The best character in it, Lorin, the devotee of Parny, is not bad, but he is not of a kind that Dumas can really manage well. There are, however, two novels besides the *Collier de la Reine* and *Monte Cristo*, which lie outside the limits I have drawn, and which are usually ranked among the author's masterpieces. These are *La Tulipe Noire* and the *Chevalier d'Harmental*. With respect to *La Tulipe Noire*, I am inclined to think that, charming as it is in parts, it has been over-praised. Its complete adaptation to the needs of Mr. Podsnap's young person appears to have bribed all its critics. But it has the serious literary fault of being out of scale. The tulip fancying and the loves of the excellent Cornelius Van Baerle make a perfect subject for a really short tale of a hundred pages or so. But Dumas's unfortunate prolixity is here especially unfortunate. The tale is choked up with irrelevant matter and spun out to an unconscionable length. But it is none the less charming, perhaps, if one consents to lay aside rule and compass, and it certainly squares but ill with the theory of the "barbaric and voluptuous" tastes of its author; while, on the other hand, the identity of touch between it and some of his most apparently dissimilar work is too remarkable to escape any competent critic. The contrast between the detestable part assigned to William the Dutchman at the beginning and his beneficence at the end, for instance, recalls most curiously the picture of Colbert, drawn in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* is a very different book. This, too, has the striking similarities to other parts of the author's work to which I have already alluded. The scene between the Duchesse du Maine and her poets reminds one at once of that between the poetical adherents of Fouquet and their master. The rather unnecessary descriptions of Madame Denis's domestic interior are in the style exactly of the details of the Broussel family and servants in *Vingt Ans Après*. Besides being thus closely connected with the other books which, as I have said, must necessarily be attributed to a single influence, *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* contains detached passages of very striking merit. Le Capitaine Roquefinette, the last of the descendants of Dugald Dalgotty, is a great creation, though Dumas has been extremely hard on him. There is no reason whatever why the uninteresting chevalier should have been allowed to obtain such a victory, except the necessity, which Alexander the Great generally recognises, of making the end of his books melancholy. The caligraphist, Buvat, is another triumph; and his incarceration in the gilded captivity of the Palais Royal is most charmingly told. The Regent Philippe, again, is excellent; and the way in which Richelieu, Saint Simon, and other historical characters are made to play their part, is most artful. Lastly, it must be remembered, in

favour of the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, that it is one of the very few books of its author that has a regular plot. The Cellamare conspiracy gives just enough framework for the book, and not too much, and the episodes and digressions are scarcely disproportionate in their extent. After allowing all these merits, which can certainly not be allowed in like measure to many others of Dumas's books, it might seem only reasonable to call it his masterpiece. Yet there is about it something wanting which is present elsewhere. The dialogue is not of the best, and the lack of interest which one feels in the hero is a serious drawback. For once, Dumas has let himself follow Scott in the mistake of making his hero too generally faultless and lucky, and this is the cause, I think, of failure, if failure there be, in the *Chevalier d'Harmental*.

The *Collier de la Reint*, perhaps, demands a more special mention than the run of Dumas's less eminent works. With *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, *Joseph Balsamo*, *Le Chevalier de Maisonrouge*, and so forth, it forms a series corresponding in some measure with the earlier and more successful cycles, and continuing them until the end of the last century. With *Joseph Balsamo—Mémoires d'un Médecin*—it composes, moreover, a sub-series treating of Cagliostro, a character naturally attractive to Dumas as combining the peculiarities of the successful adventurer with the suspicion of charlatanism, which it is to be feared was not a very great drawback in the eyes of the creator of Edmond Dantès. *Le Collier de la Reine* is one of Dumas's most popular works, but it seems to me to be very far from being one of his best. There is no single character in it of any particular excellence, and the endless scenes of intrigue between Jeanne de la Motte and the Cardinal de Rohan, between Oliva and Cagliostro, between the Queen and a half-a-dozen different personages, are altogether wearisome. The author has not succeeded in interesting us sufficiently to make his volume tolerable, and it is not tolerable in itself in virtue of any skill in handling the subject. This subject, moreover, is felt to be too much for Dumas. The stupendous interest of the French Revolution wants quite a different chronicler and quite other modes of treatment. The particular episode, too, of the diamond necklace is one of those which have, in virtue of their special interest and strangeness, passed out of the class of subjects which can be successfully treated by fiction. All those who have studied the philosophy of novel-writing at all closely know that great historical events are bad subjects, or are only good subjects on one condition—a condition the steady observance of which constitutes one of the great merits of Sir Walter Scott. The central interest in all such cases must be connected with a wholly fictitious personage, or one of whom sufficiently little is known to give the romancer free play. When this condition is complied with, the actual historical events may be,

and constantly have been, used with effect as aids in developing the story and working out the fortunes of the characters. Dumas himself has observed this law in his more successful efforts; he has not observed it here. If Scott, instead of writing the *Abbot* and making Catherine Seyton the heroine, had taken the court of Holyrood before the death of Darnley as his subject, and had made Mary his central figure, he would almost assuredly have failed. The character of Cagliostro as here given, moreover, is one which no writer could manage. He is at once too supernatural and not supernatural enough.

If, however, there is one book of Dumas's which deserves especial attention, both because of its immense popularity and because of the clearness with which it exhibits the limits of its author's powers, that book is the *Comte de Monte Cristo*. *Monte Cristo* is said to have been at its first appearance, and for some time subsequently, the most popular book in Europe. Perhaps no novel within a given number of years had so many readers and penetrated into so many different countries. I do not know how far this popularity has been maintained, but it still remains the book with which, with the possible exception of the *Three Musketeers*, more people connect the name of Dumas than with any other of his works. How far does it deserve this popularity? The answer of most critical persons would probably be, without any intention of flippancy, as far as the end of the first volume. The *Château d'If* indeed, as this section has sometimes been called, is almost faultless, and few persons can have found anything to object to in it except the rather dubious omniscience of the Abbé Faria. The style and character of the book, moreover, is so far all the author's own, and deals only with subjects which he can well manage. From the time, however, that Dantès has discovered the treasure, the case is altered. The succeeding scenes give indeed an opportunity of portraying what Dumas has always endeavoured and loved to portray, the rise of an adventurer to supreme power and importance. Nor is there any taint of the supernatural as in the case of Cagliostro; but, on the other hand, the scenes described and the characters attempted are scenes and characters in which the author is not himself at home, and which constantly recall to us scenes and characters in the work of other men who can manage them. Take, to begin with, *Monte Cristo* himself. Whether it is altogether fair for the generation which has come after him, and which he himself has helped to render *blasé* with persons of extraordinary attributes, may be answered in the negative by a fervent Alexandrian. But it cannot be denied that at the present day Edmond Dantès in his parts, of Lord Wilmore, or the Abbé Busoni, or the Count, appears to us a very tiresome and rather ludicrous player at providence. His use of his money seems ostentatious, and some-

times, as in the case of the horses bought from Danglars, intolerably vulgar. His mania for theatrical peripeteias—which might have resulted in the death both of Morrel and his son—is equally to be objected to, and the skimble-skamble stuff which so impresses his Parisian friends (for instance, in his first interview with Villefort) is pitiable enough. In few of the author's books, moreover, is the abuse of over-length greater, and the complicated series of intrigues, though managed with considerable skill, wearies the reader more than it interests him. But the involuntary comparisons that one makes in reading the book are the most unfortunate. No one, for instance, who knows Gautier's literary dealings with haschisch can avoid a sigh over the pages in which Franz d'Epinay's very commonplace experiences of the drug are described. I am not myself among those who consider Henri de Marsay, Bixiou, Blondel, and the rest as absolutely perfect creations beyond which the wit of man cannot go, but Châteaurenaud, Debray, the journalist Beauchamp, and others of De Morcerf's set, certainly remind one but unpleasantly of Balzac's favourite cliques. The viscount himself would have been more acceptable if he had not in his excessive hospitality displayed "all the tobaccos of the known world" when he was expecting his visitors. Another point in which Dumas here fails is his description. This is, as I already said, probably his weakest point, and it is particularly noticeable in a book where description, one would have thought, was particularly in place. But the prevailing want all through is the want of a sufficient grasp of character to make scenes so familiar and modern as those of Parisian life in the middle of the present century tolerable. The plan is the plan of Balzac, the hand is the hand of Dumas, and it is impossible that the inefficiency of the workmanship should not be felt. There is no attempt at an impression of growing horror culminating in the horrible death of Madame de Villefort and her child. The interest is frittered away in endless details and episodes. The narrow escape of Valentine, and the burglarious attempt of Caderousse, are treated at the same length and on the same scale; and, above all, the dangerous method of introducing long recitals by various characters in order to help on the movement and join the intrigue is unscrupulously resorted to. The first impulse of the reader is to wish that the five last volumes had been condensed to at most two; it is to be feared that his last is to regret that they were ever written at all.

The following scene may, perhaps, be useful as illustrating some of the remarks which I have made and shall make. It is from *Les Quarante-Cinq*. The jester Chicot, imperilled by the vengeance of the Guises, has solicited and obtained from Henry III. a mission to Henry of Navarre. His letters of credence have just been

delivered to him by two of the King's guard at a short distance from Paris :—

"As soon as they had disappeared, Chicot, who seemed to have the faculty of seeing behind him, and who could no longer perceive either Ernauton or Sainte-Maline, stopped at the top of the slope, and scanned the horizon, the ditches, the level ground, the bushes, the river, in short everything up to the dappled clouds that glided across the sky beyond the tall elms of the causeway. When he was sure that there was no one to disturb or play the spy on him, he sat down on the slope of a hedge with a tree to lean against, and began what he called his process of self-examination.

"He had two purses, for he had already perceived that the bag given him by Sainte-Maline contained, besides the royal letter, certain round and slippery objects which had all the appearance of gold or silver coin. The bag itself was a pattern royal purse and bore two h's embroidered on it, the one above, the other below. 'That is very pretty,' said Chicot, contemplating it, 'indeed it is quite charming of his Majesty. Could anything be more generous or more foolish? I shall never make anything of him. Upon my word I wonder that this most excellent of kings did not have the letter itself embroidered outside the purse and my acknowledgment as well. Why not? It is the fashion to be open in political matters nowadays, and why should he not follow the fashion? If Chicot were put out of the way, like a certain other courier that Henry sent to Rome, it would only be a friend the less, and friends are so common just now that he can be lavish of them. Really heaven is not fortunate in its choice of kings! However, let us see what there is in the purse in the way of money. We can take the letter afterwards. Ah! a hundred crowns! Just the same sum that I borrowed from Gorenflot. No, let us be exact, here is a little packet. It is Spanish gold. Five doubloons. Come, that is a very delicate attention of Master Harry's, and if it were not for these unnecessary cyphers and fleurs-de-lis I would blow him a kiss for it. As it is this purse is a nuisance: the very birds overhead look as if they took me for a king's messenger, and were scoffing at me, or, which would be worse, telling tales of me to the passers-by.

"Chicot emptied the purse into his hand, drew from his pocket Gorenflot's plain canvas bag, and poured the gold and the silver into it, observing to the coins as he did so, 'You need not quarrel, my dears, you are countrymen.' Then he took the letter out of the bag, picked up a pebble and putting it in, drew the strings and sent it whizzing as if from a sling into the Orge which flowed eddying under the bridge. There was a splash, and the circles as they widened broke up against the bank. 'That is for my own convenience,' said Chicot; 'now let us go to work for Henry.' And he took up the letter which he had laid down for greater ease in throwing the purse into the river. But there came along the road a donkey laden with wood, and with the donkey were two women driving him, while he marched with a step as stately as if, instead of firewood, he were carrying relics. Chicot covered the letter with his broad palm, resting it on the ground, and let them pass. As soon as he was alone he took up the letter and broke the seal with the greatest coolness in the world, just as if it was an ordinary document in the course of business. Then he took the envelope, crushed it in his hands, ground up the seal between two stones, and sent both in the track of the bag. 'Now, then,' said he, 'let us see how he writes.' And he opened the letter and read :—

"'VERY DEAR BROTHER,—The deep affection which our late brother and King, Charles IX., bore you still dwells under the roof of the Louvre, and is firmly seated in my heart.' Here Chicot bowed. 'It is thus very painful to me to have to discuss with you troublesome and unpleasant subjects. But you are full of fortitude in bearing ill-fortune, and thus I do not hesitate to inform you of such things as one only tells to valiant and tried friends.' Chicot



interrupting himself made another profound bow. 'Besides, I have an interest in interesting you in this matter, for the honour of your name and mine is at stake. We are alike in this point that we are surrounded by enemies. Chicot will explain to you how.'

"('Chicotus explicabit,' said Chicot, 'or rather *evolvet*, which is better Latin.)

"Your servant the Viscount de Turenne furnishes subjects of daily scandal to your court. God forbid that I should look into your affairs except for your interest and honour. But your wife, whom to my sorrow I must call my sister, ought to be thus solicitous for you in my place, and she is not.'

"('Oh!' said Chicot, continuing his work of translation, '*Quæque omittit facere!* That is severe.')

"I entreat you then, my brother, to take heed that the relations of Margot with the Viscount de Turenne, who is closely connected with our common enemies, do not bring shame and loss to the House of Bourbon. Make an example as soon as you are assured of the facts, and make sure of the facts as soon as you have heard the explanation, of my letter from Chicot.'

"('Statim atque audiveris Chicotum *'ulterus explicantem,*' said Chicot; 'let us continue.')

"It would be vexatious that the least suspicion should rest upon the legitimacy of your heirs, my brother, a point on which God has forbidden me to be anxious on my own account, for I, alas! am condemned to childlessness. The two associates, whom as a king and a brother I denounce to you, usually assemble in a little chateau called Loignac, and they make the chase their excuse. This castle is also a centre of intrigues with which the Guises are not unconcerned. I make no doubt, my dear brother, that you know with what strange affection my sister regarded Henry of Guise and our brother the Duke of Anjou, at the time when I bore this title and he was called Duke of Alençon.

"('Quo et quam irregulari amore sit prosecuta et Henricum Guisium et germanum meum,' translated Chicot.)

"I embrace you, and strongly recommend my suggestions to your attention, being at the same time ready to aid you in all things. Meanwhile make use of the advice of Chicot, whom I send you.'

"('Age auctore Chicoto,' said the messenger. 'Good! It appears that I am nominated privy councillor to His Majesty the King of Navarre.')

"Your affectionate, &c. &c."

"When he had read this, Chicot took his head in his two hands:

"It strikes me," he said, "that this is rather an unpleasant job, and that, as Master Horace remarks, in avoiding one evil one sometimes falls into a worse. I really think I like Mayenne the best of the two. Yet with the exception of that unpardonable embroidered wallet the letter is a clever one. Supposing Hal of Navarre to be made of the ordinary substance of husbands, this document ought to set him at loggerheads with his wife, with Turenne, with Anjou, with Guise, and even with Spain. In fact, for Henry of Valois up in the Louvre to be so well informed of what goes on with Henry of Navarre down at Pau he must have spies at work, and these spies will be very unpleasant to the Bearnese. On the other hand the letter will make it very unpleasant to me if I meet a Spaniard, a Fleming, a Bearnese, or a Lorrainer who is curious to know what they are sending me to Pau for. Now it would be extremely thoughtless of me if I did not make up my mind to meet one or other of these. My friend Monsieur Borromée especially owes me a turn.

"In the second place what did Chicot seek when he asked for a mission to King Henry? A quiet life. Now his present errand is to set the King of Navarre at loggerheads with his wife. Clearly this is not Chicot's game, inasmuch as by setting two such personages at variance he will make himself mortal enemies who will interfere with his peaceful attainment of the age of fourscore years. Perhaps this would not matter, for life is only worth living when one is young. But then M. De Mayenne's dagger thrust might as

well have been waited for. That, however, would not have done, for one good turn deserves another, and dagger thrusts cannot always be paid back. Consequently Chicot will pursue his journey; but as he is not a fool, he will take his precautions, that is to say he will keep nothing about him but money in order that if they kill him nobody else may suffer. Therefore he will go on as he has begun, and he will translate this fine letter into Latin that it may better stick in his memory, where two-thirds of it are already. Then he will buy a horse, because between Juvigny and Pau the right foot has to be put before the left rather too often. But before anything else Chicot will tear the letter of his friend Henry of Valois into an infinite number of little pieces, and will take care that the little pieces go partly into the Orge, partly to the winds, and the rest into the bosom of our mother earth, whence all things come and whither all must go, even the follies of kings. When Chicot has finished what he has begun. . . .

"Here he interrupted himself to execute his project of division. A third of the letter went down the stream, another third into the air, and the third disappeared in a hole which he dug with an instrument that hung at his girdle, and was neither dagger nor knife, but could take the place of both at need. . . . Then he went on.

"'. . . Chicot will resume his journey with the greatest care, and will dine at the good town of Corbeil like a man of honest appetite, as he is. Meanwhile, let us occupy ourselves with our Latin theme. The version ought to be an elegant one.'

"All of a sudden he stopped, for it occurred to him that it was impossible properly to Latinise the word *Louvre*, which was very annoying. Margot, too, had to receive the Macaronic equivalent of Margota, just as Chicot had become Chicotus. It is true that there was Margarita, but to this he did not even give a thought, the translation would not have been sufficiently faithful. This Latin, however, with the researches necessary to secure duly Ciceronian purity, occupied the whole way to Corbeil, an agreeable town where the valiant ambassador looked but little at the wonders of Saint Spire, and a great deal at those of a certain victualler, the smoke of whose appetising wares perfumed the neighbourhood of the church."

This passage, though it does not come from one of the author's most famous works, but rather from one in which the separatists might discern traces of a second hand, is I think a characteristic one. The monologue of the garrulous jester may stand well for a hundred other monologues of the same kind, and not badly for the still more interminable dialogues in which all the characteristic novels abound. The endless picking up of little insignificant circumstances is noticeable in it too, and shows clearly enough how the vast extent of some of the books is filled up, while the burlesque tone—there is a better word than burlesque for it in French, namely, *goguenard*, but it is not translateable—is a trait which came into fashion in the earliest days of the romantic movement, and was never afterwards lost. The extract necessarily contains little action; I say necessarily, because wherever Dumas deals with action he is simply unquotable by reason of length. The episode of the bastion Saint Gervais in the *Trois Mousquetaires*, unquestionably his masterpiece in this way, would occupy considerably more space than the whole of this article. There are, however, not many writers who lend themselves less to analysis of their individual works or to extracts from them than the author of

*Monte Cristo*. Analysis even of the concisest character of all the works published under his name would take a goodly volume, and would assuredly not be worth the doing, still less worth the reading, when it was done. It has been sometimes remarked that most of the later literature of France, despite the innovations and the neglect of the Renaissance and the seventeenth century, recalls some part or other of the abundant and long undiscovered wealth of its mediæval libraries. There can be little hesitation with any one who knows early French literature with what part of it to identify the novels of our author. He is the descendant of the later trouvères who, in the fourteenth century, busied themselves with filling up the gaps in the connection of the *chansons de geste*, and spinning out the already sufficient length of those epics into interminable *romans d'aventures*. These authors of thirty and fifty thousand line poems rivalled Dumas in their longwindedness, in their skilful working up and repetition of a certain limited number of motives and incidents; while as industrious completers of the *gestes*, and as rigid genealogists who discovered that there was a gap between this hero and his grandfather, and that that hero's great-uncle had been wrongfully deprived of his due celebration, they represent the spirit which led Dumas to carry D'Artagnan and Chicot and Richelieu through dozens and scores of volumes. One could rename his novels in mediæval style with ease. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is *La Chevalerie Artagnan*, *Vingt Ans Après* is *Les Enfances Raoul*, and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* might be either *Le Couronnement Charlon*, or, substituting thirteenth century for seventeenth century notions perhaps *Le Mariage Athos*. Only Dumas has the advantage over the forgotten verse-writers, his predecessors, that he set, or helped to set, the example of a style instead of taking it up when it had been already worked to death, and the merit of knowing how to infuse into almost all his work sparks of life and touches of nature.

Whether the parallel will be completed by the utter neglect of his work after a short time we must wait to see. That much of it will go the way of all but the best fictitious literature, cannot for a moment be doubted. Whether any will survive is a question less easy to answer. The danger to which writers like Dumas are exposed, as a rule, is that there is not enough idiosyncrasy in their work to keep it fresh in men's memory. Every age, or almost every age, produces for itself specimens of the talented improvisatore who has energy enough to produce enormously, and originality enough to launch his work in popular favour. Every age too naturally prefers its own practitioners in this manner, because they can hit its own tastes, and because the ephemeral adornments and fashion of their work are such as it understands and appreciates. The next age has no such inducements to read work of little permanent literary value. That Dumas is one of the princes of all such improvising writers I

have no doubt whatever, and that he possesses the element of something better than improvisation must I think be evident to careful readers of him.

In order to estimate his deficiencies and at the same time the merits which accompany them, I do not know a more curious exercise than the comparison of one of these books, say *La Reine Margot* or the *Mousquetaires*, with Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse*. They are in intention exactly similar. But Gautier had one thing which Dumas had not, an incomparable literary faculty, and Dumas had what Gautier had not, the knowledge how to *charpenter* a novel. The consequence is that, while *Le Capitaine Fracasse* is a magnificent piece of writing, it is only a second-rate story, and that *La Reine Margot*, though offering no special quotations or passages to the memory, is a book which it is impossible to put down till you have finished it. Such things as the Chateau de la Misère, as the description of the swordsman's garret and his tavern haunt, and above all as the wonderful duel between Lampourde and Sigognac, Dumas was utterly incapable of writing. He never wrote positively badly, but his writing never attracts admiration for itself. It is not negligent, but on the other hand it is not careful. The first word that comes into his head is used. Probably it is not a bad word, and serves very well to convey the impression intended. But of art, of careful choice, and laborious adaptation of words and phrases and paragraphs, there is none. It is even capable of being argued whether, consistently with his peculiar plan and object, there could have been or ought to have been any. The presence in a novel of incident of passages of the highest literary value may be plausibly contended to be a mistake, as well as an unnecessary extravagance. When the palate is tempted to linger over individual pages, to savour them slowly, and to dwell on the flavour, the continuity of interest of the story proper runs a danger of being broken. On the other hand, if the interest be strong enough to induce rapid reading, it is impossible to do justice to the vintage that it set before one. It is not, therefore, either accidental or from incapacity that the great masters of style in fictitious writing, like Merimée and Gautier, have usually preferred to write short stories. It is rather from a sense of incongruity. A story that takes at shortest half-an-hour to read may, without wearying the appetite for it as a story, have a couple of hours spent upon it. But supposing that the time necessary to read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is half a day, no one who has this appetite at all will consent to spend three days over it. Nor again in such a story is it possible, as it is with one of the analytic kind, to read first for the story and afterwards for the style. A novel of incident that allows itself to be treated in this way is a bad novel of incident, and if it be good it must be read just as rapidly the seventh time as it is the first.

There are two classes of persons to whom I cannot hope that my estimate of the novelist who has had most readers during the last half-century of any writer in Europe will be satisfactory. The first is made up of those whose critical method consists in invariably requiring of one class of writer the notes of another; in demanding that a poet shall choose his subjects on the principles of a preacher; that a novelist's works shall be suitable for delivery in the schools; that a historian shall chime in with their tastes and sympathies; that, in his estimate of facts, a man devoted to one science shall say nothing which disagrees with the prevalent ideas among the followers of another. For my part I prefer to judge a poet as a poet, a novelist according to the requirements of novel-composition, a theologian as a theologian, and a man of science according to the laws of his own pursuit. There is, however, a second way of judging, which is almost equally if not so glaringly-unreasonable, and there are more practitioners of it in novel criticism than in any other division of critical practice. These are the people who, as it has been said, "find fault with Onestar because he is not brilliant like Twostars, pathetic like Threestars, philosophical like Fourstars;" who concentrate their attention upon what he has not said and done rather than on what he has; and who forget that in no class of composition is the field so wide, in none are the crops to be cultivated so various, and in none is partial excellence more to be looked to, and universal success less to be required. I have endeavoured in these papers to avoid this fault, and to see rather what a writer has to offer me, than what he has not. I might have asked Gautier for a series of moral tales, M. Flaubert for a harmony in rose-pink and sky-blue, M. Sandeau for a sensational novel, Charles de Bernard for a study in Parisian backslums, Murger for silver fork details and accurate acquaintance with the ways of high life. Each of these writers has some special subject or style in which he is remarkable, and this is what, as it seems to me, the critic has chiefly to look to. In the same way Dumas has the faculty, as no other novelist has, of presenting rapid and brilliant dioramas of the picturesque aspects of history, animating them with really human if not very intricately analysed passion, and connecting them with dialogue matchless of its kind. He can do nothing more than this, and to ask him for anything more is a blunder. But he will pass time for you as hardly any other novelist will, and unlike most novelists of his class his pictures, at least the best of them, do not lose their virtue by re-beholding. I at least find the *Three Musketeers* as effectual for its purpose now as I found it nearly twenty years ago, and I think there must be something more in work of such a virtue than mere scene-painting for a background and mere lay figures for actors.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A RAJPUT CHIEF OF THE OLD SCHOOL.<sup>1</sup>

*Moribundus Loquitur.*

I.

AND why say ye that I must leave  
This pleasure-garden, where the sun  
Is baffled by the boughs that weave  
Their shade o'er my pavilion ?  
The trees I planted with my hands,  
This house I built among the sands, /  
Within a lofty wall which rounds  
This green oasis, kept with care ;  
With room for my horses, hawks, and hound—  
And the cool arcade for my ladies fair.

II.

How often, while the landscape flames  
With heat, within the marble court  
I lie and laugh to see my dames  
About the shimmering fountain sport :  
Or after the long scorching days,  
When the hot wind hushes, and falling stays  
The clouds of dust, and stars are bright,  
I've spread my carpets in the grove,  
And talked and loitered the live-long night  
With some foreign leman light o' love.

III.

My wives—I married, as was fit,  
Some thirteen of the purest blood—  
And two or three have germs of wit,  
And almost all are chaste and good ;  
But all their womanhood has been  
Hencooped behind a marble screen ;  
They count their pearls and doze—while she,  
The courtesan, had travelled far,  
Her songs were fresh, her talk was free  
Of the Delhi Court, or the Kábul War.

(1) Written in Rajputana, 1877.

## IV.

Those days are gone—I am old and ill,  
 Why should I move? I love the place;  
 The dawn is fresh, the nights are still—  
 Ah yes! I see it in your face,  
 My latest dawn and night are nigh,  
 And of my clan a chief must die  
 Within the ancestral rampart's fold  
 Paced by the listening sentinel,  
 Where ancient cannon, and beldames old  
 As the guns, peer down from the citadel.

## V.

Once more, once only, they shall bear  
 My litter up the steep ascent  
 That pierces, mounting stair on stair,  
 The inmost ring of battlement.  
 Oft-times that frowning gate I've past  
 (This time, but one, shall be the last),  
 Where the tribal dæmon's image stands  
 Crowning the arch, and on the side  
 Arc scarlet prints of women's hands—  
 Farewell! and forth must the lady ride,

## VI.

Her face unveiled, in rich attire,  
 She strikes the stone with fingers red—  
 "Farewell the palace, to the pyre  
 We follow, widows of the dead!"  
 And I, whose life has reached its verge,  
 Bethink me of the wailing dirge  
 That day my father forth was borne,  
 High seated, swathed in many a shawl,  
 By priests who scatter flowers, and mourn—  
 And the eddying smoke of the funeral.

## VII.

Thus did he vanish. With him went  
 Seven women, by the flames set free;  
 I built a stately monument  
 To shrine their graven effigy:  
 In front my father, godlike, stands;  
 The widows kneel with folded hands;  
 All yearly rites are duly paid,  
 All round are planted sacred trees,  
 And the ghosts are soothed by the spreading shade,  
 And lulled by the strain of the obsequies.

## VIII.

His days were troubled ; his curse I earned  
 Full often, ere he passed that arch,  
 My father, by his farms we burned  
 By raiding on the English march ;  
 And then that summer I rebelled,  
 One fort we seized, and there we held  
 Until my father's guns grew hot ;  
 But the floods and darkness veiled our flight,  
 We rode their lines with never a shot,  
 For the matches were moist in the rainy night.

## IX.

That's forty years ago, and since,  
 With all these wild unruly clans,  
 In this salt wilderness, a prince  
 Of camel-riding caterans,  
 I've sought religiously, Heaven knows,  
 A life of worship and repose,  
 Vext by the stiff ungrateful league  
 Of all my folk in fretful stir,  
 By priest and gods in dark intrigue,  
 And the wasting curse of the sorcerer.

## X.

They say I seized their broad estates,  
 Upbraid me with a kinsman's blood ;  
 He led his bands before my gates,  
 And then—it was an ancient feud.  
 But I must offer gifts, and pray  
 The Brahmin's stain be washed away—  
 Saint and poisoner, fed with bribes,  
 Deep versed in every traitorous plan—  
 I told them only to kill the scribes,  
 But my Afghans hated the holy man.

## XI.

Yes, peace is blessed, and prayer is good ;  
 My eldest son defied my power ;  
 I lost his mother in the wood  
 That hides my lonely hunting tower :  
 She was a proud unbroken dame :  
 Like son, like mother, hard to tame  
 Or tire—And so he took the bent,  
 His mother's kinsfolk at his heel,  
 With many a restless malcontent—  
 There were some had ease, ere I sheathed my steel.



## XII.

The English say I govern ill,  
 That laws must silence spear and gun,  
 So may my peaceful subjects till ;  
 But peaceful subjects have I none.  
 I can but follow my father's rule,  
 I cannot learn in English school ;  
 Yet the hard world softens, and change is best,  
 My sons must leave the ancient ways,  
 The folk are weary, the land shall rest,  
 And the gods are kind, for I end my days.

## XIII.

Then carry me to my castle steep,  
 Whose time is ending with its lord's :  
 Eight months my grandsire held the keep  
 Against the fierce Maratta hordes ;  
 It would not stand three winter suns  
 Before the shattering English guns ;  
 And so these rude old faithful stones,  
 My fathers' haven in high war-tide,  
 Must rive and moulder, as soon my bones  
 Shall bleach on the holy river side.

## XIV.

Years hence, when all the earth is calm,  
 And forts are level, and foes agree  
 To leave their fighting, trade and farm,  
 And toil, like oxen, patiently,  
 When this my garden palace stands  
 A desert ruin, choked with sands,  
 A broken well 'mid trees that fade,  
 Some traveller still my name may bless,  
 The chief lang syne that left him shade  
 And a water spring in the wilderness.

A. C. LYALL.

## AN ECONOMIC ADDRESS: WITH SOME NOTES.

[THE following pages contain the substance of an Address which was delivered before the Trades Union Congress at Bristol, on the eleventh of September. It was fully reported in the *Times* and elsewhere, and some of the positions advanced in it have been the subject of public discussion. When controversy reaches the region of the surrebutter and surrejoinder, it usually ceases to be profitable, but one or two points that have been raised deserve further consideration, and I have therefore endeavoured to deal with them.

It is hardly worth while to notice the contention that no one is entitled to join in economical discussion, who is not an employer of labour. The journalists who use the argument are no more employers of labour than I am, and if their charge were of any weight, they would have no more right to approve the action of the masters, than I have to disapprove it. Such an argument is never brought forward except against a disputant who attempts to put the case of the workmen. A manufacturer from Stockport writes to the *Times* that I have no knowledge of the cotton trade; that he is amazed, wonders, regrets, etcetera, etcetera. As it happens, the proposition from which he infers my ignorance, was suggested to me *verbatim* by one of the most experienced men in the cotton trade, not a mutinous factory-hand, but one whose personal interests are entirely with the employers.

Apart from these trifling exceptions, there has been nothing to complain of in the recent discussion; on the contrary there has been a very general recognition both among employers themselves and in journals so little open to the suspicion of prepossession against them as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Manchester Examiner*, the *Leeds Mercury*, that the subject is of great importance to the whole country, and not merely to special localities; that it is difficult and complex, and not to be decided offhand on the *ipse dixit* of one side; that the views of the workmen may have a balance of argument against them, but that in any case they deserve considerate investigation.]

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Any one who has realised the momentous importance to human interests of the action of the skilled workmen being wise and just in relation to themselves, the capitalists, and the public, must feel that to meddle, however humbly, in this field can be no light matter. The situation of trade, of profits, of wages, at the present moment happens to make your discussion more than ordinarily serious. The face of

the industrial world has been overcast with the gloom of falling markets, silent factories, idle furnaces, closed pits and yards, scanty profits often crossing the line to losses that are not scanty, and lowered wages. It is more needful than ever, therefore, that all who venture into discussions that concern the vast and complex industrial system of the country should weigh their words.

Bad times perhaps, after all, furnish the best opportunity for looking into some of the fundamental movements in English trade. I have heard of its being said that bad times are the only times in which it is possible to economise in industrial processes, or to improve industrial arrangements; in good times you are much too busy in making money to have time to save it, or to alter machinery. In the same way in good times neither employers nor workmen have either leisure or inclination to examine seriously into the great questions of industrial policy.

Let us, however, beware of exaggerating the amount and intensity of the existing depression. It must often perplex many of us to think why it is that Great Britain, so wealthy, so united on the whole in social spirit, so abundant in resources, so strong in short in every way, should be the country where before all others people take most delight in crying out that they are killed before they are hurt. We are told in the sombre tones of suppressed panic that the exports have fallen off. Considering that both iron and steel rails have been at prices 120 per cent. higher than they are now; that coal has been 200 per cent. higher; and that within the last two years many large classes of cotton goods were 40 per cent. above their prices to-day, it would of course be nothing short of a miracle if the volume of our exports had maintained their money value. It is constantly assumed, for instance, that the exports have fallen off in the cotton trade, and many sinister inferences are drawn from it. But this, if we look to quantity and not to value, is not the case. The export of cotton pieces in 1877 was nearly 300 million yards beyond the exports of 1872, and of cotton yarn 15 million pounds more than in 1872. In value there was a falling off to the extent of some 10 million pounds sterling, but more than one half of this decrease represents the decline during the two periods in the price of the raw cotton. During the first half of last year the trade was described by those who had no interest in seeming cheerful, as being fairly remunerative, and it was not until last autumn that it declined.

Still, when we have made all allowances for such considerations as these, it remains true that trade has been, and in some great branches of trade threatens to remain, dull, unprogressive, and in some cases obstinately stagnant. Some public writers, both on the continent and at home, hold that this state of things will last, that we have

arrived at what they call a definitive crisis, and that we are not merely suffering from one of those ordinary trade recoils which have come upon us before at periodic intervals. This is an intricate question, which the present is no proper occasion for discussing. Whatever conditions may be operating to stamp the present crisis with a special and a lasting mark, we have at any rate no difficulty in observing, independently of them, obvious causes for the comparative depression of commerce. They have been set forth hundreds of times in various ways. What they come to is, in homely words, that some who were once our greatest customers have foolishly spent all their money, others have lost it by misadventure, and others again have perished bodily. In India the recent famine is computed to have caused between four and five millions of deaths, to say nothing of untold impoverishment. In China the destruction from the same cause has been far more sweeping. There has been a famine in the Brazils. There have been three bad harvests in succession at home. The inflation in certain trades with America has collapsed. Political events in France, and in the East, filled the commercial world with disquiet. All these things in some of the greatest and most depressed of our industries are enough to explain the want of trade, without going farther.

But the point on which I shall venture to submit one or two remarks to the Congress is that the general effect of these inevitable misfortunes has been aggravated by unprofitable competition. There is nothing original in this, and if it were merely my own opinion it would be of very little value. It is the deliberate judgment of many of the very ablest of the manufacturers and merchants of the country. In the words of one of them, "The redundancy of loose capital brought about by an extraordinary combination of circumstances"—which I need not now describe—"stimulated much unprofitable competition among the members of the manufacturing and distributing classes who were possessed either of credit or means of their own." Now it may be said that the industrial capitalists of the country, if they had been preternaturally shrewd, prudent, and far-sighted men, would have realised the possibility or reasonable probability of these unfavourable events coming to pass, either singly or in a fatal combination, and would have been careful not to allow the intoxication of their splendid prosperity to carry them away into headlong excesses of production. A moralist might speculate on the loss of the millions that have been flung into the ocean of worthless foreign investments, and might perhaps further have his own reflections on the morality of investments which can only make a return on condition that the masters of Egyptian and Turkish peasants grind their faces to the earth, to extort interest for the foreign lender. But people with capital are so far not unlike people without it, and there

is nothing astonishing or extraordinary in the motives which have actuated the employers in their policy of headlong extension. Roaring profits offered an immediate temptation which, in the present state of human nature, we had no right to expect them to resist.

Nor is it any one class that contributed the capital for this enormous extension. In Lancashire a great deal of the capital for the new mills was subscribed, in such places as Oldham especially, directly by the workmen. It is said that there are certain towns in England in which every maidservant is a shipowner, for a fine ship could be bought for £1,000; one sixty-fourth share in her would cost £16; and a housemaid might save that, and for two or three years the investment might bring 30, 40, or as much as 50 per cent. But after all it is the directing classes of the community that have been responsible for this unwise rush after great profits. It is just to add that out of these soaring profits the workmen got good wages. That the rise in wages was in proportion to the profits many will deny, and it is to be remembered that at the time of the great coal inflation when in West Yorkshire, for instance, the price of coal at the pit's mouth had gone up by 15s. 5d. per ton, the wages of the colliers only went up 1s. 1½d. a ton, though the newspapers laid the entire blame of the rise in price on the collier, and his criminal passion for champagne and grand pianos.

However this may be, and however willing we may be to admit that it was only natural for the employers, obeying the same motives as their neighbours, to rush headlong into incessant extension and multiplied production, yet it is now clear that in a trade like the cotton trade, and in some others, their policy in the administration of their capital was rash and precipitate. And what the country ought to see, and the capitalists themselves ought to see, is that the only thing that prevented the result of this over-production from being still more disastrous to the country, was the strong feeling and vigorous action of the very bodies whom they vituperate with such really childish persistency, namely, the trade-societies of the workmen. If this were an occasion for an exhaustive criticism of the policy of trade-societies, many mistakes would have to be pointed out, many bad rules, many unwise and unjust strikes, and much unjustifiable language. But we are now discussing one particular matter, and on that matter, I repeat, it is plain to any impartial observer of the history of production for the last twenty years, that the only effective impediment to the desperate competition of employers with one another, not abroad but at home, and the consequent over-production, has been the determination of the English artisans not to work fourteen hours a day. And if anybody says that this determination about hours has been carried out to the loss of the employer and to the advantage of the foreign competitor, then

I can only answer that, in the trade where the resistance on the part of the employers to the Ten Hours Bill and the Nine Hours Bill was most strenuous, the textile trades of Lancashire, even with shortened hours they are turning out a greater quantity of work for each spindle and loom per week, than at any previous period in the history of the trade, and more than they are doing in any other country in Europe, however many hours they may work.

This is by the way. To return to our special subject. The employers and merchants of this country, I say, are the last persons to deny that there has been a deplorable maladministration of capital. Take the iron and coal trades, to begin with. I have before me a list, which I will not take up time by reading out to you, of the great iron and coal concerns which have ended in disaster, not because they were "eaten up by their workpeople," as is so constantly and so foolishly said, but because they insisted on going on. The result was ruinous loss, after the difference between the lowest cost of producing iron and getting coal, and the prices which the iron and coal would bring, had ceased to be profitable. One concern in this way wasted and destroyed a million and a half of capital; another three-quarters of a million; a copper-mining enterprise, from first to last not less than a million and a quarter. No less than eight concerns in Glamorganshire, Pembrokeshire, and Montgomeryshire have been closed, while others are in liquidation. There are others again in which the £10 share is down at £3 or at £1.

This is one result of the persistency of the capitalists in following blindfold the formula which at this moment finds such favour in the cotton trade, namely, that if you only go on producing, the consequent low prices must inevitably stimulate demand, and the markets right themselves. Unlimited production implies illimitable demand, which is an absurdity. One of the arguments in favour of the policy of unrestricted production is that low prices send goods into more distant circles, into which in more prosperous times it was not worth while to send them; and then when prices have risen again, this newly acquired trade remains, because after people have once become accustomed to an article, they do not readily abandon it. This is a proposition with much probability in it, but it is far too general to be adopted as an exact guide for practical conduct in a special and particular set of trade circumstances. The recoil has been tremendous. I am informed that the collieries of Great Britain have not worked more than about seven days a fortnight on the average during the last two years; all markets are overstocked; and coal-owners complain like the cotton-manufacturers that they are working at an actual loss.

If you want to know what has become of the working collier, I understand on authority which cannot be denied that thousands of

miners are getting 3s. 7d. for a day of eight hours' actual work at the coal face. If it is retorted that this is the natural recoil after a rise in prices which in one year gave £15,000,000 in increased wages, I would only remind him that the same rise in the same year gave £66,000,000 in increased profits.

Let us turn to the shipping-trade. The President of the Board of Trade, at a banquet at Liverpool last month, triumphantly exclaimed: "Only fancy what an amount of tonnage is represented in this room! It is something portentous, something to make one proud of the country to which one belongs." Well, Lord Sandon is a new-comer to the Board of Trade, and one of the peculiarities of our system is that a statesman is only expected to have mastered the circumstances of his department in time to be promoted to some other. Many of the shipowners present must have felt the compliment an awkward one, and would have been much more proud of themselves if they had represented a great deal less tonnage. About that date I was favoured with a communication from a gentleman whose name I need not mention, but who is one of the ablest and best-informed shipowners in Liverpool, and this gentleman wrote: "In our Indian ports £2,000,000 worth of shipping is at present lying idle, and in no part of the world is any shipping concern, unless it be some small obscure company in possession of a speciality, making a profit, while our ports are crowded with sound vessels which nevertheless cannot be sent on any voyage wherein the receipts promise to equal the expenses. Foreign competition has had nothing to do with it." And an illustration of our marine supremacy might be found in the striking fact that the quickest route by which goods and letters can be sent to the east coasts of South America from New York, is by English steamers to Liverpool, and thence by the English mails to Brazil. "The fact is that we British," says my informant, "have not only beaten the foreigner out of the carrying trade of the world, but have cut our own throats into the bargain." And that pungent way of putting the matter might serve for a general account of much British trade. Last month more than 50,000 tons of shipping were lying idle in Bombay. In Calcutta ships had been lying twelve months, during which time there had been from 80 to 100,000 tons disengaged and constantly pressing on the market, with freights averaging about one half of the paying rate. The China seas and the Straits are full of ships. In Australia one of my informants had had a ship waiting three months for a chance to load home. In San Francisco there were in July 100,000 tons lying in port. The explanation of the present condition of the shipping trade is no new or intricate story. Free trade increased the volume of exchange in the world, in other words the volume of the carrying trade of the world, so immensely in proportion to the

then existing supply of shipping, that high profits were the rule for many years. Ship-building was actively stimulated, and all the arts connected with it were energetically spurred on. The history of the building of iron ships is the history of a constant series of discoveries and inventions, involving a rapidly progressive facility of production, and leading by changes of form and new systems of management to such a reduction of cost and extension of accommodation as would have seemed, only a year or two before each improvement, to be fabulous and incredible. Hence a perpetual temptation to fresh tonnage. In less than forty years the shipping of the three kingdoms has risen from 2,700,000 tons to 6,200,000 tons. The old vessel remained sound, in good order, and ready for work as ever, but the new-comer with her improvements had the advantage. A well-built vessel, but not up to the latest improvements, has been described as a perfect Frankenstein; it hufusses the owner out of his life; it will not die, and it cannot be used to a profit.

Then steamers which originally began their career by carrying only mails and passengers were found some twenty-five or thirty years ago to be useful conveyers of cargo. "Excellent, admirable, and beautiful fleets of sailing ships," as has been said, "withered almost as quickly as the leaves of a year before a few steamers, which could carry goods more cheaply." But those excellent sailing ships could not be broken up; they changed hands at low values; and these in their turn interfered with lower trades, and displaced humbler competitors, as they had themselves been displaced by the steamers. Then steamers were over-produced, and being more special both in their arrangements and in the trades where they could be profitably worked, they are said to have presented instances of decrease in value, even more lamentable for the owner than the depreciation of sailing ships. Within thirty years the steam tonnage rose from 87,000 to 2,000,000. And yet two million pounds sterling of shipping are lying idle in the Indian ports at this moment.

If we go from shipping to cotton, the story is not materially different. "Great profits—reckless extensions of factories—overstocked markets—losses in trade;" that is the sorrowful tale of a leading manufacturer in the *Times* last week. In one great town in Lancashire the only dispute is whether they are losing £20,000, or only £10,000 a week. "It is well known," said the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in February, "that during the last ten years the building of spinning factories by private firms, and more especially by joint-stock companies, has been in the nature of a mania." What he justly calls the enormous outlay of 10 millions sterling represents the extension from 1865 to 1875, "during which time the exports followed the increased production, until within the last



three or four years the over-production of both yarn and cloth has filled every available market."

In the great manufactures of worsted and woollen, on the other hand, the best authorities assure me that there has been no over-production. The proof of this is that in spite of the long depression of trade and the greatly reduced exports, there are no large stocks pressing upon the markets. The Yorkshire manufacturers have been very cautious, and have prevented the accumulation of stocks by limiting their production to the daily demand. Hence in those districts, though the profits during the last four or five years have been small, and though in some cases there have been losses, yet the very trifling increase of pauperism, and the general aspect of the workmen, combine to prove that good wages have been earned.

Over-production is, I need not say, far from being always an evil to the great body of consumers, either in a given country or all over the world. In the shipping trade, for instance, the fact that the carriage of goods was never so cheap, is a clear boon to everybody save the carrier. It brings the whole world, as has been said, to the feet of any person in it, and we are told that nothing that has not happened seems a safer thing to predict, than that the value of meat, with very slight differences for carriage, will equalise itself over the world. So in the coal trade, the fact that railway companies which had to pay 18s. a ton for their fuel in 1873, are now paying under 5s. in some cases, is what makes all the difference between a bad and a fairly good dividend on the great investment of the middle class. And it is not only the middle class that is affected. It has been calculated by Mr. Fawcett that the reduction of the price of coal to its former level represents a relief to the country at large of a burden which, apart from its indirect influence on manufactures, was equal to half the interest on the National Debt.

A well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, after describing this extension, lays the blame of the present state of things on the fact that the surpluses of good years were expended on additional plant, instead of being husbanded for a rainy day. The means of producing our staple manufactures, such as iron and textiles, he says, has been of late years abnormally increased far beyond the consuming power of the world. It is quite possible that this may be so. For myself I cannot see the evidence which would justify this final limitation of consuming power. It is enough for our purpose to recognise the increase beyond the consuming power of the world at the present moment.<sup>1</sup>

(1) "An extension of markets may reasonably be anticipated, while so large a portion of mankind are still unclothed, or have scarcely a change of raiment. The cry of over-production, therefore, seems absurd, except as the expression of a passing embarrassment. Even our own working classes spend less upon clothing than is good for them."—The able correspondent of the *Times* at Manchester, September 21.

Now having admitted that the employers in those trades where there has been excessive extension, have only obeyed a natural impulse, and granting that in some instances the over-production has been very advantageous to the consumers, we are able to see that the pith of the whole controversy lies in the following question, namely, how the consequences of a reaction from over-trading may least injuriously affect the workmen; or, to put it in another way, how the shock of one of these periodical trade-recoils is to be prudently softened to those who were least responsible for the policy that made the recoil so violent. The ordinary language on the subject implies that the shock cannot be softened. "The whole class of producers," we are told, "must be content to suffer: it is a hard necessity, but there is no escape from it." Quite true; but the real issue is *in what degree* the workmen—who, I repeat, are not more but less responsible—are to suffer. It does not follow that because wages are on the whole decided by natural causes, therefore you can in any given case decide them by an abstract principle. There is no eternal and immutable law of nature which tells you, as the sun tells you the hour of the day, whether it is fair that the reduction shall be 5, or 7½, or 10 per cent. You have to find that out, as you find out other reductions, in a free market. The process must necessarily be a rough one. No reduction is ever exactly and precisely just all round. The 10 per cent. reduction in Lancashire the other day, even if it had given any relief to the employers, would have given it in unequal degrees, for as they admit and insist for other purposes, the circumstances of no two employers are exactly the same, and therefore though 10 per cent. may just save an employer in a bad position from a heavier loss than he could bear, it may actually turn the balance of an employer in a good position to the side of profit. All these things, I repeat, are rough; they are mere approximations. An error in the calculation of the combined employers, however honest the intention of the calculators, may make all the difference to the workmen between a fair reduction and a thoroughly unfair one. Yet the workman is bidden to be dumb as a sheep before the shearers. What one wants to know is why he alone among persons with a commodity to dispose of, is forbidden to refuse the first price that is offered to him, under penalty of being court-martialled at the drum-head of the newspaper press. The truth is that the workpeople of this country could not be so vigorous, energetic, and skilful as they are in their various arts and trades, if they were more dependent or obsequious in relation to their employers. The same vigour which makes them the most productive of labourers, is just what makes them the least willing to take the word of other people about their own concerns. Well, what the workman is told is that the burden is not to be distributed among consumers, capitalists, and

workmen, but to be borne in a certain degree by the capitalists, and in a much greater degree and a far more serious way by the workmen. In other words, what this doctrine of the *Times* comes to, if it means anything, is that capitalists are free to bring together a great population, to induce men to spend the decisive part of their lives in acquiring a craft, to invite them to strike the very roots of existence in a district and an employment, and then are to be free to say, "The day of roaring profits is over; shift for yourselves." Capitalists do not as a matter of fact say this; their interests usually prevent them from saying it, and if their interests did not, their humanity in most cases certainly would. But this is what the theory comes to, and their haste on every emergency to reduce wages is a sufficiently near approach to the full execution of the theory.<sup>1</sup> Can we wonder that the workmen, not at the dictation of Unions, but by irresistible and spontaneous instinct, cry that they will not, if they can help it, suffer their destinies and the destinies of their children to be made the stake of a reckless system of competitive gambling? The low wages of the foreign workman, with their stability, would be better than the high wages of the English workman, if these are to be accompanied by violent and indefinite instability. It is better

(1) In a careful and serious article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Sept. 12) the writer says:—

"The original excess of production may have been innocent and even useful, and yet limitation of production may be the proper remedy for it. Mr. Morley asks us, in effect, to disregard the almost unanimous opinion of the employers—a body of men who, it will be admitted, are usually very keen-sighted in all that concerns their own interests—and to say with the workman that this is so. He cannot seriously mean that while reduction of wages is injurious to the workman, limitation of production leaves him comparatively unharmed. While the remedy is in course of application, the workman suffers at least as much from short time as he suffers from reduced wages."

Undoubtedly; but that does not affect the contention that wage-reduction is an injury to the workman, without being a prospective relief to the trade, whereas limitation of supply is believed, rightly or wrongly, to promise a speedier return to a normal state, and to arrest that alleged waste of capital which is a consequence of continued full production at a heavy loss. Limitation of production by no means leaves the workmen unharmed, but in their view it would check a course of things that, as they think, must end in the ruin of many employers, and consequently in the disorganization of the trade, and the breaking up of the existence of many of the employed. The policy of mere wage-reduction, unaccompanied by other measures, is crude and inadequate—how inadequate, the failure of the 10 per cent. reduction has shown. The point is not the present and temporary suffering of the weaver or spinner; he is not unprepared to bear that; what he protests against is perseverance, under the pressure of domestic competition, in wasting that capital to which he has to look for his future maintenance.

for a man's character, for his chances of contentment, and a well-ordered life, to have 18s. a week, and to know that he is not likely ever to get either more or less, than for him to fluctuate between 25s. and 35s.<sup>1</sup>

Again, it is said that if resistance to a reduction of wages keeps up prices, then the whole public of consumers is punished. But it should not be forgotten that a reduction of wages punishes at least another portion of the public besides the workman. To strike 20 per cent. from his wages is to lessen the trade of the shopkeepers of his district by 20 per cent. If the depression goes further, it means an addition to the rates and to the burdens therefore, not merely of the employer himself, but of all the other ratepayers in the district. In short, the economic relations of all the sections of a community are so closely connected, so intimate with one another, that under our system, backed as it is by a Poor Law, it is neither more nor less than impossible that the labouring class alone should pay the penalties of imprudent trading.

I am not saying anything so impudently absurd as that reduction of wages is never justified, and is not often justified, though that would not be more absurd than what in some quarters is the current contention, namely, that a reduction is *always* justified. What I contend is, that employers should be less ready to treat reduction of wages as the first and only possible remedy when their trade is bad; that they should not resort to this form of relief unless they are quite sure that they will get the benefit of it—which in Lancashire just now they have not done—and that an equal amount of relief could not be got in some other way, or more effectively by resorting at the

(1) Many persons seem to have found this sentence a hard saying, and perhaps it is too abruptly expressed. The propositions that are implied in it are of this kind;—that a workman, like everybody else, is the better for having a fixed system of living, such as leaves him undistracted in his domestic, public, or religious interests by restless desires and vague aims; that sudden flushes of money, and the hope and expectation of them, encourage these restless desires, and induce that fatal habit of mind, discontent with one's present; that our population is as yet a long way removed from such practice of self-control as enables them to bear the excitement of these violent fluctuations without detriment. It is not expected that these will be received as self-evident propositions, but they will perhaps be thought worth considering as a corrective to the current doctrine. It will be observed that this is no plea for low wages; on the contrary, I should point to the Lancashire workmen as among the best in the world, because wages there have been on the whole both high and steady. It is against violent fluctuations that we are arguing. Is it not true that an agricultural labourer, in spite of the fact that his wages are low, yet by reason of the fact that they are steady, does, on the whole, lead a better-ordered life than the average minor, whose wages have fluctuated within a year or two from 10s. or more, to 4s. or less, for the day's work?

same time and along with it to some other expedient for righting the market.

We were told by the *Times* last week of such a position as this, that the proper way to judge of it is to suppose it universally applied. I answer, that this is exactly not the proper way. In these disputes no such truth is of universal application. We must judge the cases as they arise, with reference to the special circumstances. The plan proposed for keeping up prices when trade is slack, says the *Times*, "might be repeated when trade became brisk." No doubt it might, but that a certain course might be followed at a wrong time, is no reason why it should not be followed at a right time. A temporary limitation of supply for the purpose of relieving over-production is the natural remedy. In saying that, the workmen are right. A permanent limitation of supply for the purpose of raising prices is an artificial device. When they say that, the workmen will be thoroughly wrong.<sup>1</sup>

It is of course contended against all this that it prepares the way for foreign competition. Now that foreign manufacturers will *never* compete successfully with us is what, I think, no sensible man will venture to maintain. As matter of a speculative kind, the subject is full of interest, but when the prospect of foreign competition is brought forward as so immediate and so undoubted, as to justify worse wages and longer hours in a given trade now and here, then I say that is a premiss which we have a right to look upon with the utmost suspicion until it is proved, and after the premiss is proved, I shall not feel at all bound to accept the conclusion until that has been proved too. Workmen may be excused for thinking twice before they play ducks and drakes with their wages on a speculative possibility. Mr. Mundella, who has taken great pains to form a comprehensive judgment, has come to the conclusion that nothing has yet occurred to shake our commercial predominance as a whole, because the causes which led to this predominance still remain, namely, our

(1) In the face of such passages as this, the writer of a leading article in the *Times* (Sept. 12), taxed me with urging, directly or by implication, a general restriction of production for the purpose of raising prices all round. Having fathered upon me a premiss which I expressly disowned—namely that what is economically right under one set of circumstances must therefore be right under every other—the writer inferred from it that I was making myself the advocate of general dearness. But the employers themselves have never denied that limitation of supply in a demonstrably overstocked market may be a justifiable expedient to meet a temporary evil. It would be insane to deny such a proposition. What has that to do with advocating general dearness? Does this writer mean that whenever a manufacturer restricts production, he is promoting a general rise of prices, and is therefore, to use his own language, "cutting the throats" of the workmen? A journalist, who will not even take the trouble to read his brief, is indeed Hesiod's ἀρχαῖος ἀνὴρ.

excellent geographical position ; a climate which is peculiarly conducive to continuous labour ; cheapness and abundance of capital ; efficiency of labour ; our great hold on the carrying trade ; and our sound economic system. Mr. A. J. Wilson, the author of two well-informed and comprehensive volumes on the Resources of Modern Countries, decides that the backward wave which has swept the trade of the whole world downwards, has been due to causes too universal to lead us to suppose that any special decrease in the producing and monopolising capacities of England has occurred. Mr. Giffen, the head of the statistical department of the Board of Trade, and a singularly cool and competent head, has stated a number of unanswerable reasons why we need have no fear of a quickly increased foreign competition, but I will only state one of them. . "The capital sunk in producing annually £140,000,000 of value must be immense—at least several hundred millions. But even £100,000,000 would not be easily found in the whole civilised world outside of England for the erection of new works to compete with our manufactories. The annual accumulations of France are computed at £60,000,000 a year, and of Germany at £40,000,000 ; and the accumulations of the United States must also be very large. But the accumulations are not free savings, to be directed into any enterprise. They are largely used in building houses, in furniture, in improving land under the direction of its owners, and in other ways, so that it is only a small surplus which is annually available for new enterprise. We see, therefore, what an effort of imagination is required when the displacement of England as a manufacturer for export is talked of. Even if she could be displaced at once from her whole export trade, the loss would be much less than is sometimes thought ; but the amount of capital required to displace us even partially is so great, that it must take many years for our competitors to accumulate any such amount."

As to the *facts* of a new foreign competition, I have anxiously examined many of the cases that have been brought forward, subject to the correction of experts. In Germany it does appear that a worsted industry very much resembling our own has been developed with considerable success. But, on the whole, if we are beaten in neutral markets or in our own, it is not in the articles in which we have naturally excelled, but in those which other countries—France especially—have always produced to greater advantage than ourselves, and which therefore it is in the natural order of things that they should continue to produce. In no case has the new foreign competition in our own market been genuine. I will take one illustration, which may stand for more. The Lancashire operatives are warned that American cloth has found its way into the Manchester market. But the history of that cloth—except in a special kind where the

Americans have always had our market—is well known, and it is this. After the war, a tariff was imposed, which gave to the manufacturers high profits, and a proportionate stimulus to extend the trade. They re-invested their own profits and attracted new capital, and the production expanded enormously. In 1873, owing to financial causes, the home demand fell off; stocks lay oppressively on hand; banks grew unwilling to continue ever-enlarging advances; and an intense pressure to effect sales followed. But to whom? The two-edged sword of their tariff had cut off foreign competition from themselves, and it had cut off their own power to compete in neutral markets. Even had they secured this power, the returns would be too slow for the urgency of their necessities. Money, and not produce, was what they sought and must have. Hence shipments to England, where quantity was no object if the price were only low enough. If the competition were *bonâ fide*, why should they choose to send the goods to Manchester of all places in the world, the place where they would compete at the greatest possible disadvantage, instead of sending them to the ultimate markets direct? It is not denied that there are firms in New York quite wealthy enough to make ventures at low prices to neutral markets, and to afford to await the result. But the history of the bulk of the shipments which have been held up to frighten the public and confound the workmen is as I have said.<sup>1</sup>

Let me mention one or two curious facts in the same trade. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, where every speaker had wound up, as if it were the chorus of a convivial song, by denouncing the action of trade unions as disabling us in foreign competition,—at this meeting it was casually remarked that in 1876, when the employers were still doing a profitable trade, the price of the calico that we sent abroad was less per yard than in any year except one in the history of the cotton trade. If this be so, what becomes of the argument that the tyranny of the workpeople and the legislative restrictions on the hours of labour are driving our manufacturers out of the market? How can this be, if at the moment

(1) "I believe the time is far distant when the Fall River mills can profitably compete with those of Great Britain, for although they claim to get raw cotton a quarter cent. per lb. less than its cost delivered at the mills in Lancashire, the climate is not so well adapted as that of England for spinning wool or cotton, and it is more oppressive for the operatives, while the saving from the small amount of water power available at Fall River is more than counterbalanced by the large quantity of coals consumed, which costs over 5 dollars per ton." This is from one of Mr. Conolly's recent elaborate letters to the *Times* (Sept. 23), on the subject of the American cotton trade. And an English cotton-spinner, who has visited the United States, gave the present writer exactly the same information.

when tyranny and interference had reached their maximum, that did not hinder the price, a price with a profit, from falling to a minimum?

Again, if it were true that it is the action of the workmen that disables us in foreign competition, then we should expect that the more labour entered into the cost of production, the greater would be our disadvantage in the competition. But in the cotton trade at all events, exactly the contrary of this is true. The articles in the production of which labour is the most expensive element, are just those in which competition is least formidable. A common shirting sold say at 7s., and which has cost only 2s. in wages, is exposed to competition. But a piece of fine cambric, sold, say at 9s. 3d., has cost 4s. 6d. in wages, and yet in this department the English goods have complete command of the markets. That is to say, the article on which the manufacturer has paid most to his workmen, is precisely that article on which he has feared least from his foreign rival.

Nothing is more useful than to compare our own situation with that which is complained of in other countries. A remarkable report was addressed to the French Senate last May by a parliamentary committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the existing commercial suffering. The reporter begins, just as a similar committee would begin in England, by showing an astonishing change in the relative amounts of exports and imports. From 1872 to 1875 the exports exceeded the imports by amounts varying from 190 to 330 millions of francs. In 1876 the tide turned; the imports exceeded the exports by more than 400 millions of francs; and in the first four months of the present year, that excess already amounted to 350 millions. The inference to be drawn as to the prosperity of the country, from this change in the relations between imports and exports, is not perhaps what the reporters suppose, and what some persons suppose in a corresponding situation in England. But that is not to my present point. After these figures, the senatorial reporters come to business. They remark that "it is by a reduction of wages that the English strive at this moment to keep up the struggle with their foreign rivals," and they ask themselves this question:—*"Must we think in France of effecting reduction of wages? Must we condemn the workmen to pay from their family budget a part of the expense of the struggle à outrance which is being fought out among producing countries? We will confine ourselves to putting the question, and we will say that to answer it affirmatively would be both impolitic and inhumane."*

Now it is as far as possible from my thought to sympathise with the drift of the solution finally hinted at in this report, which points to restrictive duties and protection. If want of protection were the



cause of the present depression in France, then why should there be a far greater depression in the United States, where two thousand articles are in the tariff, and where protection in a great number of important articles is carried to the extent of virtual prohibition? But though protection would only be an aggravation of the evils of which they complain, yet it is worthy of remark that in this way the burden of the depression would at any rate be distributed over the whole class of consumers throughout the land, and not be thrown entirely on the back of the wage-receiving class. It is quite true that it would bring serious mischiefs to France in its train, and I hope that no one will suppose that I am advocating reciprocity or restriction; I utterly renounce the protectionist devil and all its works. And, by the way, in spite of the systematic blame with which so many writers and speakers habitually cover the workpeople of this country, it is worth noticing that while the French have never shaken off protective tariffs, while Germany is harbouring socialism, while even from the United States, besides its protection, there come rumours of a communistic onslaught on property, the workmen of Great Britain have never for a moment in a single serious instance since the beginning of the present period of bad trade given an ear to one of these great economic delusions.<sup>1</sup>

I was going on to say, I could not help marking the promptitude with which this French committee of manufacturers and economists dismissed the idea of making the workmen bear the whole cost of the international struggle; and contrasting it with the promptitude on the other hand, the ungenerous promptitude, with which in this country on the very first sign of bad trade, the air instantly resounds with sermons on the thriftlessness of the workpeople, with ignorant reviling of trade societies, and with peremptory warnings in every leading article, speech, letter, on the subject, that in resisting reductions of wages they are guilty of mutiny against the commonwealth.

It ought to raise some doubts in the present cry about foreign competition being the cause of existing slackness, when we find that in the same report the French are saying just the same thing. "These industries," they say, "are bending under the burden of foreign competition, . . . and it is not possible to keep up a situation that threatens both the future of our manufactures and the wages of our workpeople." There is another illustration. The two gentlemen who went from Huddersfield and Leeds to report on the woollen industry of France—and a very able report they issued—when they reached Elbouf, a great centre of that trade, were informed at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, that they could not enjoy any facilities for visiting the

(1) It was the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and not the Trade Union Congress, that passed a resolution in favour of Reciprocity.

mills, nor obtain the information of which they were in search. The reason of this, as the Elbœuf manufacturers candidly admitted, was that their trade had seriously declined of late years, and they attributed the decline to the competition of British goods. That is, the gentlemen from Leeds and Huddersfield heard the very argument used by French manufacturers against English manufacturers and in favour of protection, which English manufacturers use against their own workmen to support reductions of wages. And in the next page of this report, the writers quote an explanation of the decline of the Elbœuf trade, which is exactly like one of the explanations that I have heard Lancashire workmen give of the decline of the cotton trade. "The Elbœuf manufacturers," said local observers, "were universally acknowledged to be the best in the world, but they were wanting in commercial sagacity, and in the knowledge and application of sound business principles."

However that may be, it would be amusing—if the infirmities of human nature on a great scale were allowed to be amusing—to compare the eagerness of our shrewd Yorkshiremen to prove in what a miserable plight they are, with the eagerness of the men of Elbœuf to prove to the Senatorial commission that in their town the number of manufacturers has decreased, the revenue from municipal taxation has fallen off, and the exportation of woollen fabrics has remained stationary. Just the same story is told in other branches of industry. At Aubusson the famous manufacture of carpets is declared to be extinguished by the competition of English and oriental carpets. In cotton velvets the English have flooded the markets, and ruined one of the industries of Amiens. The makers of looms and engines at Rouen declare their trade to be reduced to a most precarious condition by the competition of England, Belgium, and Switzerland.

It is the same throughout. The whole report is one long moan over the ruin that is being slowly brought upon French industry by triumphant foreigners. In short, what they and their English rivals are equally unwilling to see, is that the same effect in both countries is due to one common cause, the lessened resources of their customers.

The *Economist* has had accounts, evidently by an expert, of woollen and cotton in the Paris Exhibition. The writer has forgotten all about trades unions, and with an unbiassed mind tells us the truth in a businesslike way. And what is the truth? "The whole range and variety of English woollen goods is fairly illustrated; and as regards prices, if exhibition prices can be relied upon for comparison, we should have no hesitation in stating that they would compare very favourably with any similar make of goods in any other country. . . . Whilst our own woollen trade retains its old

position, with a decided improvement in the matter of taste and design in the fancy goods, progress of a most marked and important character is shown in the productions of several other countries." Then as to cotton. "There can be no doubt," he says, "about the sterling character of all the [English] goods exhibited, and we may look in vain for any serious rivalry as regards these productions, either in quality, colour, or finish, whilst a very marked improvement is visible in the designs of the fancy fabrics—damasks, prints, quiltings, &c."

The last point is striking, because with that excessive national humility which so curiously mixes with what some people have thought our excessive national self-assertion, we are accustomed foolishly to suppose that Englishmen are incapable of taste. Even if it were true that we are being beaten in some kinds of manufacture by the superior taste of foreigners, how can that at any rate be laid to the charge of the English workmen? In the Woollen report to which I have referred, the writers say candidly:—

"We fear we must admit that those at the head of French mills are better educated and of more cultivated taste than the generality of English managers and designers. In saying this, we do not intend to cast any stigma or reproach on so valuable and able a body of men as our own foremen. If there be blame anywhere, it is with our statesmen and prominent citizens, for not having earlier bestirred themselves to procure good primary and technical education for those, on whose exertions the future of the great industries of this country so largely depends."

This is undoubtedly true, though in passing let us notice that the French avow themselves amazed, and sometimes they use the word "humiliated," by the gigantic strides in skill and taste that have been taken by English workers since 1851. I have a French newspaper before me, in which the writer tells his countrymen that the English have no longer any need of their lessons and patterns; that it would be a good thing if every French workman could pass two years in England; and that in one department at least, that of furniture, the English show a taste the most pure, the most judicious, the least vulgar that it is possible to conceive. Despondent people may say that this admiring critic is only praising us in order to vent a little political spite on his countrymen, but whether that be so or not, we can see for ourselves that the improvement in the taste of English workmanship of all kinds within our generation has been immense; and we may see, too, that if this improvement does not continue, the fault will not be with the workmen, any more than the fault was with them in the past, but, as the Yorkshire manufacturers say, with our public men and leading citizens, in not still more energetically bestirring themselves to

procure good primary and secondary education for those on whose exertions the future of our great industries depend.

In fine, I think we shall at worst be quite safe if we act on the conclusions of an inquirer to whom I have already referred. What we shall have to face, he says, is a greater preparedness for competition in some of our best customers when trade revives, and not only for that, but for the erection of barriers more or less high in the shape of hostile tariffs. Instead of energy being wasted in mutual recriminations between employers and workmen, this prospect ought to be faced in a manly and solid way by employers and workmen alike. Nothing that our competitors can teach us in machinery or workmanship or design should be neglected. Those trade societies which have rules that make against improved processes, would certainly do well to revise them,<sup>1</sup> for, apart from other reasons, there is hardly one of these improvements that does not in the long run increase the workman's earning power. Finally, though I expect no millennium in the relations between capital and labour, there is no reason why those relations should not be marked by a spirit of justice and manly good-will, nor why in the midst of the struggles that will from time to time unavoidably arise, either employers or workmen should forget that the great fact after all, is that they are both of them in equal degree co-operating agents in the cause of civilisation, and joint partners in the service of the world.

POSTSCRIPT.—This is a convenient place for offering one or two short remarks on a paper contributed by Mr. Greg to the August number of the Fortnightly Review, under the title of "Rectifications." Mr. Greg is one of the very few publicists who bring to the discussion of special circumstances in the economical and political situation of the hour, principles and a habit of mind formed by reflecting on society and its problems as a great whole. This lends a peculiar interest to all that he has written on the momentous group of questions relating to capital and labour. The present discussion brings into relief his now well-known theory of the position and prospects of English industry. The danger or certainty of foreign competition is the key to the whole of his speculation on the subject, as it is the fulcrum on which the employers rest their constant argument for long hours and low wages. From the certainty of foreign competition Mr. Greg concludes that "to lower the cost of production is the interest, the necessity, and the duty of the British manufacturer, and that to oppose this object is to fight against the stars in their courses." The retention of our export trade "depends upon our continuous power of underselling our competitors abroad, and

(1) It is worth recording that this remark was received with loud approval from all parts of the hall.

the mode of securing this power insisted upon by our sagacious Unionist chiefs is that we shall steadily refuse to cheapen production or to lower prices!" "The employers in the late contest, with only one or two exceptions, were perfectly convinced not only that they could not carry on their business any longer without a loss of capital for which they were not prepared, but that they would be unable to retain their markets, to continue their production, or dispose of their goods, unless they could lower prices; in order to do this it was notoriously necessary for them *to reduce the cost of production*; and this not only as a temporary measure, but probably for a continuance, in order to prevent being undersold by foreign competitors."

This is a thoroughly lucid statement of that policy of wage-reduction which is the single idea, the one resort, of the embarrassed manufacturer in England, though it is not so in other countries. The previous pages contain a number of facts, in which I hope that Mr. Greg will see a serious endeavour to deal with his position. A short further answer is attempted in the following sentences.

1. Mr. Greg assumes that there is only one way of cheapening production, namely, by reducing wages. The assumption is not justified. Wage-reduction is only one way among others. The whole history of English manufactures is a history of production constantly cheapened, and wages constantly rising. Production may be cheapened by improved processes, and economising inventions. Nothing is so likely to numb the alertness of the employers in this direction, as the knowledge that they can, whenever they please, save their profits by falling upon the wages of their workmen.

2. Again, Mr. Greg assumes that there is only one way of retaining our trade, namely, by cheapening the cost of production. Is this assumption justified? The recent history of certain branches of the cotton-trade, and of the woollen-trade, shows that it is not; and that a market may be retained, extended, or created, as surely by active facility of adaptation to the tastes of our customers, as by cheapness. Versatility in the production of attractive designs and the combination of new materials is—and by the young and enterprising manufacturers is felt to be—a more hopeful way of fighting our rivals, than gradually reducing the wages of the workmen to the lowest level at which they can keep body and soul together. A cotton manufacturer who turns over Dr. Forbes Watson's illustrations of the productions of the native hand-loom of India, will perceive that there is a field nothing short of boundless for the English power-loom. It is routine and mechanical humdrum that will undo the cotton-trade, if it be undone, and not the wages of the workmen.

3. Is a limitation of supply in the face of an overstocked market

ever justifiable, or is it not? Mr. Greg's argument seems to imply that it is not. Yet surely to put the question is to answer it, for to say that limitation of supply is never justifiable, is simply to say that a manufacturer is bound, under penalty of economic damnation, to continue to produce his goods at a loss until he has exhausted the last pound of his capital and his credit. There is no sin in short time and limited production to meet a temporary glut. It is a natural way of equalising supply and demand. And whatever sin there is in it, must be divided between the employers and the workmen, for Mr. Jackson in his last published words on the subject stated that reduction of production is already going on through short time and entire stoppage. The issue of May and June turned not upon short time in itself, nor on restriction of production, but upon organized short time.

Then, if limitation of supply for a time may be justifiable or necessary, why are the workmen who urged that course (*along with a reduction of their own wages*, be it remembered) to be lectured on the folly of trying artificially to secure higher wages all round, raising the price of the articles of their own consumption, and so forth?

I can only understand Mr. Greg's position on this particular point, by supposing that he regards the present depression of trade, or of the cotton trade, as likely to be permanent, whilst the argument of the leaders of the workmen rested on the assumption that the depression is due to temporary causes, and will pass away when they pass. If the depression is permanent, then of course an artificial limitation of supply would deserve all that Mr. Greg says of it. But the workmen have taken for granted, as most of the employers have done, that the depression is only temporary; and they have a right to be criticised from the point of view of their own hypothesis.

EDITOR.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY AND THE NEW EQUILIBRIUM.

SENSITIVE under the reproach of being wedded to ideas of non-intervention and of peace at any price, Mr. Gladstone has presented his principles of foreign policy in something like a connected view. The method which he has chosen is the most convenient, for here mere abstract rules deserve nothing but distrust. Any minister attempting to frame a code of foreign policy, would either produce something hopelessly vague, or, were it definite, a scheme which, in the course of an average tenure of power, he would surely be obliged to 'scatter to the winds. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, passes in review the acts of various governments with which he has been connected, commends their spirit to our imitation, and indicates some of the questions which may more usefully absorb our activity abroad than such ventures as the annexation of Cyprus, or the protectorate of Asia Minor.

If any one had ever supposed that the opinions of Mr. Gladstone were identical with those of Mr. Cobden, or that extreme caution in undertaking military risks is one of his foibles, there is a passage in his narrative which will at once disarm such a critic. With evident satisfaction he refers to the proposal made to Napoleon III. by Lord Palmerston's Government to join with England in making war upon Germany, with the object of securing the sovereign rights of Denmark in the recalcitrant duchies. When the Danish Conference was held in London, the late Lord Clarendon maliciously endeavoured to make the Austrian plenipotentiaries admit that they were contending for the principle of nationalities. Lord Clarendon having never encouraged Count Cavour, and having held aloof from the English Cabinet throughout the Italian revolution, might fairly make this thrust; but, as regards the Power he was then representing, he was using a two-edged weapon. If there was the amusing inconsistency which delighted Lord Clarendon, in being at once reactionary in Italy and German in Schleswig-Holstein, there was the corresponding inconsistency in the English Ministers, who had encouraged the national movement in Italy, but, in the case of the similar agitation in Schleswig-Holstein, had adopted a rigidly Conservative policy, founded upon adherence to the letter of treaties. Granting, however, that Denmark was clearly in the right, could it be anticipated that the success of foreign intervention in her behalf would be more than momentary? With all her claims to esteem, liberal institutions, good finances, the Protestant religion, Denmark

was evidently not in a position to allow herself the luxury of retaining two unwilling provinces, backed in their disaffection by the great kindred people behind them. In every European complication Germany would have sought the opportunity of solving this question; and as long as it remained open, the European concert, as far, at least, as regards Germany, was practically at an end. But the truth is, the proposed intervention would not have succeeded, and, in all probability, would have led to disasters, greater than any which could have followed from the most adventurous projects of the war party in recent affairs. All the materials for forming a judgment upon this point with incontestable accuracy are at hand. We know that in 1866 the Emperor Napoleon did not consider his army equal to encountering Prussia alone, and that at a time when Austria and the minor states, although defeated, were not disarmed. In 1864, at the date of the English overtures, while the French forces were not greater than they were two years later, and certainly inferior to what they were in the disastrous campaign of 1870, Prussia would have been supported by the whole strength of the Austrian Empire and by the considerable armies of the smaller states. Prussia, again, had then the monopoly of the needle-gun, which she had lost in 1870. In these circumstances, is it probable that the English contingent of about fifty thousand men could ever have filled up the gap between the military strength of France and that of Prussia, aided by an Austrian army of from two to three hundred thousand men, which, as the war of 1866 clearly proved, Austria would have been able to spare for a campaign on the Rhine, after making adequate provision for the invasion of Italy? We wonder whether Mr. Gladstone ever considered what would have become of his own Italians, with Prussia unwilling and France unable to succour them. The laborious work of the Italian revolution would have been undone, and all in order that two provinces which desired to be German might be coerced into continuing Danish! Sedan, it is obvious, would have taken place six years before its time, and we should perhaps have had our share in the capitulation. Fortunate if Mr. Gladstone had not been constrained to break the sequence of his economical reforms, in order to ransom our prisoner army, by the payment of a huge indemnity. He can hardly envy the laurels of M. Emile Ollivier, and yet he involves us in ominous wars with a light, retrospective heart.

In his references to the origin of the Crimean war, Mr. Gladstone is always embarrassed. He is accustomed to say that it was undertaken in defence of the European Concert, but he has lately discovered that in the East the concert of the Powers is of little value, because with two, or at the most three exceptions, each of them subordinates its policy in Turkey to more essential interests elsewhere. This was



the case also in 1854, for the motives of France were simply dynastic, and Count Cavour cared only to advance the Italian cause. Besides, if the European concert is valuable, its application is not limited to the East, but we remember no serious attempt to maintain its action either in the Italian or in the German movements, or during the war of 1870, in all which cases conquerors and victims were left to settle matters by themselves. Mr. Gladstone confounds the pretext with the reasons, which were that the English Government and people were alarmed by the prospect of Russian encroachments, while they believed that the vices of the Turkish Government had been exaggerated, and that when a little administrative inaptitude had worn off, it might be improved, by the help of good advice, into a very defensible system. These opinions are not professed with the same unanimity in the present day, but the real justification of the war is to be found in the fact that the Emperor Nicholas was making himself intolerable in Europe. Some of the less irrational invectives applied to Russia in the present day might, with some allowance for exaggeration, have been accepted as fair descriptions of the Russia of that epoch. If the Czar had been compelled to put his authority to the test in arms, his reputation would have immediately collapsed, but the secret of his power lay in the divided state of Germany; and in order that that favourable condition should not be changed, he weighed like an Alp upon all national aspirations there. He played off Austria against Prussia, or Prussia against Austria, as occasion required, and when these rivals had agreed to compose their quarrels and to co-operate in the work of German unification, the Czar, only varying his tactics, defeated their combined influences by placing himself at the head of the minor States. If the reasons which induced us to engage in the Crimean war are now relegated to the limbo of obsolete politics, it must be owned that the pretext was respectable and the justification complete.

The danger to be apprehended from Russia, having its root in the weakness and divisions of Germany, it is obvious that the aspect of affairs was completely changed by the great transformation of 1866. Our complaint against Mr. Gladstone is that he never seems to have realised the important bearing and the momentous consequences of the Seven Days' war. We are by no means concerned to defend the French Empire, but the tone of Mr. Gladstone's references to the Benedetti Treaty shows how little he appreciates the magnitude of Prince Bismarck's achievements. He is appalled indeed by the result of the War of 1870, but it was that of 1866 which really struck the deadly blow at the old supremacy of France. If the Emperor of the French had suddenly annexed the half of Italy, other objections apart, Germany would certainly have had a right to feel aggrieved at the balance changed to her detriment. But the catastrophe of 1866 represents a much greater disturbance than this. If only

Austria had been excluded from the Confederation, the dualism which had deprived Prussia of all initiative being extinguished, the change would have been great; but the fact is that, whereas Europe in 1815 had given Germany a cumbrous constitution only intended to work for the purpose of defence, Prussia, by her victory in 1866, obtained a liberty of action as wide as that of any other European State, with an addition of territory and population which placed her at once at the head of the military monarchies of the Continent. It was only the English government which appears to have been unaware that the sceptre of military supremacy had already passed from Paris to Berlin. What with direct annexations and obedient confederates, Prussia had gained an accession of twelve million subjects, while the remaining eight millions of non-Austrian Germans accepted the position of Prussia's dependent allies. In the face of this immense change in the distribution of European forces, unchallenged by Europe, was it so very heinous, was it beyond precedent "base," if the French Emperor, at a moment when kingdoms and principalities on his borders were being mediatized or annexed, should have supposed that Belgium, which had been in turn French, Spanish, Austrian, German, which had received one destination at the Congress of Vienna and another sixteen years later,—that Belgium with no homogeneous nationality, without even a distinctive language, might be left as compensation to France? The French might fairly ask whether Europe intended inflexibly to maintain the barriers which checked their expansion, while those which existed to their advantage were thrown down with impunity.

Mr. Gladstone's allusions to the proposed Benedetti Treaty seem to correspond but little with the facts. In an essay which he wrote soon after the outbreak of the War of 1870, he oddly contrasted the alacrity of the Prussians to renounce all claim to Belgium with the apparent reluctance of the French, as if it were not a piece of inexpensive virtue to abjure the share of spoil assigned to another. As in the early debates of the Session, he still considers his Belgian policy a masterpiece of diplomatic skill. The truth is, if Belgium was ever in any real danger, which is doubtful, that danger had certainly ceased before the outbreak of the war, for the draft treaty only represented an effort to arrive at a compromise, which Prussia indeed seemingly encouraged, but perhaps never seriously entertained, and before the Hohenzollern incident had definitively abandoned. The whole story will perhaps never be accurately known, but the leading facts are patent. Napoleon III. was sufficiently sagacious to understand the significance of the national movements which dated from the year 1848. He was bent upon avoiding his uncle's fault; he would never incur the hatred of a nation; his wars were only to be diplomatic,—against sovereigns that is, not against Peoples. At the same time he wished to secure

his dynasty by an addition, a very modest addition, to the French territory. His ambition did not, as was popularly supposed, go to the length of expecting the Rhine frontier, but he was anxious at least to make good the penal loss of territory which the Bonapartes had entailed upon France. In 1814, the Allies, with a wise moderation, largely due to the Duke of Wellington's influence, resolved to leave France with the territorial limits of 1792, so that her area was to be again exactly what it was before the revolutionary war. In 1815, however, as a punishment for Napoleon's return from Elba, and as a compensation to the Allies for the Waterloo campaign, France was deprived of portions of territory, on her eastern side, which involved a loss of about a million inhabitants. Although he was sometimes flattered by larger schemes, the Emperor's fixed idea was to recover these lost districts. In order to realise his great project for the aggrandizement of Prussia in security, Prince Bismarck required the acquiescence, that is to say, the friendly neutrality of France. In an evil hour for himself and for his dynasty, the Emperor listened to the voice of the charmer. His part of the compact he performed, for in the decisive hour Prussia was able to denude the Rhine provinces of troops. After Sadowa, the Emperor put in his claim to the compensation, which he believed to have been promised, but the charmer had become much less accommodating. Napoleon III. would then have forthwith unsheathed his sword, but he found that he had no army. There was nothing to do but to make the best of things, for a season, at least, but subsequently negotiations were renewed. Germany, it was said, could not give up a yard of German soil, but there was Belgium. "And England?" said the Emperor, but the good-natured German was quite reassuring, and his Majesty fell headlong into the trap.

If the Emperor's smaller scheme had been carried out, it would have been a fraud upon the French, perhaps, for the compensation would have been inadequate, but we cannot see who else would have had a right to complain, nor are we struck by the iniquity of the larger project; but Prince Bismarck probably displayed his strong political sense, when he decided that the question between France and Germany was one of those which must be fought out and which admit of no compromise. With his usual courage, he determined that the responsibility should not be shifted to the shoulders of posterity, and in 1869 he was able to inform the ambassador of a great Power, that if in 1866 Prussia would not have feared France, her measures were then completed for making victory certain. The Benedetti draft was only to be used to work upon English opinion.

"England," says Mr. Gladstone, "in 1870, stamped out in a fortnight the embers of the Benedetti project." That scheme consisted of two parts, relating first to the advantages to be secured to Germany, and secondly, to the compensations to be given to France. So far

from having stamped out this project, Mr. Gladstone never asked the German Government to give up its share of the bargain, and in fact all the German conditions were fulfilled during the war, with the addition of Alsace-Lorraine and the French milliards at its termination. As to Belgium, if Prince Bismarck had decided upon yielding it to France, there would have been no Franco-German war. It was not Mr. Gladstone's treaty which prevented beaten France from making new acquisitions, but Marshal Moltke's victories. It is obvious that there could have been no danger to Belgium, unless Germany and France had been acting together, and to any such concert the war of course put an end.

Never having sympathised with the German movement, never having understood its magnitude, Mr. Gladstone appears to us to have failed altogether to perceive how usefully it comes to our aid in lessening those onerous engagements which he rightly apprehends, we may soon discover to be excessive. On the morrow of Sadowa our foreign policy might well have been reconsidered. Up to that time we had been constantly engaged in forming barriers against France and against Russia. Mr. Gladstone discards the assumption that we guaranteed the independence of Belgium with any view to our own safety, and ridicules the notion of fleets sailing from Antwerp to make a landing in England. As regards the fear of invasion from Antwerp we are agreed, and, indeed, we go further, for it is impossible to study the Franco-German war without seeing how great are the difficulties of invasions even where every appliance is at hand, and where circumstances are adverse to the resistance. Convinced that, as long as England retains her maritime superiority, and the people their present spirit, an invader would find his task impossible, we are disposed to suspect that when such fears are suggested by competent military men, it is only that they can find no other ostensible ground for urging an increase of warlike preparations. But we persist in believing, whatever may be said to the contrary, that the anxiety of England and of her associates, as to the fate of Belgium, was entirely due to the fact that, failing special precautions, so nondescript a country would fall into the hands of France, and, bringing to her resources the addition of a rich, industrious, and populous province, make her a dangerously powerful neighbour. No other valid reason can we see why the treasure and blood of England should be pledged to the maintenance of an independent Belgium. Whatever service this prosperous State may be rendering to the world it is hardly of such a kind or amount that it should bear a charmed life. That the competitors of our industry should be unplagued by excessive military service or unweighted by much taxation is highly convenient to them, but nevertheless we much doubt whether, if a jury of experts were

consulted, the majority would not declare that it would be better for the Belgians themselves to be incorporated in a larger state. Does any one suppose that the transfer would really be painful? Another power is now suspected, and apparently by Mr. Gladstone, of casting its eyes upon Belgium; but if the Great Napoleon had made peace before the fortunes of France were at so low an ebb, Belgium would probably have been French; nor is there any reason to suppose that the people would have been less contented with their lot than was Alsace. If in 1815 too little account was taken of national tendencies, there surely has lately been a disposition, much shared by Mr. Gladstone, to attribute to Peoples far greater fixity of opinion and purpose, as regards the choice of a nationality, than they can justly claim. In 1866 the people of Baden were so violently opposed to Prussia that they forced their Grand Duke, who was the son-in-law, the attached son-in-law, and even the convinced partizan of the King of Prussia, to declare war against him, and to enter into an alliance with Austria. Baden was mulcted in its war indemnity; but two or three years later there was no German State in which the enthusiasm for Prussia was greater, and nowhere in 1870 was the call to arms against France more heartily obeyed. Observe, again, what is passing in Alsace, which but yesterday was spoken of as another Poland, doomed to eternal sorrow. Last year Alsace was visited by a well-known French writer, who, under the name of Saint Genest, parades a narrow patriotism with the strongest anti-German bias. He reported that never, he was sure, no, never would Alsace become reconciled to Germany, but that he had one, just one fear, namely, that the party in favour of autonomy was gradually gaining ground. Thus, according to this most unwilling witness, five years had been enough to make a considerable body of the population contemplate with serenity their final separation from France—a step, and it must be owned a long step, towards ultimate union with Germany. Lastly, we had always supposed that the Italians at least, after many centuries, had learnt to take the measure of their Austrian masters; but a recent and admiring biographer of Count Cavour reproduces a statement, which we remember to have heard at the time, namely, that one chief reason why the Piedmontese statesman was anxious to hurry on the war of liberation was that, according to the apprehensions of the Italian party, the gifted Archduke, who afterwards perished in Mexico, was beginning to succeed in reconciling Lombardy to Habsburg rule.

But, whatever may be thought of the Belgian question, it is certain that in another quarter the resurrection of Germany ought to have enabled us to feel absolutely secure. Just as it was in the competitions of the German States that the Emperor Nicholas found the sources of his strength, so, with Germany unified, all reasonable fear of dangerous

encroachments upon Europe by Russia and her Slav allies had vanished. That Germany should place a limit to the Russian advance is essential, because, owing to the distribution of the Slav Peoples—who, for instance, form the majority in Bohemia and Moravia close up to the Southern frontier of Prussia—negligence might lead to the great Teutonic Empire being literally circumvented. If Russia were to obtain in Austro-Hungary, where the Slavs are the most numerous race, an influence equal to that now exercised by Germany at Vienna and at Pest, the danger would certainly be great. That the two great Powers should hitherto have appeared as allies is not inconsistent with this view. The German government is too enlightened to hold that it is by opposing Russia on ground where her moral right is so clear as in Bulgaria, or by the help of such an ally as Turkey, that a great national movement can be kept within those bounds of safety which prudence indicates and which are far from having been already attained. It is for the common interest of mankind that a conflict between these two races should be long postponed, and if possible never occur, but if such a war should unhappily become necessary, it would be waged on the part of Germany with a more unswerving spirit than she has ever yet displayed. All the unassimilated elements, all the disaffected, all the hostile, which in a war against France would be indifferent, or sullen or even reluctant, against Russia would be alert, unanimous and eager; the Jews, detached by their cosmopolitan intelligence—the Roman Catholics who are estranged—the Poles, who are both alien and adverse. As long as Germany sees no danger to herself, there can be none to more remote countries. She knows that she would be the first victim, and until her empire show signs of decay, we may dismiss apprehension and trust our safety to the guardianship of the manifest, the inevitable, the destined antagonist of Slav domination.

However great the services which Mr. Gladstone has rendered during the Eastern crisis, his action would have been still more efficacious if he had more accurately appreciated the significance of Germany's present position. When he imprudently admitted that barriers against Russia were required, he conceded half the case of the Turkish party. If Russia were really a danger to liberty, to civilization, to England, common sense inclined to make the best of the Turkish barrier to her advance; it might stand in need of repair, but, at any rate, it was ancient, existing, tried, efficient. When Mr. Gladstone proposed that we should join our arms to those of Russia to coerce the Porte and to create a belt of independent States, which were to be so many obstacles to the Czar's advance, average Englishmen, who, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, in foreign affairs never see farther than their noses, were fairly puzzled. They were

quite ready to believe that Russia was not so black as she was painted, but to expect her to enter upon a course of expensive and hazardous measures, with a view to raise bulwarks against herself, was conduct too angelic to be human. Those who have considered the question more maturely are able to tell Mr. Gladstone why his scheme was visionary. In the first place, he speaks of creating independent States, as if that were as easy as to build an ironclad. At a time when the small independent States have nearly all disappeared or are threatened in their existence, it does not appear very hopeful to set about fabricating them afresh, but Mr. Gladstone requires his ironclad to be instinct with perpetual motion, and that in one particular direction. It is very evident that when he spoke of independent States he really meant them dependent, in the sense of their assuming an attitude towards Russia agreeable to the supposed interests of our country. Now, our antecedents with these people were of the worst; they knew perfectly well that we had been constantly in league with the degrading despotism under which they lived; England, liberal and scrupulous everywhere else, against them alone by the mouths of her statesmen, her ambassadors, and her consuls, had lent herself to systematic suppressions of truth and suggestions of falsehood. How were we at once to efface the past, and ingratiate ourselves with these despised and rejected clients?

In the case of Italy, it is true, our influence may be said to have equalled that of France after the war of 1859, but towards Italy our bearing had always been sympathetic. The tone of travellers, of the press, of our public men, had for years been pre-eminently friendly. Besides, after 1859, it became our interest as well as our inclination to encourage the Italians in every adventure which helped to complete the imperfect work of Villafranca. As regards the Slavs, we have no such advantages, least of all that of being able to help them in any new enterprise. It is to this especially that we desire to call Mr. Gladstone's attention. He appears to have thought that Bulgaria once provided with a decent government, the mission of Russia would be at an end. He takes no notice whatever of the Slav movement, which raises far wider issues. As long as the Slavs in Turkey, in Hungary, in Austria are treated as an inferior race, the ties which bind them to Russia are indissoluble. We are far from saying that in all these countries they will march together until they become dominant; but they are conscious of the fact that their emancipation in some cases, the degree of respect in which they are held in others, depend principally upon the degree of power and authority to which Russia may attain. They know perfectly well that after Sadowa no European State would have dared to treat a population claiming kindred with Germany as Slavs have been treated by Turks, and even by Magyars.

If Mr. Gladstone thinks that nations only care in these days about being comfortable at home, he might contemplate with advantage the action of Servia and Roumania in the late war. They, at least, had no complaint to make against the Turks; they were not only unmolested but self-governing.

We cannot, therefore, but think that the Liberal position would have been logically and strategically stronger if the organs of the party, instead of offering a scheme for repressing Russia by means of independent States, to be created by her own policy—a scheme which could not possibly inspire any confidence in its efficacy, and which we believe to be absolutely illusory—they had shown that there was really nothing to be feared, and that no barriers at all were required. When Mr. Gladstone is represented by the Philo-Turks as cloaking the aims of Russia or as being blind to their character, there is some slight foundation for the charge. The benevolent enterprises of nations are seldom unmixed with objects of patriotic ambition. Can any one doubt that English, French, or Germans, situated as Russia is towards Bulgaria, geographically, historically, with the same community of race and religion, would not have annexed it long ago? But this movement is not merely political as well as philanthropic, it is also intuitive and natural, and we shut our eyes to its true importance if we refuse to realise that Russia is instinctively advancing towards the Southern Sea. We are far from questioning that the Bulgarian sympathies of the Russian people were sincere; the agitation, we fully believe, was only unconsciously politic; we have here to do not with aggression but rather with expansion—not with conquest so much as with migration. By remembering that Russia is young, by recalling the means by which the older States have been gradually formed, we shall better understand the situation. Let us acknowledge that the process in those older States would hardly have borne the fierce light of the present century. Charges of hypocrisy or imputations of territorial greed against the Russian nation or government would come badly from those who have planted upon so many distant shores, what Lord Erskine called “the restless foot of English adventure.” The Belgians, for whom Mr. Gladstone eloquently pleads, and the Swiss, never attack a neighbour, but neither would they submit to the payment of a halfpenny income-tax in order to liberate a hemisphere. It is only the conquering nations that are generous.

The Russian side of this great question, as distinguished from the Bulgarian or Montenegrin, appears entirely to have escaped Mr. Gladstone's notice. For us, it possesses an interest which certainly does not attach to the acts of petty communities just emerging from barbarism. What will be the ultimate effects of this war upon Russia and upon her influence in Europe? If the last arrival amongst the



nations, left shivering in the anteroom, be allowed by the older guests to come and warm himself at the fire; if the Colossus be suffered to come down to the *Ægean*, to bathe his feet in those quickening waters, and to bask in the Mediterranean sun, will his genius ripen, or will his vigour fade? Is it a peculiarity of the Arctic zone that minds singularly receptive of each successive philosophical system, whether of German, French, or English invention, curiously eloquent in their exposition, seem to be stricken with sterility as to all results? Rapid is the growth, luxuriant the flower, scanty the yield. It recalls the almond under our northern sky, which blossoms but cannot bear fruit.

We may venture, however, to observe that Mr. Gladstone seldom sympathises with the emotions of great nations. As long as a people is weak and oppressed, no one can be more generously eager to serve them. He willed that Italy should be strong, but chiefly with a view to preventing the recurrence of hostile inroads; he gives new provinces to Greece, in order that she may stretch to the dimensions which are almost necessary to her existence; but he has no sympathy with Germany asserting her right to be a nation, nor, on the other hand, with France, startled by suddenly receiving a neighbour with doubled military strength. Again, during the American war he is on the side of the South, and cannot enter into the feelings of the great Republic; preferring, if we may imitate the language of Livy, her unity defended amidst disaster, to peace at the price of disruption. In the same way with Russia. Mr. Gladstone finds a terrible stumbling-block in the Bessarabian question. He knows perfectly well that all the work of liberation ever accomplished in that part of the world was done by Russia. It is all very well to glorify Mr. Canning, but unfortunately he had passed away, and had been succeeded by a minister unfriendly to the Greek cause, so that in the end it was to the Czar that Greece was indebted for her emancipation. Once, in the course of these many fertilizing wars, Russia was beaten by the intervention of the Western powers, who professed to believe in the perfectibility of Turkish rule. Under an impression which was erroneous, and upon a plea which was unjust, they resolved to degrade Russia from her position as a Danubian Power. The erroneous impression related to the commercial and political importance of the Danube, which at the time of the Crimean war, and, indeed, up to yesterday, was enormously over-rated; and the unjust plea was that Russia had wilfully impeded the navigation of the stream, the fact being that the discovery of the art by which a river flowing into a non-tidal sea may be prevented from becoming choked with sand, was subsequently made by the English engineer of the Danubian Commission. Yet Mr. Gladstone, with all these facts before him, expected Russia after her recent triumph to go on

wearing the badge of defeat and humiliation, because, forsooth, it is assumed (we are aware of no proof), that some seventy thousand border Roumanians will object to go back to their former allegiance and to the cognate province, from which twenty years ago they were arbitrarily detached. As to the grievance of the Principality, the case was pitiable; the compensation offered was immeasurably more valuable than the ceded district. Instead of the dead arm of the Danube, the Roumanians received that which by the European Commission has been patiently improved, and is now the main channel of the Delta, together with three harbours on the Black Sea,—an inestimable boon, for, practically, Roumania has hitherto possessed no seaboard, to her great chagrin, and the river is closed by ice during many months of the year. No one, again, can suppose that the intended retrocession announced by Russia at Berlin, at Vienna, in London early in June, and once more to Colonel Wellesley at the beginning of August, last year, had never been mooted in the Czar's communications with the Prince and his Ministers. And yet Mr. Gladstone gravely reproached the British Plenipotentiaries with not having prevented this act of restitution, and, in his most solemn accents, declared that it was “a question between Russia and justice, between Russia and freedom!”

The lack of a simpler line on the part of so powerful a critic is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as the fault of artificiality is that with which the policy of her Majesty's Government may principally be reproached. Erring in this way they certainly are, when they seek to push the Austro-Hungarian monarchy into courses which any real friend, aware of the very peculiar conditions of its existence, would know to be fraught with peril. It would carry us far were we to enter upon this question, but we must observe, in passing, that the levity with which policies are shaped for Austria from outside is difficult to match. M. Gambetta, for instance, virtual ruler of France, has taken care to announce that he is satisfied with the Berlin Congress, because it has broken up the alliance of the three Emperors—because, that is, Austria is now set free, while England has come out of her isolation. Mr. Gladstone's view of the effect of our Asiatic Protectorate, should it become real, in rather lessening our future participation in European politics, is here the more accurate; but we return to M. Gambetta, who is evidently angling for an Austro-British alliance. His readiness to show the cloven foot is no bad justification for the measures, which Prince Bismarck may have in contemplation for strengthening the position of Germany, but, meanwhile, we would call attention to the French statesman's restricted knowledge of his subject.\* All M. Gambetta's organs in the press are almost savagely Anti-Slav, and we should like to inquire upon what party in Austria the Republican Chieftain

is relying. Of the three great nationalities which go to make up the Monarchy, the Germans, and the German Liberals in particular, are strongly averse to any military policy, especially to one directed against the German Empire; the Magyars, again—except such as happen to be Ultramontane, a party decimated at the recent elections—fearing above all things absorption by the Slavs, and not a little alarmed by any signs of reactionary policy at Court, are accustomed to lean upon the German alliance, and it was they who mainly prevented any help being given to France in 1870. If an anti-German policy found any favour at Vienna, it would be with the Court and with the Court section of the aristocracy, resting only upon the Clericals and upon the Slavs, both of whom M. Gambetta is constantly denouncing. The decisions of the Congress having been notoriously agreeable to Prince Bismarck's views, and the German Chancellor having shown some aptitude for suiting the means to his ends, we incline to the belief that he has not been carefully forging fetters for his country, and remain unconvinced by M. Gambetta's sanguine diagnosis.

Artificiality, again, is the charge which we bring against the arrangements for limiting the influence of Russia, especially in Eastern Roumelia. Many forms of government are familiar to us—monarchy, absolute or limited; republics, aristocratic or popular—but government by committees of consuls or by international commissions is a monstrous birth. Then it seems to be considered a great stroke of policy to prevent the emigration of the Mussulman population, a movement which is both natural and salutary. Let it not be supposed that the result of the war has been to establish equality of races and creeds in Bulgaria, or even in Eastern Roumelia, although the Congress may have sought to decorate the slovenly and incongruous edifice which it has constructed on the south of the Balkans by flimsy decrees, which are intended to coax the spirit of the age. The change effected by the war is really far more sweeping, for, all cobweb restrictions notwithstanding, authority has virtually passed from out of the hands of the once dominant nation into those of the subject. Our aim should rather be to facilitate the Mussulman exodus, and for this purpose it would be much wiser to saddle the liberated provinces with a reasonable indemnity to the emigrating inhabitants, than to burden them with the interest upon loans, of which the proceeds never reached the provinces, and which the Porte had repudiated before the war. In one section of our society, a phrase used by the lecturer before an aristocratic assembly, has excited a lively sympathy with the displaced Mussulmans. He called them "the landlords of Turkey." The description is true of the Mahommedans of Bosnia, who are not Turks; but it is by ourselves that these were condemned to dispossession. The Bosnian Begs

are indeed territorial chiefs; hence their obdurate resistance to the Austrian occupation. But probably some amongst us have been picturing to themselves a body of Bulgarian squires, with parks and family pews and polished marble recording the virtues of departed ancestors; but in the Bulgaria of real life there are no parks; in the mosques there are no family pews; and least of all has the Turk any ancestors. When they have Christians or other subjects beneath them, the Osmanlis may have something in common with aristocracies, but the caste within itself is the most democratic society in the world. Far more even than in France is the career open to all the able; hence, perhaps, those occasional spasms of intermittent vitality which baffle the West.

Again, as regards our dealings with Turkey for the sake of the Turks, we bring a double charge of impolitic ingenuity. When a province is inhabited by a majority hostile to the Porte, we do our utmost to bolster up the sinking authority of the Government; we screen its torpor, sometimes even its ferocity; we cheapen the subject race, and calumniate the Power that befriends them. Is not all this activity wasted? and would it not be better, even for Turkey, that such a province should be quietly lopped off? "Yes," it is said, "but Constantinople?" As defenders of Constantinople, we reply, the Turks are far from being strengthened by the retention of distant, unruly possessions. Those who have studied the idiosyncrasy of this strange race and government will be rather disposed to believe that the capital would be more efficiently protected against an enemy known to be near; and, therefore, that the nearest strategical lines would be the best. After all, they ought only to be expected to hold out until succour can arrive, from those who may think it their interest to afford it. While, however, ~~we~~ cannot approve the wisdom of seeking to preserve the Turkish dominion over alien and mutinous populations, we hold, on the contrary, that within the limits, whatever they may be, which are left to the Sultan's authority, that authority ought to be recognised as supreme. Schemes for placing Christians or Mahomedans upon a footing of political equality we believe to be wholly misplaced. When the time for religious equality has arrived, the hour for discarding the Turkish Government will have struck. Meanwhile, let us not impair the power and energy of the Government by exacting concessions which, if sincere, only humiliate it in the eyes of its subjects, and, when known by rumour in the distant parts of the empire, produces a state of chaotic insubordination. If we wish Turkey to live, we must respect the theocratic basis of the State. "It is a great part of wisdom," says Burke, "to know how much of evil you will tolerate." The idea of turning the Ottoman Empire into a modern State, with laws and regular finances and equal religions,

ought never to have been entertained, and should be quickly abandoned. England wishes the Osmanlis to defend what remains of their dominion stoutly, and perhaps—no one can say more, for they are incalculable—they will be ready to do so, but the Turkey for which they fight must be a Turkey of their own, not a land of consular commissions or of British residents.

But of all the artificial schemes which have been proposed, the most utterly hopeless is that which would look to Greece for a bulwark against Russia. If we choose to send an army to the Slav provinces of Turkey, we might invest the Greeks with authority, but it must not be supposed that their partisans amongst the people are sufficiently numerous to render their rule self-supporting. As our agents, any other nationality would do equally well—the Dutch, for instance, or the Danes—and indeed better, for strangers would have no bad antecedents and would not start by being already odious. Very misleading is the quotation from the Duke of Wellington, who talked of re-establishing a Greek empire at Constantinople, under a Western prince. At the time when the Duke wrote, and until a comparatively recent date, subsequent to the Crimean War, it was believed that the non-Mussulman population of European Turkey was in race, as well as in religion, Greek. It was, if we mistake not, the last Lord Strangford who discovered the existence of the Slavs. What the Duke evidently meant was, that he would give the whole Peninsula, including Constantinople and the mouths of the Danube, to the Christian population, formed into a new Monarchical State. Whether the Duke would have modified his opinion, had he learnt that, among the subject races, by far the most powerful element was one in close affinity to Russia, it is impossible to say. Certainly, he was far too sagacious to suppose that the Hellenic kingdom, with its fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, together with a germane population of little more than a million, scattered over the Ottoman dominions and the islands, could form a bulwark against the hundred millions of Slavs, who obey or sympathize with Russia. Even if we confidently accepted native statistics and believed all that inaccurate Greece may dare in ethnology, we might as well think of looking to Portugal, as a sufficient set-off against the military predominance of Germany. Nothing could be more illiberal than the way in which the Greeks were lately used to warn away the Slavs from their own seaboard. Mr. Gladstone, who has proved by more than words his sincere affection for the Greek cause, is certainly guiltless of having ever employed it to limit the measure of Slav emancipation; but this is an instructive example of the way in which the principle of nationality is sometimes pushed, by its adversaries, to the extreme of absurdity, in order to defeat the objects of those who have the development of nations in view. It is not because a foreign element happens to have lodged itself in seaport towns that a country ought

to be denied its access to the sea. Marseilles has not been always French, but had it continued distinctively foreign, it would not any the less be the great emporium of Southern France. In the same way, the northern coast, from Dunkirk almost as far as Normandy, is occupied by a population which, about a century ago, as to race and language, was rather Dutch or Flemish than French. Towns may belong ethnologically to one nation, but geographically, politically, commercially to another—like “unredeemed” and, as we believe, never-to-be-redeemed Trieste. Add to this, that a foreign element, when it is not too numerous, may play a part useful to its adopted country and profitable to itself. The Armenians, the Jews, the Greek merchants themselves, the Alsatians formerly in France, and the Germans in Russia—of late rather discarded, as we regret to learn—are illustrations of our meaning.

Of all States, as we ought never to allow ourselves to forget, England is the one which is the least qualified to follow up an artificial policy. This subject has recently been treated in these pages, and we need only say that no conviction has sunk more deeply into the minds of those, who occupy themselves with such studies, than that of the incompatibility which exists between free institutions and the pursuit of an elaborate, or even of a consecutive external policy. The difficulty is much aggravated by our insular position, for the vicissitudes of Continental nations, alternately invaders and invaded, brings home to the popular mind facts and apprehensions, which in England elude its grasp. Russia, let us further note, has the twofold advantage of being better constructed than any other State for successfully working an artificial system in her dealings with foreign countries, and, at the same time, that of usually obeying a natural and instinctive impulse.

Immediately after the Crimean and Italian wars, the apprehension was general that the French Empire was becoming dangerously great. Some, indeed, connecting the rise of France with the resuscitation of Italy, the progress of Spain and with the foundation of a Mexican Empire, were disturbed by the presentiment of a formidable move in advance by the whole of the Latin race. The German transformation of 1866 dispelled these visions, and showed that we should only have been wasting our strength, had we suffered ourselves to be led, by eloquent voices, into wars about Savoy and Nice. Just as the unification of Germany counterbalanced the supposed effects of French activity in Italy and elsewhere, so it may well turn out that Europe will recover its equilibrium when, following in the footsteps of the Italians and the Germans, the Slavs have attained to their just position. In order to be as precise as possible, we may state that, in our opinion, Russia should be allowed to come down to the *Ægean*, while the western portion of the Balkan Peninsula might be placed under other influences. There would be no

danger in this extension, were we to abstain from nagging at the great Teutonic movement, which has not yet reached the landmarks of its full development. Especially is it necessary that, instead of chafing against that which is fated, we should resign ourselves to leaving the German Empire to give the form which it prefers to its relations with Austria. Germany's internal malady, which has its roots in the oppressive conditions of military service, points to the pressing necessity of distributing that burden over a wider area of population; for, in the face of French preparations and of M. Gambetta's equivocal hints, disarmament, never very probable, is out of the question. The future of European politics largely depends upon the respective positions of the Slav and German races, and upon the character of their reciprocal relations. We are not given to be apprehensive, but, were the Teutonic movement to make a sudden stride in advance—were Germany, with the magical rapidity of 1866, to attain to the old limits of the empire, while Russia and the Slavs are repressed—some danger might possibly threaten the liberties of Europe. If, however, as the wish of some is, both here and abroad, a great league were to be formed against both Russia and Germany, those nations would conspire together, and we might even see them young and faithful, poor and brave, Goths in energy and valour, one of them at least more than Roman in discipline and science, pour down upon the luxurious societies of the West, where symptoms of decrepitude are visible. But if, instead of consuming our energy in futile intrigues or in stale combinations, we applied ourselves to fostering the elements of a new equilibrium, no nobler work could be found for English statesmen than to aid in fixing the bounds, within which these great races are to have their being. Difficult and complicated will be the questions which may arise, especially when the inevitable moment is come for the liquidation of the Austrian Empire. In order, however, that our voice may be heard, the tone and temper of our policy must undergo a change which, even from other points of view, will not appear detrimental. Here also apply the admirable words of Count de Montalivet, in which he lately censured the prevalent but imprudent notion that the controlling body in the State ought to represent opinions antagonistic to those of the popular branch of the Legislature. “Un contrôle hostile irrite, passionne, et détruit; un contrôle ami calme, modère, et conserve.”

But some one may say: “I agree that Russia is travelling surely towards the Mediterranean, and that she will arrive there, sooner or later, but later let it be.” There is much to be answered. When a movement is natural, when it is instinctive, when its ultimate success is fated, by resisting you strengthen, by thwarting you anger it. Is it not possible that by keeping up this irritation from without, you may be counteracting some domestic tendency, within

the rival State, which, if left to work itself out, would put an end to all your fears? Observe, too, what occurred in regard to Germany: Europe opposed the popular demand of the Germans, and, for a while, with success; but nothing so much contributed to prepare the ground for Prince Bismarck's mission as the discouraging sense of impotence, to settle even so small a question as that of Schleswig-Holstein, which from that time forth oppressed the German mind. If Europe had yielded, there would only have been a German princeling the more: the result of our momentary triumph was that, brooding over her wrongs, husbanding her strength, Germany, in the fulness of time, in lieu of the petty duke whom we had refused to tolerate, presented us with an Emperor, a real Emperor.

Incomprehensible to us is the undignified jealousy excited here by the idea of Russia acquiring an *Ægean* harbour. Even supposing her maritime progress to be rapid beyond all precedent, for long years she would only be fattening a prey for our ironclads. As we pointed out two years ago in these pages, nothing could be more agreeable to our Asiatic interests, and were Russia a Mediterranean power, we should hold pledges for her pacific bearing in Afghanistan which are altogether lacking at present. For purposes of aggression, a state is often weakened by the extent of its possessions, and Germany would be far less formidable were her strength distributed, according to the bright wisdom of our Imperialists, over colonies and distant fiefs. The Great Napoleon, when the Russian alliance was of the highest moment, was unwilling to sanction the extension of Russia beyond the Balkans, because he wished her to act as a thorn in our side in Asia, although the rivalry of the two powers there was, at that time, but dimly foreshadowed. For this purpose it was indispensable to find a nation, whose territory presented ~~at~~ vulnerable points in Europe, for our blockades of Russian ~~ports~~ do more injury to our own commerce than to hers, and if we attempted to land expeditionary forces we should only be facing new Walcherens. That will always be the policy of any ambitious monarch or minister who, aiming at supremacy in Europe, will desire to see Russia herself engaged and paralysing the action of England upon a distant scene. The antagonism which vexes us on our Indian frontier is but the echo of the impolitic antagonism which we have set up in the Slav provinces of Turkey. This is not a question between "imperial and economic" systems, but rather one upon which prudent counsellors of either school would think alike. The obvious and the easy course is here the just and the politic, and we are convinced that Machiavelli as well as Cobden would be found voting in our lobby.

A portion of Mr. Gladstone's exertions in the past have been devoted to vindicating treaties and European law, and he is anxious that England should reserve her strength for this mission in the



future. Nothing, we believe, is more hopeless than to endeavour to frame an automatic policy upon such a basis as this. In civil life laws can be rigidly enforced, because there is a power competent to repeal them when they are unjust, or to modify them if they have ceased to be applicable. In international affairs, there is no such authority, and the consequence is that each State will cling to the treaties which it approves, and disregard those which are opposed to its interests or to its inclinations. In every one of the cases cited by Mr. Gladstone, his appeal to treaty rights, or to international law, was in favour of a cause which, upon other grounds, and for its own sake, he was anxious to serve. The *Trent* affair rather stands by itself, for there the rights of individuals and the inviolability of the ambassadorial character were involved, and not merely the aggregate rights of a community, but the sympathies of Mr. Gladstone and perhaps of the majority of the nation having been with the Confederate rebellion, no little satisfaction was felt at the North being caught tripping, and an excuse for sending an army to Halifax was not unwelcome. England, says Mr. Gladstone, was the only power which in 1870 rose to vindicate the public law about the Black Sea; but England, it should be added, was, and is still, the only power which considers itself interested in handicapping Russia in those secluded waters. Lastly, when Mr. Gladstone appealed to treaties in favour of Belgium and in favour of Denmark, he was acting as the partisan, the honourable but avowed partisan of those little States. It is by showing deference to compacts or to enactments which tell against their desires, that private citizens or governments can alone display their disinterested submission to law. Mr. Gladstone's vindication of treaties as to Denmark lost all its force from the fact that in the case of Italy, where he sympathised with the popular movement, he never uttered a word of censure upon systematic violations of treaties and of international law, accompanied by much intrigue and perfidy. Again, in the recent war, would Mr. Gladstone condemn the conduct of Roumania, or even that of Servia, although each of these principalities was guilty, the latter flagrantly guilty, of the grossest breach of international law? Thanks to the initiative of our Government in proposing the Conference at Constantinople, Russia was supplied with a *casus belli*, and all her proceedings were perfectly regular: but supposing this otherwise; supposing the Czar, unable to abandon the Bulgarians, had been obliged to declare a war technically unjustifiable, would the Russian cause have lost a single adhesion? Certainly not, as we conjecture, for the common sense of mankind breaks loose from these formal bonds. To stereotype treaties is to condemn Europe to immobility, and often to perpetuate pernicious rights. Substantial, and not formal, considerations are those which alone should guide the foreign policy of nations.

In every case where Mr. Gladstone claims to have distinguished

his action from that of Mr. Cobden's school, the conclusion appears to us irresistible that the precepts from which he departed were conceived in a spirit of wisdom superior to that of the example which he has set. The Alabama indemnity, which he had the courage to offer, would never have been necessary if, having long posed as the implacable enemies of slavery, our neutrality in the American conflict had been to the North benevolent. Few will regret that the French Emperor, as he reminds us with some asperity, prevented Mr. Gladstone from engaging us in the Danish hostilities; or again, that after much hesitation he finally abandoned the project of going to war for the Black Sea restrictions.<sup>1</sup> The failure, on his part, to perceive how the equilibrium of Europe had been affected by the growth of German power, was, at any rate, disastrous to his own Government, and to his party. The addition to our forces in 1870, unnecessary as against France, ludicrously inadequate as against Germany, placed the Government in financial difficulties, in which it lost the bloom of its prestige. It is generally fatal to a party to be obliged to adopt measures at variance with its reputed principles. When Protestants emancipate the Roman Catholics, or Protectionists repeal the Corn Laws, or Conservative ministers propose household suffrage, we know that the end of their reign is at hand. The whole tenor of Mr. Gladstone's administration had been to lead the country to thoughts of peace and economy, and it seemed to lose its vital energy from the epoch when it felt compelled to enter upon a course of increased armaments and military reforms. Excellent in themselves, those reforms, both in their immediate and in their remote effects, were prejudicial to the interests of the Liberal party. We have always held that a strong and popular military caste is the element which, in modern societies, may be most effectually opposed to democratic influences; but, while the lower classes were indifferent, the richer and more aristocratic were bitterly and, we must add, stupidly hostile to Mr. Cardwell's policy. Since then, the recrudescence of warlike and aggressive passions is largely owing to the stimulus applied to military ambition, by the greater encouragement which the reformer gave to officers of cultivated intelligence. The old type of army man, always ready for duty and eager to fight, although popular and even admired, was never in the least influential. Very different is the intellectual soldier, wielding the pen as well as the sword, who now finds his way into various departments of the Government,

(1) This incident has been overlooked, but it is clearly proved by the remarkable despatch of Mr. Odo Russell, who had been sent on a special mission to Versailles in November, 1870, and who found it necessary to remonstrate with Mr. Gladstone's pacific and minimizing allusions to the Black Sea question, at the opening of the session, which were at variance with the warlike tone of Mr. Russell's instructions. It is curious that Mr. Gladstone's government had placed a stringent interpretation upon the Tripartite Treaty of 1856, which has been disavowed by Lord Derby and the present administration.

acquires ascendancy over his chief, excites his alarms, perhaps fascinates his imagination, and succeeds by persuasive arts in committing us to some onward step, which opens to himself the path to fame, and at the same time enables him to reward the little band of clever satellites who, through the press, have been disseminating his favourite opinions, and promoting the common advantage. What with administrative reforms and military, a number of ambitions have been created, which this island is too narrow to contain.

As an alternative to the ministerial policy, Mr. Gladstone's programme will fail to attract, and if, as is not impossible, he may soon regain the public favour, it will be as the apostle of peace and retrenchment. It is laudable to endeavour to wean the popular mind from visions of conquest and dominion; but it will not do to be too ascetic. There was indeed once a monarch of half mankind who left the Palace for the Cloister, submitted the head which had been diademed with many a crown to the torture, and discarded Imperial ermine for the cowl; but then the pious Emperor withdrew altogether from the world, and passed his remaining days in gazing upon the everlasting joys which religion shows to the eyes of faith. With the ambitious projects which Mr. Gladstone denounces, we have no sympathy, but if we are to defray expenditure, if we are to maintain armaments, if we are to run risks, the public will prefer the annexation of Egypt, and perhaps even of Asia Minor, to making wars for Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, or for the dry bones of Treaty law.

Intermediate is the position which Mr. Gladstone occupies upon the Eastern Question. He has not been able to convince himself that an alliance with Russia is possible, except upon conditions which narrow her legitimate expansion, and needlessly wound her self-love; but it is to him that we owed, in the war, our divorce from the Turkish alliance. He it was who elevated it to the rank of a dogma,—and one of those dogmas which take hold of the conscience and of the heart—that it would be a sin for England to fight for Turkey. At three several epochs the waves of the war tempest surged against the dogma, but they only dashed their fury against adamant. One orator, and one only, is capable of moving the people as deeply, but to him nature has denied both the physical energy and the rhetorical abundance which, on the verge of his seventieth year, Mr. Gladstone has marvellously displayed throughout a protracted and arduous campaign.

The statesman who shall place our relations with Russia upon good and sure foundations will deserve well of England and of India, but it may be that, even as we are writing, it is already too late, and that we shall have to learn, to our sorrow, that these things were hidden from our eyes at the time when they belonged unto our peace.

RALPH A. EARLE.

# THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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## PORRO UNUM EST NECESSARIUM.

AN acute French critic says that a wise man's best happiness is found, perhaps, in his having the sense *de ne pas être dupe*, of not being taken in. There has just appeared in the *French Journal Officiel* a report by M. Bardoux, the Minister of Public Instruction, on the present state of the secondary schools in France, and on their movement since 1865, the date of a like decennial report on them by M. Duruy. With an interest not unmixed with the sense of defeat and weakness, I have studied this picture of the schools of that immense class of society, which in France has even more greatness and extent than with us—the middle class. Yes, the schools for this class are indeed, as the French themselves say, the key-stone of a country's whole system of public instruction; they are what fixes and maintains the intellectual level of a people. And in our country they have been left to come forth as they could and to form themselves at haphazard, and are now a whole in the most serious degree inadequate and unsatisfactory. For some twenty years I have been full of this thought, and have striven to make the British public share it with me; but quite vainly. At this hour, in Mr. Gladstone's programme of the twenty-two engagements of the Liberal party, not a word of middle-class education. Twenty-two Liberal engagements, and the reform of middle-class education not one of them! What a blow for the declining age of a sincere but ineffectual Liberal, who so long ago as 1859 wrote with faith and ardour the words following—buried in a blue-book, and now disinterred to show the vanity of human wishes:—

“Let me be permitted to call the attention of Englishmen to the advantage which France possesses in its vast system of public secondary instruction; in its 63 lycées and 244 communal colleges, inspected by the State, aided by the State; drawing from this connexion with the State both efficiency and dignity; and to which, in concert with the State, the departments and the communes and private benevolence all co-operate to provide free admission for poor and deserving scholars. M. de Talleyrand said that the education of the great English public schools was the best in the world. He added, to be sure, that even this was detestable. But allowing it all its merits; how small a portion of the population does it embrace! It embraces the aristocratic class; it embraces the higher professional class; it embraces a certain number from the richer families of the commercial class; from the great body of the commercial

class and of the immense middle class of this country, it embraces hardly one. They are left to an education which, though among its professors are many excellent and honourable men, is deplorable. Our middle classes are among the worst educated in the world. But it is not this only; although, when I consider this, all the French commonplaces about the duty of the State to protect children from the charlatanism and cupidity of individual speculation seem to me to be justified. It is far more that a great opportunity is missed of fusing all the upper and middle classes into one powerful whole, elevating and refining the middle classes by the contact and stimulating the upper. In France this is what the system of public secondary education effects; it effaces between the middle and upper classes the sense of social alienation; it gives to the boy of the middle class the studies, the superior teaching, the sense of belonging to a great school, which the Eton or Harrow boy has with us; it tends to give to the middle classes precisely what they most want, and their want of which makes the great gulf between them and the upper—it tends to give them personal dignity. The power of such an education is seen in what it has done for the professional classes in England. The clergy, and barristers, and officers of both services, who have commonly passed through the great public schools, are nearly identified in thought, feeling, and manners with the aristocratic class. They have not been unmixed gainers by this identification; it has too much isolated them from a class to which by income and social position they, after all, naturally belong; while towards the highest class it has made them, not vulgarly servile, certainly, but intellectually too deferential, too little apt to maintain entire mental independence on questions where the prepossessions of that class are concerned. Nevertheless they have, as a class, acquired the unspeakable benefit of that elevation of the mind and feelings which it is the best office of superior education to confer. But they have bought this elevation at an immense money-price—at a price which they can no better than the commercial classes afford to pay; which they who have paid it long, and who know what it has brought for them, will continue to pay while they must, but which the mass of the middle classes will never even begin to pay. Either the education of this mass must remain what it is, vulgar and unsound, or the State must create by its legislation, its aid, its inspection, institutions honourable because of their public character, and cheap because nationally frequented, in which they may receive a better. The French middle classes may well be taxed for the education of the poor, since public provision has already been made for their own education. But already there are complaints among the lower middling classes of this country that the Committee of Council is providing the poor with better schools than those to which they themselves have access. The Education Commissioners would excite, I am convinced, in thousands of hearts a gratitude of which they little dream, if in presenting the result of their labours on primary instruction they were at the same time to say to the government: ‘Regard the necessities of a not distant future and *organise your secondary instruction.*’”

The emotions of gratitude here mentioned were suffered to slumber on unawakened. This was in 1859. In 1865, having again been sent to visit the schools of the Continent, I struck the same note once more:—

“Neither is the secondary and superior instruction given in England so good on the whole, if we regard the whole number of those to whom it is due, as that given in Germany or France, nor is it given in schools of so good a standing. Of course, what good instruction there is, and what schools of good standing there are to get it in, fall chiefly to the lot of the upper class. It is on the middle class that the injury, such as it is, of getting inferior instruction, and of getting it in schools of inferior standing, mainly comes. This injury, as it strikes one after seeing attentively the schools of the Continent, has two aspects. It has a social aspect, and it has an intellectual aspect.

"The social injury is this. On the Continent the upper and middle class are brought up on one and the same plane. In England the middle class, as a rule, *is brought up on the second plane*. One hears many discussions as to the limits between the middle and the upper class in England. From an educational point of view these limits are perfectly clear. Ten or a dozen famous schools, Oxford or Cambridge, the church and the bar, the army or navy, and those posts in the public service supposed to be posts for gentlemen—these are the lines of training, all or any of which give a cast of ideas, a stamp or habit, which make a sort of association of all those who share them; and this association is the upper class. Except by one of these modes of access, an Englishman does not, unless by some special play of aptitude or of circumstances, become a vital part of this association, for he does not bring with him the cast of ideas in which its bond of union lies. This cast of ideas is naturally for the most part that of the most powerful and prominent part of the association—the aristocracy. The professions furnish the more numerous but the less prominent part; in no country, accordingly, do the professions so naturally and generally share the cast of ideas of the aristocracy as in England. Judged from its bad side, this cast of ideas is characterised by over-reverence for things established, by an estrangement from the powers of reason and science. Judged from its good side, it is characterised by a high spirit, by dignity, by a just sense of the greatness of great affairs—all of them governing qualities; and the professions have accordingly long recruited the governing force of the aristocracy, and assisted it to rule. But they are separate, to a degree unknown on the Continent, from the commercial and industrial class with which in social standing they are naturally on a level. So we have amongst us the spectacle of a middle class cut in two in a way unexampled anywhere else; of a professional class brought up on the first plane, with fine and governing qualities, but disinclined to rely on reason and science; while that immense business class, which is becoming so important a power in all countries, on which the future so much depends, and which in the great public schools of other countries fills so large a place, is in England brought up on the second plane, cut off from the aristocracy and the professions, and without governing qualities.

"If only, in compensation, it had science, systematic knowledge, reason! But here comes in the intellectual mischief of the bad condition of the mass of our secondary schools. In England the business class is not only inferior to the professions and aristocracy in the social stamp of its places of training; it is actually inferior to them, maimed and incomplete as their development of reason is, in its development of reason. Short as the offspring of our public schools and universities come of the idea of science and systematic knowledge, the offspring of our middle-class academics probably come, if that be possible, even much shorter. What these academics fail to give in social and governing qualities, they do not make up for in intellectual power. Their intellectual result is as faulty as their social result.

"If this is true, then that our middle class does not yet itself see the defects of its own education, is not conscious of the injury to itself from them, and is satisfied with things as they are, is no reason for regarding this state of things with disquietude."

Alas, in 1865, it was hardly permissible even to be disquieted at the state of middle-class education! "We must confess to a feeling of shame," cried one newspaper, "at the nonsense which is being uttered on this subject. It might be thought from what is said, that this section of the community, which has done everything else so well, which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, cannot, from some mysterious reason, get their children properly educated!" "All the world

knows," cried another, "that the great middle class of this country supplies the mind, the will, and the power, for all the great and good things that have to be done, and it is not likely that that class should surrender its powers and privileges in the one case of the training of its own children. How the idea of such a scheme can have occurred to anybody, how it can have been imagined that parents and schoolmasters in the most independent and active and enlightened class of English society, how it can have been supposed that the class which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, will beg the government to send inspectors through the schools, when it can itself command whatever advantages exist, seems almost unintelligible."

This dithyrambic style about the middle class and its schools has, it is true, been dropped for the last few years. It seems even a little grotesque as one surveys it now; not "unintelligible" perhaps, but somewhat ridiculous. In this respect there is progress; but still middle-class education remains just as it was. The commercial travellers or the licensed victuallers have the happy thought of making a school entirely for children of commercial travellers or of licensed victuallers, and royal dukes and ministerial earls are still found to go down and bless the young institution, and to glorify the energy and self-reliance of the commercial travellers and the licensed victuallers. A satisfactory system of public secondary schools nobody calls for. It finds, as we have seen, no place among the twenty-two engagements of the Liberal party. The newspapers never touch the subject. Both upper and middle class appear content that their schools should stay as they are. And the enthusiast who has had a vision of better things is left to console himself with what is alleged to be the wise man's true satisfaction—the sense of *ne pas être dupe*, not being taken in. He has the pleasure, such as it is, of knowing that our body of secondary schools is suffered to remain the most imperfect and unserviceable in Western Europe, because our upper class does not care to be disturbed in its preponderance, or our middle class in its vulgarity.

A report like that of M. Bardoux is calculated, however, to make the poor enthusiast restless and impatient, to set him asking himself whether the middle class in England is really always to be ruled by the fatal desire not to be disturbed in its vulgarity, whether that class is always to be taken in by grandees extolling this desire as energy and self-reliance, and whether his own only comfort for ever is to consist in not being taken in too. The impulse is irresistible to seek to communicate his impatience to others, and for this end nothing can be more useful, one would think, than simply to retrace the main lines of the picture drawn by M. Bardoux.

The public secondary schools of France are of two kinds—*lycées*, or lyceums, and communal colleges. The *lycées* are maintained by

the State. The communal colleges are maintained by the municipalities, but may be aided by the State. The instruction in both is of the same type, as to its general features, with the instruction given in the great grammar-schools of this country. It is classical, with a side or department called by us modern, by the French special, by the Germans real, intended to suit the requirements of practical life in the present day, by teaching the natural sciences and the modern languages in place of Greek and Latin. Alike in the *lycées* and in the communal colleges, all the teaching staff have to furnish guarantees of their capacity to teach the matters of instruction confided to them. The guarantee takes generally the form of a university degree, varying in kind and in rank according to the post to be filled by the holder.

At the end of 1865, the date to which the report of M. Duruy, the last report previous to M. Bardoux's, goes down, France had at work 77 *lycées* and 251 communal colleges. Three of the 77 *lycées* (those of Strasburg, Metz, and Colmar), and 15 of the 251 communal colleges, have been lost to France in consequence of the war of 1870. But new ones have in the meanwhile been added, so that on the 31st of December, 1876, the date to which M. Bardoux's report comes down, France had 81 *lycées* at work, with 5 others building, and 252 communal colleges. If we deduct Strasburg, Metz, and Colmar, which are not now part of the territory of France, the French *lycées*, in 1865, had 31,321 pupils. At the end of 1876 they had, for the same extent of territory, 40,995 pupils—an average of 506 pupils to each *lycée*, about half of whom are boarders and half day-boys. The communal colleges had in 1865 a total number of 32,881 pupils, with an average of 131 pupils to each college; at the end of 1876 they had 38,236 pupils, with an average of 152 for each college.

Eighty-one great secondary schools of the first class, two hundred and fifty-two of the second, all of them with a public character, all of them under inspection, all of them offering guarantees of the capacity of their teaching staff; and in these schools a total of 79,241 scholars.

Let us note, in passing, that the modern or special instruction in these schools is constantly growing. The *lycées* are the stronghold of the classics, yet in the *lycées* the number of boys on the modern side had risen from 5,002 at the end of 1865 to 8,628 at the end of 1876, and the average of such scholars for each *lycée* from 71 to 107. The teaching of the natural sciences, of geography, modern history, and literature, of the modern languages, is being continually strengthened. The class of pupils receiving special preparation in the *lycées* for schools such as the Polytechnic, Saint Cyr, the Naval, Central, and Forest Schools, steadily increases. In the communal colleges the development of the modern side is much greater still, and is extremely remarkable. Of the 38,236 pupils in these colleges at the



end of 1876, 9,232 are little boys not yet going beyond primary instruction; of the remainder, 14,992 are on the classical side, and very nearly as many, 14,012, are on the modern. The number of teacherships for the modern languages has more than doubled in these colleges since 1865.

But I am not here writing for schoolmasters and specialists, for whose benefit, indeed, I have formerly given a full account of the French secondary schools, of their organisation and of their teaching. I am writing now for the great public which is interested in the provision of secondary schools for its children; the broad plain lines of the subject are all that they will care for, and are what I shall keep to. I repeat, then: 81 *lycées*, 252 communal colleges, with a total of nearly 80,000 scholars; a modern side established, and constantly growing; all the schools under inspection, and of all their teachers guarantees of capacity required.

As to the quality of the instruction, it is at the same general level as the instruction in our great secondary schools which are called public. In Greek it is not so strong. In Latin it is much on a par with ours, though with a nearer sense of the Latin language, because of its affinity with the French. In modern languages it is, again, much on a par with our instruction. In arithmetic and mathematics, in the natural sciences, in modern history, and above all in knowledge of the mother-tongue and its literature, it is stronger. The boarders are fed and lodged in a different mode from the boarders of our public schools, but, in my opinion, quite as well. They are, however, more confined and harder worked, and have less freedom, air, and exercise. This is a disadvantage. But it comes from the dangers of confinement and study for boys being less apprehended, the good of play for them less valued, in the whole body of Continental schools, whether public or private, than they are by us all in England.

I pass from the public secondary schools to the private—the *écoles libres*, as the French call them. This part of the subject has a peculiar interest for us in England, because our secondary instruction is in so large a measure supplied by private adventure schools. In France the private secondary schools are of two kinds, lay and ecclesiastical. There were 803 of them at the end of 1876. But in these schools we do not find the progressive advance in numbers which we find in the public schools; we find, on the contrary, a progressive diminution. In 1854 the private secondary schools in France numbered 1,081; in 1865 they numbered 935; in 1876 their number had fallen to 803. And it is in the lay establishments that the diminution has taken place; the ecclesiastical establishments are more in number than formerly. But whereas the lay establishments in 1854 were as many as 825, more than the whole number of private secondary schools at the present day, in 1865 they had

fallen to 657, in 1876 to 494. The ecclesiastical establishments in 1854 numbered 256; in 1865, 278; in 1876, 309. From 1806, when the University of France was instituted, down to 1850, private establishments for secondary instruction could not exist. All the secondary schools belonged to the State University, and all the teachers in them were its functionaries. The law of March the 15th, 1850, the organic law which at present governs public instruction in France, was conceived in a spirit of dissatisfaction with this exclusive rule of the University, and permitted the opening, upon certain conditions, of private schools. The result has been, as we have seen, favourable especially to the growth of ecclesiastical establishments, and it disquiets French Liberals exceedingly. It deserves investigation and discussion, but I must abstain from them here. The lay private schools had, in 1865, eleven years after the passing of the new law, 43,009 scholars to the 34,897 of their ecclesiastical rivals. The proportion is now reversed, and the ecclesiastical private schools have 46,816 pupils, while the lay private schools have but 31,249.

The ecclesiastical schools are either under episcopal control, or they belong to one of the teaching orders, amongst whom the Jesuits have the chief place. Both the episcopal schools and the *congreganist* schools, as they are called, have increased in number, but the congreganist schools are by far the more numerous and important division. They have nearly 20,000 pupils. The episcopal schools have 12,300. A third class of establishments under ecclesiastical direction is formed by schools under the secular Catholic clergy or under ministers of other religious denominations. Of these schools the non-Catholic form a quite insignificant proportion; they are but 13 out of 165. But this whole class of schools has decreased in number since 1865, while the episcopal and congreganist schools keep increasing. And this, again, is a matter of disquietude to French Liberals, who consider the influence of the secular clergy as less unfavourable to independence of thought than episcopal influence or the influence of the teaching orders. And strong discontent is expressed with the law of March, 1850, which has rendered such a development of episcopal and congreganist schools possible.

For the present, however, let us not be diverted by the contest between liberalism and clericalism from what is the central point of interest for us—the actual supply in France of a sound secondary instruction, apart from all question of the religious bias given. In the private establishments of which we have been speaking, no less than in the public, guarantees are taken for its soundness. A private or free school in France is not free in the sense that any man may keep one who likes. The head of such a school must be at least twenty-five years old, must have had five years' practice in school-keeping, and must hold either the University degree of bachelor, or a certificate which is given after an examination of the

same nature as the examination required for the degree of bachelor. His school is, moreover, under government inspection as regards its state of commodiousness, healthiness, and repair. These are serious guarantees. And, in fact, by them and by other causes which co-operate with them, the soundness of the secular instruction in the *écoles libres* is sufficiently secured. The secular instruction, having the degree of bachelor or the admission to government schools, such as the Polytechnic, in view, cannot but follow in general the same line as that of the public secondary schools. Some of the schools of the religious, such as the Jesuits' school at Vaugirard, and the school in the Rue des Postes, are in direct competition with the Paris *lycées*, and in very successful competition. They employ, along with their own teachers, the best lay instructors accessible, the very same whom the *lycées* employ. Whatever clerical influence may be super-added to it, the secular instruction in the schools of the teaching orders, and in the *écoles libres* in general, does not fall below the ordinary level of this instruction in the public schools.

It is true that, owing to a recent law permitting the formation of free Catholic universities and recognising their degrees, the degree required for those who conduct free secondary schools can now be obtained from bodies not of public appointment or public responsibility. Undoubtedly new and denominational universities, in which the professors are not of public appointment, ought not to be entrusted with power to confer degrees. The law in question is said to have been obtained by accident; an overwhelming majority of the Legislative Assembly are for its repeal, and after the next elections to the Senate it will certainly, people say, be repealed. But whatever the demerits of that law may be, it has not been in operation long enough to affect injuriously the standard of secular instruction. This in the private schools remains in general, as I have said already, at the same level as in the public schools. Before the level can have been lowered by the inferior standard for degrees (if it is inferior) of the free Catholic universities, those universities will have lost the power of granting them.

But I grudge every word which is given to these questions of religious politics, so attractive to the middle-class Englishman, so fatally apt to divert his mind from what is the point of cardinal importance for him, the one thing needful. For him the point to be seized and set in clear light, and again and again to be insisted upon until seized and set in clear light it is, is this: that while we have not more than 20,000 boys in Great Britain and Ireland receiving a secondary instruction which can in any possible sense be said to offer guarantees for its efficiency, France has 79,231 boys receiving secondary instruction in inspected public schools, and 78,065 more who are receiving it in schools giving public guarantees for their efficiency. It is this: that while in England the middle

class is brought up on the second plane, in France the middle class is brought up on the first plane.

In 1865 there was published a statement by which it appeared that we had in England, counting not only the nine great public schools which formed the subject of an inquiry by a Royal Commission, but counting also all the important endowed schools of the country, and all the important schools of recent foundation—such as Cheltenham and Marlborough—that we had in all these together a total number of scholars amounting, in round figures, to 16,000. Let us consider all these schools as being sufficiently in the public eye to afford, through that very publicity, guarantees for their efficiency. Let us add 4,000 scholars more. We remember the picture which was the other day officially drawn for us of the secondary schools of Ireland. In Scotland, deservedly celebrated for its elementary schools, the secondary schools of standing and character are few in number. Both Ireland and Scotland make considerable use of the English secondary schools. If we add 4,000 for increase in England since 1865, and for Scotland and Ireland, and put at 20,000 our total of boys under secondary instruction which may be called guaranteed, we make a liberal estimate. In France they have 157,296.

The middle class in France has, in consequence, a homogeneity, an extent and an importance, which it has nowhere else. "It is our middle class in France," says M. Bardoux, "which makes the *grandeur et originalité*, the greatness and originality, of the nation." Above the peasant and artisan, the class who live by the labour of their hands and who are the subjects for elementary instruction, the rest of the nation consists, for all intents and purposes, of one immense class who are subjects for secondary instruction, and who receive it of one equal quality and in schools of one equal standing. The professions and that whole class which Mr. Charles Sumner distinguishes as the class of gentlemen, are in England separated from the great bulk of the middle class, and are brought up along with the aristocracy in a superior order of schools. In France the professions and the great bulk of the middle class are brought up in schools of one equal standing. This creates a middle class larger, more homogeneous, and better educated than ours. The French aristocracy are chiefly brought up at Vaugirard and at schools under ecclesiastics. I have no prejudice against schools under ecclesiastics, and Vaugirard is an excellent school. But Vaugirard is not a school with better instruction and of higher standing than the great public schools used by the middle class. It stands to them not as with us Eton and Harrow stand to a middle-class academy, but rather as Stonyhurst stands to Eton and Harrow. The aristocracy in France, therefore, is not a class which, in addition to its advantages of birth and wealth over the middle class, has received a higher training than the middle class, in schools of a superior standing. Aristocracy

and middle class are brought up in schools of one equal standing. The French aristocracy has, it is true, the spirit of caste; it strives to separate itself, to assert its superiority, to give effect to its prepossessions. But the immense homogeneous middle class in France is too strong for it. The mind and imagination of this class is not subjugated by aristocracy like the mind and imagination of the middle class in this country. The mere comparison of the governments of the two countries at the present moment is evidence enough of the truth of what I say. In England the government is composed of a string of aristocratical personages, with one or two men from the professional class who are engaged with them, and a man of genius of whom it is not easy to say whether he is engaged with them or they with him. In France the government is composed entirely of men from the professional and middle class. True, the difference between the two aristocracies in property and standing, since the French Revolution, accounts for much of the difference in political influence. But the training of the middle class in France counts for more. Its great mass has not, as with us, the sense of an inferior training. It is not cut in two, as with us; it is homogeneous. And this immense homogeneous class is brought up in schools of as good standing as those of the aristocracy; it is brought up on the first plane. It is possible and producible.

The Exhibition has this year drawn English people over to Paris in great numbers. They have had the astonishing beauty of Paris and the civilisation and prosperity of the French people brought close before their eyes, and they have been struck by it. Prince Bismarck says, we know, that the French nation has a social solidity such as no other nation of Europe enjoys. This can only come from the broad basis of well-being, and of cause for satisfaction with life, which in France, more than in other European countries, exists. We have the testimony of the Belgian economist, M. de Laveleye, to the superior well-being of the French peasant, and we ought not to be tired of repeating it to ourselves over and over again, that we may get it well fixed in our minds. "France is the country of Europe," says M<sup>r</sup> de Laveleye, "where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, and it is at the same time the country where material well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working classes themselves, seem necessary." And Mr. Hamerton, an acute observer, and an Englishman to boot, has remarked on the enormous interval, as he calls it, by which the French peasant is raised above the Kentish labourer. Thus much for the lower class in France, and for its causes of satisfaction with life. And if we consider the beauty and the ever-advancing perfection of Paris—nay, and the same holds good, in its degree, of all the other great French cities also—if we consider the theatre

there, if we consider the pleasures, recreations, even the eating and drinking, if we consider the range of resources for instruction and for delight and for the conveniences of a humane life generally, and if we then think of London, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, and of the life of English towns generally, we shall find that the advantage of France arises from its immense middle class making the same sort of demands upon life which only a small upper class makes elsewhere.

Delicate and gifted single natures are sown in all countries. The French aristocracy will not bear a moment's comparison for splendour and importance with ours, neither have the French our exceptional class, registered by Mr. Charles Sumner, of gentlemen. But these are, after all, only two relatively small divisions broken off from the top of that whole great class which does not live by the labour of its hands. These small divisions make upon life the demands of humane and civilised men. But they are too small and too weak to create a civilisation, to make a Paris. The great bulk of the class from which they are broken off makes, as is well known, no such demands upon life. London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, with their kind of building, physiognomy, and effects, with their theatres, pleasures, recreations, and resources in general of delight and convenience for a humane life, are the result. But in France the whole middle class makes, I say, upon life the demands of civilised men, and this immense demand creates the civilisation we see. And the joy of civilisation creates the passionate delight and pride in France which we find in Frenchmen. Life is so good and agreeable a thing there, and for so many.

French society has, in my opinion, whatever Prince Bismarck may say, sources of great danger as well as of great strength. English society has its sources of great strength as well as its sources of danger. But I am calling attention now to one single point in the social condition of the two nations,—to the demand which the middle class, in each of them, makes upon life, and to the results which flow from it. It is surely impossible to deny that the whole immense middle class in France makes upon life the demands which are elsewhere those of a limited upper class only, and that French civilisation gains enormously in both volume and quality by this being so. It is not difficult, of course, in England, for one of the aristocratic class, or for one of the class of gentlemen, to see that our middle class rests satisfied with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. But an ordinary Frenchman of the middle class sees it just as clearly as any great lord or any refined gentleman sees it with us, because his standard of civilisation is so comparatively high. It is not the French aristocracy and professions, it is the whole French middle class, which is astonished at the pleasures of the gay and pleasure-seeking portion of our middle class. It is not the French aristocracy and professions, it is the whole French middle class, which is astonished at the hideousness and immense ennui of the life of the

graver portion. "The sense of acute ennui which the aspect and frequentation of this great division of English society produce in others, the want of elasticity and the chronic ennui which characterise this class itself"—that is not an expression of the feeling merely of a fastidious upper class or of a superfine individual, it is the genuine sentiment of the mass of middle-class France.

The French middle class is called Voltairian, as the French University and its schools, in which the middle class is educated, are called Voltairian too. Voltairian the French middle class in the main is. A great deal may be said in dispraise of Voltaire, but this is his centenary year, it is a hundred years ago this year since he died. *Il avoit beaucoup travaillé dans ce monde*, as Michelet says of our own Henry the Fifth;—"he had done a big spell of work in this world;" and of the indefatigable worker let us on this occasion speak good rather than evil. He looked at things straight, and he had a marvellous logic and lucidity. The *Morning Star*, I remember, which has passed away from amongst us, used to say that what characterises Englishmen, and, above all, Englishmen of the middle class, is "clear, manly intelligence, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value." And the French, in like manner, the French middle class above all, pique themselves on their logic and lucidity. The French mind craves it, the French language almost compels it; Voltaire, the French Luther of the eighteenth century, was a splendid professor and propagator of it. And to a middle-class Frenchman it seems a matter of the plainest reasoning in the world, that the civilisation of the middle class must suffer in England and thrive in France. "Equality," he thinks with M. Gambetta, "is in France the source of all our strength in the present, of all our good hope for the future." England has, in Mr. Gladstone's famous words, the religion of inequality. "With your enormous inequality of conditions and property," our Frenchman would say, "a middle class is naturally thrown back upon itself and upon an inferior type of social life and of civilisation. Add to this your want of public schools for this class, and that it is brought up anyhow, brought up in hugger-mugger, brought up on the second plane, its being thrown back upon an inferior type of social life and of civilisation is an irresistible necessity. In France we have got equality, and we bring up our middle class on the first plane; hence French civilisation." And the *Morning Star*, which should have answered this man of logic and lucidity, and should have shown why it is the part of the clear manly intelligence of Englishmen, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value, rather to insist on introducing readings from Eliza Cook in the public churchyards, or on legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, than to abate our enormous inequality of conditions and property, or to provide schools

for bringing up our middle class on the first plane instead of the second—the *Morning Star*, I say, is unhappily defunct.

And if, in the regretted absence of that powerful disputant, our man of logic and lucidity were to be told by some ingenuous person that after all we were not all of us, in England, satisfied with the state of our secondary instruction, although our aristocratic class and our middle class itself apparently were, but that there was a project on foot for bettering it, and if our Frenchman were then to ask what it was, what should we say? We should say that a generous and humane soul, a lover of light and perfection, detached from the prepossessions both of the aristocratic and of the middle class, and not willing that our middle class should continue to be the worst schooled in Western Europe, had adopted a bill which he found waiting for some one to take charge of it and to put it forward, and which he hoped might improve matters if it could become law; that his name was Playfair, and that he was member for the University of Edinburgh. And Dr. Playfair's bill proposes, we should say, to form a Council of Public Instruction such as exists in France, and to give power to this Council to send its inspectors into endowed schools, and to offer to send its inspectors into schools which are not endowed, if the schools like to receive them. For not even a generous and humane soul, we should have to say, such as Dr. Playfair, thinks it possible to attempt in England, for the rescue of the middle class from its state of inferior schooling, more than this. And our man of logic and lucidity would certainly reply, that this was like attempting to cure our enormous inequality of conditions and property by the Real Estates Intestacy Bill; that the real *objective* for us, as the military phrase is, was the bringing up of the middle class on the first plane, not the second, and that this is not to be done by inspecting a certain number of schools whether they will or no, and offering to inspect others if they like it, but by creating a system of public secondary schools.

And certainly, as a matter of fact, a plan of annual examination of secondary schools by inspectors, such as that which we have in elementary schools, does not seem likely in itself to work well and smoothly, while at the same time it fails, as the Frenchman says, to bring us to what is our real objective. The examination of secondary schools by inspectors is a matter of far greater difficulty and delicacy than the examination of elementary schools, is far more likely to produce impatience and opposition among the schoolmasters subjected to it, and is really far less necessary. All our good secondary schools have at present some examination proceeding from the universities; and if this kind of examination, customary and admitted already, were generalised and regularised, it would be sufficient for the purpose. What is really needed is to follow the precedent of the Elementary Education Act, by requiring the provision throughout the country of a proper supply of secondary schools, with proper buildings and accommodations, at a proper fee, and with proper



guarantees given by the teachers in the shape either of a university degree or of a special certificate for secondary instruction. An inquiry, as under that act, would have to be made as to the fulfilment of the necessary conditions by the actual schools now professing to meet the demand for secondary instruction, and as to the correspondence of the supply of schools fulfilling those conditions with the supply fixed after due calculation as requisite. The existing resources for secondary instruction, if judiciously co-ordered and utilised, would prove to be immense; but undoubtedly gaps would have to be filled, an annual State grant and municipal grants would be necessary. That is to say, the nation would perform, as a corporate and co-operative work, a work which is now never conceived and laid out as a whole, but is done sporadically, precariously, and insufficiently. We have had experience how elementary instruction gains by being thus conceived and laid out, instead of being left to individual adventure or individual benevolence. The middle class who contribute so immense a share of the cost incurred for the public institution of elementary schools, while their own school supply is so miserable, would be repaid twenty times over for their share in the additional cost of publicly instituting secondary instruction by the direct benefit which they and theirs would get from its system of schools. The upper class, which has bought out the middle class at so many of the great foundation schools designed for its benefit, and which has monopolised what good secondary instruction we have, owes to the middle class the reparation of contributing to a public system of secondary schools. Perhaps *secondary* is a bad word to use, because it is equivocal. Intermediate is a better. A system of public intermediate schools we require to have throughout the country, of two grades, the classical side predominating in the schools of one grade, the modern side in the other, where for a fee of from £30 to £50 a year for boarders, and from £10 to £20 a year for day boys, the middle class might obtain education. All existing schools which give, under proper guarantees, secondary instruction, should be classed as public intermediate schools. Nor should their scale of fees be interfered with. But it should be calculated for what proportion of the class requiring secondary instruction schools with such fees can be considered to make provision. For the proportion remaining—for the great bulk, that is, of the middle class—provision ought to be found or made at the lower rates.

The intervention and inspection of government should be limited to the following points mainly. First, to inquiring and announcing what is the provision requisite, to taking care that within a certain time it is supplied, and that when supplied it is maintained. Secondly, to ascertaining that the teaching staff is provided with the degrees or certificates prescribed as a public guarantee of efficiency, that some examination by other teachers than their own, an examination proceeding either from the universities or from some recognised scholastic

authority, takes place in them every year, and that the school premises are sufficient, suitably fitted and kept, and wholesome. Inspection of this kind is the function of a ministerial department rather than of a council, and it is not of a nature to irritate schoolmasters' susceptibilities. The function of a council is consultative: to consider and advise as to methods and studies. The function is a very important one. But a council of public instruction is generally a body framed so as to represent several great interests. It is so in France, at any rate. And the consequence is, I believe, that instead of there being much consideration of school methods and studies, the interests generally break out and begin a war, religious, professional, or administrative, amongst themselves; and the minister finds it expedient to convoke and consult his council as little as possible.

It is not always quite easy to follow our French friends, men of logic and lucidity though they may be, when they are singing the glories of the ideas of 1789. But the French system of public secondary institutions is one of the real, one of the best conquests of 1789 and of the Revolution. Decried and begun by the Convention, organised by Fourcroy's law in 1802, secured by the establishment of the University in 1806, this system provides effective schooling, and on one common plane, for the whole class requiring an instruction more than elementary; while with the elementary schools it connects itself in an unbroken order, offering a second stage by which the new social strata, as M. Gambetta calls them, may move on, if they are worthy, and may rise. And our want of any such system in England is like the want of any municipal system for our country parishes, where the mode of government by vestry answers to that in use formerly in the rural districts of France, and described by Turgot: a kind of mass-meeting of the parishioners held by the curé in the churchyard after service. Both wants are due to what *Thiers* was never weary of pointing out as matter for remark and reflection: the purely political character of our revolutions; the absence from them—the unavoidable and irreproachable absence it may be, but still the absence—of all aim at social renovation.

Schools for the licensed victuallers, schools for the commercial travellers, schools for the Wesleyans, schools for the Quakers—to educate a middle class in this way is to doom it to grow up on an inferior plane, with the claims of intellect and knowledge not satisfied, the claim of beauty not satisfied, the claim of manners not satisfied. At a very great money-price the upper class has got possession of what public secondary schools of good standing there are, and does not feel bound to lend its endeavours towards stripping itself of the advantage which this higher training gives to it. That an upper class should not care to be disturbed in its preponderance is perhaps natural; that a middle class should acquiesce in a state of things which dooms it to inferiority does at first sight seem astonishing. Yet we ought not to be too much astonished at it, for

human nature resists instinctively any change in its habits. And an English middle class brought up in public schools and on the first plane, an English middle class homogeneous, intelligent, civilised, would involve more than some slight and partial change of habits, it would be a transformation. A transformation devoutly to be wished, indeed, yet so vast a one that the wise man may be inclined to shrink from the toil of trying single-handed to bring it to pass—may content himself with not being made a dupe of, not being taken in, when he is told that it is undesirable and impossible. And yet if all those generous and humane souls, free from the prepossessions of class, who are scattered about in every society, were to turn their thoughts this way, and to see what is the truth, that perhaps our chief and gravest want in this country at present, our *unum necessarium*, is a middle class homogeneous, intelligent, civilised, brought up in good public schools and on the first plane, something surely might be done. Mr. Lowe says that “an English government should be guided simply by the consideration how to produce for the country the greatest amount of happiness of which the condition of its existence admits.” Mr. Gladstone says that “with the true Liberal statesman, England’s first care is held to be the care of her own children within her own shores, the redress of wrongs, the supply of needs, the improvement of laws and institutions.” If there is one thing more certain than another, it is this: that the middle class is in France *happier* than with us. If there is one need more crying than another, it is the need of the English middle class to be rescued from a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. And what could do so much to deliver them and to render them happier, as to give them proper education, public education, to bring them up on the first plane; to make them a class homogeneous, intelligent, civilised? Nay, and our upper class itself, though it may be supposed to be not naturally inclined to lend a hand to deprive itself of preponderance, has far too much public spirit not to be concerned and disquieted if it comes to see that our civilisation is maimed by our middle class being left as it is, and that the whole country, the whole English nation, suffers by it. Where is there in the world an upper class which has in it so many who know well that it will not do for a man simply to think of himself—to aggrandise himself; that a man must be *in commune bonus*, good with a goodness serviceable to the common cause? And this is just what is required of every worthier soul amongst our upper classes, that in the matter of middle-class education he should be *in commune bonus*, good with a goodness serviceable to the common cause.

“Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo . . .  
 Justitiam cultor, rigidi servator honesti,  
 In commune bonus.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIALISM IN GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

At the present time I think it will be admitted that no economic questions assume greater importance than the tenacity with which the principles of protection are clung to in many of even the most progressive countries, and the sudden and unexpected development of Socialism, especially in Germany and among that section of the working classes who form what is now known as the Labour Party in the United States. The former subject I brought forward last year, for I then attempted, whilst considering the leading arguments on which the protectionists of America, the colonies, and of various continental countries base their opposition to free trade, to explain the causes which have retarded the more general acceptance of the principles of unrestricted commerce during the period which has elapsed since their adoption by England. I have been induced to select modern Socialism as the subject of my present course of lectures, not only because of the extreme importance of the question, but because there is, I believe, a closer connection than may at first sight appear between the maintenance of a system of protection, and the development of Socialistic ideas. It at once becomes evident from a consideration of the aims and proposals of the Socialists of the present day, that the most marked characteristic of modern Socialism is belief in the State. Between the Socialism of former days, and the Socialism of the present time, there is this distinction: the schemes of the earlier Socialists were voluntary organizations, and however much individual liberty had to be sacrificed by those who joined a Socialistic community, no attempt was made to coerce any one to join it. The Socialists, however, of the present day, propose to use the power of the State to fashion the entire community to a prescribed economic model. Modern Socialism therefore possesses an importance which is incalculably greater than can be attributed to any of the various communistic schemes which have been carried out simply by individual effort. It has been often remarked that success has not unfrequently its first origin in failure; and I think it can be shown that some of the economic movements of the present day, by which great results have been produced, and from which still greater results are anticipated, undoubtedly had their beginnings in the unsuccessful attempts which have from time to time been made to put into practice various communistic experiments. In the abortive efforts of our countryman, Robert Owen, to introduce communistic

(1) An Introductory Lecture delivered at Cambridge, Oct., 1878.

principles into social life, were laid, I believe, the first foundations of that co-operative movement which has in recent years assumed such a remarkable development, and the extension of which may be regarded as one of the greatest improvements that can be introduced into modern industrial economy. So long as the efforts of Socialists were restricted to the formation of voluntary organizations, there was no reason to regard their proposals with apprehension; on the contrary, such men as Owen and his coadjutors were the pioneers of many useful social reforms. For instance, at his factory at New Lanark, the first systematic effort was made to secure the education of factory children and to protect them against over-work. He was also, in part, the originator of the first infant school which was established in London in 1819. Modern Socialism, however, assumes an entirely different aspect. There has now been conferred upon the working classes in many countries a predominance of political power; and no one who watches events which are now happening can doubt that if Socialism should continue to advance with as much rapidity as it has lately shown in Germany and the United States, the day is not distant when the Socialists will be able to control the legislation of those countries. The prospect is one that may justly excite serious apprehension, and therefore it becomes of the first importance to inquire what is the attitude which should be assumed towards a movement that may become formidable at any moment.

\* It will not be difficult to show that no policy can be more short-sighted or more unwise than to endeavour to repress Socialism by imposing legislative penalties on those who advocate its principles. All experience proves that the movement will not be thus suppressed, but, on the contrary, will, in all probability, be made to assume a more dangerous development. For centuries in our own country a succession of statutes were passed, with the object of preventing combinations among the working classes, and the chief result of this legislation was to intensify all the worst evils which could result from such combinations, for workmen were thus driven to form themselves into secret societies. It is scarcely possible to make a graver mistake than to allow our judgment of a great social movement to be determined by some circumstance which may be accidentally connected with it. The recent deplorable attempt which was made on the Emperor of Germany's life seems to have caused many of the leading statesmen of that country to be panic-stricken with alarm about Socialism, and they appear to have eagerly rushed to the conclusion that between Socialism and political assassination there is a close and necessary connection. Socialists have been described by Prince Bismarck as "bandits," who must be extirpated, as if they were outcasts of society. Nothing can be more unfair or more unreasonable than to associate the Socialists of Germany and

other countries with the crimes of a few fanatics. Religion is not to be discarded because of the fearful deeds of cruelty which have been done by zealots, who thought they were performing a holy work if they tortured men into the acceptance of what they regarded as the true faith. The principles of Socialism have not suddenly sprung into existence. They may now be assuming a new form, and new methods of carrying them out may now be proposed, but from the earliest times the principles of Socialism in various forms have been advocated by some of the wisest and best of men. x The social life of the early Christians was organized on Communistic principles. "All that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." Throughout the Republic of Plato and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, proposals are developed with the utmost elaboration of detail, for organizing society on a Communistic basis. In fact, in every age and in every country Socialism has been more or less actively developed; for whenever there is a marked difference in the condition of different classes, whenever the great wealth of the few can be contrasted with the deep poverty of the many, sympathy is sure to be aroused, and a feeling spreads that some means should be adopted to secure a more equal distribution of wealth. With the object of remedying this inequality in the distribution of wealth, various schemes have been from time to time propounded, which, however much they differ, have all been based on what may be regarded as the fundamental principle of Socialism—that men should not be permitted to appropriate to their sole use all that they are able to acquire, but that a portion of what they possess should be devoted to the relief of the necessitous.

In order to show the futility of attempting to repress Socialism by legislative enactments, it may be mentioned that in countries where the rights of private property are most jealously defended, institutions are maintained which are based on Socialistic principles. I shall have occasion presently to point out that the particular form of Socialism which is now obtaining such development in Germany and the United States, has hitherto scarcely taken root at all in England; and yet for more than two centuries, by the authority of the State, an institution has been maintained in England which is based on Socialistic principles. The Poor Law of Elizabeth confers upon every man a legal claim to relief. The funds required to provide this relief are obtained by enforcing a contribution from the general community. All, in fact, who have anything to spare are compelled, whether they wish it or not, to subscribe to a common fund which is distributed among those who need to be relieved. x Although I shall endeavour to show that the Socialistic programme which is now put

forward would, if it were carried out, be destructive of the best interests of society, yet any particular scheme is not to be condemned by simply saying it is Socialistic, for if Socialism were to be regarded as a noxious weed to be extirpated wherever found, the English Poor Law system would have to be abolished, because it infringes on the institution of private property by declaring that all that a man may acquire shall not be appropriated by him for his own use, but a portion of it shall be devoted to relieve the wants of the poor. I have thought it important to consider the subject from this point of view, because nothing can be more unwise than to attempt to check Socialism by indiscriminate abuse, and by treating the subject as if every Socialist must have some sinister object to obtain, and as if every proposed reform which involves a Socialistic principle must for that reason be denounced.

Although I believe it can be shown that the gravest mischief would result from carrying out most of the various schemes which constitute the programme of modern Socialism, yet nothing can be more idle than to suppose that a movement which is daily gathering to its support an increasing number of sincere and devoted adherents, can be checked by general denunciation. If the movement is to be in any way arrested, it will be above all things necessary, in discussing the subject, to free ourselves from prejudice. I will, therefore, endeavour so to approach the subject that no Socialist shall be able to say that I have done any injustice either to the cause he advocates or to the motives which prompt his action.

After having carefully examined the proposals of the leading German Socialists, and after having read the proceedings of the various Socialistic congresses which have been held in recent years, I think it will be admitted that the following is a full and fair statement of the programme of modern Socialism:—

1. That there should be no private property, and that no one should be permitted to acquire property by inheritance. That all should be compelled to labour, no one having a right to live without labour.

2. The nationalization of the land, and of the other instruments of production; or, in other words, the State should own all the land, capital, machinery—in fact, everything which constitutes the industrial plant of a country, in order that every industry may be carried on by the State.

These proposals to prohibit inheritance, to abolish private property, and to make the State the owner of all the capital, and the administrator of the entire industry of the country, are put forward as representing Socialism in its ultimate and highest development. The Socialists themselves admit that as there is no immediate prospect of obtaining their objects in their complete form, it will be

desirable to put forward proposals which involve a less fundamental change, and the following may consequently be regarded as the objects to be first striven for. These objects are regarded as not only desirable in themselves, but are looked upon as facilitating the complete realisation of the Socialistic ideal:—

1. The establishment of co-operative agricultural and manufacturing associations supported by the State.
2. Universal, compulsory, and free education.
3. A progressive income tax, and the abolition of indirect taxation.
4. The limitation by the State of the length of the day's work.
5. The sanitary inspection of mines, factories, and workmen's dwellings.
6. The State should find work for the unemployed by constructing public works, the necessary funds being supplied by an unlimited issue of paper money.

To these various proposals a different amount of importance is attributed by Socialists in different countries. Thus, the continental Socialists chiefly rely upon obtaining loans of capital from the State in order to establish co-operative undertakings. In the United States, where the people are more deeply infected by currency fallacies, much prominence is given by the Socialists, who are there known as the Labour Party, to the great advantages which will be secured by making capital easily accessible to the poor through the unlimited issue of paper money. It will, however, be observed, that each of these proposals involves the obtaining in some form or other of State assistance; and it has been already remarked that this reliance upon the State is to be regarded as the leading characteristic of modern Socialism. In the first proposal it is contemplated that co-operative institutions should be maintained by capital advanced by the State. Education is to be made universal, but the State is to pay for it. The accumulation of wealth is to be discouraged by the State, for if all taxation is to be abolished except a progressive income tax, the more prudent a man is, or, in other words, the more he saves, the more heavily is he to be fined. Then, again, it is not to be left to each individual to determine how long he shall work. All freedom of action is to be surrendered, for the length of the day's work is to be rigidly prescribed by the State. Next the system of State inspection is to be indefinitely extended. It is no longer to be confined to factories and workshops, but a State official is to be admitted into every home. Lastly, it is proposed that the funds which the State will require for all the manifold functions which it is to perform, shall be provided by an unlimited issue of paper money.

Before proceeding to examine each of these proposals in detail,



with the view of showing some of the consequences which they would produce, I think it will be well to consider how it has come to pass that Socialism, which appears to be almost dormant in England at the present time, is assuming such a marked development in Germany and the United States. I believe it is as unreasonable to suppose that a body moves through some inexplicable impulse and not because some force has set it in motion, as it is to conclude that there can be some great social movement suddenly called into activity without any cause, as if it were a mere freak of nature. It is not by mere chance that Socialistic principles are now assuming increasing vitality. It will not I think be difficult to show that both in Germany and in the United States the soil has been carefully prepared for the growth of Socialistic ideas. In Germany bureaucratic principles have obtained their greatest development. The German people, in their efforts for political unity, naturally desired to make the central Government, which was to unite them, strong; the same tendency was increased by the system of universal compulsory military service, which was enforced upon them; these causes have operated powerfully to make the German people believe that the State is omnipotent, and should be omnipresent. When this absolute dependence on the State has been thoroughly instilled into a nation, it is inevitable that the opinion will rapidly spread that, if there is anything required to be done, it is only necessary to resort to the State to have it done. If there is widespread poverty, the State can relieve it. If there is a dearth of employment, the State can find work for those who need it. If wealth is too unequally distributed, the State can adjust the inequality. In one of the debates on Socialism which have recently taken place in the German Parliament, great surprise and disappointment were expressed by Prince Bismarck, that Socialism should be most rife in Germany, the country where the State had taken most care of the working classes, and had done most for them. A husbandman who sows tares ought not to expect to reap wheat, and it is not unnatural that among a people who have been accustomed to be helped by the State, dependence on the State should be a more prominent characteristic than self-reliance.

In attempting to explain how it has come to pass that Socialism is received with so much favour by many of the workmen in the United States, I think it may be shown that the maintenance of the system of Protection which extends over a great part of the entire industry of that country, by habituating the people to State interference, has made them ready recipients of Socialistic ideas. When discussing the question of free trade and protection, I had occasion more than once to point out that the mischief which is done to a country by protection is very inadequately measured by the loss which is caused

by unnecessarily increasing the cost of the various products which are protected. People who are perpetually told that the degree of prosperity which an industry enjoys, depends upon the amount of protection which it receives from the State, are really nurtured in the belief that the State can remedy all that is unsatisfactory in their own condition.

From the remarks that have just been made, I think it will be seen that many of those who regard the spread of Socialism with so much alarm, have been unconsciously the chief promoters of the movement. That excessive dependence on the State, which, as we have shown, is the most prominent characteristic of modern Socialism, will inevitably exist in the greatest activity in those countries where the State has been permitted most largely to interfere with the social and industrial life of the community. As already pointed out, upon the German people, perhaps more than any other, have been imposed the trammels of a system of centralisation and bureaucracy; and in that country, as well as in the United States, industrial independence has been sacrificed to a widespread system of protection, and the lesson has been persistently taught that industrial prosperity is mainly to be secured by tariff regulations and custom-house restrictions. Each fresh extension of the principles of centralisation or of industrial protection may be regarded as directly promoting the growth of Socialistic ideas. A people who from their earliest childhood are accustomed to believe that State management is better than individual effort, will not unnaturally think that, if they can place themselves in a position to control the State, they will then possess a power which will enable them to redress every grievance from which they are suffering, and to remedy everything which they may regard as unsatisfactory in their condition.

It must, I think, be admitted by any one who will give a dispassionate consideration to the subject, that however mischievous and impracticable the Socialistic schemes which are now put forward would prove to be, yet they are undoubtedly intended to remedy certain acknowledged defects which exist in the industrial economy of even the most prosperous countries. No one, for instance, can fail to deplore the increasing separation between employers and employed, and the widening gulf between the very wealthy and the very poor. In former times there was not so complete a line of demarcation between capital and labour. As machinery has been more extensively introduced, and as the scale on which production has been carried on has been increased, a larger amount of capital and labour is needed for each separate industrial undertaking, and thus has arisen what may be regarded as a most prominent feature in the industrial economy of the present day—the aggregation of masses of workmen who, possessing none of the capital

that is required for the support of the industry in which they are engaged, labour simply for hire, and between whom and their employers there is often scarcely a closer personal relation than that which exists between the buyer and seller of a commodity. No one, I imagine, can suppose that such a state of things is desirable in itself, or that we shall be always content to see such a complete separation of industrial interests, that the capital and labour which are required for the production of wealth should continue to be supplied by two distinct classes. It can scarcely be necessary to remark that the happiest results to a community would be produced, if the capital which is required to maintain labour were more generally supplied by the labourers themselves, for workmen would then be able to secure the entire fruits of their toil, and the present widespread conflict between capital and labour would cease.

The Socialists consider that all such defects as those which have just been described in the industrial economy of a community, are directly due either to an inadequate, or to an improper use of the power of the State; they consequently propose that if workmen require capital, it should be supplied to them by the State. No expression is more frequently employed by Socialists than the "tyranny of capital." They constantly speak of capital as if it were infected with some evil principle, which, if not kept rigorously under State control, will oppress and impoverish the working classes. Those who are acquainted with the most simple principles of political economy will not require to be told that to speak of the "tyranny of capital" is not more unreasonable than to regard nature as a despot, because it has been decreed that wealth cannot be acquired without labour, and that there cannot be a harvest to gather unless the land has been tilled and the seed has been sown. This previous tilling and sowing represent the service which capital renders to the production of wealth. If those who labour can render this service themselves, if the ploughman owns the plough and the seed, and if he has a sufficient stock of food laid by on which he can live till the next harvest, he becomes his own capitalist. If, however, those who till the land do not possess the implements with which it is tilled; if they have to obtain from others the seed which has to be sown; if they have not the means to support themselves whilst they are labouring, then they will be obliged to call in the aid of others. The assistance which they thus need represents the service which is rendered by capital, and the price which is paid for this service constitutes the profit of capital. The greatest care should be taken to remove any obstacle which may impede the acquisition by the working classes of the capital which their industry needs. That such an acquisition is possible, has been abundantly shown by the remarkable growth of building societies and of co-operative

associations, where great industrial undertakings have been carried out by capital which is solely the property of the working classes. Germany, however, perhaps affords the most striking example of the extent to which capital can be acquired by the working classes without State assistance. The co-operative credit banks, which were established by Herr Schulze-Delitzsch in that country, afford a means to the working classes of borrowing capital in the open market on their own security. Each member of one of these banks is jointly and severally responsible for the debts of all. The security thus afforded is sufficiently good to enable them to borrow on favourable terms. There are 961 of these credit banks, and their importance may be estimated by the fact that they now have more than two hundred thousand members, and that the money annually advanced is often more than £10,000,000 sterling.<sup>1</sup> It is a remarkable illustration of the mischief which may be done by such legislation as the German Anti-Socialist Bill that, as originally introduced, the bill would have struck a fatal blow at these co-operative societies; although the anti-socialist character of the co-operative credit banks is so pronounced, that they have always been opposed by the Socialists, and their founder was most violently attacked by so prominent a Socialistic leader as Lassalle.<sup>2</sup>

In describing the progress of such institutions as these, I think facts can be appealed to which will indisputably prove that there is no surer way of retarding the acquisition by workmen of the capital which will enable them to carry on industry on their own account, than to instil in them the first lesson which it is the manifest purpose of Socialism to teach—that capital, which is the result of saving, need not be secured by the self-sacrifice saving involves, but that it can be supplied by the State, which is spoken of as if it were a fountain of wealth which, without human effort, is kept perennially supplied by the bounty of nature. Capital which is advanced by the State is just the same as capital which is owned by private individuals. It cannot be procured like water rained down from heaven; some one must have laboured to produce it.

From the close connection which exists between Socialism in its present phase of development and reliance on State intervention, I think it will be at once seen how the spread of Socialism is often unconsciously promoted by those who least desire to give any encouragement to its principles. Although, as previously remarked, England is, at the present moment, scarcely affected by that Socialistic movement which is exciting so much apprehension on the

(1) See Elovouth Report of the Trades' Union Commissioners, vol. ii. Appendix, pp. 166—178.

(2) "*Herr Schulze Delitzsch, der ökonomische Julian, oder Kapital und Arbeit.*" Berlin: 1864. By Ferdinand Lassalle.

Continent, yet it may not impossibly happen that agencies may be brought into operation which will cause Socialism at some future time to be as readily accepted in England as it now is in Germany. Each fresh encroachment that the State is permitted to make on individual liberty, prepares a community more willingly to accept the principles of modern Socialism, by teaching them to rely less upon themselves and more upon the State. It becomes therefore of the first importance that each fresh proposal to extend the limits of State interference should be most jealously watched. There is undoubtedly, at the present time in our own country, a somewhat marked tendency to favour State intervention. As this feeling has, I believe, in a great degree been caused by a reaction against the extreme doctrines of *laissez-faire* which were held by the earlier economists, it becomes the more important to avoid all general denunciations of State interference. In some cases the State may be properly called upon to protect those who have no power to protect themselves. A child, for instance, is not a free agent. If he is overworked, he has no power to ward off the injury that may be done to him; but if the State is asked to impose a legal limit upon the length of the day's work, not simply for children, but for adults, such a demand, when made by the workmen themselves, is a voluntary surrender of freedom of action, and there cannot be such a surrender without a disastrous weakening of the feelings of self-reliance.

The Trade Unions of our own country are sometimes spoken of with alarm and distrust, but it should be remembered that the chief reason why the Socialism, which is spreading with such rapidity in Germany, scarcely finds a foothold in England, is that the German workman looks to the State to do that for him which the English workman hopes to obtain through the influence of his trade union. Socialism cannot take root in England so long as this faith in voluntary organization continues. It is a most significant and encouraging fact that during the continuance of the present period of industrial depression, not a whisper of a demand for State help has been heard in this country. In many cases, refusing to work for the wages offered to them, workmen have resorted to strikes; but in no single instance have they called upon the State to fix the rate of wages. Large numbers of English operatives believe that the present depression is due to over-production, and they consequently propose to work short time. No proposals, however, are brought forward suggesting that this limitation of production should be enforced by the State. When it is seen into what dubious paths the workmen of other countries are led, when they are accustomed to rely upon the State rather than upon their own efforts, it becomes of the first importance that nothing should be done to encourage the workmen of our own country to resort to State help.

If Socialism should ever spread among the English people, it seems likely that the movement will receive encouragement from above rather than from below. Whenever a proposal is brought forward in England to extend the functions of the State, it is generally either primarily suggested or chiefly promoted, not by the workmen, but by those who suppose that they are acting in the interest of the workmen. Those who are anxious to promote some reform, not unfrequently call in the aid of the State, without adequately considering the collateral consequences which may result from such an appeal to State assistance. Thus many who are prompted by the most sincere desire to extend and improve popular education, have proposed that instruction should be provided gratuitously by the State. But even if it were possible thus to improve and extend education, before the right was conferred on an entire community to demand gratuitous instruction for their children, the consequences which might result from permitting a primary obligation, which each individual owes to his children, to be transferred from himself to the State, ought to be most carefully considered. Even the slightest assault upon the principle of individual responsibility may exert a most disastrous influence. Self-reliance, which is the chief antidote to Socialism, may thus be weakened. And no one can say that what is happening in Germany may not, under the same conditions, occur in England. If the English people are encouraged to depend less upon themselves and more upon the State, centralisation and bureaucracy may involve the country in a network of State regulations; individual liberty may decline, and, as it declines, Socialistic demands for State interference and State help will advance with sure and steady steps.

HENRY FAWCETT.

## TWO FOREIGN OPINIONS ON THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

SIGNOR CASTELAR has recently published an article on the Treaty of Berlin, and the opinions of so eminent a man, enjoying as he does such great authority among the Liberals of Europe, deserve to be examined and discussed with attention. I will first reproduce the most important passages from his article in the *Madrid Globe*, and will then proceed to offer some considerations upon it from another point of view.

“Arrangements like those which have been made at the Treaty of Berlin must end sooner or later by converting the soil of Europe, the cradle and the theatre of liberty, into a miserable dependency, of boundless Asia, the cradle and theatre of despotism. The retrocession of Bessarabia means the closing of the mouth of the Danube by Russia, and the constant threatening of the Black Sea by her irresistible predominance. . . . The foundation of Bulgaria means the effacement of the ancient Turkish frontier and the difficult passage of the ‘river of invasions,’ for the convenience of Muscovite inroads. The assignment of the Eastern Balkans as the limit of the new Bulgarian principality, means the abolition of any limit at all for the Pan Slavist propaganda, which will breathe thence a wind of revolution on Western Bulgaria, and as far as the waters of the Aegean and the Bosphorus. The delivery to Russia of Sophia, the city where Constantine thought of establishing the capital of his empire, means Russian preponderance in the whole Balkan Peninsula. We must not deceive ourselves. All these grand words of protection for the Slav populations, of emancipation for the Christians, of war for the oppressed, of crusades for the right; all these flowers of rhetoric from the schools of Moscow, chanted so often by Quaker philosophers, are now reduced to their true value. They are merely the setting of one fundamental idea, and that idea is Conquest.

“Let the Roumanians tell me if I am wrong—the Roumanians who were summoned to Plevna when the valiant Osman Pasha was on the point of laying hands on the Grand Duke, who were summoned in the name of Christianity, and answered eagerly to the call, heroically sacrificing themselves, in order to receive in exchange for these sacrifices, and for a territory containing 900,000 souls, one holding scarcely 300,000. And Mr. Gladstone is in despair at the disenchantment, and the English Liberals rise against the Treaty of Berlin! What blindness in them not to have seen the dull glow of covetousness in the eyes of Russia! What hopeless deafness not to have heard the growlings of the age-long ambitions of Pan Slavism! What ignorance of the natural history of nations not to recognise the blind instinct which spurs on the peoples of the North, and urges them to the conquest of the South, to the acting of a drama ever the same, which has repeated itself from the earliest days of our history! If the wolf has entered the fold and devoured the sheep, who has opened the door to him? The troubles of Bosnia and Herzegovina had not yet begun, the Emperor Francis Joseph had but just made his excursion to Venice in the spring

of 1875, when, in my letters to my American friends, I said how urgent it was to make haste and settle the Eastern question in favour of the Greeks rather than of the Slavs, by the influence of the West, lest the intrigues of the three Emperors of the North should bring near to our shores and seas the deadly shade of the terrible Empire of Russia. Nothing is more fatal in politics than want of foresight; nothing again is more fatal than to foresee evils, and yet to take no speedy measures against them.

"It was no secret for any one that the Turkish Empire, incapable of renovation, must infallibly collapse. It was no secret for any one that its collapse would be the signal for a general war. It was equally clear that the business of us Westerns was to support the aspirations of the Greeks against those of the Slavs. It was obvious, again, that it was impossible to maintain a theocratic despotism based on fatalism and contempt for Christian races. Any expedient should rather have been tried than that of supporting a corrupt sultanate—any experiment should have been ventured, even war if necessary, rather than leave the field free to Russian diplomacy and Russian arms. . . . All that England did in this propounding of grave problems, this agitation of human ideas, this movement of historic races when the precious moments were passing so quickly and the Muscovite invasion was hard at hand, was to buy shares in the Suez Canal. Thus she showed, with her never-dying spirit of luckstering, that when Europe was in a crisis of peril, and the mind of Europe was in an anguish of anxiety, she was disturbed only by the cravings of appetite and the interests of her commerce. Her Conservatives believed that Turkey could save herself by her own exertions: her Liberals that Russia would undertake a war of emancipation and liberty, instead of a war of invasion and conquest.

"Both parties were deceived, and both are to-day paying and making their country pay a heavy price for their several delusions. . . . The head of the Government, feasted by his friends, carried in triumph by the House of Lords, has said that like Christ he was set on a high place and made to see the fine kingdoms of the Turkish Empire, but that he would have none of them, that he might save the integrity of Turkey. To prove that he had obtained more than he hoped, he points to the reduction of the huge Bulgaria invented by Russia, and the diminution of the heavy war indemnity. But who can calmly listen, when the division and partition of Turkey are styled the preservation of her integrity? Russia keeps Bulgaria, Roumania receives the Dobrudscha, Greece has a rectification of frontier, so have Serbia and Montenegro, Austria takes Bosnia and the Herzegovina, England Cyprus and the protectorate of Asia Minor. And then are we to be told that everything has been sacrificed to the integrity of the Turkish Empire? No, a thousand times no. There is something to which everything has been sacrificed, and that is the want of foresight, the indifference, the carelessness with which England has watched difficulties accumulating without attempting to solve them. A crusade in favour of Greece would have been worthy of the best days of English history. But now the truth is, that the Turkish Empire is dissolved and turned into a mere group of spoils coveted or shortly to covet. . . . The truth is, that the inevitable division of these spoils must result in a war in which every power of Europe will share. The truth is, that already in view of this war, each power has taken up her strategic basis—Russia that of which she has need to descend like an avalanche on Constantinople; Austria that which she wants to repress the Servians; England that



which in the direction of Syria and Egypt was lacking to her for the protection of her empire.

"No diplomatic performance ever resulted in such general dissatisfaction. Those who are most favoured seem most ill-treated. The majesty of humanitarian ideas, the hope of liberating enterprises, the magic of art and eloquence, disappear, and nothing remains but a partition of spoil shared by the strong and powerful, suffered by the weak and humble. No one speaks of Slav or of Greek federations, because no one dares to evoke a great sentiment, to start a generous idea, to face a grave difficulty at this time, when, as in the silence and darkness of eternal night, we hear nothing but the yelping of dogs and the harsh cry of hyenas, crushing in their jaws the skeleton of a corpse. Organized fatality weighs on us with a measureless weight. Ideas give way to brute force. A great empire in the midst of human society does as a vast beast of prey does in brute nature, it lives and is nourished by petty kingdoms. In the one case is the struggle for existence, in the other the war for conquest. In both the victory is to the strongest, for reasons with which right and justice have nothing to do. As a consequence, the Congress of Berlin has but winked at the conquests of Russia, and a last remnant of shame has prevented it from placing them directly under the protection and guarantee of Europe. Who does not feel outraged by this treaty? For my part, I am still astounded when I think of a phrase in Lord Salisbury's Memorandum, as to the hopes entertained by the Government of Great Britain concerning the prudence of Turkey. What misapprehension, real or feigned, of historic laws and social movement! In its decadence a people loses every virtue; and, first of all, it loses those which are necessary to regulate political affairs with discretion and prudence.

"When a great empire dies, every incident disturbs it with the mixture of violent agitation and insensate pride which is caused by the memory of a great past and the certainty of a disastrous future. Carved and dismembered, with her provinces scattered, here held in tutelage, there holding unruly slaves, Turkey must continue to be in agony and to communicate her woes to Europe. No arbitrary will of any human power can break through this law, no caprice of mere chance can make it of none effect. The function of Turkey is now to disseminate war around her. And are those who have been favoured likely to be satisfied? Mussulman and Christian races—all are offended alike. Russia has not given up hoping for the huge Bulgaria she imagined, and of which she has but half in her grasp. Bessarabia has been buried alive; she has passed from a Liberal and almost a Democratic rule to the despotism of Russia. The Dobrudscha, largely peopled by Mussulmans and Jews, has passed under Roumanian sovereignty in compensation for the loss of Bessarabia. The Servian kingdom, which aspired to become the centre of the Southern Slavs and the rival of Greece, has been, notwithstanding its historic position, postponed to the Bulgarians, Slavs of uncertain if not simulated origin. Montenegro, in her enlargements Adriaticwards, has met stubborn opposition from formidable neighbours. The Bosnians, heroes of so many songs, the first to rise, the last to yield, shepherd-soldiers deserving the title of liberators of their race, are passing from Turkish dungeons to Austrian prisons. Lastly, Greece, notwithstanding the support of England, notwithstanding the instigations of the French press, has indeed seen her frontiers receive some slight extension, but has not obtained unhappy Crete.

"With all this, if the great powers were satisfied, the final struggle might perhaps be avoided. But there is not a German who does not look with distrust on the aggrandisement of the Slavs, the implacable enemies of his race. There is not a Hungarian who does not fear the fatal influence which the apostles of Slav ideas must have on the Croats, already impatient of Hungarian domination in virtue of their Slav history. There is not an Austrian, not a Bavarian, who does not shudder at beholding the ancient Danube, the river of his country, subjected to the iron sway of Russia, which can, when she likes, close this artery of the commerce of central Europe. Every Italian is irritated at the aggrandisement of the two powers, Austria and Russia, the suppressors of nationality. Every Frenchman deplors the accession of strength given to his hereditary enemies the Russians, by the intrigues and manœuvres of his new foes the Germans. Finally, every Spaniard who realises the position of Spain on the Mediterranean, watches with uneasiness the power which has usurped possession of Gibraltar, strengthening herself at Malta, extending her authority to the Isthmus of Suez, and not content with this, establishing herself at Cyprus also. Latin Europe must learn that she must adhere to the idea which she was the first to conceive, and which she should not be the last to realise—the unity of races. When Germany was a mere aggregate of fiefs, when Russia had not made her entrance on the historic stage, we Latin races had formed our nationalities.

"Let us, then, not forget that the races of the north have seized regions belonging, in natural and political law, to the races of the south. Germans hold Strasburg, Austrians Trieste, Englishmen Malta, Gibraltar, and Cyprus. We must regain these possessions, and to regain them we must rally round a fertile political idea. Let us preach in the south the unity of the Greco-Latin race, as they preach in the north the unity of Russ and Slav. Saturating ourselves with the truth, we shall soon discover the practical methods of realising it, for everything is easy to steady faith and persevering labour."

Much as I admire the breadth of the views which are here set forth, I cannot prevent myself from seeing in these utterances some notable contradictions. Signor Castelar condemns the Treaty of Berlin, which, he says, contains the germs of a general war more terrible than that which it was the object of its framers to avoid. He is right here, but in the existing state of Europe what arrangements could possibly have been made which might not have led to warfare? Again, Signor Castelar thinks that it was well to have done with Turkish rule; but the Greeks, he says, should have been installed as its heirs, and not the Slavs, the advanced guard of Russia, which is the great danger that menaces European civilisation. It is here that I find the first inconsistency. Signor Castelar is a partisan of the principle of nationalities. How is it possible, on this principle, to give to Greece, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, where the great majority of the population is Slav? This would have been unjust and impossible. Greece is not powerful enough to occupy or to hold in check provinces so vast, and they would soon have been in revolt against her. There should doubtless have been united to

Greece the territory on her borders, where the Hellenic race is dominant, but to go beyond this would have been to violate justice, and to lay the foundations of a war to the death between Greece and Bulgaria. The fault of the diplomatists who assembled at Berlin was, not that they did too much for the Slavs, but that they did too little; and in this respect the Treaty of San Stefano was far preferable. The more strength and independence the southern Slavs possess, the less will they be disposed to allow themselves to be absorbed by Russia. If, on the other hand, their situation is not made tolerable to them, they will be driven to apply to Russia for assistance. This latter state of things is exactly what has been produced. Lord Beaconsfield, by preserving to Turkey certain fragments of territory, insufficient to give her vital energy, has simply prepared for Russia new pretexts of intervention. Either the integrity of the Ottoman Empire ought to have been maintained, or else a southern Slav state should have been created of strength and extent sufficient to restore some day the empire of Douchan. Greece can never form a counterpoise to Russia; it is for the Slavonic provinces of Austria that this task is reserved.

Signor Castelar is indignant that Bosnia has been handed over to Austrian dungeons. One would really imagine that he has just been reading Silvio Pollico and his *Miei Prigionieri*. The Austria of 1878 is not the Austria of 1820. No doubt clerical influence upholds there certain remnants of the old despotic traditions; but, for all that, in Eastern Europe, and especially in the Balkan Peninsula, Austria represents civilisation, liberty, and progress. I have travelled by short stages through Croatia, through the military frontier, and through the most out-of-the-way parts of Transylvania. Everywhere I found order, security, agricultural prosperity, and a prevalent effort at improvement, which contrasted remarkably with the Turkish districts on the other side of the Save, inhabited as they are by a population exactly similar to that of Austrian Croatia.

If Bosnia and the Herzegovina were to be taken away from Turkey, it was necessary that they should be given to Austria. There exists in these provinces, as a matter of fact, such terrible religious and agrarian antagonism that only a strong hand can prevent its resulting in a war of extermination. The landowners are Mussulman, and deal hardly with their Christian tenants. But landlord and tenant alike are Slavs, not Turks. The landlords are the descendants of the old rich inhabitants, who to escape confisca-

(1) Perhaps I may be permitted to mention here, as an example, a curious personal experience of mine. An essay in which I examined, from an entirely objective and economical point of view, the comparative influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on national prosperity, had been translated into Czech. On the complaint of the Bishop of Prague, it was seized and confiscated. At the same time a Hungarian translation of it was circulating freely in Hungary.

tion at the time of the Turkish conquest became Mahometans. To make them emigrate to the provinces which the Porte has retained, as was done in the case of Servia and as is being done in the case of Bulgaria, is not to be thought of. With elements so furiously hostile and so much intermixed, it is impossible to constitute a local autonomous Government. The resistance which the Austrian army, composed of excellent troops more than a hundred thousand strong, is now experiencing, shows that Servia could never have performed the part of pacifier.

There are thus only three alternatives, the continuation of the Turkish domination which was the cause of the disturbance in the East, a civil or rather a social war of the most horrible character, or else Austrian intervention. Signor Castelar rejects the first solution, he cannot wish for the second, there is therefore left nothing but the third. The great advantages of this last are easily stated. Dalmatia having no stretch of country to back it, and being geographically a bare strip of land, is reduced to mere vegetation, and its ports, so flourishing of old, are now mere villages. On the other hand Bosnia and the Herzegovina, separated from the neighbouring sea by a line of custom-houses, by mountains and by the lack of roads, cannot form a connection with the general movement of European civilisation and commerce, or with Italy, their nearest and opposite neighbour. It is only necessary to look at the map to see that the union of Dalmatia, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina is necessary from the general European point of view. What power except Austria can bring this union to pass?

It is true that Italy, or rather a certain Italian party, has looked with a jealous eye on this aggrandisement of an ancient enemy on the other side of the Adriatic. Signor Castelar would seem to favour the *Italia Irredenta* agitation, and he expressly claims Trieste for Italy. Every friend of art, of enlightenment, and of liberty ought to love Italy as a second fatherland, and to desire her greatness; but it is criminal to encourage in this noble country aspirations which cannot possibly be realised. It was doubtless wrong of Austria to keep the Trentino and the Italian districts at the north of the Lago di Garda, and this region will some day or other return to the mother country. But Italy will never have either Trieste or Dalmatia, for natural rights and a due regard to geographical and ethnological considerations forbid any such transfer. Trieste is situated in the midst of a Slavonian district. The very market women who bring in vegetables from the suburbs speak Slavonian. It is the natural port of Istria, Carinthia, and Carniola, which are all Slav. It is the only outlet which Austria has in the Mediterranean. If Austria were to surrender Trieste, all central Germany would claim it. Dalmatia is wholly a Slavonian country. Italian is indeed spoken in

its ports because of the long supremacy of Venice, but even there there is no Italian blood. Besides, the interest of these ports is evidently to serve as an outlet to the country which stretches behind them, and not to Italy, which has neither exports nor imports with which to supply them. What absurd inconsistency it is for the *Italia Irredenta* party, placing itself on the ground of nationality, to claim territory inhabited by an alien race!

Is it necessary again to discuss the ridiculous notion of an Italian tenure of Albania? In such an enterprise Italy would spend millions on millions, with no present profit, and with the hope of no profit in the future. Albania can never permanently become an Italian dependency. Greeks, Russians, or Austrians, whoever in short become the masters of the Balkan Peninsula, would infallibly recover it. In the Middle Ages Venice was able to hold dependencies all over the Eastern Mediterranean, first, because the sentiment of nationality had not arisen; secondly, because there and elsewhere were nothing but feeble and divided states. As soon as Venice found herself in presence of the Turkish Empire, she lost these possessions. To-day the current, as Napoleon III. remarked with more truth than conscious foresight, is in favour of *les grandes agglomérations*. These great masses are formed in virtue of geographical fitness and of ethnographical attraction, and the combined force of the two is irresistible. This it was which made Italy. But if Italy tried to establish herself on the other side of the Adriatic, on the ground of the memories of Venice and the traces which may exist of Venetian preponderance, she would set herself in opposition to the principles to which she owes her own existence, and would pay dearly for a fault for which it would be impossible to forgive her. An old colleague of Cavour's, one of the most sensible and clear-sighted of Italian statesmen, the Senator Stefano Jacini shows (*Un po di commenti sul trattato di Berlino*) beyond contradiction that the Italian Government has no serious reason to complain of the Treaty of Berlin.

Some day there will inevitably be formed in the Balkan Peninsula a great Slav State, no matter whether it be a kingdom or a confederation. All the peoples who speak the same language—Croats, Bosnians, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians—will unite. The tendency to union is already very strong. It will become still stronger as these peoples lead easier lives, as they advance in education, and as they become more clearly aware of their own circumstances and interests. Sooner or later union will come. It can be postponed, but it cannot be prevented, and the one uncertain point is under whose impulsion the movement will be made. Will it be Austria? Will it be Russia? For the time the two empires may make a partition of the peninsula; but this would be a great misfortune, for from

it must inevitably come war. Although the Greeks may be in a majority in the towns of the Ægean littoral, the future Slav State must necessarily have an outlet there, and thus the clause of the Treaty of San Stefano which excited most resistance will be realised at last. The Bulgarians, who are good agriculturists, monopolise more and more the cultivation of the ground, and thus advance southwards. When, moreover, the two Bulgarias are united, and have a basis joined to that of their brethren on the Danube and the Save, it will be impossible to prevent their arriving at the sea, from which a mere strip of land a few miles broad will separate them. Is there any one who believes that Turkey, reduced to her present territory, with increased engagements to meet and discontented or hostile populations everywhere to deal with, will be able to preserve Southern Bulgaria long? Will the work of disintegration which has been going on for centuries cease? Clearly it will not. Shall we give Southern Bulgaria to the Greeks? Will the Latin league of which Signor Castelar dreams give it them? The solution of the Treaty of San Stefano was the solution which will one day be accomplished. The Treaty of Berlin, on the other hand, by adjourning the solution, makes a new crisis necessary and a new war probable, and this is why the Treaty of Berlin threatens the peace of Europe more inevitably than did the Treaty of San Stefano.

Signor Castelar speaks of Russia as of an ogre likely to devour all Europe, and to be at all hazards weakened and restrained. In the first place Russia is far from being so powerful as is imagined. She is still a very poor country, soon at the end of her resources, as recent events have shown. In the second place the reigning emperor is a prince to whom Europe owes the emancipation of the serfs, the organization of self-governing communes, an attempt to diminish the horrors of war, and other reforms inspired by a love of what is good. In the third place Russia by pushing civilisation beyond the Ural, and in Central Asia, is rendering a great service to humanity. The danger which Europe has to fear, in a future still sufficiently distant, is the immensity of the space occupied by the different Slav groups which in the Czech races extend to Bavaria, Thuringia, and Saxony, in the Illyrians to Trieste and the frontiers of Italy. Suppose all these groups united, developed, enriched by commerce, trained by compulsory education and universal military service, and it is beyond a doubt that Pan-slavia would dominate the continent. What is the remedy for the danger? Are we to exterminate the Slav populations? Are we to hinder them from making railways, increasing their commerce, bettering their education, discovering their ethnographic unity? The answer must be in the negative. The more they are harassed, repressed, and threatened, the more will they seek to join together for the defence of their nationality. The only

remedy is to favour the growth of two distinct groups at the same time, the Russians and Ruthenians on the one hand, on the other the Western Slavs, Poles, Czechs, Moravians, Illyrians, Croats, Servians, Bulgarians. These Western Slavs are already in great measure united by means of the Austrian empire. They are distinguished from the Russians, not merely by language but by advanced intellectual culture in Bohemia, by historic memories in Poland, by democratic institutions in Servia and Bulgaria. If full satisfaction be given to the national aspirations of all these peoples they will refuse to be absorbed in the Russian empire. Austria ought to favour the development of her Slav populations, and Europe ought to assist Austria in increasing her power. It is for the public opinion of Europe to act in this direction in order to draw statesmen after it. These latter always act with a view to the circumstances of the moment. It is vain to ask a statesman to sacrifice popularity, or to risk his majority in Parliament, in order to avoid a danger like Panslavism which is not likely to be actually threatening for a century. To bar the progress of Russia westwards there is but one way. Put a stop to all causes of dissatisfaction among the Western Slavs, and take in hand the cause of the populations who must inevitably some day occupy the position which their merit, their number, and their capacities demand.

It is true that this policy rouses the passionate opposition of the Magyars, and threatens even the very existence of Cisleithania and Transleithania. I cannot deny this danger, for so far back as 1867 I tried to show to what extent dualism was a factitious system, exposed to the danger of a rupture in case of external complications. But we must hope that the Magyars will not push their opposition so far as to compromise the future of the empire. At Pesth they have been shouting in favour of the Turks; it is like crying *Vivent les morts*. Could they not see that if Austria refuses to protect the Slavs, the Slavs will turn to Russia? Even in a federalised Austria the Magyars will always hold an important place. If, on the contrary, by their short-sighted hostility they throw the Slavs into the arms of the Russians, they will be stifled in the Panslavic empire. Painful as the dilemma may be to the Hungarians, there is no escape. Either Austria will satisfy Slavic aspirations, or Panslavia will establish itself on the ruins of Austria and Hungary. This is what Kossuth saw clearly enough in other days, and this is what he ought to convince them of in the crisis of to-day.

Signor Castelar finds equal fault with Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, with Conservatives and Liberals. Is it because it did not occur to either to give Bulgaria to Greece? He is angry that England has taken Cyprus, and exclaims against her "eternal huckstering." Certainly this is hardly the reproach to address to

Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and the English hucksters need scarcely congratulate themselves on a possession which will bring them in nothing, and will cost every year something like a million sterling. From a commercial point of view this is not a brilliant speculation, and it so happens that for this reason exactly it is condemned by business men and by the manufacturing towns. To judge the act properly, a more elevated point of view must be taken. In the first place, Signor Castelar, who wishes the advance of Russia to be arrested at all hazards, ought to applaud the seizure of a position which is intended as an outpost against the Muscovite empire, and the taking up of a decided attitude by England in Asia Minor. But it is not this that we need consider here. It is the progress of civilisation in the East. Only England, which has won her spurs in India, can extend civilisation in this direction. In twenty years Cyprus may become once more what it was in ancient times, the pearl of the Mediterranean. Are we to grumble at this? It is no advantage for England, but it is an advantage for humanity. If I were an Englishman I should merely as such protest against the heavy burden laid on my country. As a man I could only rejoice at it. "Every Spaniard," says Signor Castelar, "watches with uneasiness the power which has usurped possession of Gibraltar, strengthening herself at Malta, extending her authority to the Isthmus of Suez, and not content with this, establishing herself at Cyprus." Gibraltar is an isolated rock, a kind of island, whose motley population has no wish for union with Spain. The principle of nationality is therefore here not in question. England, on the other hand, represents liberty throughout the world. It is therefore in the interest of humanity that England should occupy the points which are necessary to her to defend herself on the seas where her power resides. In the interests of universal liberty I applaud the acquisition of Cyprus, and I should bewail the loss of Gibraltar and Malta. From England have swarmed forth all over the globe groups of men more prosperous, more happy, more free, than any that have ever existed. From her have come the United States, Australia, New Zealand. It is to her that we owe the representative institutions which every nation is borrowing, the advance of commerce and industry, and a hundred other elements of progress. These are services which no man—no friend of liberty—has the right to forget.

Signor Castelar recommends a Greco-Latin league to make the counterpoise to Russia, which he calls the hereditary enemy of France. It appears to me that the estimate is inaccurate and the recommendation perilous. France and Russia are exactly the two great powers who have the fewest opposing interests and the least need to fight. In the first place they are separated by the whole breadth of Europe, and are nowhere in contact. France may expe-



rience a general feeling of regret that Russia should acquire too great a preponderance on the continent, but from this preponderance she could receive no direct damage. It is not the same with England and with Germany. England may fear that Russia, by successive annexations, will come to threaten India on the side of Afghanistan, or the Suez Canal on the side of Asia Minor. Russia can make her way in these directions by slow advances on land, and by definite occupation and gradual colonising; England can come to the rescue only by sea, and by expeditions fitted out in a moment. The danger for Germany, or rather for the Germanic race, is greater still. The triumph of Panslavism would wound her mortally. What chance of independence could be left for Germany if ever the Panslavic empire should be realised by the unity of the Slav races which stretch to the limits of Bohemia, Carinthia, and Trieste? The countries, therefore, which the aggrandisement of Russia threatens, in a future, it is true, more or less remote, are first of all Austria, then Germany and England. It is written in the book of fate that, if not an alliance, an understanding should exist between these. If the muffled ill-feeling between France and Germany should unhappily continue, the former will necessarily incline rather to the Russian side. Signor Castelar, therefore, can hardly count upon France to put herself at the head of his Greco-Latin league against Russia. Can he with more reason expect the co-operation of Italy? Clearly he cannot. I have shown that Italy can make no claims on Slav districts without dealing a blow to the principles to which she owes her unity, perhaps without risking her very existence. It is to be feared, therefore, that Spain and Greece, two hardly sufficient powers, must compose the Greco-Latin league alone. It would, moreover, be inconsistent for Signor Castelar to desire at the same time the humiliation of Russia, England, and Germany, because the two latter are the only natural barrier against the extension of the third. With England weakened and Germany overthrown, what human power could prevent the Czar from planting his standard in the heart of Europe and on the coasts of the Adriatic, where live men of the same race as those he already governs? Certainly this power would not be that of the Greco-Latin league. To humble Germany and England would be to advance by a century the time when Russia might be mistress of Europe.

Kossuth in my opinion has seen further and clearer in this matter than Signor Castelar. As early as 1848, to resist the encroachments of Russia, he preached a Danubian federation composed of Hungarians, Roumanians, Croats, Servians, and Montenegrins. This is the true solution. Kossuth would have arrived at it by means of a Republic. "The Republic," said M. Guizot, "is the noblest form of government," and the Federal Republic is the most free, but it is not

capable of universal establishment. How can we unite in the loose bonds of a federation peoples so different in language, history, religion, and manners, in the face too and in close neighbourhood of a powerfully centralised empire, and one necessarily hostile, like that of Russia? This is the unpractical side of the idea, otherwise a noble one, of Kossuth. If it is to be realised it must be through Austria. She holds in her hands the destinies of the East, and consequently those of Europe. The acquisition of Bosnia is the first step to the realisation of Kossuth's idea.

To sum up: Signor Castelar's principal thought is opposition to Russia. As a matter of present fact this opposition is unjustifiable. Russia is doing service to humanity in civilising Northern and Central Asia, and we owe her gratitude for having, at the cost of a cruel war, broken the power of Turkey and led to the enfranchisement of the Southern Slavs. Panslavism is a far-off danger, but if it is to be guarded against, it must be by receiving the help of England, even if that help were bought at the price of her keeping Malta, Gibraltar, and Cyprus, and annexing Egypt as well. It must be by taking sides with Austria, whatever annexations she may make in the peninsula and on the Danube. In our time events go terribly quick. Who thought but a few years ago of the unity of Italy and Germany, or of the fall of the Ottoman Empire? A few dreamers, a few poets, a few conspirators; yet all these things have been accomplished in less than a generation. The decomposition of what remains of the Ottoman State will be speedier than we think. We must therefore prepare the public opinion of Europe on the question, so that statesmen may accept this public opinion when the time comes. Crete and the provinces where the Hellenic race predominates will doubtless fall to the lot of Greece. But the main point is to create a great South Slavic state, independent and resting upon a Danubian federation, to be constituted under the auspices of Austria and with the assistance of England.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

## EPHING FOREST.

OUR greatest legal authorities will not admit that the people of England have any right whatever to enjoy the beautiful scenery of their native land, beyond such glimpses as may be obtained of it from highways and footpaths. Legally there is no such thing as a "common," answering to the popular idea of a tract of land over which anybody has a right to roam at will.<sup>1</sup> Every supposed common is said by the lawyers to belong absolutely to some body of individuals, to a lord or lords of the manor and the surrounding owners of land who have rights of common over it; and if these parties agree together, the said common may be enclosed, and the public shut out of it for ever. The thousands of tourists who roam every summer over the heathly wastes of Surrey or the breezy downs of Sussex, who climb the peaks or revel on the heather-banks of Wales or Scotland, are every one of them trespassers in the eye of the law; and there is, perhaps, no portion of these favourite resorts of our country-loving people that it is not in the power of some individual or body of individuals to enclose and treat as private property.

How far this legal assumption accords with justice or sound policy, it is not our purpose now to inquire; that question having been treated by many able pens, and being one which will assuredly not become less important or less open to discussion as time goes on. We have now a far pleasanter task, that of calling attention to one of our ancient woodland wastes, Epping Forest, which, in the words of an Act of Parliament passed at the end of last session, is to be for ever preserved as "an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public." Here at length every one will have a right to roam unmolested, and to enjoy the beauties which nature so lavishly spreads around when left to her own wild luxuriance. We shall possess, close to our capital, one real forest, whose wildness and sylvan character is to be studiously maintained, and which will possess an ever-increasing interest as furnishing a sample of those broad tracts of woodland which once covered so much of our country, and which play so conspicuous a part in our early history and national folk-lore. Unfortunately the spoilers have been at work, and much of the area now dedicated to the people has been more or less denuded of its woodland covering and otherwise deteriorated. Before, however, we describe the present state of the forest, and discuss the important

(1) "Although the public have long wandered over the waste lands of Epping Forest without let or hindrance, we can find no legal right to such user established in law." (Preliminary Report of the Epping Forest Commissioners, 1875, p. 12.)

question of how best to restore its beauty and increase its interest, it will be well to give our readers some notion of its former extent and of the circumstances that have led to its preservation.

It appears by the Reports of the Epping Forest Commission (1875 and 1877) that in the reign of Charles I. the Forest of Essex, or of Waltham, as it was then called, comprised the whole district between the rivers Lea and Roding, extending southward to Stratford Bridge, thus including the site of the great Stratford Junction Station, and northward to the village of Roydon, a distance in a straight line of sixteen miles. Much of this wide area was, however, even at that early date, only forest in a legal sense, for it included many towns and villages and much cultivated land, and these seem to have left the actual unenclosed forest not much larger than in the first half of the present century. We are told, for example, that during the two centuries from 1600 to 1800 only 80 acres of the forest were enclosed, and that even up to 1851 barely 600 acres had been enclosed. The unenclosed forest at that date is estimated by the Commissioners at 5,928 acres. Then came the development of our railway system, and the discovery of Californian and Australian gold. The wealth of the country began to increase at an unprecedented rate; the growth of London became more rapid than ever, and its citizens more and more acquired the habit of residing in the country. Land everywhere rose in value, the wastes of Epping were temptingly near at hand, and illegal enclosures went on at such a pace that during the twenty years between 1851 and 1871 they amounted to almost exactly half the entire area, leaving only 3,001 acres still open.

This wholesale process of enclosure, which, if quietly submitted to, would soon have left nothing of Epping Forest but the name, roused the indignation of many who dwelt near the forest or felt an interest in it, and a powerful agitation was commenced, in which the Corporation of the City of London and many members of the Legislature took a prominent part. In 1871 the Epping Forest Commissioners were appointed by Act of Parliament, and they gave in their final report only in the spring of last year. But in the meantime a most important case had been decided in the courts. At the request of the Corporation of London, which supplied all the necessary funds, the Commissioners of Sewers (as freeholders in the forest) commenced a suit in Chancery against the lords of manors and persons to whom they had granted lands, claiming a right of common over all the waste lands of the forest, and that all enclosures made since 1851 should be declared illegal. The Master of the Rolls decided (on the 24th November, 1874) in favour of the plaintiffs, and against this decision the defendants did not appeal. It has therefore been made the basis of legislation in the Act just passed,

which declares, that the whole 5,928 acres which the Commissioners found to have been open waste of the Forest in 1851 are to be treated as common lands, and (the lords of manors or their grantees being first duly compensated for their manorial rights and property in the soil) that the whole of this extensive area, with the exception of lands built upon before 1871, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, is to be preserved "uninclosed and unbuilt upon as an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public."

Large sums of money were, however, required to buy up the manorial rights, and although this might possibly have been done by public subscription, the necessity for this course was obviated by the liberality and public spirit of the City of London, which offered to supply all the needful funds, not only for this purchase, but also for all work that might be found necessary for the preservation, management, and replanting of the forest. This munificent offer was accepted, and the very reasonable desire of the Corporation to have the chief voice in the management of the newly acquired domain in trust for the public, was acceded to by the Legislature; and the Act accordingly declares that Epping Forest is to be managed by a committee consisting of twelve members of the Corporation of London, and four verderers, chosen by the commoners of the twelve parishes in which the forest is situated.

Let us now take a brief glance at the present state of the land thus dedicated to the public, before proceeding to discuss the question—how it may be made the most of. First, and nearest to London, we have the open expanse of Wanstead Flats, not half a mile from the Forest Gate Station of the Great Eastern Railway, and which, together with some illegally enclosed ground northwards towards the village of Wanstead, comprises an area of nearly five hundred acres. Crossing it from north to south opposite Lake House is an avenue of lime-trees, never very fine, and now rapidly dying from the combined effects of want of shelter and the smoky atmosphere. With this exception almost the whole of the Flats is denuded of trees, and offers a drear expanse of wiry grass interspersed with a few tufts of broom, stretching for more than a mile in length and not far short of half a mile wide. On the northern side considerable excavations have been made for brickfields, and here, where the ground rises somewhat, there is a very nice turf, with fern, broom, and even heather, in considerable patches. North-westward is a large piece of recovered land, about fifty acres in extent, dotted over with oaks and bushes, and intersected by a fine double avenue of limes a third of a mile long, but many of the trees, in the part nearest London, are rapidly dying. Planes are probably the only trees which would now thrive well here. This is, on the whole, a rather pretty piece of half-wild woodland, well worth careful preservation for the use of the dense population surrounding it.

To the west of Wanstead and Snaresbrook, and northward towards Woodford, is a fine expanse of unenclosed land, nearly a mile long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide; and when some illegal enclosures are thrown open, this will be continued uninterruptedly to Woodford Green. The southern portion of this tract between Wanstead Otphan Asylum and Whip's Cross has been utterly devastated by gravel-digging, the whole surface being a succession of pits and hollows with stagnant pools of water, and a few miserable oaks left standing on mounds where the gravel has been dug away around them. One would think that here the lords of the manors had infringed on the rights of the commoners, by destroying the pasture and even the surface soil on which any herbage can grow; and that in equity they should be called on to pay damages instead of receiving payment for their alleged property in the soil, which they have here succeeded in rendering almost wholly worthless either for use or enjoyment. North-westward, towards Woodford Green, is a rather pretty piece of wild forest-land, with open grassy glades, intervening thickets, and ponds swarming with interesting aquatic plants. There are, however, very few ornamental trees, the oaks being mostly small, with a quantity of miserable pollard-beeches hardly more sightly than so many mops.

Passing Highham Park we come upon a large extent of illegally enclosed land, now to be thrown open, and much of it already given up. Between Woodford Green and Chingford Hatch there are about sixty acres of poor grass and fallow-land adorned with a few bushes and one fine oak-tree, but sloping gently towards the north-west, and with extensive views over the wooded country beyond. Further north there are more than a hundred acres of small enclosures—rough pasture, fallow-land, or cultivated fields, dotted with a few poor trees, and at present far from picturesque, but with an undulating surface offering considerable opportunity for improvement. To the west these fields are bounded by Chingford brook, by the side of which are some very handsome willow-trees growing in stiff clay and indicating what this part of the land is adapted for. A little to the north-east is the new village of Buckhurst Hill, to the south-east of which is a fine piece of enclosed forest, about a hundred acres in extent and called the Lodge Bushes.

We now enter the northern and grandest division of the Forest, which stretches away for a distance of five miles from Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to near the town of Epping. North and west of the Lodge are nearly three hundred acres of illegally enclosed fields, now dreary fallows and poor pastures, but with fine slopes affording opportunity for producing new effects of forest-scenery. To the west and south of Loughton village are more extensive enclosures of several hundred acres of land, much of it arable or pasture land of

good quality; and further north, near Theydon Church and on towards Epping, are other enclosures of less extent, and almost all of this will again be thrown open to the forest.

To the north of the road from Loughton to High Beech there is a vast extent of rough forest-land, nearly three miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, which has all been recovered after having been illegally enclosed by the lords of the manors, but not before they have denuded large portions of it of everything deserving the name of a tree, and left it a scrubby waste without any pretensions to sylvan beauty. Here are square miles of land, once as luxuriant as the unenclosed portions further west, but now presenting a hideous assemblage of stunted mop-like pollards rising from a thicket of scrubby bushes.

From this brief sketch of the present condition of Epping Forest, with more especial reference to the newly recovered portions of it, we find, that probably not much less than a thousand acres, which are now or have recently been enclosed and cultivated fields, will soon be thrown into the forest; while, in addition to this, there are considerably more than a thousand acres which are almost entirely denuded of trees and in a generally unsightly condition. The question at once arises—How can these wide tracts of land be *best* dealt with for the future recreation and enjoyment of the public? The Act of Parliament, it is true, empowers the Conservators to form playgrounds and cricket-grounds in suitable places, and some portion of these lands may be so applied. But a very few acres will serve for this purpose, or indeed are at all suitable for it; and there will remain by far the larger portion to be otherwise dealt with. After all the agitation, all the arduous legal struggles, all the liberal, nay lavish, expenditure of money to secure this land to the people, it cannot surely be left as it is. Some steps must be taken to make it beautiful and picturesque in the future, and at least as well adapted for the recreation and enjoyment of coming generations as the old forest was for those which have passed away. The obvious course, and that which will at once occur to every one, is to plant this ground in some way or other. It was once all forest. It is as a forest that the whole domain is dedicated to the public; and it is the forest scenery which has always given to the entire district its peculiar charm. Our country still has wide tracts of common and of open wastes, as well as extensive enclosed woods, and parks, and plantations; but our genuine forests are few and far between. Undoubtedly, therefore, as forest or woodland of some kind this land should be restored; and the question we have to decide is—Of what kind?

Some may say, restore it as much as possible to its ancient state; plant it with oaks and beeches, with a sprinkling of elm, birch, and ash. This may be the easiest and the simplest, but it is certainly

the least advantageous mode of dealing with the land. While these trees were growing—for a couple of generations at least—they would be utterly uninteresting woods, and even in the far-distant future would hardly surpass many other parts of the forest, while they would increase the monotony which is its chief defect. Another plan would be, to make a mixed planting of choicer trees, shrubs, and evergreens, which would be more beautiful while growing, and would in time form a forest of a more diversified character. Or again, a regular arboretum might be formed, a great variety of trees, and especially choice pines and firs, being planted so as to form specimens. Either of these plans would at once possess some interest; but they would be utterly deficient in novelty, or in that special and peculiar interest we should aim at, when we have to deal with such an extensive and varied area as the recovered portions of Epping Forest. We have already fine mixed plantations and woods, and many splendid arboretums; and at Kew we have in process of formation a magnificent collection of specimen trees which it would be out of place to attempt to imitate, while the expense would be far greater than almost any other kind of planting.

The plan I have now to propose is very different from all these. It is one which would be perfectly novel, perfectly practicable, intensely interesting as a great arboricultural experiment, attractive alike to the uneducated and to the scientific, not more expensive than any other plan, and perfectly in harmony with the character of the domain as essentially "a forest." It is, briefly, to form several distinct portions of forest, each composed solely of trees and shrubs which are natives of one of the great forest regions of the temperate zone.

In order to understand how interesting and how instructive this would be, and, especially, to how great an extent it would add to the variety and beauty of the scenery, while retaining to the fullest extent its character as a wild and picturesque woodland district, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of the great forests of the north temperate zone, to point out their comparative richness, their distinctive characters, and their different styles of beauty; and in doing this I shall avail myself largely of the writings of the greatest authority on the subject, Professor Asa Gray, who has made the relations and origin of the various forest regions of the Northern Hemisphere the study of his life.

The two northern continents, America on the one side, Europe and Asia on the other, have each two great and contrasted forest regions, an eastern and a western; and in both cases the eastern is very rich, while the western is comparatively poor. The trees of our own country belong to the western or European forest region, which includes also the adjacent parts of Western Asia. That



region contains about 85 different kinds of trees (17 being conifers, or firs and pines), and of these only 28 are really natives of Britain, about 20 being tolerably common, and forming the wild trees of our woods and wastes, with which we are all more or less familiar.

If we compare the European set of trees with that of the forest region of Eastern America we find a wonderful difference. Instead of a total of 85, we have there no less than 155 different kinds of trees, and a large number of these are very distinct from those of Europe, constituting altogether new types of vegetation, many of which, however, we have long cultivated for ornament. Among these are magnolias, tulip-trees, red and yellow horse-chestnuts, the locust or common acacia, the honey-locust (a far handsomer tree), the liquidambar, the sassafras, the hickories, the catalpa, the butternut and black walnut, many fine oaks, the hemlock spruce, the deciduous cypress, and a host of others less generally known. Most of these differ from our native trees by their more varied and beautiful foliage, by many of them being flowering trees often of the most magnificent kind, and, what is equally important, by the glorious tints which a large proportion of them assume in autumn. Every one has heard of the rich autumnal tints in Canada and the United States as something of which our woods, beautiful as they are, give hardly any idea. Instead of the yellows and browns of our trees, there is in the American forest every tint from the richest scarlet and crimson to yellow, which, combining in endless varieties, give a splendour to the autumnal landscape which is worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold. The Virginian creeper, which drapes our houses with a crimson mantle even amid the smoke of London, the red maple and the sumach of our shrubberies, give us some notion of these tints, but hardly any idea of the effect they produce when their colours are lavishly spread over a varied landscape. Most of the trees which acquire these brilliant hues grow as well with us as in their native country. Some American trees, strange to say, seem to grow even better, for the beautiful ash-leaved *Negundo* is a small tree in its native country, rarely exceeding thirty feet high, while Loudon tells us that it grows to forty feet in England; the white maple reaches only forty feet in America and fifty feet here; and a similar difference occurs with many other trees. So favourable, indeed, is our climate to the growth of trees generally, that, according to Professor Asa Gray, we "can grow double or treble the number of trees that the United States can," although their native species are five times as numerous as ours!

There is therefore really no difficulty in producing in England an almost exact copy of a North American forest, with all its variety of foliage, with its succession of ornamental flowers, and with its glorious autumnal tints; yet this has never been attempted either in

this country or in any part of Europe. That many of these trees will reach noble dimensions there is no doubt whatever. A honeylocust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*) in Professor Owen's garden at Richmond Park was, in 1872, a magnificent tree nearly eighty feet high, and was then sixty years old. There is at Dorking a tulip-tree about the same size; while the many beautiful American oaks, maples, birches, and poplars, form noble forest trees in many of our parks and pleasure-grounds. Were such trees planted in masses, they would grow upwards more rapidly and produce a forest-like effect in from twenty to forty years; while from their varied foliage and general novelty of aspect, they would be both beautiful and interesting at a far earlier period.

Here, then, we may do something which has never been done before, which is sure to succeed (since it is only growing trees in masses which have already been grown, singly), and which will ultimately produce a real addition to our landscape, while the individual trees will be a constant source of gratification and delight. As yet we have only mentioned the different kinds of trees, but North America is not less rich in beautiful shrubs to form an underwood to the forest or open patches here and there in its recesses. The rhododendrons, azalias, and kalmias, will grow as underwood wherever there is peat or loam, while the well-known snowberry, the aloe-like yuccas, several fine spiræas, American blackberries, and many others, would grow anywhere.

Now let us suppose one of the most suitable of the open tracts recovered at Epping to be thus converted into an American forest, in which as many trees and shrubs peculiar to Eastern North America as we know to be hardy, are planted in masses and variously intermingled. Such an experiment would excite interest at every stage of its growth. The paths and open glades intersecting it would be visited year after year to see how it was thriving, and this would necessarily lead many of its visitors to acquire an intelligent interest in the trees, and shrubs, and flowers of other lands. And as time rolled on, and one kind of tree after another arrived at its period of blossoming, and displayed each succeeding year in greater perfection its glowing autumnal tints, the "American forest" would become celebrated far and wide, and would attract visitors who would never think of going to see the more homely beauties of a native woodland, and still less a young plantation of common trees.

Before proceeding to describe the other characteristic "forest pictures" which might be produced in the wilds of Epping, it will be well at once to answer an objection sure to be made, that the kind of planting here proposed, consisting wholly of foreign, and largely of rare trees and shrubs, would be very expensive. This, however, is a complete error. Many of the trees in question are certainly

rather expensive when large specimens are purchased of nurserymen; but this is chiefly because there is so little demand for them, and they occupy ground and require attention for many years unprofitably. But nearly all these American trees could be raised from seed almost as cheaply as the very commonest kinds. The seeds could be obtained from their native country at a mere nominal cost; and by forming a nursery-ground, small at first, and increased year by year, in which to raise them, their removal at the most suitable age and season to the places which they were permanently to occupy would ensure rapid and vigorous growth. The great item of expense in forming any extensive plantation is labour, and this would be little if any more in growing one kind of tree than another, supposing both to be raised from seed and to be equally hardy. The question of expense cannot, therefore, be of importance, as compared with the vast difference in permanent results between the plan here advocated and that of the ordinary English wood, the mixed plantation, or the systematic arboretum. The latter, indeed, would be very much more expensive, because, few specimens being wanted, it would not be worth while raising them from seed, while an arboretum would require more weeding and pruning, as well as some amount of permanent gardening, which in a forest is unnecessary.

Another important feature of such a forest would be, that it would furnish reliable information as to what valuable timber trees may be profitably grown in this country. Among American trees the sugar-maple, hickory, tulip-tree, redwood, and locust, are well-known as producing valuable timbers for special purposes; and there are many trees of Eastern Europe and Asia equally valuable, which it might be profitable to grow largely. As, however, they have been hitherto almost always grown singly for ornament, we have been unable to test, either the rapidity of their growth under more natural conditions, or the quality of their timber at different ages; all which points would be determined, were they grown in quantity as here proposed, by the mere periodical thinnings-out necessary to encourage the free development of those that were to remain and form the permanent forest.

Passing now to the western or Californian coast of North America, we find another forest region, remarkably different from that of the Eastern States. It is characterized at once by extreme richness in coniferous trees, and what Professor Asa Gray terms its "desperate poverty" in deciduous kinds, of which it has only one-fourth as many as Eastern America, and one-half as many as Europe.<sup>1</sup> Almost all the trees which are especially characteristic of Eastern America are wanting, their place being chiefly supplied by peculiar species of oaks, maples, ashes, birches, and poplars, groups which are

(1) Deciduous trees, 34 species; conifers, 44 species!

equally abundant on both sides of the Atlantic.<sup>4</sup> When we turn to the coniferous trees, however, Western America stands pre-eminent, possessing nearly twice as many different kinds as the Eastern States, and nearly three times as many as all Europe, while it exhibits the grandest, tallest, and most beautiful firs, pines, and cypresses in the world. Here we find the giant *Wellingtonia* and redwood, the magnificent Douglas fir, the exquisitely beautiful piceas, *nobilis* and *lasiocarpa*, such fine cypresses as *Larsoniana* and *Lambertiana*, such unequalled pines as *insignis* and *macrocarpa*, the well-known handsome thujas, *gigantea* and *Lobbii*, and many others. These glorious trees form forests by themselves, surpassing in grandeur those of any other temperate land; and every one of these grows freely and rapidly with us (which they do not in Eastern America), and, if grown under natural conditions, would probably attain nearly as great a size as in their native country. Their extreme beauty has, however, caused them to be almost always grown singly as specimens, and even thus the rapidity of their growth is often amazing. The *Wellingtonia* will reach twenty feet in ten years; the Douglas fir grows even more rapidly when young, and a specimen at Dropmore, fifty years old, is now more than a hundred feet high, while its branches, spreading on the ground, cover a space sixty-six feet in diameter. The beautiful grass-green *Pinus insignis* at the same place reached sixty-eight feet high in thirty-four years; and were these trees planted in masses, so as to draw each other upward, and cause the lower branches to drop off as in their native forests, they would almost certainly grow even more rapidly, and the present generation might walk amid forests of these noble trees not much inferior to those which excite so much admiration on the mountains of California and Oregon.

Here, again, there is no question of success. The experiment has been made already for us hundreds of times over, and we have only to profit by it. These trees succeed well in every part of England without exception, and they would certainly not fail at Epping. An expanse of a hundred or two hundred acres covered with the coniferous trees of Western America, planted in masses, groups, or belts, and with winding paths, broad glades, and occasional shrub-planted openings admitting of free access to every part of it, would probably be even more attractive than the forest of Eastern America. For many of these trees are exquisitely beautiful objects in their young state, the varying colours of the under and upper surfaces of their foliage and the delicate tints of the new growth in summer, being especially remarkable. Their different rates of growth would soon cause some species to tower above others, and thus produce that charm of variety which is wanting where large areas are planted with trees which all grow at about the same rate.

The next forest type of which we should have an example, is that of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, containing all those interesting trees of the European forest region which are not natives of our own country. Here we should grow the various European pines and firs, including the symmetrical pinsapo of Spain, the well-known silver fir of the Alps, and the allied but more beautiful Nordman's fir of Russia. Here, too, we should have the nettle-tree, the Judas-tree, the flowering ash, the wild olive, the hop-hornbeam, the almost evergreen Neapolitan alder, and our old favourites the plane, the walnut, the laburnum, and the Portugal laurel. Along with these we should plant the many beautiful and often sweet-scented shrubs of the same districts—laurestinas, myrtles, Spanish broom, coronillas, cistuses, Mediterranean heaths, the favourite lilac, and the luscious Philadelphus, or syringa. A smaller space would serve to exhibit these trees and shrubs in forest growth, as they are less numerous and generally not of large size; but as they comprise so many of our garden favourites, the forest of Eastern Europe would certainly be very attractive.

We now come to the most remarkable of all the forest regions of the temperate zone—that of Eastern Asia and Japan. This forest is even richer than that of Eastern America in deciduous trees, and at the same time richer than that of Western America in conifers;<sup>1</sup> and, as it is only partially explored, while the others are well known, its comparative richness will certainly increase as future discoveries are made. We find here a number of the deciduous trees of Eastern America represented by closely allied species, and, in addition, a number of altogether peculiar types. Among these are the well-known ailanthus, on the leaves of which silkworms are fed, and which grows with extreme rapidity; the beautiful paulownia, with flowers like those of a foxglove; the handsome Sophora japonica; and of smaller trees and shrubs, the winter-flowering chimonanthus, the crimson-flowered japonica which adorns our walls in early spring, the favourite weigelia, the yellow-flowered forsythia, the red-berried aucuba, and, last, but not least important for our purpose, the camellia. This glorious evergreen is really as hardy as the common laurel, and will grow out of doors in perfect health and vigour. Its beautiful flowers will, indeed, be often destroyed by the wet and frosts of our springs, but if a sunny bank in the midst of the protecting forest were covered with these shrubs, they would blossom abundantly whenever we had a mild spring, and would then, indeed, be worth a walk to see; while at all times their splendid glossy green foliage would be a delightful spectacle.

Even more varied and more beautiful than the conifers of California are those of Japan and China, of which there are no less than

(1) Deciduous trees, 123 species; conifers, 46 species.

forty-five species belonging to nineteen generic groups, many of which are altogether peculiar to this region. Here are the elegant cryptomeria and retinosporas, the remarkable salisburia, or ginkgo-tree, a pine with foliage like that of a gigantic maiden-hair fern, and the hardly less curious sciadopitys, or umbrella-pine. To these we may add the ~~fine~~ cunninghamia, the funereal cypress, and some interesting species of arbor-vitæ.

The space required for this Asiatic forest would not at first be large, as only the most distinct and interesting species need be made use of, while many are not yet to be obtained in this country. Some of the Japanese trees grow slowly, but it is not improbable that when planted in greater quantities they might make more rapid progress. Anyhow, the plants themselves are usually so peculiar and generally so beautiful, that in every stage of their growth they would be sure to prove attractive to the public.

We might, however, increase the extent of our Asiatic forest by adding to it another small piece of land in order to cultivate several beautiful plants which characterize the temperate regions of the higher Himalayas, among which are the favourite doodara, some beautiful maples, birches, and oaks, the elegant leycosteria, some fine berberries, rhododendrons, and other interesting plants.

There remain the temperate forests of the Southern Hemisphere, chiefly represented in Chili and Patagonia, in Australia, and in New Zealand, and comprising a number of very interesting plants, many of which will grow in this country. From Chili there is a peculiar pine, libocedrus, and the well-known araucaria, which when grown in avenues or masses produces a very grand effect. Many of our favourite shrubs come from this region, as the golden-balled buddleia, the lovely flowering evergreens, escallonia and berberis, and the pretty cross-leaved veronica. These would form exquisite flowering-thickets to set off the stiff forms of the araucarias. From Australia and New Zealand more variety may be obtained, though comparatively few of the trees of these countries have yet been proved to be perfectly hardy. The common *Eucalyptus globulus*, celebrated as a remover of miasma, suffers much from frost when young, but may possibly become hardier as it grows older. Other species of eucalyptus are much more hardy and more ornamental. One raised from seed by myself has, in an exposed situation, reached a height of twenty feet in five years, though once cut down by frost. Another mountain species raised at the same time, is only five feet high, but is perfectly hardy, the leaves being quite uninjured by frost, and it will probably grow into a lofty tree. Some of the acacias are also probably hardy, as they grow well and flower beautifully out of doors; but the most elegant of these southern trees are the pittosporums of New Zealand, which in five years have formed splendid

bushes nearly six feet high and as much in diameter, with delicate foliage of a pale green colour which does not appear to suffer the least from any ordinary winter's frost. These will grow into small flowering-trees fifteen or twenty feet high, having an appearance quite distinct from anything at present in cultivation. The celebrated huon pine of Tasmania is another fine tree of this region; and one of the proteaceæ (*Lomatia longifolia*) has lived more than twenty years in a garden near London. These, with such shrubs as the white-flowered leptospermum and the purple veronicas, will form a group of plants well illustrating the beautiful evergreen woods of the Southern Hemisphere.

There remain still the climbing plants, which form a conspicuous ornament of all these forests, and many of which are quite as hardy as the trees they decorate. We might adorn our North American forest with festoons of the Virginia creeper and wild vine, while the red trumpet-creeper and the passion-flower of the Southern States would form beautiful objects, climbing over the bushes and among the branches of trees, and displaying their showy blossoms, which are hardly surpassed by the denizens of our hothouses. The Asiatic forest would in like manner be ornamented with lilac-flowered clematises, the Japan honeysuckle, the evergreen banksian rose, the winter-flowering yellow jasmine, and the glorious wistaria, the very queen of climbing plants. It is the opinion of some eminent horticulturists, that even the superb Chilian *Lapageria rosea* would grow freely out of doors in a suitable soil and situation, and it might well be tried in association with the trees and shrubs of the same country.

Quitting now that portion of Epping Forest which requires to be replanted, we find extensive tracts still more or less covered with wood, and which require, comparatively speaking, little to be done to them; but that little should be well considered and carefully executed. The preservation of "the natural aspect of the forest," as specially mentioned in the Act of Parliament, should always be kept prominently in view, and this principle should influence the character of such foot-bridges, dams, banks, or other building or engineering works as may be found absolutely necessary. Every such work should be carefully studied, so as to be at once in harmony with the surroundings, permanent, and picturesque. Unpainted wood and stone, both as bold and substantial as possible, should alone be employed, brick being, whenever possible, avoided as both commonplace and unsightly. Wherever possible, earthwork or natural masses of rock should be used, so as to blend imperceptibly with the surrounding forest scenery. Among the works absolutely needed for the enjoyment of the forest are numerous footpaths; and these should be systematically laid out in connection with broader

"rides" traversing the larger wooded tracts between well-marked points on either border, thus serving as a means of extricating any unfortunate tourist who may have lost his way. Grassy or shrubby openings might also be occasionally formed in the most densely wooded portions, such clear spaces being very pleasing, admitting air and sunshine, and forming agreeable contrasts. Trees which are any way remarkable for their age, size, or picturesque beauty should be cleared of surrounding thicket, so that they may be properly seen and admired; and this comprises nearly all that need be done here, beyond the ordinary forester's duty of keeping up a sufficient stock of healthy young trees to supply the place of those which die or are accidentally destroyed.

Among the powers conferred upon the conservators is that of draining where needed, and as very great misconception prevails on this subject a few remarks here may not be out of place. People have been so accustomed to hear "draining" spoken of as one of the greatest and most necessary of improvements, that they may not unnaturally think it equally necessary in a forest as in a farm or private estate. It is true that where some particular timber is to be grown for profit, draining may be necessary, but when you only require trees growing naturally, so as to produce beauty and variety, then every variety of soil and every degree of moisture are beneficial. Forests as a rule grow better in damp than in dry soils, and there is no ground so wet that some kinds of trees will not flourish in it. It is only necessary, therefore, to plant the right kinds of trees, and the wet places may be covered with wood even more quickly than the dry.

It must be remembered, too, that a proportion of bog and swamp and damp hollows, are essential parts of the "natural aspect" of every great forest tract. It is in and around such places that many trees and shrubs grow most luxuriantly; it is such spots that will be haunted by interesting birds and rare insects; and there alone many of the gems of our native flora may still be found. Every naturalist searches for such spots as his best hunting-grounds. Every lover of nature finds them interesting and enjoyable. Here the wanderer from the great city may perchance find such lovely flowers as the fringed buck-bean, the delicate bog pimpernell and marsh campanula, the insect-catching sundew, and the pretty spotted orchises.<sup>1</sup> These and many other choice plants would be exterminated if, by too severe drainage, all such wet places were made dry; the marsh birds

(1) Besides those above mentioned, the following rare or interesting marsh or bog plants inhabit Epping Forest: marsh St. John's wort (*Hypericum Elodes*), opposite-leaved golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*), red cranberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*), bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*), and the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*), but this last is, perhaps, extinct.



and rare insects which haunted them would disappear, and thus a chief source of recreation and enjoyment to that numerous and yearly-increasing class who delight in wild flowers, and birds, and insects, would be seriously interfered with.

There is also a wider and more general point of view from which it may be important to survey this question of drainage. Epping Forest lies within the area of scanty rainfall, which extends over much of the eastern part of England, and as its surface consists largely of gravel, the rain-water rapidly passes away, and thus tends to create an aridity not favourable to luxuriant vegetation. Now, every marsh and bog and swampy flat acts as a natural reservoir, retaining a part of the rainfall, and permanently moistening both the atmosphere and the surrounding soil. In order to improve the climate and foster the vegetation of the forest, it should be the object of its conservators to retain as much as possible of the rainfall-water within the area under their jurisdiction. The forest streams might be dammed up at intervals, so as to form permanent ponds or lakes, by which means, combined with the natural reservoirs already alluded to, and aided by the check to evaporation which additional planting will produce, the forest itself and even the surrounding country would be permanently benefited. By extensive draining, on the other hand, water is carried away rapidly from the district, and with it much fertilising matter; the climate is made dryer, and the growth of herbage as well as of trees and shrubs is rendered less luxuriant.

Coming back now to the general question of forest distribution in the Northern Hemisphere, many of my readers must have been struck by the singular inequality and remarkable contrasts of the four great temperate forests of which we have proposed that illustrations should be grown at Epping. In a lecture recently delivered before the Harvard University Natural History Society, Professor Asa Gray has given an explanation of these contrasts, which will commend itself to all naturalists who know how important has been the agency of the glacial period in bringing about the existing relations between Alpine and Arctic plants.

Let us now first consider the remarkable difference between the forest vegetation of Eastern America and that of Europe and Western Asia. The latter area is the more extensive and more varied of the two, yet its trees, both deciduous and coniferous, are scarcely half as numerous or half as diversified. Why, we naturally ask, is America so rich? Professor Asa Gray answers, it is not America that is exceptionally rich, but Europe that is exceptionally poor. This is shown in two ways. Firstly, because America, rich as it is, is surpassed by Eastern Asia; and, secondly, because Europe itself

was formerly at least as rich as America is now. During the Pliocene or later Miocene periods, Europe possessed most of the generic groups of trees now confined to North America and East Asia, and was wonderfully rich in different kinds. The later Tertiary deposits of Switzerland alone have yielded, according to Professor Heer, 291 species of trees and 242 shrubs, or far more than the present rich flora of Eastern Asia added to the poorer one of Europe. It is true that this number includes the species of several distinct deposits of somewhat different ages. But in the beds of one single locality and period, at Eningen, the remains of nearly two hundred species of trees have been found; and it is in the highest degree improbable that all which lived there have been preserved, while it is certain that the flora of Eningen was not so rich as that of Switzerland, and was, *a fortiori*, very much poorer than that of Europe. Making, therefore, all necessary deductions for imperfect determinations of species, it is impossible to doubt that the kinds of trees inhabiting Europe in late Tertiary times were far more numerous and varied than they are now even in Eastern Asia, which, as we have seen, is the richest part of the north temperate zone. Since the period of these deposits the climate of all these regions has greatly deteriorated, culminating in a Glacial epoch which has only recently passed away; and to this is naturally imputed the wonderful change from riches to poverty which has come over the woody plants of Europe. But we have still to ask, Why did not Eastern America and Eastern Asia become equally poor? And Professor Asa Gray has now answered that question for us in a very satisfactory manner.

We must first call attention to the fact that when Europe enjoyed a milder climate, with a rich and varied flora, there was also an abundant vegetation, very similar in character to that which now clothes our north temperate latitudes, extending northward to the Arctic circle and far beyond it. In Arctic America, in Greenland, and even in Spitzbergen, there have been found well-preserved remains of maples, poplars, birches, and limes, like those of Europe; of magnolias, hickories, sassafras, and Wellingtonias, like those of America; as well as of ginkgo-trees and several other kinds now peculiar to Japan. The period when these Arctic woods flourished was no doubt earlier than that of the forests of Eningen (though both are usually termed Miocene), the northern plants having migrated southward owing to the lowering of the mean temperature. As the severer cold of the Glacial epoch came on, the same species could only live by migrating still farther south; and then, when the cold period had passed away, they moved back again, and many of them now occupy the same countries as they did before the Glacial epoch.

And now we arrive at the explanation of the exceptional poverty

of Europe. If we look at a good map or large globe, we shall see that in North America the Alleghany Mountains run north and south, and the lowlands east and west of them extend uninterruptedly to Florida, to Texas, and to the Gulf of Mexico. There was, therefore, nothing to prevent the southward migration of the flora, and its northward return, when the mountains were covered with snow and ice. But in Europe the geographical conditions are very different. There is a great chain of mountains, the Alps and Pyrenees, running in an east and west direction, and farther south a great sea, the Mediterranean, also running east and west. As the Glacial epoch came on, the icy mantle crept southward from the Arctic Ocean and downward from the mountain heights, thus preventing the plants of Central Europe from migrating southward, and destroying all that were not capable of enduring a very severe climate, or which did not also exist south of the Alps. But here, too, the Mediterranean prevented any southern migration; and being crowded into a diminished area between the mountains and the sea, many species must have perished. When the cold passed away, the survivors spread northwards and rapidly covered the whole country, but their greatly diminished numbers and the prevalence of a few hardy species over very wide areas, sufficiently attest the severe ordeal they have passed through.

The correctness of this explanation can hardly be doubted, more especially as it equally serves to explain the superior riches of Eastern Asia. For here we find a far greater extent of northern land from which the existing forest-trees originally came, and also a greater extent of southern lowlands extending uninterruptedly into the tropics, for them to retreat to during the period of cold. All the conditions were here favourable, first for the production and next for the preservation of a rich flora.

The poverty of Western America in deciduous trees and its richness in conifers, Professor Asa Gray considers to be a more difficult and at present an insoluble problem. But here, too, a consideration of the physical character of the country suggests an intelligible explanation. Conifers are more especially mountain plants, while deciduous trees abound most in the lowlands. Now in North-West America there is a vast stretch of mountains from the extreme north to the far south, and no extensive lowlands—exactly the reverse of what obtains in Eastern America, where the lowlands are vastly more extensive than the mountains. Conifers, therefore, most likely always abounded most on the western side of the continent, and during their enforced southern migrations always found suitable mountain habitats. The deciduous trees, on the other hand (always, probably, few in number), were many of them exterminated in their migrations first southward and again northward, for want of suitable places of

growth, or were overpowered by the greater vigour of the competing coniferous trees.

Turning again to Eastern Asia we find a combination of both these conditions. Ample mountain ranges traverse every part of it from the Arctic circle to the tropics, but these are everywhere interrupted by great river-valleys and extensive plateaus of moderate elevation, thus offering equally favourable conditions for the preservation of both kinds of trees; and here we accordingly still find the richest and most perfectly balanced woody vegetation of the north temperate zone.

The marvellous history that we have here sketched in the merest outline, teaches us that our own country has been denuded of its proper share of wild trees and shrubs by a great natural catastrophe—the Glacial epoch—which destroyed them just as a hurricane or a conflagration might have destroyed them, only more gradually, and at the same time more thoroughly. In replanting the same or similar trees as those which inhabited Europe before the Glacial period, we may be said to be only bringing back our own, and again clothing our land with those forest denizens which at no very distant epoch it actually possessed.

Returning again to the more special subject of this paper, I would remark, in conclusion, that the preservation and restoration of Epping Forest is a matter of wide and even of national interest. The method of procedure now decided on will determine its condition for generations to come, and our successors will not forgive us if, for want of due consideration, we fail to make the most of the great opportunity which here offers itself. Whatever is now done will be practically irreversible. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that those who have given thought to the subject, or who possess experience bearing upon it, should now make their views known, in order that conflicting suggestions may be submitted to the ordeal of free criticism, and lead to the adoption of a plan worthy of the occasion, and which we may not at some future time have reason to regret.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

## THE PEASANTS OF THE LIMAGNE.

Nor many years back we used to hear a great deal about the poverty, the indebtedness, the hard lives, the boorishness of the French peasants. During the last few years we have heard as much, or more, about their wealth. My own observation of the effects of peasant proprietorship in Switzerland, the Channel Islands, and elsewhere, had disposed me to be somewhat incredulous of statements of the former kind; and this summer an opportunity having presented itself for enabling me to take a near view of the facts of the case, I was determined not to let it slip by. I would see these peasant proprietors with my own eyes in their own homes; I would note how they live and work; I would be with them in the field and at table; I would converse with them and question them; and so I would collect materials for forming an opinion as to what sort of people they are, and what is their actual condition.

I selected the Limagne of old Auvergne for my field of observation. I did this for two reasons: first, because, as the French statist, Dureau de la Malle, tells us, it is the district in which peasant proprietorship has been more thoroughly worked out to its complete results than elsewhere in France; and then because I might at the same time take a look at the extinct volcanoes of Central France, a sight of very great geological interest. As these are found in the departments of the Puy de Dôme, the Cantal, the Haute Loire, and the Ardèche, which form the western and southern boundaries of the Limagne, it was easy to combine the two objects in the same excursion.

I took the extinct volcanoes first. It was fortunate that I did so, for they alone can explain the formation of the Limagne and its diversity of soils. I had with me Poulett Scrope's classical work on *The Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*. It has been translated and published in France under the auspices of the Academy. Among its other uses it enables one to measure the progress that has been made during the last thirty years in deciphering the past history of the earth, for in the account it offers of the way in which the Limagne was formed there is no reference to glacier action.

The Limagne is a vast plain, about forty miles in length from Brioude to Gannat, that is from south to north, and in its widest part about twenty miles in breadth, from west to east. It lies between the granitic ranges of the Foréz on the east and of the Puy de Dôme plateau on the west. These are about two thousand feet in height: to the latter must be added the height of the cones of the

extinct volcanoes with which it is studded. The summit of the Puy de Dôme, the highest of this chain, is four thousand eight hundred and five feet above the sea level. To the south-east, and south-west, it is headed by the extinct volcanoes of the Cantal, the Haute Loire, and the Ardèche, the first being separated from the two last merely by the channel of the Allier. The plain for rather more than half its length, that is from Brioude to Pont du Château, is thickly studded with low knolls and ridges of volcanic formation now much degraded. Many of these are but little above the general level of the plain. Some of the higher of these hills are still capped with basalt. This basalt was doubtless once continuous over large areas.

The Museum at Le Puy, the chief town of the department of the Haute Loire, contains human evidence that the whole of this district was, during the glacial epoch, in much the same condition as Lapland is at this day. In that museum are to be seen very distinct and not inaccurately executed engravings of reindeer upon pieces of bone. These were found in the neighbourhood, and must have been the work of men who were dwelling here contemporaneously with the reindeer. Such denizens, however, of the frozen north could only have existed in this district at a time when the mountains of the Cantal, the Ardèche, and the Haute Loire, and the two ranges that enclose the plain, were covered with perpetual snow and ice, and originated a mighty glacier in the upper valley of the Allier, which, as it passed on into the plain of the Limagne, was joined by innumerable lateral glaciers from the ranges of the Forez and of the Puy de Dôme. It was this mighty glacier, which bringing down enormous quantities of detritus from the mountains at its head and from the ranges on either side, and which planing down the lower volcanic eminences that lay in its path, filled a great part of the valley with the various kinds of soil of which the plain is now formed. When this glacier, at the advent of a milder epoch, had disappeared, it left the great plain not almost a uniform level as we now see it, but full of inequalities and depressions, such as must abound in the bed of a great glacier, especially of so mighty and composite a glacier as that of the Allier must have been. These inequalities and depressions were afterwards filled in by lacustrine formations. Hence the great variety of soils in the Limagne, good, bad, and indifferent; and the fact that some spots are merely planed off hills, and that others are still marshy, not having even yet been raised quite to the general level. Far the greater part of the work must have been done by glacier action. To take a single instance: the giant Puy de Dôme is only the hard core of an old pre-glacial volcano, the whole of its scoriæ, and soft external rocks, having been ground down and removed by a glacier descending its sides. Its neighbour Pariou, which is composed of scoriæ, and whose crater is

still as perfect as if it had been cut out yesterday by a turning lathe, must, as it has suffered no denudation, have been thrown up subsequently to the glacial epoch.

This glance at the geological history of the district brings before us the processes by which nature prepared it for the uses to which man is now turning it, and increases the interest with which we regard the industry and the life of its present peasant proprietors. And this interest will be further heightened by recalling the succession of the races of mankind who have dwelt here, and their very diverse modes of turning the scene to account. There is no evidence to show whether man dwelt here before the glacial epoch. At that period, however, we have sufficient grounds for inferring that a race, similar in form and habits to the existing Eskimo, occupied the district. They had bone and stone implements, the latter only chipped. These first known occupants were supplanted by the neolithic people, who polished their stone arms and implements with the wheel; who had flocks and herds, cultivated the great plain, and who could spin and weave. After a time bronze superseded polished stone. This was not introduced by a conquering race, but was obtained by way of barter from the Etruscans and Phœnicians. The next step was the abandonment of bronze for iron. Then came the Romans, who changed the language, and together with that both the outer form and the inner spirit of society. Here, jutting out into the plain, is the hill of Gergovia, where the Gauls made their last stand against the great Cæsar. The Romans were followed by the barbarians of Germany; their invasion issued in the feudal system which was here more firmly established than anywhere else in France—a result of the peculiar formation of the country, which everywhere offers sites on its innumerable hill tops for impregnable castles. This made the grand seigneurs so strong that they set the crown and law at defiance down to the time of Louis XIV., who at last captured and executed at Clermont the worst of these oppressors, and destroyed all their strong fortresses, the massive foundations of which may still be seen. The long and cruel oppressions practised by the owners of these castles explain the intense hatred with which the title of grand seigneur is to this day associated in the minds of the peasants of Auvergne.

One more change had to be effected—the substitution for these old oppressors of a peasant proprietary. That has now been thoroughly carried out, and the whole of the land is in the peasants' hands. Universal social, and economic equality has taken the place of the enormous inequalities of the foregoing period. Universal industry has superseded predominant idleness and crushing serfdom. Perfect order, signal honesty, and general kindness of manner are conspicuous on the scene where once reigned disorder, violence,

rapine, and oppression. Law is now supreme; and every man receives for himself the fruits of his day's toil. The career is equally open to all—industry, intelligence, and thrift, having become the only means of rising in the world.

I will at once proceed to the details of what I saw and heard during a week spent among the peasants of the Limagne. In any other connection such small matters as I am about to chronicle would be insignificant, but here they are indispensable for my object, which is to put before the reader the peasant proprietor just as I found him. For this purpose general outlines would be of little use, for they would necessarily be generalizations, which might be either true or false. Nothing but the particulars of each day faithfully narrated can give the reader the materials for forming his own opinion. The whole of the narrative is taken from notes I made immediately after each occurrence or conversation. As respects places and persons I have, for obvious reasons, substituted fictitious for their real names.

*Sept. 3, Tuesday.*—At 8.30 A.M. I arrived at the village of Brenat. I brought with me a letter of introduction from the Abbé Laroche, vicaire of a parish in Claremont, addressed jointly to his brother Abbé, vicaire of Brenat, and to the old curé of Brenat. The letter contained the request that they would find for me an intelligent peasant in whose house I might pass a week, and who would be able to give me what information I might require about the culture of the land and the peasant life of the place. Brenat is a village of peasant proprietors in the level plain of the Limagne. They all cultivate their own land, the husband and wife working together; the latter generally going to the field in the afternoon, when the house work for the day has been done. The place contains, besides the houses of the peasants, a grocer's shop, several cafés and restaurants, three smithies, two bakers', two carpenters' and wheelwrights' shops, a house in which reside six sisters of charity, and the old curé's house, with whom resides his vicaire. The commune has a population of 1,338 souls. About a third of these, including women and children, are supported by a large sugar factory. This stands at a little distance from the village, containing within itself its stables, smithies, cooperage, retorts for making animal charcoal, &c. Just outside its gates has been erected a barrack-like building for its work-people. There is a daily market in the village for the sale of vegetables, fruit, eggs, and such small matters as peasants produce and peasants require. It is held in an open space between the church and the fountain. At the distance of about a mile from the village is a hill about one hundred feet high, upon which some of the more well-to-do peasants have little bits of vineyard land. This is almost entirely made land, the original surface of the hill having been pretty nearly all rock.



At 8.30, then, A.M., I reached the house in which the abbé resided with the old curé. On reading the letter I had delivered to them, the abbé immediately endeavoured to comply with the request it contained. He first took me to a house in the outskirts of the village. You had to pass through a small front court, which was the manure-yard, to reach the house. The ground-floor was occupied—a very common arrangement here—by the kitchen and cow-stable. The dwelling-rooms above, both of which contained beds, were reached by an outside staircase. The house, like all the houses in the village, was built very solidly of volcanic stone—a kind of black trachyte. There are no dilapidated cottages in these villages. We found the wife at home: she was sunburnt and athletic, but still very good-looking. Her manner was easy and pleasing. She said she could not enter into an arrangement of the kind proposed without the consent of her husband. We therefore went to look for him in the fields, though indeed if we are to speak strictly that would be a misnomer, for the whole of the Limagne is but one field. We found him breaking up his wheat stubble with a pair of oxen. He was a powerful swarthy man of about five feet eleven inches in height. He said that as he must be away from home for the greater part of the week, I should not be able to get from him as much information as I wished; and so he recommended us to try a neighbour of his of the name of Girard. On reaching Girard's house, a glance showed that it was somewhat better than the first I had seen. The outer yard was surrounded by substantial iron railings. This yard had no manure-heap, though there were indications that one corner of it was at times used for that purpose. There were standing in it a tumbrel, a light four-wheeled waggon, in build something like what we call Scotch carts, and a light and a large heavy plough. Against the wall were suspended a variety of forks, spades, and hoes. To the left were the cow-stables and a substantial stone barn. On one side of the door, a bright looking lad of fifteen, dressed like a young gentleman, and not at all sunburnt, was seated in the shade reading. I saw that his book was a French translation of one of Miss Braddon's novels. We entered the house. The wife was at home. She was such a woman as I had never before seen,—tall, and of more massive and muscular frame than most men, and very sunburnt, but with features that were very far from being coarse; indeed, had they not been cast in so large a mould, you might have said that they were finely cut. The priest told our errand. He had advised me to offer five francs a day for board and lodging. But this I had declined to do, for I knew that I could not carry out the purpose I had in coming without taking up much of the time of the people I should be with, and giving them some trouble. I wished, too, from the first, to be on friendly terms with the family. I therefore offered ten francs a

day. The good woman, who was as quick and energetic in thought as in action, at once took me up stairs, and showed me their best room. I afterwards found that it was twenty-three feet by sixteen feet. It contained a good bed. On the walls were some prints on sacred subjects, and a mirror; in one corner was a commode in which the linen and crockery were kept. A table and half-a-dozen chairs completed the furniture. The floor had never been waxed, and of course, that not being customary in France, it had never been scrubbed, but it was swept daily. From the accumulation, therefore, between the planks of the *debris* of the table during many years there was a perceptible odour. This room, which must be dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom, I told the good woman would do very well. She could not suppose that her husband, who was at work on his land about a mile off, would make any objection; and so it was settled that my portmanteau should at once be brought from the curé's; and that I should then go out with the son, whose name was Maurice, and whose acquaintance I had made on entering the house, to hear what his father would say to my proposal. We found him mowing a second cut of grass in rather a damp meadow of about an acre and a half. I explained my errand. He at once consented on condition that I would never forget he was a peasant. Hilairo, for that was his Christian name, was, as I afterwards learned, in his forty-sixth year. He was about five feet eight inches in height, stout, and very broad shouldered. He was using the light scythe we everywhere see in Switzerland, and which rather chops than cuts the swarth; in its action there is nothing of the long sweep of our long-bladed, heavy English scythe. Not far from him was an old woman spreading the cut grass. Her dress, though substantial, was very faded and weather-beaten, and her features very weather-worn. "That," said Maurice, running up to her and kissing both sides of her face, "is my grandmother." We now returned to the house, and it was eleven o'clock. At twelve we were to dine. While I was taking out of my portmanteau what I should want for the day, the handsome Amazon mother entered the room, bringing in her arms a pile of books. "These," she said, laying them on the table, "are Maurice's prizes. He goes to the seminary at Clermont, and these prizes he has got for French, Latin, and Greek." This was her way of more completely introducing him to me. I asked if other peasants' sons pursued such studies? "He," she replied, "is not to be a peasant. His father and grandfather have enough land, together with their savings, to render that unnecessary." She then told me that there was another peasant's son in Brenat being brought up in the same way. Here then already was evidence of the prosperity of the working peasants, and of the way in which the professional classes are recruited from their ranks. When she left the room

Maurice took out his *cahier*, and showed me the piece of Greek the abbé had set him for that day—it was now vacation time—telling me that it was from Sophocles. I told him it was from the *Odyssey*, and translated it for him. This having been quickly disposed of, and there still being half-an-hour before dinner would be served, he told me he could play the flute, and asked if I should like to hear him. Of course it would give me much pleasure to hear him, and so he played till dinner. His readiness and the perfect ease of his manner would have surprised one who was accustomed only to English children of his age. At dinner he and I sat together, his mother bringing up each dish separately and doing the waiting.

After dinner Maurice proposed that we should take a walk of about two miles to a neighbouring commune, to show me the country, and that I might make the acquaintance of two of his uncles. We found them, together with two women of the family, unloading two of the light four-wheeled waggons I have already mentioned. They were loaded with wheat, which was then being laid up in a stone barn. The place of the women was on the top of the loads, and they pitched the sheaves to the men, who stored them away in the *bars*. All the party were above the common size, with plenty of bone and muscle; very different from the common English ideas of French men and women. The wheat was bearded, what we call *rivet*; there is both a red and a white sort of it. It was the only kind I saw in the Limagne. The grain was large and plump, but the bran would probably be coarse. The straw was not long. It is not the custom in France to cart home the wheat so soon after cutting it as is done with us. The sheaves are set up in large shocks, and left for a time in the field to mature and harden the grain. About four of these large shocks would go to one of our loads. They are so arranged as that the wet, should it rain, will not be able to penetrate the heap, but will run off. When they have stood in this way for about a month, they are at the first convenient opportunity carted home. The stubble is often lightly ploughed, or rather broken up, before the wheat is brought home.

The Limagne, like other arable districts of France, is without any kind of hedge either between the properties or along the road-side. Our path was at times through orchards, and I observed the apples hanging over the path and lying on the ground by the path-side, and I noticed that there were as many apples under the trees by the path-side as under those at a distance. No one, where almost everybody has property, is dishonest in such matters as this. Property has engendered an instinct of honesty. It has taught men to do to others as they would be done by. Clermont has a population of fifty thousand; but all the vineyards around it, except where they form part of the ground round a dwelling-house, are quite

open and unprotected. So are the peach-trees, laden with fruit, and the pear and apple orchards. This implies a kind of morality not quite identical with that of the towns, whether great or small, and even of the rural villages, on our side of the silver streak.

I had now been eight hours with Maurice, and the flow of his conversation, strange as the statement may sound, had never flagged, though it was not much stimulated by questions I had put to him, for I preferred to leave him to himself; and I may at once extend this remark to the whole week I was at Brenat. He was always ready, lively, and easy. If at any time there was no little walk he could propose in or about the village, or nothing to be done or talked about, he would take up his flute, or bring out his pack of cards for a rubber at piquet.

Soon after six P.M. the good man returned from his day's work in the hay field. Having first taken his cows to the village fountain, three hundred yards off, he tidied himself for supper, which was served at seven. It consisted of soup, almost entirely absorbed by slices of bread that had been added to it a little before it had been taken off the fire; fried potatoes, flavoured somewhat highly with onion, to be taken as a separate dish; mutton cutlets; *blanquette* of veal—both without vegetables; haricots, with some kind of savoury sauce; and wine of two kinds—his ordinary sort of last year and a stronger sort of some ten years of age, both good. The dessert was of grapes and excellent peaches, both grown by himself. The good woman did all the waiting, and when there was no further occasion for her services, took her place at the table; but it was evident that she wished to be doing something, and thought that sitting down, even for a quarter of an hour, was a waste of time. I sat with the good man till half-past nine. Our conversation was chiefly about the Limagne, and the peasant-life of the neighbourhood. He had begun life without anything. By hard work, from which he had never allowed himself to be diverted either for pleasure or for politics, he had by little and little become the owner of six *hectares*, between fourteen and fifteen acres. They were dispersed in six parcels. He had only been to the theatre at Clermont twice in his life. He thought the theatre very instructive, but to have frequented it would have interfered with the object of his life, which was to acquire land. He had always disliked having anything to do with politics, because in those matters the least industrious, and the least trustworthy part of the people, had the lead. Theoretically he was a republican, but then it must be a good republic, not one administered by the needy and the disorderly. He thought that in the end all the world would become republican; and that a republican government, if it fell into good hands, would be the cheapest, but that the present republican government was very costly. The wife was a strong imperialist,

partly because under that *régime* exemptions from military service could easily be purchased, and partly, I suspect, from ecclesiastical influences. Hilaire and his Amazon wife, who is his junior by ten years, do themselves all the work of their fourteen acres, with the exceptions of some hired labour at harvest, and of their being sometimes helped by her old father and mother; who, however, have their own land to cultivate. Land, from a variety of causes, is always in the market. His son's education at Clermont costs him 1,000 francs (£40) a year. He was himself now well off, as were most of his neighbours. If they were not it was their own fault, unless they had had bad health. He had read Sir Walter Scott's novels in a French translation. He was glad to meet an Englishman, that he might learn why the estate, which always appeared enormously large, always went the whole of it to the eldest son. Was this the practice of Englishmen, and permitted by the law? Or was it the invention of the writer for the purposes of his tale?

*September 4, Wednesday.*—Hilaire and his wife were up at 3.30. By four he had watered his cattle at the fountain, and was off with his four-wheeled cart, accompanied by his father-in-law, to begin fetching home his wheat, to be stored in the barn for threshing in winter, which he would do himself. At six, the good woman having heard me moving, came into the room, without knocking at the door, to ask if I had passed a good night and if I was in want of anything. At half-past six went with Maurice to a neighbouring café for some ready-made coffee for breakfast. At seven breakfasted with Maurice. Every meal throughout the week was served in the room in which I slept. Had for breakfast a large basin of *café au lait*, served, as was the soup, with slices of bread sopped in it. We had also the excellent cheese of the country and a massive sausage. As I did not touch the latter, it was not brought on subsequent mornings. We had besides peaches and grapes, as at every meal. The floor of the room had been swept and sprinkled with water before breakfast.

After breakfast called on the curé and vicar. I found them in the garden. They would show me everything. Every plant and flower seemed to give them pleasure, as did every new idea. Their simple-minded good-nature, easy gentle manner, and clear intelligence were charming. They were much surprised at hearing from Maurice that I had assisted him in his Greek lesson, and had corrected him in saying that it was taken from Sophocles. The abbé, to have himself a demonstration of my erudition, asked me if I knew the Greek for a tree? I quoted a hemistich from Homer in Greek—"where lofty trees grow." I heard him whisper to the old curé "that they must be careful, for Monsieur was a profound savant." After an hour passed in the garden, the abbé took me to the church, and showed me all their ecclesiastical treasures, and some remains of mediæval

architecture in the eastern extremity of the church. He then offered to go with us in the afternoon to Vitric. As an acknowledgment of the obligations I was under to him for the trouble he had taken in finding me a good peasant, I gave him a napoleon for the poor of Brenat. This proved of unexpected service to me, for he immediately distributed it among the crippled members of his flock, and thenceforth every one in the place became desirous of giving me all the information I required. Seeing how Maurice was devoting himself to me, I made the same present to him, telling him that it was for the approaching fair of Manzat, which was to come off the following Monday. As he had a great many relations in the place and neighbourhood, this at once put me on excellent terms with all of them.

We dined at twelve. The *pièce de résistance* was a small leg of mutton. Yesterday the good woman had asked me what meat the English liked best, and I had replied, my conscience pricking me for such infidelity to the roast beef of old England, "that many of us preferred mutton." The good man had also asked me if their brown "*pain de ménage*" was such as I was accustomed to at home?" and I had said that in England we all ate white bread; and so to-day, and for the rest of the time I was with them, we only had on the table white bread, brought daily from Clermont. I mention these small matters, not because they made any difference to myself, for, of course, they did not, but to show the *morale* of this peasant family. The grandfather had been invited to dinner to-day. He is sixty-eight years old, but still erect and hale. He had served in the army, and had seen Paris and much of the country. He came in his blouse and wooden shoes. His conversation was easy and his manner good. There was little of the small leg of mutton left for the good woman, when, having set on the dessert, she at last took her place at the table. At dinner, the three generations drank three bottles of wine, and got some way into a fourth. The wife and myself took scarcely any.

After dinner, on our way to the station for our excursion to Vitric, we called for the abbé. He and the curé came to the door, and insisted on our coming in. A tall capacious jar of brandied cherries—it might have been nearly two feet high—was placed on the table. Evidently it was highly prized. Their simplicity and kindness were touching. The land round Brenat is generally good; as we approached Vitric it rapidly deteriorated, and became poor. In places it was marshy, in others stony. We found Vitric on a high cliff, overlooking the Allier. It contains 3,348 inhabitants. Like such places as Marlborough at home, it has been impoverished by the railway diverting its former traffic. Its château, dating from the time of Louis XIV., is now the Town-hall. All the land that had then belonged to the seigneurs of this château is now in the

hands of peasants. \*There is probably no other agricultural district in Europe which has so many of these small towns and large villages as the Limagne. We stayed three hours at Vitric, spending the time in the château and at an auberge, waiting for the cool of the evening. We walked back to Brenat, the distance being about seven *kilomètres*. I found the land by the wayside very much divided. Some pieces could not have been more than a quarter of an acre in size. The owner, however, of one of these small patches may have had several other larger pieces in the neighbourhood, for small parcels of land are always in the market, and hardly any one property of a few acres in size is in a single block. The four stone posts planted at the four corners, just showing above the level of the ground, and not visible above the lucerne and the beet, as the eye glances along the plain, indicate a separate property. Even ditches, as divisions of property, are unknown. The old Jewish landmark and the Latin *terminus* must, of course, have been the same deeply sunk stone post. During the afternoon the priest's and Maurice's talk never flagged. We got back to Brenat a little after six p.m. My window commanded one of the main approaches to the village from some of its best land. It was very pleasing, in the early twilight, to see the last carts coming home laden with wheat, or lucerne, or potatoes, the wife generally seated on the top of the load, and the husband walking by the side of his patient oxen, both rejoicing that their long day's work had at last come to an end. Interspersed with the carts are the girls and the old women bringing home the sheep—some had a few goats—and the flocks of geese, some numbering fifty birds. Of these some had been taught to follow, and some, but these must have been of Irish extraction, to go before their conductress. Both the girls and the old women would generally be knitting all the while, and would be accompanied by their intelligent and gentle dogs, who know their owner's land, and will not allow the sheep to go beyond the boundary stones. What makes the sight pleasing is one's sympathy with the satisfaction that these industrious people are feeling at bringing home what is their own—the hard-won rewards of their day's toil; and one's knowledge that no part of it, just because it has been so hardly won, will be wasted and squandered.

At supper the father remarked that they had several fêtes in the course of the year, but that the believers—of course he meant among the men—were hardly as numerous as the fêtes. He dwelt on this extinction of faith in the presence of his son, but without expressing approval or disapproval, merely as a notorious fact. "But," he added, "that he loved the abbé much, and that the old curé also was much respected." He had last week, for the first time, served on a jury. He thought that if half the world were to work as hard as he

did, they would easily manage the other half; for it seemed to be not merely his own belief, but that he took it for a fact acknowledged by all the world, that courage, honesty, and almost every virtue, were only to be found among the peasants. As he expressed it, "When people emigrate to the towns, virtue falls and ceases to exist." He summed up his eulogy of peasant life by saying, "Hard work does not injure the health, strengthens morality, and is the surest road to fortune." This evening he brought out a bottle of his best wine, which he had made sixteen years ago of grapes that he had hung up in his barn for some months, till they had become half dry. It had the flavour of Madeira, but I thought had more strength. It was rather sweet. He said he only had five bottles of it now left. Maurice suggested that they should be kept for his wedding. The mother exclaimed, "Ah! mon Dieu!"

*September 5, Thursday.*—The good man and good woman—I do not know in what respect either of them could have been better—were again up before four A.M. Before the village clock had struck the hour, I heard him opening his outer gate and taking out Rose and Blanche to the fountain. While Maurice went to the restaurant for our coffee, I took the decanter to the fountain for fresh water. At breakfast Madame asked Maurice if he had said his prayers? He had not. In a sharp, peremptory tone she insisted on his instantly retiring to his room for the purpose. After breakfast he requested me to allow him to go and fetch his school-friend and neighbour, Bardoux, whom he wished to present to me. Bardoux, like himself, is the son of a working peasant, who also, like himself, is being brought up at Clermont for a profession. In a few minutes the two entered the room together, and the friend was presented. From the manner of the two you might have supposed that they were men of the world, who had been accustomed all their lives to good society. After a little conversation Maurice asks my permission to teach his friend piquet. After about half an hour of this, the friend wishes me a pleasant day and retires; and Maurice sits down to do his task for the abbé, which consists to-day in turning some French into Latin. This week these tasks occupied less time than usual, and there were but few references to the dictionary. We then took what the Americans call a tour of observation about the village. The streets are very short and tortuous. Hardly two houses touch or are in line. Each has been built on the occupant's own bit of land in the style that harmonized with his means and ideas, and with the nature of the plot of ground on which it stands. One fronts the street; the next has its end turned to the street; perhaps the next forms an acute or an obtuse angle with the street. No street is paved or macadamized: the latter word is in use in Brenat. There are no *trottoirs*. Every street has a run from the cow-houses, and perhaps



from the houses themselves. There is no drainage in the village. I was fortunate in not having to make my acquaintance with it in wet weather. The church and fountain are its great features. In the centre of the village, on slightly raised ground, are some remains of the old château of the old seigneurs of Brenat. The only flower-garden in the place is that of the old curé, and in that the flowers are mixed, just where a place could be found for them, with the fruit-trees and vegetables.

All day Hilaire and his old father-in-law were employed, as they had been yesterday, in bringing home and storing away in the stone barn the corn that had been cut about a month back.

I had accidentally mentioned yesterday that in England potatoes were cooked *au naturel*; to-day, therefore, the good woman did violence to her culinary instinct of making the most of everything, and instead of frying the potatoes and serving them up as a separate dish, with a savoury sauce, somewhat oniony and somewhat greasy to our taste, set them on table roasted, to be eaten with fresh butter. This act of good nature almost, I dare say, went against her conscience; but I assured her that her potatoes grown in the volcanic *detritus*, full of phosphatès, of that part of the Limagne, were well able to stand so entirely on their own merits. From similar motives the good man had added to the wine to-day a bottle labelled "Jamaica rum." He had supposed that rum was a favourite English beverage, and that Jamaica rum was both the best and the kind that Englishmen are most used to. Just at present, too, rum and rum punch are much in vogue in France.

The reason why the manure from the cows is not allowed to accumulate here in close contiguity to the front door, as in the pasture districts of Switzerland, is that here the agriculture is very varied; there is, therefore, almost at all times some of the land to which it can be carted. On Swiss grass-land the manure can only be applied when the cutting and subsequent feeding is done, that is, in the autumn.

At two o'clock the abbé took me to see the great sugar factory and distillery at Brenat. They are one of the largest establishments of the kind in France, and are said to have cost more than 25,000,000 francs; and, considering their extent, I do not see how they could have cost less. They cover many acres, and have six chimneys, two of which are of unusual massiveness and height. The government dues I was told amount to 3,000,000 francs a year; and there are on the premises twelve excisemen, though possibly some of these may be employed in two or three small succursal factories belonging to the establishment. On the great rise in wages, which occurred a few years back, the original shareholders, finding themselves unable to work the business profitably, were obliged to sell the concern. It only fetched 3,000,000 francs. On this reduced capital

the new company pay some dividend. It appeared, however, to me to be still carried on as it had been originally built, in a fashion heedless of expense. There seemed to be everywhere an unnecessary amplitude of space, and a great superfluity of employés, many of whom appeared to have little or nothing to do. When, however, I saw it, the sugar season had not yet commenced, and the distilleries only were at work. I was struck with the clearness of expression, arising from distinctness of thought, exhibited by the foremen of the different departments. Throughout the factory the abbé was well received by the working hands; there was much lifting of hats on both sides, and often some friendly talk. The general manager was of opinion that the reason why the French sugar-refiners undersell the English is, not that they gain something by the drawback on exportation, but that the French refine more scientifically, and so better and cheaper, than the English, and that they have the same advantage in their distilling. We have paid the French as much as £7,000,000 in a year for sugar. The soil and climate of our south-eastern counties would probably enable us to make this sugar ourselves, for now not only northern France and Belgium, but northern Germany, and even Russia, are making their own beet-root sugar. What stands in our way appears to be our land system. It is not the interest of a landlord, especially if he have only a life-interest in the estate, to spend £10,000 or £20,000 in setting up a factory; and it is impossible for a tenant to make any investment of this kind on another man's land. It is well known that wherever sugar is made, more cattle are kept and more wheat is grown; though it is possible that this might not be the case in England. In France, at all events, the culture of the sugar-beet is a considerable element in the prosperity of the peasantry.

The priest had been invited to supper. We sat down at seven. Madame triumphed in the *menu*: the peasants' bread soup; potatoes fried—fried because Monsieur l'Abbé was of the party; *blanquette* of chicken; beefsteaks; a savoury meat pie from Clermont; one of Madame's capons, which in the morning she had brought up to my room to show me, being proud of its weight; salad; haricots; pastry from Clermont; the three kinds of wine I have already mentioned—all of Hilaire's own making; and a dessert of grapes, peaches, and little cakes. The conversation flowed on unfailingly in a lively stream; the peasant in his blouse seemed, almost equally with the priest in his frock, to feel a keen pleasure in thinking and putting thought into correct and lucid French. The boy, too, took his part in the conversation. Madame alone was silent and preoccupied. As every dish, even the vegetables, came to table separately and required a change of plates, she had much to do in going up and down stairs to and from the kitchen, attending to what was still at the fire and to the wants of her guests. I thought her better worth

seeing than anything I had seen at the great Paris Exhibition. She had been up at four A.M.; had gone to early service at the church at five; had done all the washing, cleaning, cooking, and work of every kind for the family; if for a moment her attention had not been wanted at the fire, and she had had nothing else to do, her knitting had been in her hands. After twelve-o'clock dinner she had gone to the field to load up wheat, taking her place in the cart, and mounting up as she packed the sheaves, till she was at a height which was almost alarming; for as their carts have a horizontal windlass, fore and aft, to tighten the cord which binds the load, they can load higher than we do. She had then come home to cook the supper, which she was now serving as briskly as if she had done nothing in the previous part of the day. If Madame could be exhibited in England it would be a sight that would surprise many of us—so broad-shouldered, so clean-limbed, so active, so sun-beaten, so well-featured, so good-natured, and so self-possessed; and the work she does in the day should be exhibited with her. The same, though in his case it would be less striking, might be said of her brawny, kindly husband. Maurice, too, with his flute, should not be omitted. And if the old weather-beaten, but happy-looking, grandfather and grandmother, in their wooden shoes, could be added, it would be better. It would be a sight that might give some of us new ideas about French peasants, men and women, and about what amount of work can be done in twenty-four hours, to the benefit of the constitution, when the work is done for the family; for possibly people could not work in this way for hire, or, if they were forced to do it, would break down from want of mental support. Nor from such an exhibition would I have the good abbé omitted, that it might be understood how much of mutual regard the cultured priest—ours was the son of a Juge de Paix—and the hard-working peasant can entertain for each other.

At supper there was some talk about the republic and taxation. I could only infer that the priest did not regard the former with favour. Hilaire distinctly announced his ideas, which may be summed up thus: „So long as society is divided into a rich class and a poor class, some of the latter having nothing at all—he was thinking of the great cities—republics will require a more general diffusion of virtue than is to be found at present. In all Hilaire's thoughts about society and about government virtue ever figured as the first requirement; I suppose both because he was a hard-working peasant, and because he had something to lose. As to taxation, he told us that his six *hectares* and house were taxed at six English pounds a year; and that every bottle of wine before it could be sold had to pay six sous, that is 3*d.* English.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

## ON THE STUDY OF CLASSICAL ART.

For some time past it has been a reproach against English culture, that in the knowledge of Greek and Roman art and archæology our countrymen are behind the world. We pride ourselves on our classical education, but a classical education ought to mean the training of the mind by a thorough and vital study of the genius of ancient Greece and Rome; and how can our study be thorough and vital when one great province of that genius we ignore? We attend to the works of ancient literature, but we do not attend to the works, multitudinous and full of attraction as they are, of ancient handicraft. Books and language certainly supply the materials for more than half the whole science of Greek and Roman antiquity; but for almost another half, monuments and remains supply the materials. By monuments and remains I mean primarily those of architecture, sculpture, painting, and the auxiliary or lesser manual arts, considered both for their own sakes as things of beauty, and for the sake of the light they throw on the thoughts, usages, and realities of the ancient world. And with these I associate as secondary, on the one hand the study of inscriptions, which are a kind of monuments allied to books and literature, and the sources of much of our best knowledge concerning ancient life and customs, and on the other hand the study of topography, which illuminates ancient history by fixing in our minds events in connection with their sites and surroundings, whether architectural, geographical, or both together.

The study of classic monuments, then, and primarily of classic art, not only vivifies and illuminates the study of classic literature by adding to the power of things read the power of things seen; it not only engages the student, when once he is able to read Greek and Latin writings, to keep himself familiarly acquainted with the not inconsiderable portions of those writings relating expressly to its special province—more than this, the study introduces the student into a new world, a world of visible and tangible beauty, in which his faculties for perceiving, appreciating, discriminating, interpreting, for remembering and applying what he knows, are exercised and quickened at every turn, and in which he learns, with a vitality such as no written words impart, the meaning and the power of some of the most essential characteristics of the ancient genius. He learns by actual eyesight the meaning and the power of ancient religion, of that anthropomorphism inexhaustible without extravagance, and not less attractive by the many-sided significance of its creations than by their unflinching sanity, lucidity, and grace;—he learns, in other

words, as nothing else will teach him, what was the genius of antiquity for endowing all the forces of nature and the spirit with clearly imagined forms of appropriate humanity and appropriate beauty, and for attributing to these beautiful creations beautiful histories and adventures. He learns, again, what was the instinct of antiquity for perfection in all its operations; and in the operations of the hand this instinct is even more exemplary for posterity, and less subject to error and misdirection, than in the operations of the mind. Greek architecture and sculpture have no characteristic faults analogous to the faults of cold disputatiousness in the Greek drama, and of dialectical frivolity in Greek philosophy. He learns, as nothing else will teach him, what were those other and admirable instincts of the Greek genius, its love of harmony, proportion, and reserve, its incomparable reconciliation of the passion for life, improvement, and facts with the passion for decorum, self-restraint, and the ideal.

Let it be granted that, of the two divisions of the science of antiquity, the literary division is not only the greater, but the more important and the more suitable to the faculties of every one, and that this division we cultivate assiduously and to good purpose. Still it is idle to deny that the monumental division is very vast and very important too; that such special faculties as are needed to cultivate it with profit—those, namely, for apprehending the qualities of fine art—are faculties, though by no means universal, yet which it is extremely desirable to call into play where they exist; and that this division of the science of antiquity we neglect. We need not, at the same time, speak of our shortcomings with bitterness or exaggeration. We need not forget that, although the study of classical art and classical realities has formed no part of our professedly classical education, still less of our popular culture, yet it has, and has always had, among us individual representatives of the first rank. But indeed in what field can England, with her redundant energy and leisure, not show individuals of eminence? That she can show them does not at all disprove our general position, which is this: In our schools we teach little of classical realities in any shape, and of classical art virtually nothing; in our universities we have only just begun to teach something of such things, but as yet without system or sufficient appliances, so that the most finished university scholar, as has been justly said, is apt to be nearly as ignorant of them as if they had no existence. We have hitherto not acknowledged that essential and fruitful connection of the study of monuments with the study of books, which has been acknowledged in Germany ever since the first great impulse was given to inquiries upon ancient art by Winckelmann. We have had an unbroken succession of distinguished teachers in classical literature and philology, but we have

had absolutely no succession of teachers in classical art and archæology corresponding to the German succession, led within the last fifty years by men like K. O. Müller, Emil Braun, Gerhard, Welcker, Otto Jahn, and in our own day by Brunn, Conze, Michaelis, Ulrichs, Stark, Kekulé, Hellbig, Overbeck, Petersen, Benndorf, and a dozen others. Our great political historian of Greece, Mr. Grote, almost left out of view this immense and significant portion of the activities of the Greek race, which in the work of a German historian like Curtius receives full and luminous consideration. Our scholarship produces no monographs such as are poured forth every year, perhaps even in superabundance, by the scholarship of Germany—monographs working out either the place and treatment in ancient art of some special myth, as, to take two instances not only exhaustive but, as the bad joke is, exhausting, Stark's *Niobe*, or Förster's *Rapt and Return of Proserpine*; or the structure, history, and adornments of some single monument, as, to take a model instance, the *Parthenon* of Michaelis; or the history and character of some single branch and school of art, as for instance Hellbig's *Mural Paintings of Campania*. Or, turning to France, what have we done to set beside such vivid and complete pictures of ancient life and its realities, constructed from the new material of inscriptions, as the *Associations Religieuses en Grèce* of M. Foucart, or the *Ephébie Attique* of M. Dumont? Will our dictionaries of classical antiquities endure comparison with that admirable one in progress by MM. Daremberg and Saglio? Can we show a single piece of brilliant and well-weighed popular exposition and generalisation of the principles of a particular fine art, like M. Emile Boutmy's *Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce*? Or are we not rather destitute of any tolerable vernacular history, detailed or comprehensive, of Greek or Roman arts or any province of them? The *Classical Museum* and *Museum of Classical Antiquities* led a struggling existence and perished, and in the whole range of our rich periodical literature we have now nothing at all corresponding to the *Annali* and *Monumenti* of the German Institute at Rome, to the Berlin *Archäologische Zeitung*, to the Paris *Revue Archéologique* and *Gazette Archéologique*, to the *Mittheilungen* of the branch of the German Institute at Athens, or the magnificent series of the *Comptes Rendus* by Dr. Stephani, officially published at St. Petersburg. Even in what is nearest home and most concerns ourselves, such is the disregard of the whole field of classical monuments and fine arts among our classical scholars, that it has been left to one German, Professor Hübner of Berlin, to edit the Roman inscriptions in our islands, and to another, Professor Michaelis of Strasburg, to investigate and make known the private galleries of antiques in our great houses. What wonder if to the ordinarily cultivated public, still more of course to the holiday crowd, the

unrivalled treasures of the British Museum in its sculpture rooms, bronze-rooms, vase-rooms, are treasures almost thrown away? It is for no want of guides and printed information to be obtained on the spot—such helps are being yearly provided by the authorities in greater number and of better quality—it is for want of early familiarity with these things and with their meaning, that what should be resources for infinite instruction and delight are objects, to ninety-nine out of every hundred among us, of the vaguest regard and most casual curiosity. But enough; the case does not need proving, and what is here purposed is not to insist on our national shortcomings in this branch of culture, but to offer some practical suggestions on the modes in which it has been proposed, or may be proposed, to remedy them.

Since it is inevitable, when several persons are pleading for a common object, that the arguments of one should sometimes repeat or coincide with those of another, let it be understood that I make no claim to priority in any part of what follows. There have, in truth, been many signs and movements lately showing that we are becoming alive to our deficiencies in the matter in question, and desirous to do something towards amending them. Four years ago Mr. Oscar Browning wrote in these pages to plead for the teaching of classical archaeology in schools. Since then, I believe, a representative body of schoolmasters have addressed a communication to the authorities of the British Museum, concerning the possible supply of the materials of such teaching. The results of recent excavations, startling in themselves, and still more startling by the terms in which some of them were trumpeted abroad, have turned general curiosity in the direction of Greek antiquities. The author of *Social Life in Greece* and *Rambles and Studies in Greece* has done a good deal to bring the subject into popular notice; though a besetting sin, the 'sin of jauntiness, and a knack, on which he seems to pride himself, of turning gold into clay, make of this writer a somewhat compromising ally. From various sides petitions have made themselves heard for the recognition of this neglected study, and for the means towards its pursuit. The Oxford University Commissioners have expressly recommended the establishment both of a chair and of a museum of classical art and archaeology in that university. We at Cambridge, possessing already the too scanty and casual nucleus of such a museum, are at this moment considering how it can best be systematized and enlarged. A syndicate appointed to consider the requirements of the university in various departments of study, has reported in favour of the establishment of a special professorship in the subject. Another syndicate has proposed to replace the present classical tripos by two examinations, one in general scholarship, which would take place early in the undergraduate's career, and another, at the close of his career, in some

single branch, or two branches, of special or technical scholarship. Among the various alternative branches which he could thus have to choose from, art and archæology would naturally form one. An Oxford teacher, Mr. W. W. Capes, has lately put forth, in terms which must command the hearty sympathy of every one interested in the study, suggestions towards the formation of an English school in Greece analogous to that flourishing school of which he describes the nature and the work, the French school at Athens (see *Fraser's Magazine* for July, 1878). Professor Jebb, perhaps the most brilliant representative of the pure literary scholarship traditional in Cambridge, has come forward to say how much in his judgment that scholarship has to gain by contact with Greek art and realities upon Greek soil (see *Times*, September 18, 1878). But the most ambitious attempt which has been made in the same direction, and one which bids fair to be effective, is that set on foot by an Englishman specially familiar with the methods and appliances of German scholarship, Mr. W. C. Perry. This scheme aims at the establishment and maintenance in London of a national museum of casts illustrating the history of ancient art. The scheme has taken the form of a memorial to Government, supported in the first instance by an influential body of amateurs, artists, and students, and subsequently by a requisition from persons professionally engaged in teaching, principally in or about London. It has been carried by the energy of its promoters to the point of preliminary discussion, twice repeated, in the House of Lords. Let us consider this project first.

## I.

The historical and comparative study of Greek and Roman sculpture constitutes a large part of the whole study of ancient art. For this study a museum of the kind contemplated in Mr. Perry's scheme is indispensable. The objections commonly urged against the scheme are that space and money are ill bestowed upon things of such little value in themselves as casts are, such mere mechanical duplicates of real works of art; that one original marble is worth a hundred copies; and so forth. Now it is of course perfectly true that between an original and a copy there is a vital difference. The marble of the original is in itself a precious material, and we derive no mean part of our pleasure in beholding it from the charm of its pure, crisp, and partially translucent surface, which the chisel has animated into a semblance almost as delicate and as various as that of life itself. The plaster of the copy is comparatively a base material, which with its seams and its deadness, its opaque surface and inorganically cohering substance, however sharp and true the mould in which it may have been cast, yet fails to reproduce any of that charm of distinction and preciousness for the eye. At the worst,



however, it is not true that any original is better than any cast. The cast, with all its shortcomings, of a good thing, say an Elgin marble, on the contrary teaches a great deal more of the nature of Greek workmanship—it represents a great deal better the glory of Greek art—than the original of an indifferent thing, say one of the ordinary fabrications of the empire. Except for great national museums, or the most princely private owners, good originals are not to be had. And than even the greatest of national museums, a collection of casts is in one sense worth more. It is worth less by that vital difference between copies and originals; but it is worth more by this, that it brings together in the copies things which for purposes of comparative study it is absolutely essential to see together, but which could never be brought together in the originals.

Thus, if we are to trace and understand the progress of Greek sculpture from its semi-Asiatic origins, from its days of rigidity, constraint, uncouthness, to the days just preceding its perfection, if we are to watch the growth and unfolding of the Dædalian spirit of the race—and it is an inquiry full of charm and full of instruction—we must get our materials from sources the most diverse. We must go to the British Museum for those massive seated colossi which formed an avenue leading to the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ near Miletus. We must go to the museum at Palermo for the metopes, belonging to two different dates and styles, one grotesque in its primitiveness, the other almost mature, from two several temples, one within and the other without the walls, at Selinus. We must go to the Louvre for certain reliefs brought from the island of Assos, and for other reliefs from Thasos. New York must be asked to supply connections between early Greek and early Egyptian and Asiatic art, with some of the figures and sarcophagus-reliefs found by General Cesnola in Cyprus. We must turn to the British Museum again for the sculptures of the Harpy monument from Xanthus in Lycia, and for some precious archaic fragments from Ephesus; to the Villa Albani at Rome for that beautiful and expressive piece of early art, the funeral monument known as the Leukothea relief; to Athens for the funeral monuments carved by Aristokles and by Anxenor, and for other early fragments like the headless seated Athênê, the calf-carrying Hermes, and the relief of a discus-thrower; to Naples for the funeral monument known as Ulysses and his dog, and for the two so-called gladiators which have been recognised as copied from an early group of Harmodius and Aristogiton; to Munich for the great pediment groups from the temple of Ægina, and for the Apollo of Tenea; to the British Museum and to Athens again for other analogous statues of Apollo in a style of gradually developing freedom; to Madrid for the archaic portrait misnamed Pherekydes; to Vienna for the famous dying Penthesilea, in which the last traces of archaic con-

vention and severity almost vanish in contentions with the freedom and sentiment of the perfect time; to the Vatican for the copy of a statue once set up in honour of a girl-winner in the stadium of Olympia, in which the like traces have disappeared from the treatment of the limbs, but still linger in the countenance.

London, Palermo, Paris, Rome, New York, Athens, Naples, Munich, Madrid, Vienna—so far apart are scattered the indispensable links of that single section of the historic chain. There are other instances where it is necessary to bring together, not the links of a historic sequence, but the members, dispersed by time and accident, of one and the same original group in ancient art. Thus the famous Apollo Belvedere, and the scarcely less famous Artemis with the Stag, commonly called the Diana of Versailles, are almost certainly copies of Greek originals which belonged together in one group. To-day the Apollo is at the Vatican and the Diana at the Louvre; we must have casts of them side by side in order to judge of their affinities and correspondence. Thus, again, the Dying Gaul of the Capitol, known as the Dying Gladiator, cannot be rightly understood apart from a group identical with it in technical style, and doubtless also in original dedication. This is the group known as the Pætus and Arria (or Virginius and Virginia) of the Villa Ludovisi; it really represents another Gaul like the Gaul of the Capitol, who has slain his wife and is in the act to slay himself in the desperation of defeat. Among sculptures of the same cycle, again, celebrating the overthrow of Gauls by Greeks, there are dispersed between Naples, Paris, and Venice several half-sized figures of barbarians, amazons, and giants overthrown, which belonged, it is almost certain, to a single original group dedicated at Athens by a king of Pergamus in honour of his victories. Similarly, it is impossible to study thoroughly the Niobe group of Florence, unless we have the opportunity both to incorporate into it one or two scattered pieces which are needed for its completion, and to compare with one or two of its figures certain duplicates of the same figures found elsewhere, as the beautiful Niobid of the Vatican, and the group of pedagogue and boy discovered not many years ago at Soissons. Such juxtapositions as these can, of course, only be made with casts. Once more, it is only in the form of casts that it is possible to bring together the whole frieze or all the metopes of the Parthenon, or even, in some cases, the separated fragments of a single figure—as, for instance, the Poseidon of the western pediment of the Parthenon, whose shoulders are preserved in one great block in the British Museum, and his chest in another great block, of which the fracture fits with this, at Athens. When we have several different ancient copies of one of the great standard masterpieces, itself lost, of Greek art—such as the marble copies of the bronze Discobolus of Myron existing at the

British Museum and the Vatican (since, unhappily, that at the Palazzo Massimi is inaccessible), juxtaposition in the same form is necessary to compare their respective merits. So it is for tracing the growth, analogies, and transformations of any one accepted type in the representation of this or that deity. Mr. Perry gives for an instance the various diademate heads of Juno; other instances as obvious and as important would be the various Venuses approximating to that of Praxiteles at Cnidus, of which the two most familiar examples are the Venus de' Medici and the Venus of the Capitol, and of which the Vatican contains no less than four examples more; or the various Apollos which seem to have their origin in the same Praxitelean school; or the numerous family of Herculesees which seem to bear the characters of the school of Lysippus.

The historical museum of casts from ancient sculpture is, then, the first and fundamental apparatus for our study. But such a museum can answer its purpose only on certain conditions. It must not be formed and treated on what may be called the decorative principle, as a gallery to attract by the mere beauty and obvious interest of its contents. Casts in themselves are not precious enough to do this, and though a collection of them is capable of being made a beautiful and attractive thing, three-fourths of its value lie precisely in what is not obvious, in matters which cannot be got at without study and knowledge. The purpose of a museum of casts must be above all things educational; as an educational institution it must be formed, arranged, maintained, and frequented, or it will not succeed but fail. By education I mean, not the education of artists—you cannot generally get an artist to care much for the history and meaning of works of ancient art, he cares only for their aspect and craftsmanship. From such an assemblage of models as we propose, he will indeed learn much, but in his own way, picking and choosing with his eye such observations as help his purposes, and not curious about facts. Neither do I mean specially the education of students in drawing, though in such a gallery they will find a choice of models greater and more instructive than they can get in any class-room, or even in the British Museum itself. Still less do I mean the education of the ordinary public on an afternoon's holiday, with the help of such information as can be gathered, by the more inquisitive members of that public, from guide-books and labels. I mean the education of those really interested in ancient art as a branch of culture, and ready to take trouble in learning its history and significance. This implies the teaching, by lecture and exposition as well as by information in guides and labels, of people coming with a desire to be taught. Some day we may be cultivated enough to enter into such things and make the most of them unhelped; but that day is not yet come. The public, even the most educated part of the public, does not know

enough to begin with, and in such a museum will be apt idly to look about, and pass on presently to something with which it is more familiar. The experiment tried five-and-twenty years ago at the Crystal Palace has not been encouraging in this respect. The gallery of Greek and Roman casts formed there by the energy of Mr. Owen Jones and Sir Digby Wyatt was without parallel in its day; it was formed at immense cost, and in its formation, though the decorative purpose was perhaps allowed too much sway, the educational purpose also was to a considerable extent kept in view. The guide written by Mr. George Scharf remains, in spite of the increase of our knowledge, a valuable and thoroughly excellent piece of work. But the collection appealed to the curiosity and enlightenment of the general public, and its appeal has failed. True, certain details of its arrangement were unfortunate; it was associated with some crude enough experiments in architectural polychromy, and exhibited in courts fancifully enough put together from incompatible Greek precedents. But these were not the causes of its failure; the causes of its failure were the indifference of those who frequented the Crystal Palace and their desire for more familiar amusements, whereby the antiques were gradually jostled into their present place of insignificance. With this indifference on the part of the majority a museum of ancient art will still have to contend, though it is an encouraging sign that so many persons should at length have come forward to declare themselves not indifferent.

Of serviceable and successful collections of the kind in question, there are examples enough in other countries. The great example of all is at Berlin, where a vast succession of chambers and corridors in what is called the New Museum are dedicated to this special purpose. The collection serves a purpose partly popular—and if any public is educated to care for these things it is the German public—and partly scientific, in connection with the lectures of the university professors. How well the history of ancient sculpture is illustrated by this museum, may be judged from the fact that the catalogue of its contents, compiled before they were as rich as they now are, and published by Dr. Friedrichs as the first volume of his *Berlins Antike Bildwerke*, forms one of the most complete and useful handbooks of the whole study. Incomparably rich and numerous as this collection now is, its arrangement, which has suffered both from undue subordination to architectural effect and from the caprices of a recent director, must in its present state be regarded as temporary. Other examples exist in many of the German university towns, notably at Bonn, Munich, and Strasburg; there is another at Vienna, another at Zürich, and another of a somewhat different character at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, intended for the education of artists, and not especially of classical students; but it

includes a valuable classical division, and has one excellent feature in the shape of a great glazed hall, in which it is possible to set up architectural models on the original scale—for instance, three columns from one angle of the Parthenon, with the corresponding section of its entablature—and thus to show the true relation of the sculptured ornaments of a temple to its architecture, as well as to the eye of the spectator below.

The ideal museum of casts would not, I think, be quite like any that yet exists. It would have for its central feature a vast and lofty hall like that of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. In this there would be set up models of two or more columns each, usually the angle columns with their corresponding portions of entablature, of as many of the great Greek temples as possible—the Parthenon, the Theseum, the Temple of Bassæ, the several temples, if it turns out that their orders can be truly reconstructed, of Olympia, specimens of the Sicilian and the Ionian temples, and so on down to Roman times according to the space available. Here, also, should be entire models of one or two of the perfect smaller works of architecture and sculpture in combination, as the temple of Nikê Apteros, the hall of Caryatids at the Eretheum, the Choragic monument of Lysicrates; perhaps also one or more of the triumphal arches, and a portion at least of one of the imperial columns, of Rome. And here would have to be placed the few existing figures too colossal for any lesser space, such, for instance, as the Castor and Pollux of Monte Cavallo, and possibly the figures of Mausolus and Artemisia, the Farnese Hercules, or the group of the Farnese Bull. Opening out of this great hall and surrounding it, there should be a series of lesser halls and galleries, all on one floor, and all, if possible, lighted from above, in which the goodly company of the gods and heroes—*der alten Götter bunt Gerimmel*—with presently the portraits of great men and kings, the realistic types of slave and barbarian, and the allegorical personifications and deifications of the declining age, should be set out in historic order. First, that archaic series of which we ran over the chief members, with the pediment groups of Aegina filling the most important place. Next, in another and more capacious chamber, the various versions of the Discobolus, Diadumenus, Doryphorus, and such canonical sculptures repeated from Myron and Polyclethus; the pediment groups, frieze, and metopes of the Parthenon; the newly discovered pediment groups and metopes from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, with the remaining temple sculptures of the school of Phidias, and all other typical fragments that in any way relate to that age. The next gallery will begin with the transitional group represented by the Munich copy of the Eirene of Cephisodotus, and will go on with the numerous series of works illustrating the art of the second great

Attic school, the school of Praxiteles and Scopas, whether in the form of original sculptures, such as the now-found *Hermes* from the hand of Praxiteles himself, the friezes of the Mausoleum, the seated *Demeter* of *Cnidus*, the drums of the temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*; or in the form of later copies and repetitions, such as the famous figures of the *Niobe* group, the *Venuses* and *Apollos* of the *Uffizi* and the *Capitol*, the processions of sea-deities at *Munich*. And may we not hope that some day the great series of original pediment groups will be carried on into this period, by the recovery from the soil of those with which Scopas adorned the renowned temple of *Athênê* at *Tegea* in *Arcadia*? In a fourth gallery should be represented the last two centuries of independent Greek art, from *Alexandrian* days to the days immediately before the *Roman* conquest. Here we should find the works of the Attic school and tradition of *Lysippus*, those of the provincial schools of *Pergamus* and *Rhodes*, and other outlying centres of the Greek genius; and this gallery would include such celebrated works as the *Venus of Melos*, the *Laocoon*, the *Dying Gladiator*, the *Apollo Belvedere*, and many of the familiar glories of the *Vatican*. Lastly, one room more would represent the art of the Greeks working in *Roman* service and of the *Romans* themselves, from the last century of the pagan era to the third or fourth of our own, and would include the movement of antiquarian imitation represented by *Pasiteles* and his school, and much graceful imitative work besides, as well as many signal examples of anatomic science, as the *Fighting Warrior* of *Agasias*; of rich and sportive fancy, as the *Tiber* of the *Vatican*, or the *Centaurs* of *Aristeas* and *Papias*; and several of novel inspiration, as the treatment of the *Antinous* type by the court sculptors of *Hadrian*; or of happy and suggestive personification, as the so-called *Thusnelda* of the *Loggia dei Lanzi*, that stately and fascinating representative imagined by the expiring genius of antiquity for the races, then submissive but soon to become sovereign, of the north. The museum would be complete in these five principal sculpture galleries, besides the central hall of architecture and sculpture combined, and with the addition of two or three minor galleries or corridors. In these last (on a principle expressly recognised in Mr. Perry's own exposition of his scheme) certain special classes of works would be grouped together for comparison, apart from the general historic sequence of the rest. The most important of these special classes would be that of portrait busts and statues; a choice of *Athenian* funeral monuments would appropriately form a second; of *Græco-Roman* sarcophagi, a third; of animal sculptures, a fourth.

The materials for such a museum acquired, its arrangement and maintenance would be no very simple matter. Plaster casts have a

pathology of their own, and need much attention. Of all things that look wretched and of little worth, a cast that has been allowed to get dusty and dilapidated is the worst, and to dust and dilapidation casts are very subject, besides having that fault of a dead and cheerless white surface to begin with. How to close the pores of the plaster to the dust, and at the same time to improve its colour, without clogging its surface or dulling the delicacy of light and shade upon its modellings, has been a matter of much experiment and debate. Without entering into technicalities, it is enough to say that a gallery of casts can be made to produce a satisfactory and even beautiful decorative effect by a judicious treatment of the plaster surface, a judicious choice and variation of the colours of pedestals and backgrounds, and with proper attention afterwards.

I will add a few words from experience on the question of cost. In the memorial addressed to the Government by the supporters of Mr. Perry's movement, the sum of £10,000 was put down as a rough estimate for stocking the proposed museum; and this estimate has been questioned as below the mark. The arguments, however, drawn against it from a comparison of the cost of the Crystal Palace experiment are in no way to the purpose. For that experiment some of the most important antiques were moulded for the first time, at a cost ten times as great as that for which a cast from the same mould is to be had now. The demand for casts for the various museums of Europe, especially of Germany, has produced to some extent a corresponding moderation in their price. The average cost of a single figure, including all expenses of package, transport, and setting up in England, I have found to be approximately £10. Of course colossal or very complicated subjects like the Nile of the Vatican, or like that astonishing fragment, the Victory of Samothrace at the Louvre, will cost many times as much as this; and of course the examples required in ever-increasing numbers from Greece itself involve higher charges for carriage. But minor pieces, and pieces from close at hand, will bring down the average again; and it is safe to say that £10,000 will provide a collection of seven hundred pieces or more, not including friezes in relief, the cost of which is less in proportion than that of figures in the round. Such a collection would not be much more than half as comprehensive as that of Berlin; and for this sum it could hardly include our great central hall for models of architecture and sculpture combined, but it would contain all that is strictly essential to the purposes of critical and historical study. It would need the further expenditure of several hundreds a year for the double purpose of maintenance and of additions to keep pace with the progress of discovery. It would need to be housed in extensive buildings—not less, at any rate, than four or five rooms containing

four or five thousand square feet each—and to be disposed both with due allowance for decorative effect and in the manner most favourable for study. Each piece should be labelled with a clear and compendious description, in which traditional notions would often have to be sacrificed to lately ascertained facts. So arranged and kept, a historical museum of classical art might not be all which in a national institution we should desire; it might be capable of improvement in direct proportion to the further expenditure bestowed upon it; but it would be a priceless acquisition to the class of students of whom we have spoken.

The only serious grounds for hesitation concerning the whole scheme, I apprehend, are two. First, it may be asked, are existing museums of art so well endowed that resources can be spared by the State for furnishing and endowing new? Naturally, a museum of originals has the greatest claim; and is not the antiquity department at the British Museum, magnificent as it is, notoriously hampered alike for space, money, and hands? Are not opportunities for great purchases constantly lost, and do we not need more room, shall we not need it even when the natural history collections are moved elsewhere, for the exhibition of what we have already got? If the nation has more money to spend upon Greek and Roman antiquities, would it not be best spent in strengthening, either by purchases or by new excavations, that which is justly the envy of Europe—the department of antiquities in the British Museum? The second objection we have ourselves in part anticipated. The gallery in question, we have said, will fail if it depends upon the support either of the general public or of artists. For the general public and for artists it will possess some measure of attraction, but its real support must be from another quarter. Its real use must be as a place where the history of ancient art can be taught to those desiring to learn it systematically. Now, let that study be as fruitful and fascinating as you will, still those so desiring are few. And, further, how do you propose to make your museum available to students? As a means of education, how can it be organized, except as part of some regular educational institution?

These inquiries and objections are reasonable. To the first the only answer seems to be, that for making the most of our originals, preliminary study in a comparative museum of copies is necessary, and that the best way of strengthening the British Museum itself in public regard, the best way of teaching people to appreciate its present treasures and to interest themselves in the acquisition of new, would be by establishing the introductory and auxiliary collection which is proposed. As to the second point, it should not be difficult to organize regular lectures on the contents of such a collection, whether by voluntary teachers or as a part of the duties of the



keeper; and if, as has been suggested, the new museum is established in vacant quarters at South Kensington, the teaching connected with it would then naturally fall under the control of the Science and Art Department of the State.

On the whole, my own view is this. A great historical and comparative museum of ancient art in London would be an excellent and delightful thing, supposing the State could find funds to spare for it without injustice to the British Museum. But a more immediately pressing thing is the introduction of classical art among our recognised educational studies. If we can effect this, the rest will soon follow. What we really and truly want is a public educated to care for ancient art and archæology, and to educate a public it is necessary to begin at the beginning. With entire sympathy, then, for the idea of the national museum as it has been proposed, I proceed to what seems to me the more practically urgent consideration of the mode in which these studies may be taught at our schools and universities.

## II.

The study, in an elementary form, of monuments can be associated with the study of languages from the very beginning. A series of classical illustrations might be provided in all our schools, varying in extent and cost according to their several resources. Lessons might be given in connection with these illustrations, which, so far from merely laying an additional task upon the schoolboy and an additional burden on the master, would surely rather lighten the labours of both, by stimulating attention and giving new life and interest to studies which in their elements must needs be full of inevitable drudgery. The great difficulty with beginners is to get them to realise, while they are breaking their hearts over rules of grammar and dates of history, that the languages so tough to master were languages spoken by living men, and the facts so hard to remember facts of not less blood, breath, and moment than those which make up the tissue of their own experience. Surround them at their work with representations of the scenes and monuments among which those languages were spoken and those lives led, accustom their eyes to look at the actual handiwork, or copies of the actual handiwork, of Greek and Roman craftsmen, make of their schoolrooms to some extent illustrated galleries of antiquity, and this difficulty will, in part at any rate, disappear. I am aware that illustrative arrangements of this kind have been attempted by some schoolmasters on their own account; but what is needed is that they should be provided systematically; and, when provided, they must not remain idle upon the walls, receiving much the same kind of casual attention, or none, as is commonly paid to the woodcuts in a classical dictionary, but must be made subjects of regular class

teaching and explanation. Declensions and conjugations would be all the better remembered for occasional interludes of this kind.

There would be two chief classes of illustrations, those intended especially to vivify and make real for the pupil the facts of ancient history and life, and those intended especially to introduce him to the kingdom of beauty in ancient art. The former class would consist of topographical models, plans, maps, bird's-eye views and photographs of famous sites, together with models and diagrams of some of the most important kinds of technical construction in implements and furniture. What proportion of illustrations in such a series should be provided in the more bulky and expensive form of models, and what in the cheaper and more compendious form of sheets and diagrams, must depend upon the space and money in each case available. As Mr. Browning has suggested, the most convenient machinery for issuing and distributing a series of archaeological illustrations for schools would probably be by an association formed for the purpose. But even without this machinery, if the demand sprang up, some commercial agency would probably be found to undertake its supply. At present any institution seeking to provide itself would do so with difficulty, though there are plenty of scattered examples of the kind of appliance which is wanted. An example of the most elaborate kind is the model of the Parthenon which stands in the Elgin room of the British Museum, and a single hour's lesson in presence of this would put any schoolboy in possession of knowledge which he would never quite forget, and of which many finished scholars are now devoid. The raised plan of Rome recently published by Mr. Burn is, on the other hand, a good example of the way in which a model of the simplest kind and smallest scale may serve to make intelligible a piece of topography as vast and complicated as it is essential to be known. Professor Michaelis's lithographed plan of the Acropolis at Athens, published in the German series of the *Launitz'sche Wandtafeln*, may serve as a pattern for the kind of sheet which, together with a choice of large-sized photographic views of the most important sites, would form the bulk of the kind of appliances thus far in question. For models and illustrations of ancient household arrangements, the buried cities of Campania afford materials inexhaustible.

But our business here is rather with the second kind of illustrations, those belonging to fine art proper. These also may be used from the beginning to illustrate and add reality to a pupil's reading, but their special purpose is the other purpose of training and stimulating his sense of beauty. *Kunstsinn*, the faculty of seeing and loving beauty in art, is the faculty which of all others most serves to enrich the life of man with delights beyond the reach of strife, envy, and anxiety. This precious faculty is not born in every one, but to every one let the chance be given of having it awakened in him in

youth. It ought surely to be one of the great aims of a classical education, as it is capable of being one of its great virtues, to hold up to the learner, side by side with standards of whatever is most just, lucid, reasonable in speech and thought, standards also of whatever is most-just, lovely, and faultless in art and handiwork, and to make him feel the power and charm of the classic standards in the one order not less than in the other.

The appliances need not be costly nor the lessons troublesome that would suffice to give a start at any rate to this side of classical education in schools. As to their subjects, the art illustrations would be of two sorts, illustrations of mythology, drawn from the ideal or religious cycles of ancient art—and these are practically unlimited—and illustrations of history and biography, drawn from the more limited cycle of works of portraiture. In the mythologic cycle, the principal materials are statues, coins, and vase-paintings; in the portrait cycle, statues or busts, and coins, gems, and medals. For the purposes of teaching, originals are not required. Let the great schools be provided with a certain number of full-sized casts from the more famous works of ideal statuary, chosen to illustrate, in as interesting a manner as possible, the great epochs of the art from the days of the Persian wars to the days of the Antonines. Eight or ten typical pieces, from among those which we have mentioned above in our brief review of the several epochs, would be plenty. For the further illustration of each historic period, there should be provided a selection of photographs, such as can now be had, on a scale sufficient for purposes of useful study, of the contents of most of the great museums of Europe. Let the portrait cycle be represented in the same way, with a dozen or more casts from the best ancient busts, beginning (not without due caution as to the degree of authority attaching to them) with those of Pericles and Thucydides, and ending with Marcus Aurelius. And let the salient points in the iconographic series thus marked by casts of the portrait busts themselves, be connected with one another, and the gaps of the series filled up, with photographs. The teacher would thus have provision enough for teaching all that a schoolboy could be expected to learn of ancient sculpture, both for its own sake as opening his eyes to the quality of perfection, and the course of its gradual attainment and gradual decline, in this kind of handicraft, and as giving body and solidity to his conceptions of ancient religion and history.

The art of coins and medals lends itself still better than that of statuary to study in the shape of reproductions. A complete facsimile of a coin in electrotypes costs on the average half-a-crown, a cast in plaster three or four pence, and either is actually of more service for daily study and handling than originals themselves. Both for mythology and portraiture, a carefully arranged series, not too numerous, of reproductions of coins is quite invaluable. And as to

the qualities of art, within the circuit of a didrachm you shall find stamped, in any of the finer examples, the whole power and secret of the Greek genius. That "pleasing bossiness of surface," as Professor Ruskin happily describes it, which strikes you at first sight of the coin—that beautiful distribution and gradation of light and shadow on its modelled field—becomes articulate as you look closer, and resolves itself into a face, a figure, a group, disposed and wrought in relief with a mastery after which the craftsman of to-day can only sigh in vain, and expressing, with its symbols and attributes, the subtlest and deepest thoughts of religion and patriotism in the race. In this case of coins, the selection of examples should be made with a view at once to the political and historical importance of the states whose coinage is represented, to the mythologic interest and significance of the type, and to its value as an illustration of the period of art to which it belongs. What learner but will have gained some vital knowledge of things which otherwise might be but names to him, when he has been made familiar, on the coinage, say of Acarnania, with the figure of Apollo as he may have been worshipped in his great temple of Actium, and with the bull-shouldered and human-headed divinity of the sacred river of the land, Achelous? On that of the trading colonists of Panticapæum, with the wild countenance of Pan, adopted as the city's patron by way of verbal allusion or pun, and accompanied by the symbols of the ear of corn, signifying the source of the city's wealth in the produce of the Scythian steppes, and the griffin, the fabled guardian of wealth in adjacent lands of the unknown north? Will not the Zeus of Pindar, "driver of the lightning that slackeneth not foot," be a more real conception to the pupil who knows, than to him who does not know, the beauty of his bay-crowned image, associated with the image of Hêrè and with the attributes of the eagle and the thunderbolt, on the coins of his consecrated state of Elis? Does it not throw some light upon the spirit of the Olympic odes in honour of Sicilian despots victorious in the chariot race, to see how the teams of those same despots prance beneath the hovering figure of Victory on the coins of Syracuse or Camarina? The Carthaginians, when their armies under Himilco had perished in the fruitless siege of Syracuse, attributed their discomfiture to the anger of the patron goddesses of the city, Ceres and Proserpine, and to propitiate those goddesses adopted their worship into their own religion; does it not vivify and drive home a fact like this to compare with the glorious types of Proserpine on the coinage of Syracuse the types struck, in imitation of these, by the Carthaginians at their settlement of Panormus? Is it not a vital acquisition to trace how the early coins of Zanklê in Sicily are stamped with a dolphin for a sign of the sea, and a sickle for a sign of the "sickle-sweep" of that particular bay of the sea (the bay of Messina) upon which the city stood; and how by-and-by, after a new settlement of Messenian colonists has

changed the city's name, and it has passed under the government of a despot from the opposite city of Rhogium, its coinage receives the new image of the despot's chariot and team of mules, together with the hare which he is said to have imported beyond the straits?

Passing by the class of gems, from which a selection of casts should be made to accompany and supplement the selection from coins, we come to the class of vase-paintings. A series of subjects carefully drawn and lithographed from typical vases of the several styles would serve to teach Greek principles of outline design, just as the series of casts or electrotypes from coins would teach Greek principles of modelling in relief. The subjects should be chosen to illustrate the same leading myths as were already illustrated in statuary and coins. Thus the personage of Hercules, dear to schoolboys at any rate, should in the statuary series be made familiar to them, both under his youthful and his bearded aspect, with, say, one cast and a dozen photographs. In the coinage series, his beardless youthful profile would be shown serving for a type on the coins of Alexander; he would be seen strangling serpents on those of Thebes, Croton, Samos; reposing on coins of Abdera, Croton, Herakleia; slaying the hydra on coins of Phaestus, stringing his bow on coins of Thebes, slaying the lion on coins of Herakleia, and so forth. And in the vase series, the same and other labours and predicaments of the hero would be represented by picked specimens from the three periods of archaic, perfect, and declining art. Here would be a series not only full of interest in itself, but adding, surely, a new zest to the reading of the Trachiniae or the Alcestis. The *Blätter für Archäologische Uebungen*, published by Professor Conze, furnish specimens of the kind of outline copies from the designs on vases which would be needed for this branch of the study. They should be selected both from unpublished specimens and from the great publications of Hancarville, Tischbein, Gerhard, Lenormant and De Witte, the *Monumenti* of the Institute, &c. They could be produced at little cost, and their production would be one of the necessary tasks of such a society as that of which Mr. Browning has suggested the formation. Early familiarity with typical examples of vase-picture in this form would prepare the learner to find an endless interest afterwards, as opportunity offered, in the study of the vases themselves as they are stored by thousands in the public museums of Europe.

I am not dreaming that schoolboys are to be made finished archaeologists. All I believe is that the more promising order of classical scholars might leave school with their present acquirements strengthened, for one thing, by a better grasp of the realities of classical topography, surroundings, and appliances, or what are called antiquities; and, for another and more important thing, with their present knowledge illuminated, if they are born with any sense for

art in them at all, by a just elementary insight into the meaning and beauty of classical art. Some, at least, of the myths which they had read in the poets would be fixed and endeared in their minds by association with visible images of beauty. Of some of the great authors and captains they would be familiar with the lineaments as well as with the words and deeds. They would know, if only by the copies of copies, the hands as well as the names of some of the great sculptors. Their elementary study of statuary, coins, and vase designs—assisted, if any of them also learnt drawing in school, by actual drawing from their examples—would make them realise the main outlines of the history of ancient art, and the vital characteristics of its several epochs: the early epoch, full of searching and promise beneath forms of harshness and constraint; the central epoch, in which aspiration and capacity are in perfect equilibrium, and consummate science and freedom are united with consummate discipline; the long epochs of subsequent decline, when the stroke loses its precision and the curve its purity, when freedom grows and discipline and simplicity decay, and art falls from its high function to one of ingenious, luxuriant, or lovely trifling. And in the work of all epochs alike, the learner would become conversant with the standard qualities of Greek art; he would learn how its one theme is humanity—the bodily form of man and woman; how it incarnates in this form, as gods in human likeness, nine-tenths of the phenomena of the universe, and subordinates the remaining tenth to these gods and to mankind in the shape of mere symbolic adjuncts or accessories, making of trees, flowers, fountains, buildings, chambers, so many subsidiary patterns or ornaments in a scene; how its interest in humanity is not an interest in the face only, as the seat of passions and mirror of the soul, but in the whole human fabric equally; how unerringly it invests that fabric, draped or undraped, with typical characters of immortal power and grace, and weaves it into groups and combinations of balanced and rhythmical beauty; how, having perfected the type and realised the beauty, it leaves its figures and groups almost in repose, and treats the signs of their life and energy, all that is fugitive and mobile about them, almost as symbolically as it treats the flower or tree, suggesting the presence of action and power by mere hints of action inchoate and power undisplayed, so that an ægis spread on the shoulders of Athéné stands for all the terrors of the air, and the locks that fall about the shoulders of Zeus for all the anger of the mountain cloud; every attribute means more than meets the eye, and every lightest gesture bears, for those who know how to interpret it, a weight of pregnant and assured significance—the addition of a staff and chair makes all the difference between god and man, a lifted arm expresses the extreme of consternation, linked hands and no more the anguish of a mother and child whom death divides.

On the foundations laid at school it would be the business of a university course of art and archæology to build, and for that purpose the universities would need to furnish appliances and teaching proportionably more complete than those of schools. The most essential appliance would be a collection on a really adequate scale for the study of sculpture by means of casts in the manner we have described. The student who had felt himself attracted to this field of classical work might properly be subject, in his first year at the university, to a test examination in scholarship, after which he might be free to prepare himself for a final examination in his special subjects. He would now come into contact with those portions of ancient literature which deal with that subject directly. These, as collected in the *Antiken Schriftquellen* of Overbeck, make up a considerable mass of reading; but the use of a book of extracts like this, except for purposes of reference, is to be deprecated, and the student should rather be encouraged to make himself master of the work, or at least of continuous sections of the work, of Pausanias, of the thirty-fourth to the thirty-sixth books of Pliny's *Natural Histories*, besides the descriptions and allusions in the Latin writers, in Lucian and the other Greek rhetoricians. The full and thorough knowledge of any one book of Pausanias, and of the light which modern research has thrown upon the matters of topography and history, religion and ritual, art and curiosity contained therein, is itself no mean attainment. Now, too, will come the test of the student's knowledge and retention of the poets, in the application to the works of ancient art of the works of Homer, Pindar, the Greek dramatists, of Ovid, and the other mythologizing poets of Rome. There is no end to the mutual bearings of ancient literature and art, and to their subtle illumination one of another. There is nothing more instructive than the observation of the different laws and principles of representation according to which the same myth is treated by literature and by art. In a single case, to which we have already made allusion, that of the myth of Pluto and Proserpine, the student has to establish a whole system of minute comparisons between texts of poetry so far apart in the history of literature as the Homeric hymn and the fragmentary epic of Claudian, and the representations on a number of scattered and slightly varying gems, coins, vases, and sarcophagus reliefs. And the number of similar cases is simply without limit.

The drawbacks to the study seem to be chiefly its very vastness, and that the learner must depend, for the present at any rate, very much on the oral exposition of his teachers, unless he is familiar with German. Three-fourths at least of the necessary text-books are in that language, as the *Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler* of Brunn for the biographies of ancient artists, the *Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik* of Overbeck for a general survey of the course of Greek sculpture, Bötticher's *Tektonik der Hellenen* for the principles of

ancient ornament and architectural design. Whatever the weight of such drawbacks may be, the study at any rate is of range enough, and within that range of exactness enough, to admit thoroughly well the test of university examination. Such examination, and the teaching preparatory to it, should fall, I think, under the following principal heads. 1. Art-Mythology. In this the student should be tested, in one way by having figures set before him for interpretation (the cheap modern processes of engraving make this perfectly easy), and in another way by being asked to translate texts and discuss the monuments bearing on such texts. The field, taken either way, is quite inexhaustible. 2. The history of art and characteristics of artists, in connection with ancient texts and preserved monuments, including the mutual relations of schools, and the relations of the minor repetitions of great works to the originals. 3. The principles, technical and æsthetic, of ancient architecture and design; and in this branch at any rate the student ought to show that he knows enough of drawing to explain and make intelligible his answers. These would be the principal divisions of study and examination in fine art proper, and the scheme might be completed, as experience showed desirable by the introduction of the kindred topics of—4, Antiquities, or the realities of ancient life in general; 5, Topography; and 6, Epigraphy, at any rate so far as the knowledge of inscriptions either serves to determine and interpret the date of monuments or to illustrate the social conditions affecting art and artists.

Success in the examination won, there should certainly be provided for the student desiring to become a teacher in his turn, and to complete his training as an archæologist, the opportunity of finishing his studies on the classic sites themselves. To French and German students the government schools of those nations at Athens and Rome afford this opportunity. Assuredly it is time that the government, the learned societies, or the universities of England did something to follow their example. If our classical studies are to gain something of the life and actuality which give to scientific studies so strong a hold on the minds of our generation—if we are not to be left behind by Germans, by French, by Greeks, even in that part of archæological research in which we were till lately foremost, in the conduct of actual explorations and discoveries—if our too ambiguous national mission on the Mediterranean Coasts is to have one good result at any rate, the increase of the sum of human knowledge and the advancement of our own culture—then let us find the means of sending English scholars to work in the sites which scholarship holds sacred. Others have sufficiently discussed elsewhere—even if there were space for the discussion here—how a thing so urgent may best be done.

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## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF JURISPRUDENCE.

### PART II.—BENTHAM'S AND AUSTIN'S ANALYSIS OF LAW

WE have spoken in a previous article of Austin's Definition of Sovereignty. We will pass to the second of his leading propositions, the definition and analysis of Law. In this he is the editor and expositor of Bentham, who himself follows Hobbes. Gathering up their statements, the combined results amount to this:—Law is a general *command*, which the determinate Sovereign, or supreme political authority of a State, has imposed as an *obligation* on all, or a part of, its subjects, and which command it enforces by a *sanction*.

Austin insists that law involves always these three elements, which in law are correlative and mutually imply each other, (1) command, (2) obligation, (3) sanction. And the whole depends on the sovereign authority of an independent political community, such sovereign being possessed of unlimited power.

This analysis of law is open to observations similar to those already made<sup>1</sup> as to the proposition about sovereignty. That is to say, it must be understood from the point of view of the lawyer, and as being one only of the aspects of the question. If we regard it as a truth of social philosophy, or if we look at it as true absolutely without qualification, we shall get into confusion. And if we take it to be a strict or complete definition of *law*, we shall find it inadequate. The proposition is most useful in drawing attention to this:—(I.) That law is always a matter of necessity—it is never *ought*, but always *must*; in that sense it is always and everywhere *imperative*. (II.) The important side of law is not so much *right* as *duty*, i.e., the one invariable element of all law is the compass and incidence of the *obligation* which it imposes—*whom* does it bind, and *what* does it bind him or them to do? (III.) The third element, everywhere present in *law*, is, what is the *legal* consequence of neglecting or breaking the obligation? what is the *sanction* or penalty on disobedience to the command?

Now these three elements are always present in every law; and they are of primary importance to the lawyer. But, then, this is only one way of looking at law. It purposely drops out of view other very important sides of law. And, it is obvious, there are some cases in which it is so exceedingly one-sided, and requires so much qualification and explanation, that it would be actively misleading if taken by itself.

In fact, neither Austin's account of law, nor that of sovereignty, is to be taken as a *definition* strictly; much less as true in any absolute

(1) See Fortnightly Review, p. 475.

way. And his account of *law* is perhaps open to larger qualification and needs even more explanation than his account of sovereignty.

In the first place, the word *law*, it has been repeatedly pointed out, always involves the two notions of, (i.) *command*, and (ii.) *order* (in the sense of regularity). So, too, the modern word *order* implies sometimes *command*; sometimes *regularity* or *arrangement*. In all languages, and for almost all branches of thought, *order* suggests the two ideas of force and uniformity. And *law* does the same. In the lectures already cited Sir H. Maine points out how completely ingrained into our modern fibre of thought is the notion that *law* implies uniformity.

Now when Austin insists that law is a command, and that all law is imperative, he is forcing attention on this one side of law, viz., force; and he rather puts away that side of law by which it implies regularity. Montesquieu and others whom Austin assails with such fury were engaged, for a very different purpose, in drawing attention to the uniformity implied in the word *law*. And so much confusion has been cast upon the law of the jurists by those who talked vaguely of the *law of nature* and the spirit of equity, that Austin was naturally driven back with energy on the position that nothing is law (i.e. law of the jurist) unless it have force—unless it be a command with a sanction of punishment.

But then, although nothing is law unless it have the force of a command, it does not at all follow that the other side, *regularity*, can be left out of view in law. On the one hand, no regularity can be called by the jurist a *law*, unless it be commanded by a political sovereign; on the other hand, no command whatever is a *law*, unless it have the element of regularity or generality. This Austin recognises when he says that every law must be a *general*, not a particular command, even if it be addressed to one person and not several. In the same way Bodin, the original author of this analysis of Sovereignty and Law, says that Law is "a command of the Sovereign to all the subjects in general or concerning general things." The idea of general rule is an indispensable feature of Law. Thus, Austin's account of law that it is a species of *command*, tends to put out of sight the co-ordinate idea of *general rule*; and may easily be misunderstood as making the idea of general rule subordinate rather than co-ordinate, if we were to take it as amounting to a strict definition.

Now there are a great many aspects of law in which this element of *general rule* (always present in law) comes to the front in a preponderating way, and in which the element of command recedes from prominence until it might almost be said to be latent. And in these cases to say baldly that "*Law is a species of command*," as Bentham and Austin say, involves so much qualification and assumption that language is violently strained, and the description retains little more than verbal accuracy. Not only does the element of *command*, but

with it that of *obligation* and of *sanction*, become sometimes so little active that a superficial view would imagine them absent altogether. They can only be traced by a good deal of indirect inquiry, and by discovering them at last as the ultimate consequence of one or two antecedent suppositions. There is always an evil in presenting as a definition for any general term some element in it which at times can only be detected by a somewhat subtle series of hypotheses, or which is sometimes present in an indirect way. There are cases in which almost the only element directly apparent in law is that of a *general rule* which the courts of law recognise. Recognition by courts of law involves ultimately all the elements on which Austin insists; but it is in some of these cases a very indirect process which exhibits either *command*, *obligation*, or *sanction*, in any but a potential state of existence.

Take the case of the enormous number of enabling statutes, of laws conferring franchises, of laws affecting status, of laws merely laying down general rules for the interpretation of instruments or for the guidance of courts of justice and the like. In all of these the idea of *command* and *sanction* can only be traced by an indirect method. For instance, by 26 and 27 Vict. c. 120 it is enacted, that benefices of which the Lord Chancellor has the presentation may be sold in a certain way. Now this is undoubtedly a law. But the *prima facie* and direct aspect of this law is a *general rule* which the courts of justice recognise. Directly viewed, it is hard to say what command is given. No one is forced to do anything except in the indirect way; and, if some official does something in his discretion, he shall do it under specific conditions. No person is put under any legal obligation directly. It is entirely a matter of discretion whether any benefice be sold or not—there is no legal obligation on any person to sell. There is no sanction imposed on any person directly. No one is under penalty if he neglect to sell any benefice. The entire enactment is permissive and enabling throughout. Nothing new certainly is commanded. Something new is permitted at the discretion of certain officials. And if they think fit to do it, they may do it in a given way. No command is imposed, no sanction specified for doing it in any other way. The law remains just as it was except for the case specified. It may be said, that the act repeals a tacit law not to sell the Crown property, and relieves certain officials from the sanction which they would otherwise incur by an unauthorised sale of Crown property. Austin argues that permissive laws restore some persons to rights, and impose corresponding duties to protect these rights; and thus all permissive laws are really (though indirectly) *imperative*. But how could it be argued that this statute enabling officials in their discretion to sell Crown property, otherwise unsaleable, restored them to any *rights* of which the law previously deprived them; and commanded all other

persons to respect this revised right of theirs by corresponding obligations? All this is highly circuitous, and a violent straining of language.

No doubt there is an element of *command*, of *obligation*, of *sanction*, in this statute under certain possible circumstances. If the permission to sell is acted on, the sale *must* be in a specified way, all officials concerned and the public generally are under the *obligation* to conform to the specified mode if there be a sale; and the Courts of Justice will ~~so far~~ enforce this obligation by a *sanction*, in that they will order anything done otherwise than in conformity with this obligation to be treated as undone. But all this is very circuitous. *Prima facie* the statute is a general rule enabling something to be done, if certain persons think fit to do it; imposing no new obligation at all, and certainly reviving no anterior right. Austin declares that there are no laws simply creating rights; so we cannot say that this statute conferred the new right to sell Crown property. Although we can easily discover in this enactment a potential command, an unexpressed obligation, and a dormant sanction, it is not the direct character of this law. *Prima facie* it is a general rule to be recognised by Courts of Law.

Now an immense body of modern laws are permissive and enabling or directing laws of this kind. Take such a statute as that for the formation of new parishes under 6 and 7 Vict. c. 37, and subsequent Acts. This is undoubtedly a *law*. Certain things may be done, and certain ways are pointed out in which they may be done. But where is the Command? Where is the Obligation? Where is the Sanction? No doubt a little ingenuity can detect these elements. *Prima facie* no one is ordered to do anything. No one is bound to do anything. No penalty is imposed either for doing or for not doing. "All laws impose acts or forbearances," says Austin. What act or forbearance is imposed by the State enabling the formation of new parishes at the discretion of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Bishop? All that we can say is that if the Commissioners and the Bishop do exercise their discretion, and in so doing follow the terms of the statute, then the parishioners concerned and the public have imposed on them the duty of acting on the footing of such decision and of forbearing from interfering with it. But all this is exceedingly roundabout.

Take the law relating to qualifications for various public duties,—say that of juror. Every man of a certain age, having property of a certain value and kind, is qualified to serve on a jury. This is a law. Where is the Command? Where the Obligation? Where the Sanction? No doubt a man so qualified is bound to serve (exemptions apart), but only if the sheriff shall summon him. The sheriff may be said to be commanded to summon men so qualified, and none but such men. If it were shown that a jury had sat which im-

properly contained men not so qualified, a remedy would be found, though none is specified; and so far a sanction would be imposed. But all this is highly indirect. *Prima facie* the law is a general rule to which courts of justice will give effect.

Let us suppose the Female Suffrage Bill to become law. In that case there would be a new law, the whole of which would be, that in Parliamentary Electoral Acts the word "person" shall imply female as well as male person. Now here is a law of a very important kind. Where is the Command? It may be said, that every official concerned is commanded to include qualified women in every case in which he would include qualified men, and the public are commanded to forbear from any act which proceeds on the footing that women have not parliamentary franchises. But this is very indirect. When we speak of laws relating to certain persons or classes, and imposing obligations, we usually think of the obligation as imposed on the persons concerned, not as imposed on the officials who administer the law. Thus a law imposing the penalty of death for murder, is usually taken to be a command, imposing on all subjects the obligation of abstaining from murder; the sanction for the breach of this obligation being hanging. It would be an odd inversion of terms to regard this law as being a command imposing on sheriff and judge the obligation of arresting and sentencing the murderer, the sanction of this obligation being the penalty for breach of official duty. And yet in the Female Suffrage Bill and the like it is difficult to see what command is imposed or what sanction or evil is threatened to the class, or rather sex, to which the Bill directly relates, or on whom any Command or Sanction is imposed except on the unnamed officials whose business it is to see the law administered.

Again, take the case of laws relating to judicial construction and procedure. Let us examine, say, the *Rule in Shelley's case*. Here is a law of great importance.<sup>1</sup> Where is the command? What duty does it impose, and on whom? What is the penalty for breach of its order? No doubt the judges are required by it to construe a deed or will in a particular way. In one sense we may say that the public is bound to construe all documents in obedience to it—though this is somewhat forced. But, if they neglect to do this, what is the evil they have to fear? We may say a lawsuit, and the prospect of having to undo all that they have done, or to refund all they have received, in contravention to the *Rule in Shelley's case*. But all this is remote and purely inferential.

(1) The rule is as follows:—Where an estate is limited in such a way as to confer a particular estate, and this limitation is followed either mediately or immediately by a subsequent limitation to the heirs, or the heirs of the body of the holder of the particular estate; then, the words, *heirs*, or, *heirs of the body*, shall be words of limitation, and not of purchase.

The *Rule in Shelley's case* does not say anything of the kind, and does not give any one the remotest clue to discover what penalty would be incurred by violating it or acting in ignorance of it.

Now the *Rule in Shelley's case* is not a single example. The immense body of the law relating to wills and the construction of written documents stands upon the same basis. The same observation might be extended to a very large proportion of the work of courts of equity, and to the bulk of the rules relating to the conveyance of property, to trusts, infancy, and account. Take such ordinary text-books as Jarman on Wills, Lewin on Trusts, Sugden's Vendors and Purchasers, Morgan's Practice, or the like, we shall find an immense body of laws (at least of rules of law) which it would be very difficult to say were primarily commands, imposing a legal duty under threat of a penalty. Take the case of a statute of naturalisation or legitimation. A law simply declares that the sons or descendants of A B shall be held to be legitimate, or that A B and C shall be held to be natural-born subjects of the Crown. Or a law may confer franchises and capacities: as that aliens can hold real estate, or that Jews may vote or hold offices. Austin insists that there are no laws simply conferring rights. But the obligations imposed by these laws are rather *indirect*, and the sanctions or evils threatened on breach of the obligation are still more indirect. All that we can say is that all persons are commanded to act upon the footing that the persons described in the Act are legitimate, or are natural-born British subjects; and if they fail so to act, the courts of justice will by appropriate orders rectify all proceedings taken in contravention of this rule, and oblige all persons to conform to it. But all this is exceedingly forced and circuitous.

There are very serious objections to any definition or description of general ideas which require long and guarded explanations to make them apply. Definitions ought to have the salient feature always in marked prominence. In all criminal laws it is very easy to see at once the command, the obligation, and the sanction. If burglary, or breaking a dwelling-house by night, is made punishable by penal servitude, it is plain that all subjects are commanded to abstain from so breaking dwelling-houses, under pain, if they violate this negative duty, of undergoing the penalty of penal servitude. It is significant that Austin's examples almost invariably turn on criminal law. But when we quit the ground of criminal law we find an immense proportion of the rules of law in which the command and the sanction are far from being obvious. And I suppose that these rules of law are to the rest in the proportion of about ten to one.

I am far from saying that Austin's analysis of law cannot be applied to all these cases, or that it actually breaks down. He him-

self allows that these are laws which are not on the surface *commands*, inasmuch as they are *permissive*, or *abrogate* other laws, or are purely *declaratory*. But it is difficult to bring the rules of inheritance, and the thousands of rules of similar kind, or the rules as to the qualifications of jurors or voters, under any of these three classes. There is a sense in which Austin's account of law applies to all the cases named. Every rule of law, of whatever kind, lays down a hard and fast line; it is not advice; it is not an ideal, or a custom, or an example of any kind. It provides that something is to be observed as a fixed rule, and the courts have power to make it observed by force; and in that sense it is imperative. The rule in Shelley's case is of binding authority immutably against every subject within the jurisdiction, and for every settlement interpreted by the English rules of real property. In that sense it is a command. And although no penalty is imposed on those who doubt the rule in Shelley's case, or on those who choose to disregard it, the courts always have a remedy for non-recognition of it, and can compel all who may disregard it in act to submit to it with all its consequences.

But as all this is a somewhat oblique way of looking at it, and as an immense body of rules of law stand on the same footing, it would seem better in any definition of law always to keep in sight both aspects of the notion of law, *i.e.* the *command* and the *uniformity*, and not to rely specially on the notion of command, which is frequently kept in reserve. So again, there are many masses of law in which the obligations they create only appear indirectly and by inference; their direct and obvious operation is to confer capacities. Lastly, there are the vast majority of rules of law, the important aspect of which is not the implied or remote sanctions by which they are guarded, so much as the various results and ulterior rights and obligations which flow from them.

Now it is possible to frame a description of law which shall combine the two aspects of *command* and *rule*; and which, without losing sight of the *obligation* and the *sanction*, should admit notice of those capacities and their consequences, the only direct product of so many rules of law. It might run thus:—*Law is a general rule respecting the property, person, reputation, or capacity of the citizens of a state, which the sovereign power therein will cause to be observed by the authority it delegates to its tribunals (or, will enforce in its tribunals).*

It will be seen that this definition adds the subject of law to mark it off from administrative orders equally issued and enforced by the political sovereign. It adds the term *tribunals* to distinguish the sanctions imposed by courts of justice from those of discipline. And it resolves a *general command* into a *general rule which is caused to be observed*; so as to keep *pari passu* the double notion in law of *regularity* and of *force*.

It seems a serious defect in Austin's account of law, that it fails to distinguish laws from purely executive rules, standing orders, and the like; and that it fails to distinguish the sanctions of executive and administrative discipline from the sanctions of the law courts. It is singular to find him speaking, by a rather liberal use of language, of orders issued by public departments as being really laws, although not so called.

Here especially precision of language and thought are needed. It is peculiarly unfortunate that Austin has treated these questions somewhat meagrely, and that he makes light of the great distinction drawn by almost all publicists between laws of the law courts and administrative regulations. No doubt Blackstone had emphasized the distinction between the executive and legislative powers; and this was often enough to make Austin deny a proposition by repulsion. Perhaps Blackstone has used too popular language in defining the respective seats of these two powers. Yet I cannot but think it a misfortune that Austin stopped where he did in correcting Blackstone; and, having shown that both are derived from the same sovereign, did not go on to point out the immense importance for the lawyer of the difference between the rules enforced by courts of justice, which are *laws*, and rules enforced by executive powers, which are *regulations*. Unluckily, by not following up this distinction, Austin's definition of law covers these regulations with which the lawyer has nothing to do. And thus his definition of law does not strictly relate to the law of the lawyer.

It is easy to see how Austin came to this result. His mind was so much fixed on the political sovereignty, on the sanction by political force, and on the command given by delegated authority, that he disregarded the important subdistinction of the nature of the sanction and the kind of command. It is no doubt true that the authority of the legislative, judicial, and executive forces can all be directly traced up to the same source. The political sovereign alike imposes all three by more or less direct machinery. And Austin is quite justified in saying that from the point of view of political sovereignty, the distinction is not to be carried far. But from the point of view of the lawyer, it is a crucial distinction. Austin's analysis of law is sufficient for the purposes of political philosophy, for the purposes of Bodin, or Hobbes, and even of Bentham, as a law reformer; but it is not sufficient for the purposes of strict jurisprudence. It might have suggested to Austin that, as a scientific lawyer, he had stopped too soon in his analysis. His definition was left in too high and general a region, for it includes a mass of matter which courts of law decline to recognise.

Austin defines law as a command directly or indirectly imposed by the supreme authority on political inferiors, commanding an act or a forbearance. Thus a rule that judges of the superior courts will



only hear parties in person or by counsel called to the bar is (Austin would say) a rule of law. Undoubtedly a court of appeal would make it observed, and might conceivably decide a case in conformity to it. They would enforce this rule of law. But take a rule made by the Commander-in-Chief with the delegated authority of the Minister of War, and ultimately the delegated authority of the political sovereign, to the effect *that only men standing five feet five inches will be enlisted in infantry regiments*. This is not a law—it is a rule of the service. Courts of law will not observe it, or cause it to be observed. If it be violated, courts of law decline to give any remedy. No one could complain to the courts of law that he had been excluded from the army by it, or that he was not subject to the rule. Yet such a standing order of the Horse Guards seems within Austin's definition of law: it is a command of a general kind indirectly imposed by the delegated authority of the Sovereign on political inferiors. Anything done in contravention to this general order would be no doubt remedied by the 'proper political superior; and its observance would be enforced by that superior by means of the proper sanctions. But these would not be the sanctions of the courts of law. They would be administrative, not legal, sanctions: dismissal from the service, loss of pension, and the like—not fine or imprisonment. We know the efforts which have been made to bring acts of administrative discipline within the view of courts of law. But courts decline to interfere with administrative acts. All that they do is to see that persons are not exposed to injury in person, property, capacity, or reputation by a fraudulent or malicious perversion of administrative discretion.

The cases are separated by a distinct but often narrow partition. Every one of a certain age, and possessing certain property, is qualified to serve on a jury. This is a law. Law courts see that this is enforced by legal sanction. Every one of a certain age and height and physical development is qualified to serve in a line regiment. This is not a law. Law courts do not recognise this rule. The War Office and the Horse Guards do. Yet both rules are set by the political sovereign to political inferiors, both apply to subjects generally, and both are enforced by the political force of the State and effective sanctions. Austin's definition of law therefore covers both. The rules as to the qualifications of electors for Parliament are undoubtedly laws. They have recently been revised in the Reform Act of 1868. The rule that the House of Commons must originate a money-bill is not a law in the eyes of law courts; nor are the standing-orders of the House of Commons. If a conscription were enacted for England, the liability to serve would be defined by a law; the exemptions as to age and the like would be laws, or parts of a law; yet the exemptions as to physical development, duly made by

the War Office, would not be laws, because law courts would take no notice of them, although in every other particular they would resemble the rest of the rules made by the indirect authority delegated by the legislature to political ministers.

These are not isolated exceptions. There is a vast body of rules of an administrative kind which it is most essential for the lawyer to distinguish from laws. These rules are not simply in the great departments of State; there are numerous collections of regulations under municipal authority, others of certain corporations recognised as having public character. If these rules are by-laws made under a statutory authority, they are laws, and as such are recognised by courts. Otherwise they are merely disciplinary regulations. None of them are laws in the sense that the *sanction* of them is applied by law courts. The sanction in all such cases is often very sharp and effective, but it is disciplinary, not judicial. Courts of law decline to review, or give effect to, or modify these sanctions. It is of primary importance for the lawyer to be alive to these distinctions between *disciplinary* and *judicial* sanctions, and to remember that many public regulations, enforced by political superiors, are not *laws*. There may be *command*, *obligation*, *sanction*, and yet no *law*, as law is understood by lawyers.

There is not a little inconvenience in introducing into the definition the term law courts, or tribunals. There is something of *ignotum per ignotius* in it. But, I believe, there is no help for it. It will be found impossible to frame any definition of *law* without using, as a test or limit, the powers exercised by courts of law. There is no general principle which will serve to show uniformly what rules have a judicial sanction and are enforced by courts of law, and what are only enforced by executive sanctions or by public officers who are not judges. The distinction is of the utmost importance to the lawyer, but it can only be tested by the question, Will the courts of justice cause the rule to be observed, and will they find a remedy for breach of it? The cases often run exceedingly close, and it is difficult sometimes to give an answer to this question. We are familiar with the highly interesting cases in which municipal and constitutional law touch, or the Parliamentary touches on the judicial sanction; as the cases where it is a matter of nice determination whether courts of law or one or both Houses of Parliament form the tribunal; the cases whether the discretion of a public official has been *bonâ fide* exercised, or whether the mode of carrying out a rule can be reviewed by courts of law; such cases as those which occasionally arise as to the sanction to the rules made by inns of court, or universities, or ecclesiastical corporations, and the like. The extremely nice distinctions which these cases raise, show us, I think, that we cannot rely on principle to define strictly a *law*, in the

juristic sense or the forensic sense, unless we recur to the test, Will the courts of justice provide for its being observed?

There are some other provisos with which I think it is necessary to guard Austin's analyses of primary legal notions, and some precautions to be taken lest we attribute to them an absolute value. His famous analysis of right and duty, of absolute and relative duties, and his lectures on the division of rights into *ius in rem* and *ius in personam*, are exceedingly useful examples of an abstract treatment of concrete notions. But I think these analyses are open to the following observations. In the first place, they are decidedly too abstract, remain too high up in the region of metaphysics, to be practically used as modes of grouping by the lawyer. The lawyer wants divisions of law much more close to his concrete rules. In the second place, these divisions do not enable us strictly to group all law. They are not exhaustive scientific divisions; or they can only be strained to cover every form of legal rule by an effort of ingenuity and a forcing of language which seriously destroy their practical usefulness. In the third place, great as is the value of these analyses, they are valuable, I think, for logical, rather than for technical purposes. And it seems to me that great confusion would arise from any attempt to distribute any body of law in accordance with the principle. Austin, at times, uses language as if he would actually draw up a code of English law divided into the sections, and following the order, which this analysis suggests. I cannot but think that this would be perfectly confusing in practice, even if it did not revolutionise the broad modes of arrangement which lawyers have followed since the days of Gaius. But in addition to this, the analysis cannot be strictly applied with scientific precision to the whole body of any *Corpus Juris*.

The following examples will show the difficulties which such an attempt presents. Every law, says Austin, is a *command* of a sovereign body, whereby it imposes an *obligation* to do or to forbear, and which it enforces by a *sanction*. Command, duty, sanction, are correlative and imply each other. Every law imposes a duty; but every duty does not confer a right. A duty may correspond with no right; it is then an absolute duty. An absolute duty is always enforced criminally. If it correspond with a right, it is a relative duty, and belongs to the civil law. In the civil law, therefore, duty and right are correlative terms. That is to say, in the *civil law* (as opposed to *criminal*) every law creates a right as well as a duty. A right is vested in a person, when another, or others, are bound or obliged by the law to do or to forbear, *towards* or *in regard of him*. A right is either *ius in rem*, or *ius in personam*. If the former, every one is bound generally; if the latter, a determinate person or class are bound, towards or in regard of him.

Such is Austin's classification of laws. Now examination will show a mass of rules in the civil law which can only be strained on this Procrustean bed by a rather severe use of legal torture.

Every law, says Austin, creates an obligation; every obligation is either absolute or relative. Every absolute obligation is enforced by criminal law. Every rule of *civil* law creates a relative obligation, *i.e.* one with a corresponding *right*. And every right is *in rem*, or *in personam*; *i.e.* avails generally, or against a determinate person or class. Now let us take one of the most important of laws—*every will must be in writing*. This is clearly a rule of the *civil* law. The obligation lies on the intending testator to write, not to enunciate, his will. It is (since it is in civil law) a relative obligation; it has a right corresponding to it. What is that right? In whom does it reside? Is it a right *in rem* or *in personam*? Of course no one entitled under the will can have any *legal* right, or bring an action to compel a testator to make his will in writing; nor can any one legally interfere with any one who may choose to make his will in any form, or not to make it at all. All that we can say is that the person who may ultimately be entitled at law to any property which an intending testator may leave at his death, if he were intestate, will have a right to be deprived of it by no document short of a legal will duly executed in writing. But *nemo est heres viventis*; and if a fanciful testator chose to execute his will in an allegorical picture, it might be fifty years before any determinable person or persons could be said to have a right to dispute the picture. It is a very circuitous way of looking at things to say that the rule—*every will must be in writing*—creates a specific *ius in rem*, or an *ius in personam* in any determinate person of a definite description.

Again, we may take the rule in *Shelley's* case already mentioned (p. 686), or any rule as to the interpretation of documents. The rule is clearly a rule of *civil* law. What is the *right* which it confers? In whom does the right reside, and of what class is it? As we have seen above (p. 687), it is rather a straining of language to say, that by this rule of law the Sovereign commands any one to do or to forbear, and imposes an obligation by means of a sanction. But assuming that we can say that the rule commands all persons to forbear from disturbing the enjoyment of any person who would be entitled to an estate in fee, or an estate in tail, under a settlement if it be read by the light of the rule in *Shelley's* case, it is of course a relative obligation, and has a corresponding right. What is the corresponding right, and in whom does it reside? It might be said that the rule creates a right in favour of such persons as by means of the rule obtain an estate in fee or in tail. But this is a forced use of language. Primarily, the object of this rule of law is not to create rights, but to establish uniformity in the interpretation of documents.

It is a rule of law that *a legacy given to the witnesses of a will is void*. How are we to throw this into the language of *right* and *obligation*? We may say that every testator lies under the obligation (is commanded by the Sovereign) to abstain from making an intended legatee a witness, or a witness a legatee, under the sanction of disappointing the object of his bounty, and having his legacy set aside by courts of law. But where is the corresponding right? The intended legatee can have no legal right. All we can say is, that those entitled to the testator's estate in default of the legacy taking effect, have a right to retain any legacy given by a document to which the legatee is himself a witness. But all this is a violent and unnatural straining of a plain rule. The rule is not designed primarily to give any one any rights, but simply to protect the public against wills and bequests made under undue influence.

Similarly we might go through a mass of rules of law relating to wills, and it would be difficult in many cases to say what right they directly created, and still more difficult to say if this were a right *in rem* or *in personam*. Doubtless at the end of a long chain of possible cases some one might ultimately be found to have a *right*, which but for this rule he would not have had. But is this saying more than that, under every rule which courts of law will enforce, some one may receive a benefit, which benefit or right he may be in a position to enforce? There is some awkwardness in asserting in an absolute way that every law *necessarily* creates a specific right, where the right or benefit ultimately arising is often so remote as well as so exceedingly indirect. For example, the body of the rules of evidence has been codified or digested in Sir J. Stephen's well-known book. We may take any simple rule as to the attestation of a document. What right does such a rule confer, and on whom? Doubtless every law requiring proof of a document in a certain way creates a right in every person whose interest it may be that the document should not be proved at all. But this is exceedingly indirect. How determine the person on whom the law confers this right? There are thousands of cases, say in the friendly administration of property, in which the rules as to the attestation of a document simply cause inconvenience to every one concerned. It may be against every one's interest that this obligation should be enforced; unless we say that the public, or the Sovereign, have an interest and the right to enforce the rule. But, in Austin's language, the Sovereign has no rights.

There is a common maxim in equity, whatever is duly directed to be done is regarded as having been done. Let us assume that applied to a case of administrative judicial business. It may be difficult to trace any specific right directly created thereby. It will in effect ultimately affect rights. But it is not the object of

the rule to create any specific right in any determinate person of a specified class, either *in rem* or *in personam*. There are similar rules as to the registration of deeds and the like. A deed affecting real estate in Middlesex must be registered. A deed of gift is made without consideration, and it remains unregistered. What kind of right is created by this rule, and in whom does it reside? A gift of realty to a charity not duly enrolled is void. What right is created by this law, and in whom is it vested? The intending donor may be said to lie under the *obligation* of duly registering or enrolling his deed of gift, under the *sanction* of having his gift set aside. Here the only person, other than the public, or Sovereign, who has any interest in enforcing this obligation is the party receiving. Yet he has no right. For, if the giver neglected or refused to register or enrol his deed of gift, the object of his bounty could not compel him to do so, or to deliver to him the deed for the purpose, nor could any one else. Nor could the Sovereign enforce it criminally. There seems therefore to be no specific right directly and necessarily created by this rule, and vested in some ascertainable person or class of a particular description.

The fact is, that there is an enormous body of rules of law the direct effect of which is not to confer an interest or benefit on any person or body of persons, but to promote the general convenience and to provide against remote public inconvenience. In all such cases we cannot say that the law confers any *right* unless by a needless straining of language. For it will hardly do to say that it confers the right on the public. The public in this case can only be the Sovereign, and according to Austin's theory the Sovereign cannot confer a right on himself. Besides, all laws *ex hypothesi* exist for the public convenience. Laws would not be passed unless the public good required the conferring of the right. And more, this public interest cannot amount to a legal right. A legal right is one which some party can enforce by process. But if a deed of gift of lands be not enrolled in due course and within due period, no one could enforce this being done by process. Nor can the public or the State enforce it. There is no criminal breach of obligation. The test of the existence of a legal right is the power of some person to bring an action to have it maintained. In the case of such non-enrolment, of non-attestation of a will, of attestation by legatees, and thousands of such cases—no one can bring an action, nor can the Sovereign prosecute criminally. There is consequently a civil law, but no legal right. In other words, in the civil law right and obligation are not strictly correlative, do not directly and necessarily imply each other in every conceivable case.

On the other hand there are rules of law where the right is very prominent, but where the legal obligation is in an extremely poten-

tial form. There is a rule of law that persons holding certain property are entitled to vote say for parish officers or members of parliament. This rule of law confers a right, a right against the world, in Austin's language. But where is the obligation? An *obligation* is liability to a *sanction*; a sanction is an *evil* to be endured. Who is made liable to an evil? What is the evil? All we can say is that all subjects are commanded to abstain from preventing persons so qualified from exercising their right to vote. This is singularly indirect and circumlocutory. And does it amount to more than the general postulate of all law, viz. that every subject is required to abstain from acting in contradiction to any rule of law whatever? But is this not enough? Suppose men to use every effort short of force to prevent persons from duly exercising their right, what is the evil they have to fear? And if there be no legal evil, there is no legal obligation. An effort in general is not enough to call out any sanction. Of course if men forcibly obstruct persons exercising their right, or officials recording the vote, or being officials refuse to accept it, some evil might be incurred, but it would be under some other rule of law with its own specific sanction. The sanction would hardly be incurred under *this* law.

Again, the rules—*what is directed to be done has been done; forty years shall give good title for specified purposes; no action for debt shall be brought more than six years after acknowledgment; the rules of inheritance or the rules under the Statute of Distributions; the rule that an agreement without consideration is invalid; and thousands of such rules, may be said indeed to create an obligation, but only by a violent straining of language, or else the obligation is simply that general obligation which all law implies to conform one's conduct to the law. There is no specific obligation, to do or to forbear from doing anything, discoverable in the rule of law itself. And the sanction or evil is nothing discoverable in the law or rule itself. It is nothing determined or determinable. The only evil to be feared arises in the possible case of some interest of some person being traced back ultimately to depend on a fact which implied violation of the rule, and which interest is therefore prejudiced by enforcing the rule.*

It is very easy to say, that the law punishing theft with imprisonment, implies a *command* not to thieve, an *obligation* to abstain from thieving, a liability to the evil of imprisonment (or *sanction*) if that obligation is violated. Over and above this, there is the general rule of law to abstain from any responsibility for, or complicity in, any act founded on theft, under the general sanction of having that act set aside to your prejudice. It will be seen that there are a multitude of rules of law which admit only this indirect, and not the direct, form of obligation and sanction.

Laws purely permissive, and these are ever increasing; laws declaratory, and under this head we may bring a mass of rules of judicial interpretation or for judicial guidance—rules of procedure, rules for public convenience, rules conferring faculties, and rules conferring privileges, cannot (without such violence to language as makes it worthless) be brought under any strict partition of all law into rights and obligations.

We may feel some doubt as to the famous position which Austin emphasizes, that the Sovereign never can be subject to law, can have no rights, can lie under no obligations; that a sovereign government has no legal duties, and cannot have legal rights, as respects its subjects. This will prove to be a matter of language. And it seems to me that it directs attention too exclusively on the element of *force* in the theory of law. If we conceive law as a *regular* and constant rule which is enforced in law courts, it is hard to see any objection to the supposing that rule enforced even to the particular loss or detriment of the Sovereign or State. Force has to a great extent disappeared in modern societies from the sphere of law. And if the Sovereign consider that his general good is best attained by acquiescing in the observance of any general rule, we need not abandon the ordinary language of law in cases of claims by or against the Sovereign. No doubt the Sovereign or State, being supreme, might refuse to execute any rule of law or the decision of the judge to its own loss. But the State might equally refuse to execute any other decision. The State, it is said, is not bound by any law, because sooner than submit to the sanction, it will repeal the law or ignore the right. But the State can repeal any law, and ignore any right. And it is contrary to the facts to say that the State will not submit to the sanction, or will ignore the right. The State exacts the sanctions and enforces rights, to its own loss, when the rights are judicially declared and the sanctions are legally incurred, precisely as it does in the case of two litigant subjects. If the Sovereign State borrows money at 3 per cent., it incurs a legal obligation to pay 3 per cent., and confers on the fundholder a legal right. As a matter of fact, if a creditor of the Sovereign State be not paid what is due to him, he can sue the Sovereign State for his money, and on proof of the debt due the Court will decree payment by the State, and the State will enforce payment by the usual process with some slight differences in form, precisely as if A and B owed and lent the money. I see no use in denying that this is a legal right and a legal obligation because the right is against that corporate body, and the obligation lies on that corporate body, which ultimately makes the laws and executes, or causes execution of judgments. It is true the State might pass a law that nobody shall pay his debts, or that the State should not pay its debts, or it might



simply decline to execute judgment or to suffer the decision to issue in process. But it might do all this just as much if A sued B. Every legal right implies that it exists subject to the conceivable possibility of the State abrogating the right, or refusing to give it effect. So long as the Courts continue to give legal validity to a right, and so long as the executive continues to give legal effect to an obligation, we ought to call the one a *legal* right, and the other a *legal* obligation. And it is of no importance that, in certain cases, the State may have a grotesque kind of temptation to cease to respect the legal right, or to cease to give effect to legal obligations. More especially since in all civilised countries it passes as a matter of course that the State pays no heed to the conceivable temptation, but carries out the decisions of the Courts, exactly in the same way, whether it have a special interest in the case or not.

The distinction between rights *in rem* and those *in personam*, an improvement on the classification of the classical jurists into *dominia* and *obligationes*, which was invented by the later civilians, and which has been so much insisted on by Austin, is undoubtedly a distinction of great importance. It is clearly more logical than the classical distinction, and is in every way more accurate for analytic purposes. A legal right *in rem*, which a determined party has, and which every one is bound to respect and to abstain from disturbing, and a legal right *in personam*, which that party can enforce against some particular party, do essentially differ in nature; and the distinction is one which exhausts the sphere of rights. But then we must remember that it is a purely *analytic* division. The Roman division into *dominia* and *obligationes*, on the contrary, is a concrete or practical division. Now it is important to keep in view that this analytic division, and, in like manner, most of the analytic groupings of Austin, have only an abstract or logical value, and that they are usually inapplicable to the concrete purposes of technical law. This observation applies to a great deal of Austin's discussions. His division and the Roman division are not in the same sphere. And in criticising the grouping of the Institutes, of Blackstone and of others, he seems to forget the totally different purposes which he and those writers had in view. His business was to give a logical analysis of legal ideas. Their business was to arrange the rules of law into convenient groups of kindred subjects. But logical analysis cannot be made the basis of a practical arrangement; nor can the Corpus Juris in any system be classified with reference to a purely logical analysis.

Jurisprudence can be placed no higher than a systematic arrangement of rules established by practical convenience; and the attempt to base it on psychological principles, or theories of abstract logic, seems arbitrary and quite illusory. Practical convenience is the source of law; and technical convenience is the aim of all classifica-

tion of law. The attempt to force metaphysical precision on a body of technical rules would be a mischievous form of pedantry.

The analysis of rights into those which avail *generally*, and those which avail against *specific* parties, is exceedingly useful to clear the head. But a little reflection will show us that these rights are inextricably mixed up in many legal subjects, and are continually giving rise to each other, or mutually interchange with each other. Take the simple case of *sale*. It is clear that the rights *in personam*, invariably arising from the transaction, are bound up with rights arising from the title to goods *generally* which arises on completion. The same may be said of mortgage, when we look at mortgage rights as a whole, taking in both the mutual rights of the lender and the borrower and the title which the mortgage affects. The rights of a parent over children also combine rights of the general and of the specific class. The rights of the husband over the property of the wife are analogous in the sense that out of the same event arise the rights which the husband has in respect of the wife and those which he has generally. The entire body of law of succession necessarily introduces a similar commixture of general and specific rights. Of course partnership does, or may do, the same. Indeed, there are very few titles in law in which there would not be found some admixture of rights general and rights specific.

There would be incalculable inconvenience in practically separating the body of rights which are general from those which are specific. Instead of having the body of rules relating to partnership, to sale, to mortgage, brought together in accessible groups, we should have a statement of general rights arising on sale, and at the other end of the *Corpus Juris*, specific rights arising on sale. Thus at one end of the code so framed we should have the rule, that the sale of a specific movable is a conveyance, and transfers a general right of ownership, and at the other end of the code would come the rule, that the buyer has a specific right *in personam* against the seller to compel him to complete his title.

It seems to me no answer to this objection to say (as I understand Austin to do) that there is a sort of ambiguous zone, a class of subjects which cannot be arranged under this division of rights. Examination would show a very large proportion of legal subjects which comprise both classes of rights. The division of the *Institutes*, pretending to no such logical accuracy, can divide its groups of doctrines into those which relate to ownership (with the transfer, subdivision, and acquisition of ownership) and those which relate to transactions between specific parties. And using this practical distinction, Gaius and Justinian are not troubled by the fact, that under ownership come many doctrines which relate to contract, and under obligation many doctrines which relate to ownership and general title. The broad divisions of legal subjects are as old at

least as Gaius, and probably as old as Cicero and his masters in the law. They have in some sort been the basis of every system of jurisprudence which the world has seen. They have passed into the mental habit not only of the jurists of every system, but of the ordinary thought and speech of laymen in every race. It would breed the worst kinds of confusion if the distinctions proper to abstract analysis ever came to supersede the old distinctions of practical classification.

If we were to follow out in the arrangement of a body of law the analytic schemes of Bentham or Austin, we should open our code with rules as to general rights of protection of the reputation; then we should have a portion, but not the whole, of the law relating to family; next the law of ownership, and with it the law of servitudes; after that, according to one view, the law of mortgage; next the law of contracts; then the rest of the law of persons—that is, of parent and child, of husband and wife, of trusteeship and guardianship; and lastly inheritance, succession, testaments, and legacies, and, I presume, bankruptcy. There can be no useful purpose in thus recasting the *Corpus Juris*, when for the sake of some logical consistency we sever rules of law which have been always associated, divide the law of family into two, end with legacies, and begin with the law of libel. The great masters of Analysis are often blind to the havoc which they make in practical convenience, when they seek to make logical distinctions bear the weight of working classification and practical divisions.

There is, I think, a perfectly sound reason for the collapse of any attempt to divide Law (or indeed anything else) on any strict theory of rights. Of all constructions of the human mind the doctrine of Right is perhaps that idea which has led to the greatest amount of sophism and equivocation. A philosopher has proposed to expunge the word Right altogether as a mere source of confusion. It is in moral and political science that the principal confusion of *right* has arisen. The source of the confusion is sufficiently obvious. Right is a word describing the claim of a particular person or body of persons to have some advantage or interest appropriated or specifically secured to him or them. But in moral and political things, as indeed in almost all human things, the particular person can only be contemplated as a social being, one of a complex society, and everything he does or has involves the element of co-operation with, or association with, other social beings. Every advantage or interest of such a social being is necessarily entangled with the advantages or interests of other social beings; is limited by their similar rights; and implies the equivalent tribute from the individual of their rights to others. In a society, like that of man, perpetually changing and advancing, the equation, as it were, between the rights of A and the rights of B, C, and D, is perpetually varying. And, what is more,

to secure A in an absolute way his specific advantage may involve the utmost injury to B, C, and D, and, very likely also, to other advantages and interests of A himself. The reason why *right* is so formidable and often so suicidal I suppose is this—that right implies the severing out of the common stock of human advantages some portion, and appropriating it individually to one person. But since human advantages are a sort of common stock, the result of common co-operation, they are very often only to be enjoyed by not effecting this severance into portions. To insist on *rights* is thus like insisting on the partition of something held in undivided shares, the advantage of which thing is destroyed by the partition. Thus if the three co-owners of a house, or a horse, or a steam-engine, insisted on exacting their individual rights, and on severing and appropriating the advantage of each by taking one-third physical part of the house, or the horse, or the engine, the advantage would disappear, and the right of each would end in the injury of all. No doubt it is for the common and individual advantage that a certain qualified or relative advantage should be appropriated to individuals within certain limits. But there never is any unlimited appropriation without reference to any other advantage. That is to say, there is no absolute right in fact. All rights are really qualified and relative. In other words, if right means absolute appropriation, there are no strict rights. All rights exist subject to the qualification that they do not become incompatible with other rights. A man has a right to his liberty, provided his liberty to use his hands in perfect freedom is not found to infringe on other peoples' liberty, or the enjoyment of person or property. And so the right of free contract is limited by a number of qualifications. There is really no such thing as a pure or true right. Every claim of an individual in a state of society to any personal advantage is necessarily limited by the qualification, that the appropriation to him of that advantage is not to be incompatible with the advantages and interests of others in the society.

In morals and in politics the doctrine of *right* becomes such a network of qualifications, counterpoising duties, and compensations, that nothing solid can be based on it. But in law (and from law the notion of *right* undoubtedly invaded the other provinces), *right* has more meaning. In law, *right* means that a Court of Justice will compel all men to yield you the particular advantage, guaranteed to you by public rules, or that it will compel some given party to do so. And in law the right is very nearly absolute. Usually a Court of Justice will compel men to yield you your legal advantage, without on the other hand compelling you to yield any corresponding advantage, and will secure the enjoyment to you however socially mischievous be your use of it, and however much it injure you or injure others. For instance, the owner of a pigsty could not be in law forced to sell it even for £10,000 to allow a railway, or an embank-

ment to be made, unless the pigsty were within the lands to be taken by an Act. And law courts would not interfere if the owner in fee simple of a forest set it on fire, or the owner of an estate sowed his corn-land with salt. Still we can easily see that this is not really carried out in any absolute way. The law of nuisance, of obstruction, public convenience, and the rest; the rule that one who comes to equity must do equity; the rule that the court will not order certain things to be done if they will injure to a given extent certain persons or the public; the rule that the court will never altogether lose sight of public policy: all these show that even in law *right* is never quite absolute.

Hence, even in law, *right* never means more than that the courts will enforce a given claim to an individual advantage, provided the doing so does not work some countervailing disadvantage to others of overwhelming and specific kinds. But it is clear from this that law must include a great deal which is not within the sphere of right. Law is not simply concerned with the securing to certain individuals or groups of individuals certain advantages or goods. Law in the widest sense exists for the purpose of securing the general welfare of the community. Let us ask any practical man the question—what is a law? apart, for the moment, from any analysis of law into command, obligation, sanction. A law, he will say, is obviously a general rule as to some physical act or thing which law courts require to be observed in the common interest of all. Of necessity this must include a great number of rules which are not or, at least, are not directly designed for the securing of any particular interest of any individual (that is for any right). The entire group of rules or provisions of an instrumental kind, definitions, general maxims of law, the whole of procedure, the rules as to the machinery and form of the material acts or things which come within the survey of law, rules for the general protection of the public, and thousands of others will have no direct purpose except that of providing for the general convenience by enforcing a common observance. If we say “every will must be in writing,” or “every cheque must bear a stamp,” or “the agreements of trades-unions will not be enforced,” &c., &c., it seems an idle waste of ingenuity to force any of these rules into a form in which they might seem to create rights. What they do, and what they profess to do, is to provide a fixed rule of observance with a view to public convenience, and no doubt with a view of ultimately simplifying rights and possibly of protecting rights. But since rights both *in rem* and *in personam* may ultimately arise or may be protected by any of these rules, any attempt to use “right” as a basis for classifying all law, or all civil law, will certainly fail.

A considerable part of the notes of Austin's lectures and of Bentham's treatises are taken up with discussions as to proper position of this or that portion of the law in a general *Corpus Juris*.

These discussions are, I think, most useful, if we look at them as intended to clear the head, and as keeping the mind of the student continually open to the idea of some kind of classification, and of a possible *Corpus Juris* of some kind. But the discussions do not seem so useful if we look at them as a practical scheme for arranging all or any law in a code, much less for a code of English law. Of course in English law there is at present no sort of serial classification at all. To the practitioner it is a matter of as little importance whether the law of testamentary succession come before the law of contract or follow it, as in what local order the text-books stand on his shelves. And in the at present inorganic condition of English law, any actual scheme of classification as a working plan is rather premature. Certain changes in the substance of the law, not greater than those which our generation has witnessed, in the reform of real property law, in the Judicature Act, and in Bankruptcy, might seriously modify the scheme in which English law ought to be arranged. If it were enacted that real estate should pass together with personalty to the executor; if the division of movable and immovable property were substituted for that into real and personal; if mortgage became a real charge, instead of a conditional assignment of ownership, these or analogous changes in the law might seriously alter the mode in which the law under these heads should be arranged.

But it seems more than doubtful if any general scheme of classification of law can be devised equally applicable to all systems. That certain principles of classification may be laid down, as extremely useful guides for systematising any given body of law, is no doubt certain. But systems of municipal law differ so much that we may fairly doubt the possibility of any common classification. A mortgage in English law differs totally from a mortgage in Roman law; bankruptcy has proceeded in various systems on all sorts of bases; theft at Rome gave rise to a civil action; libel may in English law give rise to civil or criminal proceedings; testamentary succession has been founded, and may be founded, on a variety of theories. Where large portions of any given system of law may have cardinal principles so remote from those of the corresponding portions of other systems, it seems hard to assume that there can be any single and universal scheme of classification. The arrangement of the *Corpus Juris* of any system ought to depend in many things on practical convenience. It will be illusory to attempt an exact distribution of it by logical analysis of an abstract kind. And for practical reasons it is of immense importance to respect those practical methods of grouping which are familiar to lawyers and laymen, and which have been sanctioned by so many centuries of actual experience.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

*(To be continued.)*

## CIVILISATION AND NOISE.

If a man wanted to illustrate the glorious gains of civilisation, he could hardly do better, perhaps, than contrast the rude and monotonous sounds which serve the savage as music and the rich and complex world of tones which invite the ear of a cultivated European to ever new and prolonged enjoyment. We are prone to cherish an agreeable sense of our great elevation in the scale of life when we read of the harsh and hideous noises which are said to gladden the barbarian ear. We wonder what sort of nerves people can have who are agreeably excited by the cracking sounds of a rattle composed of the vertebrae of a snake or the teeth of an elephant, or by the heavy thuds of a drum made of untanned hide, or lastly by the shrill blasts of a shell-trumpet formed out of a murex with a piece of bamboo inserted near the apex, of which a traveller says that "the sound is extremely loud, but the most monotonous and dismal that it is possible to imagine."<sup>1</sup>

Yet flattering as this contrast may be to our cultured vanity, it has another side which is by no means fitted to feed our self-complacency. If the savage is incapable of experiencing the varied and refined delight which is known to our more highly developed ear, he is on the other hand secure from the many torments to which our delicate organs are exposed. The very fact that he takes pleasure in such rude and harsh sounds as those just alluded to, plainly shows that noises cannot mean for his ear what they mean for ours. Let us try to understand something of the difference of sensibility which is here implied.

The condition of the ear of the savage and of the child may perhaps be characterised by saying that they enjoy mere quantity of sound and are comparatively indifferent to its quality. Every mother knows to her cost how children delight in mere noise. Their fondness for squibs and crackers, whistles, rattles, and so on, is proof enough of their ardent passion for loud sound. How unlike to this is the state of a highly developed and cultivated ear,—cultivated, that is, in all respects, musically as well as otherwise! It is exposed to a whole Iliad of afflictions. Let us name a few of these.

In the first place, all sounds when exceeding a certain force are annoying to the man with a refined ear. No matter whether the sounds are in their quality pleasurable or not, long before they reach the deafening stage they become distinctly unpleasant. We express this fact by saying that the organ has reached a certain degree of

(1) Curious examples of savage music may be gathered from some of the volumes on *Descriptive Sociology*, edited by Mr. Herbert Spencer. See under heading "*Æsthetic Products*."

delicacy, which means that the auditory nerve will not bear so forcible a kind of stimulation as the coarser fibres of the undeveloped organ. It is to be observed that all high or sharp sounds tend to become excessive much more quickly than low or flat ones. We are much oftener plagued by shrill piercing sounds than by those which are deep and booming. Once more, sounds affect us unpleasantly when they are too sudden or explosive. All our sensory organs object to being taken by storm, so to speak. Sudden and abrupt sounds may be supposed to disturb the pre-existing equilibrium of the nerves without effecting another stabler condition of activity. It follows that a succession of jerky staccato sounds will, if sufficiently loud, be disagreeable for much the same reason. So, too, a prolonged sound becomes unpleasant when it has sudden rises and falls in intensity, and so is jerky and fitful. The broken spasmodic sounds produced by a tyro in musical art on a cornet may be taken as an illustration of this quality. The grating cracking sound of a rattle may be said to lie midway between the two classes just specified. They are a series of explosive sounds only partially separated.

So far, we have spoken of disagreeable qualities of sound which are recognised by the common sensibility of the ear apart from musical training. To these must be added, in the case of the musical ear, qualities which may be called unmusical. Of these, there are two which call for special attention.

The first of these unmusical properties is the characteristic quality of noise, in the narrow sense, as distinguished from tone or sound smoothly flowing at one level. "A noise," says Helmholtz, "is accompanied by a rapid alternation of different kinds of sensations of sound," which "are irregularly mixed up, and, as it were, jumbled about in confusion."\* The ear is so constituted as to prefer smooth tones, which continue to excite the same fibres in a regular uniform manner, to sounds which successively stimulate different fibres by a momentary action. We do not say that all noises are unpleasant. Some of the examples given by Helmholtz, as the sounds of rustling leaves and falling waters, are certainly not so. But noises become disagreeable when they have a certain loudness, when they are long protracted, and when the unevenness or irregularity is complete, as, in another instance specified by Helmholtz, the rattling of a carriage over granite paving-stones.

The second unmusical quality of sounds is dissonance in its widest sense, by which we mean the effect of simultaneous sounds that do not combine peacefully and agreeably. The cause of all such disagreeable effects is, according to Helmholtz, the presence of beats, which imply a jerky or jarring excitation of some of the nervous fibres. A properly musical tone may become rough and harsh through the admixture of beats, and certain instruments are



characterized by the prominence of this element of roughness, especially in their upper register. Also any sounds which approximate to musical tones may produce this effect: more especially the vocal utterances of animals, as the cries of certain wild birds, the barking of dogs, and the hoarse or shrill sounds of some human voices, as exercised in speech, are liable to offend the musical ear by their dissonance. The worst effects of dissonance arise from the beats which accompany sounds of high pitch. Hence the peculiar painfulness of all loud and high or shrill sounds.

The above rough analysis of disagreeable sounds may suffice to show on how many sides the sensitive ear is exposed to attack. Of course there are degrees of the unpleasant, and a sound may be marked in a faint measure by one of the qualities above enumerated, and yet not be recognised as painful, especially if it has other aspects which are agreeable. The worst and most terrible sounds combine a number of the above qualities, namely, excessive loudness, harshness, &c.

It would be interesting to compare a number of persons' opinions as to the worst possible kind of sound. The present writer finds the piercing noise of a train, when brought to a standstill by a break, about as hideous a sound as he knows. Schopenhauer, who was a vigorous hater of all noise, tells us in a characteristic piece, "On noise and din" (*Ueber Lärm und Geräusch*), that the most shameful noise is "the truly infernal whips cracking in the reverberating streets." He speaks of this noise as "that sudden, sharp explosion which paralyzes the brain, cuts to pieces all sense, and murders thought."<sup>1</sup> Any one who knows the sounds given forth by sleigh-drivers with their long whips, in the deep, fissure-like streets of a small German town, will be able to appreciate this description. As Schopenhauer says, no sound "pierces the brain more than this cursed whip-cracking." Goethe, again, seems to have been a special foe to the noise of dogs. In the *Roman Elegies* he writes:—

"Mancho Töne sind mir Verdruss, doch bleibst am meisten,  
Hundgebell mir verhasst,—kläffend zerreißt es mein Ohr."<sup>2</sup>

(1) The German almost conveys the character of the sounds described: "Dieser plötzliche, scharfe, hirnlähmende, alle Besinnung zerschneidende und gedankenmörderische Knall."

(2) In the interesting reminiscences of Jena and Weimar, left us by Louise Seidler (*Erinnerungen und Leben der Malerin Louise Seidler*. Berlin, 1874), we find an odd illustration of Goethe's dislike for the noise of dogs. The writer—then a young girl—happened to be lodging near Goethe (c. 1790). A favorite dog of hers, one Duke by name, suddenly died, and the sorrowing maid, apparently with good reason, attributed her loss to the calm-loving and imperious poet. There is a good deal to be said for Goethe's judgment. The barking of dogs is not only a most disturbing and harassing noise, it contains some of the worst qualities of roughness and harshness of sound; it further includes a wide variety of auditory torture, being in truth a sort of gamut of unmusical sound.

There is clearly an analogy between the ear and eye in their uncultivated and cultivated conditions. Both the eye and the ear of the savage and child enjoy more quantity of stimulation, and hardly seem to know what excess means. Again, both organs in this imperfectly developed state are comparatively dull and insensible to qualitative differences in the stimuli. The savage seems to enjoy light as light much more than colour as colour, as he certainly enjoys sound as such much more than tone as such. And connected with this bluntness of sensibility to the qualitative differences of the stimuli, there is an absence of the feeling of what is pleasurable and painful in the quality of the stimulus. The savage does not feel the harsh and impure in colour, just as he does not feel the harsh and impure in tone. On the other hand, these organs in their cultivated condition, though they gain in their sharper qualitative sense a large accession of pleasurable sensation, at the same time become alive to the pains of excessive stimulation, as also to those connected with the quality of the stimulus.

It is to be noted, however, that the gain resulting from organic development is much greater in the case of the eye than in that of the ear. One may pretty safely affirm that not even the most fastidious eye receives an amount of pain from discordant combinations of colour, which is worthy to be named besides the ample volume of exhilarating sensation with which its colour-world provides it. On the other hand, the torments of the ear are so great and numerous, that it may be well doubted whether the organ is compensated by all the magical delight of orderly tone. Accordingly a pessimist, who is concerned to disprove the advantages of civilisation and progress, could hardly do better than plead the cause of that organ of sense, which learns more profoundly than any other the truth that growth involves suffering.

But we have not yet exhausted the list of the ear's afflictions. So far, we have been speaking only of its sensuous pains, that is, of the suffering which arises from an injurious mode of action of the organ itself. In addition to these there are the disagreeable effects of sounds as disturbing influences.

All loud and sudden noises are obnoxious in proportion to our desire at the moment to keep the mind fixed on any other subject. Noises are proverbially the plague of the student. They harass us if they prevail over our wills, and they harass us, too, in a lesser degree, even when we just manage to triumph over them. This disturbing force of sounds clearly varies directly as the degree of their stimulating or exciting quality. The louder and the more abrupt a sound, the more distracting will it be. It follows, that since all painful sounds presumably involve some violent mode of stimulation, these will be as a rule disturbing sounds.

There is, however, a further disturbing element in sound which marks off painful and pleasurable sounds. The former break in on the attention, not only as excessive sensory excitations, but also as discordant sensations or feelings. The mind is distressed by them, and so put out of tune for healthy activity. In this case the will is of course opposed to the exciting influence. We do our best not to hear the disagreeable noise. Pleasurable sounds, on the other hand, even when not very loud, may disturb attention as grateful allurements. We feel our wills half drawn over to the side of the insidious intruder. We want to listen, as we say, and the effort not to do so if it is to be effective must be proportionately greater.<sup>1</sup> So far we have spoken of single sounds, or continuous masses of sound only. When we turn to successions of discontinuous sounds another disturbing element comes into view. Everybody knows how hard it is, in the stillness of night, not to listen to a series of recurring sounds, such as those of dropping water, a window creaking with the wind, and so on. In these cases, over and above the effect of the single impressions as exciting nervous shocks, there is a further mental result which may be called the imaginative preoccupation of the attention. In the intervals between the sounds, even when they are considerable, the mental energies are concentrated in a vivid anticipation of the coming impression. Hence a series of sounds exerts a much greater distracting influence than that which is due to the sum of the effects of the separate sensations.

In this instance, too, the disturbing effects may be found both when the exciting object is painful and when it is pleasurable; only there is a difference in the two cases. When the sequence is wholly disorderly or arrhythmic, the mind is kept, so to speak, in a state of tip-toe expectation at every succeeding moment. The wretched state of suspense in which the irregular barks of certain lawless dogs are apt to plunge a man with a sensitive ear, is a striking illustration of this kind of violent capture of the attention. On the other hand, when the sequence is regular or periodic, it may distract the attention through the mind's instinctive disposition to rhythmic activity. Thus it is hard to withdraw or withhold attention from the regularly recurring noise of a chimney-cowl revolving with the wind, just because we are naturally prone to welcome or fall in with this kind of orderly stimulation. Here too, then, the disturbing influence which belongs to the mere sounds themselves is assisted by a half-conscious action of the will in co-operation with an instinctive disposition.

(1) At the same time it must be added that grateful sounds do not always act as disturbing influences. Some persons appear to have their intellectual energies quickened by a pleasant sub-excitation of the auditory organ. This difference I have ascertained does not turn on special musical training. It is no doubt connected with what must be called, for want of fuller knowledge, intellectual temperament.

We have here spoken of the disturbing influence of sound only in relation to the concentration of attention in intellectual activity. The way in which sounds interfere with sleep does not call for special consideration, since it is probable that this effect depends on much the same causes. Sleep is supposed to be induced by a quiet fixation of the attention, and sounds drive away sleep just in proportion to the force of their antagonism to the internal concentration of the mind.<sup>1</sup>

A moment's reflection will show that susceptibility to the disturbing influence of sound roughly marks off the civilised from the uncivilised man. For one thing it varies approximately as the degree of the organic sensibility to the agreeable and disagreeable qualities of sounds, which sensibility is, as we have seen, in all but its most rudimentary form, a characteristic of the civilised or highly developed man. The more we are *interested* in sounds (whether pleasantly or painfully) the greater will be their disturbing force. The boor would not have his attention distracted by the note of a nightingale or recurring howl of a dog, just because these impressions hardly affect his consciousness in any manner.

But, again, the pain which arises from the disturbance of attention presupposes the wish to fix thought in a definite direction. The man who has no call to concentrate his mind on a subject cannot of course suffer from a disturbance of attention. Now it is obvious that culture means, among other things, a disposition of mind to continuous and concentrated thought. Both in external perception and in internal meditation the civilised man differs from the uncivilised through his impulse to prolonged attention over a large area of impressions and ideas. Hence distraction hardly has a meaning for the savage, whereas it may be a palpable evil in the case of the meditative student.

So far, then, as susceptibility to the disturbing force of sounds depends on the ear's sensibility and on the impulse to prolonged attention, it will be much greater in the case of the civilised than of the uncivilised man. This susceptibility, however, varies also with the degree of the *power* of concentration or abstraction, and this counteractive force is clearly greater in the case of the civilised than of the uncivilised man. The question how far the growth of this power neutralises the effects of increased sensibility and intellectual impulse will best be considered later on.

(1) Of course sounds may prevent sleep in the case of a person whose intellectual activity is not greatly disturbed by them, since, in the former case, the least tension of the will in the control of attention is fatal to the desired result. On the other hand, as a set-off to this, a sound of a moderate intensity, if continuous, has a distinctly lulling effect. The injurious action of sound in robbing a tired or sick person of conscious repose is due in part to an excessive excitation of the ear (which cannot now bear the normal amount of stimulation), and in part to an injurious excitation of the energies of attention which require relaxation.

It seems hardly necessary to remind the reader how much greater is the disturbing force of sounds than that of sights. The moving panorama of a London street would no doubt tend to distract a student bent on thinking out some difficult scientific problem, even if it were unaccompanied by noise; yet nobody supposes that the effect in this case would be at all commensurable with that of our actual noisy thoroughfares. For one thing we can at will shut off completely, or nearly so, the avenues of the eye, whereas nature has, in the case of man, left the ear without any power of self-protective movement. But more than this, the exciting and disturbing influence of sound seems to be much more pervading and enduring than that of sight. We can recover ourselves from the agitation produced by a sudden flash of light much more readily than from the mental commotion induced by a loud explosive sound. In this respect, then, as well as in that of purely sensory pain, the cultivation of the ear appears to be attended with a much larger increase of suffering than that of the eye.

Thus far we have contrasted the lot of the uncivilised and civilised man's ear by comparing their relative susceptibilities only. We have now to ask how they stand in relation to their environments. Supposing the civilised and uncivilised man to be equally sensitive to the annoyance and suffering here described, how are they situated with respect to the number and intensity of the external sources of this discomfort?

The discussion of this question could not well lead to any definite results. Much would of course depend on the kind of civilised life with which the savage life were compared. Speaking roughly, one might say that the civilised man is better protected against many disagreeable natural sounds,<sup>1</sup> as those of wind, of wild animals, and of his fellow-men, while, on the other hand, he is exposed to a large number of vexing and injurious artificial noises incident to his advanced and complex mode of life. One might hazard the conjecture that, when compared with the lot of an inhabitant of a noisy city, that of a savage would be an enviable one. We may, however, dismiss this curious inquiry in favour of one which has more practical interest. However it be with the relative amounts of noise in the life of the savage and of the civilised man, how does it stand with respect to the more advanced and the less advanced type of civilised life? This question is much more manageable, since the tendencies of social progress (taken within certain limits) in relation to noises are sufficiently well marked.

First of all, then, our advancing civilisation clearly tends to the growth and multiplication of dense centres of population. And in so

(1) Among these would have to be reckoned the harsh sounds of the human voice itself, so far as civilisation tends to soften them.

doing it no less clearly tends to substitute a noisy for a quiet kind of life. According to ample testimony, ancient and modern, town-life is beset with the plague of harsh and overpowering sound, whereas country life is first of all grateful by reason of its quiet. The confusing din of traffic is by no means a peculiar vice of our modern cities. Rome, in the days of the empire, was noisy enough. Horace (*Epist.* ii. 2) gives us an impressive account of the noises which harass the man of letters in the Imperial City:—

“Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor;  
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum,  
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris;  
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus:  
† nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.”

These noises, moreover, were not confined to the day. A little further on Horace speaks of “*strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos*.” Their disturbing effect on sleep is as graphically described by Juvenal (*Sat.* iii.) :—

“Magnis opibus dormitur in urbe:  
Indo caput morbi. Rhedarum transitus arcto  
Vicorum in flexu, et stantis convicia mandræ,  
Eripient somnium Druso, vituliisque marinis.”

How far we moderns have managed, by means of larger and better-built streets, to escape the deafening hubbub of ancient capitals—a hubbub one can easily imagine even to-day when standing in the narrow reverberating street of some Italian town—is a point which must be reserved for the present. We are now concerned with the natural unchecked tendencies of growing civilisation, and these are but too plainly in the direction of an increase of noise. Let the reader reflect what our modern railways and factories have done to add to the sum total of violent and pernicious sounds.

The conclusion we seem to have reached is a sufficiently gloomy one, and it appears to afford the pessimist a good argument for his disproof of the gains of civilisation. We have now to ask whether there are any alleviating considerations bearing on the question. Even if the order of development seems to expose the civilised man to more annoyance through his car, may he not after all escape these liabilities, and in the end suffer no more than his less sensitive ancestor? Let us see what arguments may be urged in support of this view.

On a first view of the subject it may be said that the process of evolution itself contains the remedy for the evils here dwelt on. If all organic development means increased adaptation to external circumstances, and if noises are a permanent—not to say continually increasing—factor in our environment, we must suppose that in time man's organism will become modified so as no longer to suffer from

these sources. There seem to be three conceivable ways in which this might be brought about.

(1.) It may be reasoned that special sensibility to the pains of noises being a want of adaptation to permanent conditions, natural selection must gradually weed out all those who thus suffer, preserving only those of a hardier nervous organization.

To this line of reasoning there are one or two objections. In the first place it may be contended that special sensibility to noise is by no means a morbid symptom, that is, a mark of a feeble organization.<sup>1</sup> And when the sensibility exists in an organism otherwise healthy and robust, one fails to see how the suffering we have been considering really renders the subject less generally efficient in the struggle for existence. A man may suffer a good deal from noise and yet be otherwise fairly well adapted to the exciting conditions of life. In order to produce an appreciable effect on the character of the race this sensibility ought to expose its subject to a destructive or generally debilitating amount of suffering, and this is hardly if ever the case with a healthy organism. Secondly, it is a question how far natural selection is able thus to eliminate all impediments to a pleasurable and harmonious existence. There are certain unknown laws of "correlation" in organic development owing to which some capacities are bound up in their rise and fall with others. It is conceivable, and even probable, that the higher sensibility of the ear is thus correlated with an advanced stage of cerebral development.<sup>2</sup> We know very little about the causes of musical sensibility. Yet it seems probable that its germ is involved in the discriminative sense of vocal sound when this reaches a certain stage of perfection. If this is so, it would be plain that musical sensibility is bound up with a property of our sensory organism, which has been and must still be of the highest utility to man—a property, indeed, which seems to lie at the root of all his higher intellectual and moral attainments.

(2.) It may be argued that according to the general principle of accommodation by which our sensory organs become hardened with oft-repeated stimulation, our ears will gradually grow insensible to the noises which characterize our artificial mode of life.

This plausible argument is at once upset by the reflection that by far the greater number of the noises which afflict the ear are intermittent and occasional, and so are incapable of dulling the sensibility

(1) It is no doubt apt to be increased by ill health, but this does not prove that it is in all marked degrees a morbid manifestation.

(2) Schopenhauer, in the fragment on Noise already alluded to, distinctly asserts that people who are indifferent to noises are intellectually dull, being "insensible to reasons, to thoughts, to poetry and art, and, in short, to mental impressions of every kind;" whereas all men of highly developed intellect, *e.g.* Kant, Goethe, Jean Paul, &c., complain of noise. To this he adds: "The most intelligent and intellectual of all European nations has indeed erected the rule, 'Never interrupt!' into an eleventh commandment."

in the way supposed. A man living close to a huge factory or in a noisy street will no doubt have his organ beneficially blunted. But most of the sufferers from modern noise experience their torments in an intermittent form, and consequently their organs have no chance of becoming habituated.

(3.) It may be thought that even if the ear's organic sensibility tends to increase in the way described, while the external causes of its pain do not decrease, man will escape the evils which here menace him through a more than proportionate development of volitional power in controlling the attention and in withdrawing the mind from painful or hurtful impressions. The importance of this power of resisting impressions was just referred to in connection with the disturbing influence of sounds. It is indisputable that a high degree of the power of not attending to an impression does save one from much vexation and pain. It renders disagreeable impressions comparatively harmless, and delivers us from the teasing, worrying experiences of interruption. The question to be considered, then, relates to the growth of this power with general organic development and with the progress of civilisation.

There is no doubt that the power of keeping the attention away from what is disagreeable or distracting does increase with human development as a whole. This power may be said, indeed, to be one of the highest attainments of volitional development. The degree of this capability may be roughly tested by the strength manifested in withstanding the irritating and disturbing influences of external sense-impressions. It is manifest, too, that this power is of the highest utility from that stage in human progress when intellectual gifts begin to count as man's most serviceable possessions. Consequently we may expect to see it still further strengthened.

At the same time, it is clear that this power of self-abstraction is at best a limited quantity. The person of the most vigorous self-control cannot resist the exciting stimulating effect of a sound which passes a certain intensity. Further, it is doubtful whether this power tends to increase in the same proportion as the particular organic sensibility and general emotional excitability, which are the internal sources of the sufferings here spoken of. The common complaints of studious men, who may be supposed to have the highest degree of the power of self-abstraction, respecting the disturbing effects of sounds appears to bear out this conclusion.

There are, no doubt, instances of an extraordinary power of self-abstraction in students, such as that of Mrs. Somerville, mentioned by Harriet Martineau in her autobiography, who could write on a scientific subject amid a perfect clatter of voices. And it is certain, from cases like that of J. S. Mill, who is known to have thought out parts of his *Logic* in his daily walk through the noisy streets of London,



that the power of resisting the exciting influence of sounds may co-exist with considerable musical sensibility.<sup>1</sup> Yet these isolated cases hardly affect the truth of the general rule that where there is high sensibility and high concentrative power, there is more exposure to suffering than where there is a low degree of each. To this it must be added that the volitional strain needed to resist the intrusion of obnoxious sounds is itself the source of fatigue and discomfort. Thus even when by an effort of abstraction we are barely able to escape the pain of the sound itself, we have to pay a heavy price for the deliverance in the wearing effort required. It would thus appear that even if the number of disagreeable and irritating sounds does not tend to increase with the complexity of civilised life, the processes of organic development in the end expose us more and more to their unwelcome effects. Still more must this be so if, as seems not improbable, the external causes themselves tend actually to increase in number and in force.

Is there, then, no outlook from this gloomy condition of things? Has nature in some malicious mood resolved to make man pay for the blessings of civilisation and progress by levying this heavy fee on one of his highest sensory organs? We have inquired what the spontaneous course of nature is likely to effect in delivering man from this mass of petty affliction. Let us now ask what may be done with man's own conscious co-operation.

Thus far the external factor in the production of the ear's suffering has been regarded as something fixed and unalterable. We have tacitly assumed that man is either impotent to lessen the amount of noise in his environment, or at least has to put up with it for the sake of wholly incommensurable benefits which civilisation secures to him. This, however, is a purely abstract supposition, which must now be corrected by further and supplementary considerations.

A mere glance at our present stage of civilisation will suffice to show that by far the largest number of noises incident to it are directly or indirectly produced by man himself. This holds good of what we have termed the artificial noises of civilised life, such as those of traffic, &c. Now it is plain that their number will depend on the general degree of sensibility to noises distributed through a community. The more susceptible the members of a society become to the painful side of sound, the more will the disadvantages of noise count against any advantages to be secured by the noisy operation. Not only so. Even in the case of noises wholly produced by natural forces, as wind and storm, and of those connected with human operations which must be regarded as unquestionably neces-

(1) It should be remembered that the noise of London streets is a *continuous* roar, and consequently is much less likely to disturb attention than an intermittent noise of much less intensity. In truth, a constant hum is known with many persons to favour intellectual activity.

sary, such as the transportation of persons and goods, a general increase in the sensibility of the ear to noise must act as a potent stimulus to the discovery of means and appliances for the greatest possible diminution of the evil.

Here then, perhaps, we may find opened up a way of escape in the future. The sufferings which afflict the sensitive ear in our noisy cities are largely due to the general dulness of people with respect to disagreeable sounds. That most persons have not as yet reached a high degree of this sensibility is shown plainly enough in the fact that the rents of houses in the suburbs of London tend to be higher in the neighbourhood of railway stations. This proves that to most people the advantages of rising ten minutes later in the morning are of more account than the discomfort arising from all the shriekings and crashings which are wont to make night hideous in the vicinity of our suburban railways.

That a general growth of sensibility is to be looked for, together with its beneficial practical results, is indicated by the fact that Londoners appear to be slowly becoming aware of the roar amid which they have so long been content to live, and are taking steps to lessen it. The recent introduction of asphalt and wood as substitutes for stone in some of our principal thoroughfares is a hopeful sign for those to whom noise counts as an appreciable factor among the circumstances unfavourable to a contented existence. Is it Utopian to anticipate a date when men of science will think it a profitable employment of their time to consider some means of diminishing the weird and terrible sounds which our railways have introduced into our nineteenth century life?

We have purposely reserved the most important aspect of our subject for final consideration. The subject of noises is of supreme interest as a practical question, which leads up to important problems in ethics and politics.

Many of the most distressing and injurious noises incident to town life are generated either directly or indirectly by people in their private capacity. The exigencies of modern life compel people to live in close contact in densely packed towns. Owing to this circumstance a man has the power of scattering any amount of noise which he cares to indulge in, or to put up with, over other people's auditory organs. If he lives in a suburban villa and likes to keep a kennel of noisy dogs in his garden, he can effectually torment anybody with finer feelings than his own who happens to live within a radius of a hundred yards and more from his dwelling. Further, if he lives in a suite of rooms, or even if he occupies a semi-detached villa, or a house in a terrace, he can worry his neighbour's ears by setting his children at most unseasonable times to strum on a tuneless piano.

In these and other ways persons at all sensitive to noises are exposed to an amount of suffering which may appreciably colour their conscious existence. And the reason is plain. Our mixed population represents all stages of human progress in auditory sensibility. The man with finely set musical ear has practically to live with barbarians who actually take pleasure in harsh and unlovely sounds, and with many more semi-civilised who are quite indifferent to such noises. Not only children but adults love to tease and excite their dogs, and this seems to show that they positively enjoy the sensations of loud sound which they thus evoke. The fondness of a certain class of people for screaming birds points to the same primitive condition of sensibility.

The result of this heterogeneous composition of society is that people who profess to be annoyed by noises are regarded as an eccentric minority, who are wanting in the common traits of human nature. The shameful insults to which Mr. Babbage was subjected in his attempts to secure quiet, amply illustrate the popular way of regarding those who are endowed with more than the ordinary measure of sensibility.<sup>1</sup>

What, it may be asked, is to be done in this state of things? Must we wait till the general level of sensibility is such that people will cease to afflict their neighbours because by so doing they would afflict themselves to an equal extent? Such a prospect is, on the face of it, illusory. So far as we can see, society will always be made up of people in very different stages of sensibility, and by the time the average citizen shall have acquired a keen dislike to sounds like those of a shrill cock, the few who represent the most forward wave of organic development will have discovered less obtrusive sources of auditory affliction. The general progress of society will, as we have said, tend to diminish some of the worst of the standing evils of our noisy city life, but we must not trust to this cause alone.

Granted that the sufferers are the minority, and that the many are incapable of imagining the exquisite tortures to which the ear of a Goethe or a Schopenhauer is exposed, it is still a question whether society cannot be got to appreciate and to grapple with the evil. If this is to be done, it can only be through an appeal to the general good sense and moral sentiment of the community. People who do not themselves suffer from loud and harsh sounds may be made to understand that others so suffer. And when this is distinctly understood, we may hope that men's feeling of what is right and just will step in and help to rectify the evil. It is not necessary to claim that the few who thus suffer consist of some of the most valuable members of society, of those who by patient study and research are continually

(1) See his account of these persecutions in his little work, *A Chapter on Street Nuisances*.

adding to the general moral and material store of the national life. It is enough to maintain that they are fellow-citizens, whose interests society is bound, so far as it can, to guard and preserve.

But, the reader may object, is the pain caused by a neighbour's noise a matter to be dealt with by moral coercion? If a man has a fondness for a screaming bird, ought not his neighbour to put up with the affliction as a necessary result of diversity of taste? We are well aware that the moral forces of society cannot do away with all the pain which results from a conflict of tastes. A man is considered to have a good right to build a house in the most bizarre and tasteless manner, even though he is thus creating an object which will be an eyesore to the more normally constituted organs of his neighbours. Is the case of indulging in disturbing sounds parallel to this?

An answer to this question has in substance already been given. The pains inflicted through the car are deep and pervading, analogous to bodily hurts, and wholly incommensurable with the momentary discomforts caused by the visual impression of ugly objects. They are, moreover, inevitable, the car being, unlike the eye, completely defenceless against attack. Further, when oft repeated, they involve material injuries, among which the damage done to the health of the nervous system and of the organism generally, as well as the pecuniary and other loss due to the interruption of daily avocations, are the most serious. It follows, then, that an unlimited indulgence in noise, to the misery of one's neighbours, may reasonably be condemned on moral grounds. If the limit of individual liberty is a substantial injury to the interests of others, it seems to follow that nobody has a right to take his pleasure in a way that must necessarily vex, torment, and materially injure his unoffending neighbours.

This ideal law cannot, we allow, be enforced as yet fully and consistently. It would be considered hard to blame a family for indulging in chamber music just because the inmates of an adjoining house were annoyed by the sound. The complete deprivation of a number of persons from one of the richest sources of enjoyment would here be felt to be too great a price for the boon to be secured. Yet even now we may justly condemn those who choose to keep their piano against their neighbour's wall, and to indulge in rattling music at most unseasonable hours, in spite of their neighbour's reiterated protests.<sup>1</sup> Whenever the pleasure lost by such self-restraint is inconsiderable, the claims of others would appear to constitute such self-restraint a duty. Thus people are, without doubt, acting immorally when they indulge their fondness for noisy dogs or screaming birds

(1) We shall only escape this pest of adjoining dwellings when a sufficient number of persons seek quiet to make it the builder's interest to erect thicker partition walls.

to the point of tormenting their neighbours. Even the indisputable advantage of new-laid eggs is no justification for disturbing the rest and tormenting the ears of one's fellow-townsmen by means of a hoarse and pertinacious cock.<sup>1</sup>

This brings us to the consideration of the legal aspects of our subject. Moral condemnation may do much when legal compulsion is impracticable. Yet it is now allowed that the law may step in and defend people against the nuisance of noise under certain circumstances. In the metropolis at least certain kinds of noise have at last been made punishable. The plague of street musicians is one which may now be averted by dint of a certain amount of labour. There is now happily no danger of a recurrence of the experience of Hogarth's enraged musician. Moreover, the progress of legislation on the subject shows a tendency still further to restrict the liberty of these street disturbers. Thus by the Act of 1864 (27 and 28 Vict., cap. lv.) the right of a householder to send away such a musician is extended, while the penalty of non-compliance is materially increased.<sup>2</sup> The close succession of this latter Act on the appearance of Mr. Babbage's eloquent plea for the lovers of quiet (*A Chapter on Street Nuisances*) seems to show that that gentleman's efforts were not without effect on public opinion. Even in the matter of street musicians, however, there is, as Mr. Babbage points out, ample room for improved laws. The record of the difficulties which this well-abused friend of domestic quiet encountered in seeking to enforce the law cannot be regarded as creditable to our present state of legislation. Mr. Babbage gives one or two excellent hints as to the best direction for improving the existing acts. He holds, and we think rightly, that street musicians ought to be prohibited altogether. As he remarks, there are open spaces where such itinerant musicians might deal out their rugged sounds to all who cared enough about them to travel a short distance from their houses. If, however, these street musicians are to be tolerated at all, they should, he urges, be required to carry on their back or on their instrument their name and address, or an authorised number, so as not to be able to evade conviction by the easy device of giving a false address. These simple and thoroughly practical suggestions have still to be carried out.

With respect to what may be called non-itinerant or fixed noises, the law is ready to protect the householder in the enjoyment of his property up to a certain point. Mere noise may constitute a nuisance against which a man can protect himself, either by bringing an action for damages or by seeking an injunction to restrain the continuance

(1) The crowing of such town-birds is peculiarly disagreeable. It not only lacks the pleasing significance of a country chanticleer, it seems in its dismal and laboured strain to express the subject's melancholy sense of exile from its proper habitat.

(2) Compare the wording of this Act with that of 2 and 3 Vict., cap. xlvii. (1839).

of the injury.<sup>1</sup> The latter remedy is illustrated in the celebrated case of *Soltan v. De Held*, in which the plaintiff obtained an injunction to restrain the ringing of bells at unseasonable hours in a Catholic chapel near his dwelling. So, again, if a householder turns his building to some unusual purpose, involving an amount of noise which is a practical discomfort to his neighbours, he may be restrained, as is seen in the case of *Ball v. Ray* (viii. L. R. Ch. App., p. 467), in which Lord Selborne ruled that the using of a building in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, as a livery stables, to the disturbance of neighbours, constituted a nuisance.

Yet, while the law recognises the right of householders to the quiet possession of their dwellings, it very distinctly defines the limits of this right. An authoritative utterance on this point is that of Lord Justice Knight Bruce, in the case of *Walker v. Selfe*. "Ought," he says, "the inconvenience complained of to be considered in fact as more than fanciful, more than one of mere delicacy or fastidiousness, as an inconvenience materially interfering with the ordinary comfort, physically, of human existence, not merely according to elegant or dainty modes and habits of living, but according to plain and sober and simple notions among the English people?" (quoted by Lord Romilly in the case of *Crump v. Lambert*, iii. L. R. Equity Cases, p. 409). "A nuisance by noise," says Lord Selborne (*Grant v. Fynney*, viii. L. R. Chan. App. p. 8), "supposing malice to be out of the question, is emphatically a question of degree. If my neighbour builds a house against a party-wall next to my own, and I hear through the wall more than is agreeable to me of the sounds from his nursery or his music-room, it does not follow (even if I am nervously sensitive or in infirm health) that I can bring an action or obtain an injunction. Such things to offend against the law must be done in a manner which, beyond fair controversy, ought to be regarded as exceptive and unreasonable."<sup>2</sup>

These definitions do not seem to offer much hope to those who are plagued by noises arising from habits of life which are as yet by no means exceptive. It is at least doubtful whether a person could prevail on the law to interfere to defend him against any amount of noise inflicted on him by his neighbour's domestic animals. Of course we may expect the law to take a more stringent view of the rights of people to a quiet enjoyment of their homes if, as we have seen, the average standard of living is slowly becoming more and more "dainty" with respect to the ill effects of noise. Yet may one

(1) If the noise is of a nature to disturb a large number of people, the nuisance becomes a public one, and consequently indictable. Thus, the making of a great noise in the night with a speaking-trumpet, to the disturbance of divers householders, was prevented by indictment. (See Addison on *The Law of Torts*, p. 218.)

(2) For a brief statement of the view of the subject taken by the law, see Kerr's *Treatise on the Law and Practice of Injunctions*, chap. xviii. sec. II.

not ask that more should be done by the law, even in the present condition of English ideas on the subject? Might not a continued annoyance of neighbours by a householder's cross-grained curs or tuneless birds, after an adequate intimation of the inconvenience caused, be made an offence punishable by fine by a police magistrate, and so we overworked Londoners be protected, by means of a simple legal process, from what is, in fact, very much like an assault and battery directed to one particular and exceptionally sensitive part of the body?<sup>1</sup>

Until some better prohibitory measures relating to noisy domestic animals are passed, we may, perhaps, be allowed to urge the desirability of making the luxury of indulging these rural and sporting tastes in our dense centres of population a little more expensive. A considerable increase on the dog-tax has been recommended on the ground of the risks which people run from the mordant propensities of stray dogs. It might, we think, be defended too by a consideration of the woes that too often befall the canine pets themselves, which, pent up in narrow and dingy yards, and but rarely allowed the pleasure of a free run, appear to ail but their unthinking possessors to lead but a very sorry existence. To these considerations we may now add that of the pain and disturbance which dogs thus confined necessarily inflict, not only on invalids, but also on all healthy people of sensitive nerves and of studious habits.

We may see reason, then, to qualify the gloomy reflection which our study of the sources and conditions of the afflictions of modern noise suggested. If only people as individuals and as a community can be got to understand that to inflict noise on others for the sake of personal enjoyment is an interference with their just rights, the present almost intolerable nuisance of noise to those who, possessing a fine auditory sensibility, are, nevertheless, forced to live in some busy centre, may be indefinitely diminished.<sup>2</sup>

JAMES SULLY.

(1) As the results of recent applications in our police-courts show, magistrates have as yet no power to protect a householder against these unneighbourly actions.

(2) Since this paper was written a fact has come to the writer's knowledge which seems to tell against the hopeful conclusion he has here reached. If there is a place in the world from which one might expect noises to be excluded it is Oxford. In a university town, devoted to the most contemplative form of academic life, requiring, as its whole construction suggests, perfect quiet before all other things, a diabolical hooter now shrieks out its long piercing wail every morning at 5.30, and again at 6.0. In order that a handful of railway employes may receive a convenient reminder of their hour of work, the drowsy ears of hundreds of fatigued night readers must be thus murderously assaulted. And, *mirabile dictu*, one hears that after the nuisance had been stopped, on complaint being made, some of the dons of the University, thinking to defend the rights of the working man, joined in a petition to the railway authorities, asking that the noisy signal complained of might be started again.

## THE CAUCUS.

WHEN William Cobbett was accused by his enemies of writing trash, he wasted no time in vain protests against an offensive and inaccurate epithet, but immediately adopted it as his own. For a considerable time he issued his weekly political essay under the title of *The penny Trash*, and proved that the popularity of his writings was independent of the label with which it pleased his opponents to ticket them. The advocates of popular representation in the organization of the Liberal party may perhaps take a hint from William Cobbett. It is probably useless for them to urge that ~~the~~ the word chosen by the Prime Minister to describe their system, and eagerly caught up by lesser critics, is essentially inexact and misleading; it has the great merit of being inferentially offensive, a quality which has insured the survival of much of our political nomenclature, and under these circumstances it will be better frankly to accept the word, while trusting to time and experience to attach new and more attractive meanings to it. A recent opponent, who has collected in the convenient form of a single article all the commonplaces which are current on the subject, ingenuously confesses that he has used the phrase "as a convenient expression, although the American caucus is quite distinct from the Birmingham system;" but he adds that the retention of the word, which conveys the idea of secrecy and irresponsibility, may be justified, since the grand committees once elected practically become secret and irresponsible—a statement which is the reverse of the fact in every case with which I am acquainted. A body which is subject to annual re-election by its constituents is responsible to them in the same sense and in a greater degree than any other representative assembly in this country; while the presence of the press at all the meetings of the grand committees provides for the publicity which is felt to be a condition of their continued influence and usefulness, and which is courted by them as a source of strength and power.

Criticism based on insufficient knowledge, both of the objects and the practical working of the institution criticised, has no serious value; it is the expression of more or less unconscious prejudice charging windmills and making mincemeat of marionettes. And it is sufficiently evident that there is a good deal of this kind of prejudice extant in reference to the so-called caucus. Nearly twenty years ago, when Mr. Bright was "flogging the dead horse," and advocating with all the force and fervour of his eloquence that extension of the suffrage which then seemed so distant, and which was yet



destined to be accomplished a few years later, it was a favourite charge made against him by the Tories, and by that section of the Liberals who hang on to the party in order to scotch the wheels, that he proposed to "Americanise our institutions." The same class of objectors are once more drawing forth this rusty weapon from the armoury of political controversy, and are using it, with no greater effect than formerly, against a movement which is in spirit a continuation of Mr. Bright's great work, and which is intended to make more real, more direct, and more constant the influence of the people in the management of their own affairs.

It will not be difficult to show in the course of the argument that this, the avowed object of our organization, is also the real head and front of our offending; and that while much vague declamation is wasted upon the alleged danger to individualism and to the rights of minorities, the true cause of the alarm and irritation expressed by "superior persons" throughout the country is the sense that power is passing away from them, and that the time is coming when the great mass of the nation, to whom with the suffrage the right and duty of governing themselves has been in theory extended, will insist on being more frequently consulted, and will undertake to decide for themselves in which direction and to what extent future changes shall be made. *Hinc ille lacrymæ*; hence, too, the indignation of politicians who on personal grounds have been foisted on a constituency by a petty clique, and who claim that they are only asserting a healthy independence when they misrepresent the opinions of the majority of their nominal supporters on every important issue. Such men may be useful factors in parliamentary and political life, but at present they are matter in the wrong place; and if the caucus makes this clear, and protects constituencies against the flagrant stultification of the opinions of the majority which has occasionally been fostered by the old practice of clique nomination, it will have done something to promote the honesty and sincerity of public life.

It may seem unnecessary to make further reference to the American practice after the admission, quoted above, that the Birmingham system is totally different. But the admission is not allowed to interfere with a condemnation based on analogies which, though they do not exist at present, are anticipated in the future. It is of no use for us to prove that the professional politician does not exist with us, that political corruption of the kind feared is unknown, that the committees are thoroughly representative, that they have greatly extended the intelligent interest of all classes in public affairs, that they have secured a higher order of candidates, that they have promoted union for common objects, while leaving the greatest liberty to individual thought and independent opinions—all this is dismissed

in a sentence by those who have their own private reasons for knowing that this is only the beginning of the end, and the inevitable precursor of that corruption and degradation of public life "against which the great majority of patriotic and educated Americans protest."

The more carefully the institutions and systems of other nations are studied, the more clearly it is seen that they can never afford a sure and certain guide or warning for ourselves. There is such a multitude of circumstances and details which contribute to the final result, there are so many allowances to be made for national characteristics, for particular experience, for the influences of past history, that it would be the height of presumption to say that the effect of any scheme of organization would necessarily be exactly alike when applied to the United States and to England respectively; and the presumption is not lessened when, as in the present case, the application is varied in many points of cardinal importance.

Passing over this, however, is it really as certain as our censors assume that the Government of the United States is hopelessly corrupt and degraded? Is it true that this alleged corruption is due to the caucus? Is it probable that such a result will follow the adoption of the Birmingham system? These questions point to the three postulates of our opponents—axioms rather, for they do not even ask our permission before taking them for granted. As to the first, I admit that I am not entitled to speak for the "great majority of educated and patriotic Americans." I am fortunate enough to know a few who may fairly claim that title, and I have not found that they have been accustomed to indulge in wholesale depreciation of their institutions, nor that they have evinced the slightest inclination to abandon them for the practice of the mother country. They admit and deplore the fact that there is too much corruption in connection with public life in America, but they assure me that it is not wholly unknown in Great Britain. They allow that Mr. Morrissey, a prize-fighter, once represented New York, as a member of the same profession not long ago represented a borough in Yorkshire. They do not deny that many men of inferior capacity, and even of doubtful or more than doubtful character, find seats in the House of Representatives, but they allege that the same statement is unfortunately true of other representative assemblies. And while they concede that many men of education refuse their share of public duty and hold aloof from its cares and responsibilities, they attribute this abstention, not to the action of the caucus, but partly to the absorbing interest in material prosperity and to the passion for physical well-being which have always characterized the American people, and partly to the fact that the greater issues of politics have long ago been settled, and that those which remain excite only a moderate

enthusiasm. A nation which has no Land question, no Church question, no Education question, and no Foreign policy, must purchase its advantages at the price of less sustained and vital interest in its legislative work.

But admitting these and other drawbacks, they assert that in spite of them, and in spite of the difficulties imposed on a comparatively new country by the continual influx of much of the poverty, the ignorance, and even of the crime of Europe, America is foremost among the nations of the world in respect to the widespread intelligence of its citizens, the rapid development of its resources, the general respect for law and order, and the universal acceptance of the principles of liberty and freedom. They appear to consider that the machinery which yields such results cannot after all be very defective. With natural pride they point to the success with which the great rebellion was subdued, and to the unparalleled magnanimity which the victors displayed even in the moment of their triumph. Hardly was the surrender of the last Confederate army accomplished, when the Northern troops returned to peaceful occupations, and the South was once more received as an integral part of the nation, ruled by ordinary laws; and restored to all its civic rights and liberties. And lastly, they maintain that the United States are the home of a vast population among which the comforts of life are more universally and more equally diffused than in any other country under heaven. Are not these considerations worthy of being set beside the lamentations of that anonymous "majority of educated and patriotic Americans," which are so satisfactory to our political Pharisees?

Dealing now with the second of the three postulates on which the case of our opponents rests, my American friends remind me that a distinction must be made (which it will be important to bear in mind when we come to consider more closely the English system) between the theory of all human institutions and their practical working in exceptional cases. No doubt there are instances, notably in connection with the municipal history of New York, in which the caucus has been the instrument of evil; but it would be as reasonable thereupon to condemn the principle of the caucus, as to denounce all republican institutions because the French democracy indulged in lamentable excesses during the great Revolution. The caucus must be judged according as its main object is a right and worthy one, and according to the success with which this object is on the whole secured. The aim of the caucus is essentially democratic: it is to provide for the full and efficient representation of the will of the majority, and for its definite expression in the government of the people. Assuming for the moment that the end is defensible, is there the slightest doubt in the mind of any sensible person that it has been most successfully accomplished? The Government of the

United States may be imperfect and unworthy, but certainly it is the Government of the people; it satisfies their aspirations; it is the living expression of their opinions; and there is not a single great issue which has ever been raised in America in which it can be pretended with a shadow of foundation that legislation has proceeded in opposition to the sentiments and convictions of the bulk of the population, whether in the State or in the Union, in which such action has been taken. Neither can it be truly alleged that the growth of opinion has been checked or prevented by the means which have been employed to establish close relations between the Government and the governed.

America is the land of new ideas, and all of these have obtained a hearing, while many have been adopted. Public opinion on the questions of Slavery, Education, and Temperance has undergone the greatest change, and the Government of the country has readily moulded itself to the new conceptions of public right and duty which have from time to time found favour with the community. In truth, although the statement may surprise the modern school of political philosophers, the caucus protects individuality and secures independence against tyranny. This result of political union and organization did not escape the penetration of De Tocqueville, a witness who cannot be accused of want of sympathy with oppressed minorities. He says, "If men living in democratic countries had no right and no inclination to associate for political purposes, their independence would be in great jeopardy, but they might long preserve their wealth and their cultivation; whereas, if they never acquired the habit of forming associations in ordinary life, civilisation itself would be endangered." And again: "An association for political, commercial, or manufacturing purposes, or even for those of science and literature, is a powerful and enlightened member of the community which cannot be disposed of at pleasure or oppressed without remonstrance; and which, by defending its own rights against the encroachments of the government, saves the common liberties of the country."

It would be well, perhaps, if our individualists would take to themselves another passage from the same author in which, speaking of their favourite virtue, he says: "No vice of the human heart is so acceptable to despotism as egotism: a despot easily forgives his subjects for not loving him, provided they do not love each other. He does not ask them to assist him in governing the State—it is enough that they do not aspire to govern it themselves. He stigmatises as turbulent and unruly spirits those who would combine their exertions to promote the prosperity of the community; and, perverting the natural meaning of words, he applauds as good citizens those who have no sympathy for any but themselves."

The fact is that individualism is very often a mere cloak for selfishness; it is the name with which pedants dignify the pragmatic intolerance that will not yield one jot of personal claim or unsatisfied vanity to secure the triumph of the noblest cause and the highest principles. When it is really a virtue and represents original and independent thought and deep conviction, there is no caucus in the world that is powerful enough to repress its legitimate expression or to prevent it from competing for the popular favour.

Returning now to the object of the American convention, is it necessary to argue in defence of the right and duty of a political party to see that its influence and power are directed to the ends for which it exists, and to discover and define those ends from time to time by consulting its members, or, where they are too numerous to be directly appealed to, by consulting their representatives?

A party is the union, more or less temporary in its character, of persons who have important common aims. It does not exclude the idea of infinite differences and shades of opinion, but it does involve the subordination of these to the primary objects of association, so long as the union subsists at all. In a political party the common aim changes from time to time. As one after another of its original objects is accomplished, new ones must be substituted, or the party must dissolve after having completed its work. Who is to decide in the first instance to what efforts the resources of the party are to be directed, and who is to appoint the leaders of the enterprise? It has been said that the Whigs of the Revolution were possessed with the idea that a benevolent Providence created the people of England in order that they might be governed by a select number of patrician families. There are not wanting devotees of a similar doctrine in our times; fortunately they have now to reckon with household suffrage, which had not been invented in the time of James II. There are others who assume that the question is to be settled as in a race of the peculiar kind where the hindmost animal wins; and that loyalty requires of every member of a great party that he should not strive to advance more quickly than the most laggard member of the host to which he belongs. In opposition to such views the Americans have acted on the opinion that government, whether of the nation or of a party within it, rightly belongs to the majority. In the latter case it is of course open to the dissenters from the policy pursued to secede from the ranks in which they have hitherto served, but when circumstances do not justify such an extreme course it is the minority, according to the American practice, which yields to the majority, and not the majority which accepts the rule of the minority. This rule is too frequently reversed in England, and it is because minorities, and often very small minorities, have had such power in determining the course of English politics, that such deep

hostility is shown by a minority to a system which is avowedly designed to relieve majorities from the disabilities under which they have so long laboured.

When we come to examine the grounds of the third assumption to which I have referred, they appear ludicrously inadequate to support so grave a charge. I have already pointed out elsewhere that the pernicious practice which obtains in America of making the tenure of all public offices coterminous with the life of the political party by whom the appointments are made, leads directly to corruption by making the livelihood of every office-bearer in the country dependent on the elections; and as there is not the least probability that this arrangement will ever be introduced into England, the most prolific source of political dishonesty will be avoided. But no weight is attached to this distinction by those who have determined to condemn; and it is said that "the evils are as palpable when the party is in a minority and fails to obtain the spoils as they are when power means patronage." This is a hard doctrine, and may be refuted out of the mouths of hostile witnesses. In an article against the caucus quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *New York Nation* says, "The English have one strong defence against the course of things we have here foreshadowed in the fact that elections to Parliament only take place about once in five years, and all administrative offices, both imperial and local, are fixed by appointment, and the tenure is during good behaviour. This, as long as it lasts, will retard the growth of management into a profession, because it will keep the machinery simple and prevent the necessity for the constant activity or 'work' which does so much for the exaltation of our local politician."

It is certain that up to the present time there is no sign here of the particular evils on which the objectors to the American caucus lay so much stress. The Birmingham Liberal Association has been in full operation for ten years, and it is admitted that no suspicion has ever been breathed against the public honour and integrity of any of the party leaders. This fact, however, does not in the least diminish the confidence with which the theorists predict the sure and speedy degradation of our public life. Like the prophets of the millennium, they are not the least abashed by the apparent failures of their foreboding, but simply postpone for a few years longer the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Personal corruption and public dishonesty are by no means the greatest of the calamities which are to follow, at some unspecified date, the adoption of the system. The *New York Nation* knows them all, and the order in which they will come upon this misguided people. "The next stage on which the system will enter, after securing unquestioned control of the nominations, will be the seizure of the

committee's powers by a small body or 'ring' of the members with a special fondness for political management and intrigue. The committees thus far are very large, not unlike in this that famous body the 'Tammany General Committee.' Birmingham has its 'Six Hundred,' Bradford and Southwark their 'Three Hundred,' and so on. *The interest of the great bulk of these in the work will inevitably soon flag,* and the reins pass into the hands of half-a-dozen zealous 'workers,' who will soon make 'politics' an art, of which they will be the sole masters. They will know all the wards better than anybody, and the best means of influencing the voters in them, and they will take the needed pains to keep up their political zeal. Into their hands, too, will fall after a while the control of the primary meetings; they will see that they are attended by the right men as soon as *the 'educated and intelligent' get tired of appearing at them,* and that the proceedings are carefully prepared beforehand, beyond all risk of miscarriage. After this they will soon have the committee elected to suit themselves, and then, as soon as the working of the machinery has become sufficiently exciting, in order to withdraw the attention of voters from public questions and fix it on the mere drill and discipline, the local 'boss' will pretty certainly make his appearance and assume the air of the real practical man who understands politics, and can give seats in Parliament and places in the common council; and men like Forster and Gladstone will begin to be looked upon as mere 'theorists' and 'visionaries'—very well in their libraries, but very ignorant about the 'mechanism of government.' "

This is, indeed, a doleful prospect; but let us consider on what a strange assumption it rests. The whole superstructure comes to the ground if we refuse to admit that "the interest of the great bulk of the representatives will inevitably soon flag," and that "the educated and intelligent" will get tired of appearing at the meetings. We are entitled to ask for good reasons and solid proof before we accept a conclusion which at first sight seems a gross libel on the intelligent and the educated part of the community. Experience in Birmingham has certainly afforded us no evidence in support of such a disheartening statement. Public spirit, the interest in local work, and the readiness to undertake its responsibilities, have developed immensely in the last few years, and, we believe, as a direct consequence of the caucus. There has been no holding aloof, and many of our foremost citizens have sought and obtained a share in the government of the town, and the opportunity of contributing to the welfare and happiness of those amongst whom they live. Why are we to suppose, at the suggestion of the New York editor, that this growing sense of public duty, this ever-increasing recognition of obligations outside the circle of private and domestic interests, will

disappear and give place to sordid apathy and selfish indifference? If such a state of things is no exaggerated picture of American local life, the shame and disgrace of it rest, not upon representative institutions, nor upon democratic principles, but upon those educated and intelligent persons who must in this case plead guilty to lamentable want of patriotism and flagrant neglect of public duty.

Some weeks ago, when the controversy on this subject in the *Times* was at its height, a letter appeared in that journal, written by a Birmingham Conservative who has recently been raised to the local bench as a reward for having twice contested a seat in the Town Council, and as a consolation for having been defeated by large majorities on both occasions. This disinterested witness wrote as follows: "On a previous occasion I described the state of tyranny under which we groan in Birmingham. Things have not improved since then. If a man ventures to call himself a Conservative, he becomes thereby disqualified from serving his fellow-townsmen either in the Town Council or the Board of Guardians, whatever his other qualifications for office may be."

It is possible that some day or another this statement may be quoted by an American essayist as a proof that the great majority of educated and patriotic Englishmen are opposed to the Birmingham system, and in the meantime similar allegations are greedily accepted as authentic evidence of our benighted condition by those Tories and weak-hearted Liberals of whom Mr. Gladstone writes, and who have good reasons of their own to cry us down. But what is the "tyranny" under which this gentleman has been groaning for so many years? It consists simply and wholly in the fact that the vast majority of his fellow-citizens will not accept his services on the terms on which he offers them, and being Liberals themselves cannot be brought to see that the mere fact of a man's being a Tory entitles him to a position which he avows his intention of using in order to defeat a policy which they believe to be wise and beneficial. The efforts of the Liberals in our various local bodies have been steadily directed for years to the improvement of the sanitary and educational condition of the town. Magnificent schools have been rapidly erected, compulsion has been actively enforced, the charge for instruction has been reduced to suit the means of the parents, a thorough system of sanitary inspection has been carried out, an infectious hospital established, the sewerage of the town completed, its streets and footpaths properly paved. Parks have been opened, and baths and libraries provided. The gas and water supply of the town have been acquired, and a gigantic scheme under the Artisans' Dwellings Act has received the sanction of Parliament and is in course of execution. All these things have been done with the hearty approval of the bulk of the inhabitants, including not a few



of the Conservatives themselves; but there remain a few malcontents who write to the *Times* and groan because they are not permitted to reverse this beneficent legislation. Surely it is time to stop our ears to this ridiculous whining. The work which has been done in Birmingham has involved a heavy expenditure, and has necessarily touched many vested interests. It would have been absolutely impossible to any but a strong and united party, backed by all the influence and authority of a great majority of the constituency. The only merit of the caucus in the matter is that it has enabled the party to develop its full strength, that it has served to popularise its policy and to found it on a wide basis, that it has enlisted thousands and tens of thousands of our most active citizens in its defence, and that it has prevented divisions, not by stifling the expression of opinion, but by courting it, and by convincing every individual member of the party of the openness and fairness of the process by which its decision is obtained. Since the formation of the association, no man calling himself a Liberal has ever been excluded from its meetings, or denied a voice and a vote; and we have found that where all are heard and consulted, all show much readiness to concede in matters of minor importance. Tyranny, dictation, wire-pulling, would be poor weapons for dealing with the shrewd tradesmen and artisans who form the bulk of the electors in our manufacturing towns. The only controlling force in our organization is the good sense of its members, who see that if the common cause is to be successful there must be some willingness to keep purely personal preferences in the background, and to subordinate petty details to great principles.

But, say our opponents, granting that the practical results of your policy are worthy of support and admiration, this does not justify the exclusion of one political party from a proportionate share in the government of the town. Even in Birmingham there should be more than six Conservatives in a council of sixty-four members.

In the first place it may be replied that this condition of things is not the result of the caucus, which has no magic power of creating majorities where they do not exist. In most towns it would be impossible, and it is only possible in Birmingham because of the enormous preponderance of Liberalism in all of its sixteen wards. No doubt it is excessively irritating to evenly-balanced minds to think that there is one large town, in every subdivision of which there is an overwhelming majority of liberal opinion. But the caucus does not manufacture this; it only secures its expression. And so long as town councils are elected as at present by a majority of the electors in each ward; and so long as every ward in Birmingham continues to be liberal, it seems rather unreasonable to expect that the electors in any one of these wards should be content to be mis-

represented, in order that the minority may have the opportunity of hindering the liberal policy in the council. In any case the fault, if there be one, lies with the electors, and not with the caucus, which, it may be said in passing, does not interfere at all in ward elections, but leaves the choice of candidates to the local committees.

In the next place it must be recollected that a town council is mainly an executive body. And if we agree that the majority for the time being in any community has the right to determine the form of government and the legislation under which it will live, it is difficult to see why its executive should not be almost or entirely of the same colour. If this is wrong, ought not the Queen's Government to be elected by the cumulative vote? If thirty Tories may be justly entrusted with the initiation and responsibility of the government of the empire, because at the last general election there was for the whole country a comparatively small balance of votes in favour of the Conservative party, can there be any great wrong in the fact that three-fourths or three-fifths of the population of Birmingham return fifty-eight out of sixty-four members of their administration? The preponderance in the council does not preclude opposition and criticism. The minority have the press and the platform to appeal to, and as soon as they can convert a majority to their views they will rule in their turn.

In the case of the School Board the conditions are different. There the cumulative vote gives five seats to the Tories, one to the Roman Catholics, one to an independent member, and eight to the Liberals. But in spite of this result, which ought to be so satisfactory, the Tories groan as lustily as ever. Their five votes, which on critical divisions are often increased to seven, give them no more real power on the School Board than their six votes on the Town Council. The majority in each case is tyrannical enough to have a policy and to carry it out, and the only difference is that there is more delay and more friction in the first case than in the second.

If this is objected to by our critics, it is evident that we are approaching the real source of their discontent, which is that we do not so mismanage our affairs and divide our strength, as to allow a comparatively small minority to govern the town against its wishes and intentions. It is not representation that the minority wants, but power; and the problem for their advocates to solve is how this power is to be given to them without injustice to the majority.

In a town of 100,000 inhabitants 60,000 want sanitary reform, and 40,000 prefer dirt and disease. On what possible principle is the question to be decided, save by appealing to the electors and accepting the decision of the majority? If by some mechanical device the issue is confused or the vote is manipulated—if by any means whatsoever the will of the 60,000 is balked—then there is real injustice,

which no fine sophisms about "the free play of opinion" will serve to excuse.

Or take the more complicated case which has been suggested as a crowning illustration of possible injustice. In a borough containing 16,000 electors 7,000 are Tories and 9,000 are Liberals, of whom 5,000 favour disestablishment and 4,000 are opposed to it. If the 4,000 consider the existence of the State Church of more importance than the general advantage of the Liberal cause, they will of course join the Tories, and with their assistance elect a candidate of their own opinions. But by the hypothesis they do not carry their opposition so far, but prefer to remain in the Liberal ranks; in which case, whoever may be the candidate chosen, they will be fairly represented by him on all but the special question on which the divergence has arisen. To suppose that they would not be represented on the grand committee is to assume an amount of suicidal folly on the part of the "wire-pullers," who, according to the theory, are to "run the machine," which would very soon bring the whole system to grief. On the other hand, it may be accepted as certain that the majority of the committee would represent the majority of the party, and that they would choose a candidate with views in harmony with their own on the point at issue. What is the alternative? Clearly that the 4,000 should in some way be relieved from the ordinary consequence of being in a minority, and that the policy of the party should be determined by the few rather than the many. It is to this that all the complaints of disfranchising minorities invariably reduce themselves. The gross irregularities and anomalies of the present system have created a class of persons who have so long enjoyed privileges to which they are not naturally entitled, that they at last assume tacitly an inherent right of rule in all minorities, and a special virtue in the select few by which they become, *ipso facto*, the majority of educated and patriotic citizens. "The Lord has given his inheritance to his saints," said the first Puritan settlers, "and we are the saints," they conveniently continued.

But we are asked, "Why should a body chosen to give expression to the political voice of the borough, meddle with the selection of representatives whose duty it is to decide between rival schemes of drainage and lighting, or to appoint schoolmasters and mistresses and to build schools, or to strike an equitable balance between indoor and outdoor relief?" And then the querist proceeds to invent an answer in order that he may easily confute it, and, from his high standpoint as a political moralist, lecture us on our shortcomings. "The answer—and it is an ominous one—is that all the power must be consolidated in the hands of the political managers who have secured the command of the majority of votes in order that 'the party' may be strengthened." We have never said anything so

absurd, and we may perhaps be allowed to reply for ourselves. At the outset it may be observed that our practice is not necessarily connected with the institution of the caucus. Of the one hundred and twenty places which have adopted the system a large number confine its operations to Parliamentary elections, and on the other hand there are many towns where no caucus has been elected, which have nevertheless fought their municipal elections on political grounds from time immemorial.

But the real reason why the Liberal Association in Birmingham, through the committee of Six Hundred, or through its ward committees, interests itself in local elections, is that it is especially called into existence to see that fair and full expression is given to the opinions and wishes of the Liberals of Birmingham—it is supported and valued because it has succeeded in this object, and because up to this time it has thwarted the attempts of the minority to obtain the control of local government. It is because we are, above all, a representative body and exist only to carry out the wishes of our constituents. Are their wishes unreasonable? Drainage and lighting and elementary instruction are not political objects, it seems. Perhaps not; but are they less so than local government, and trade, and the postal service, or even than the administration of the army and navy, which our constitution entrusts to great political officers? If it has been found impossible or undesirable to separate such matters from politics in imperial legislation, is it quite certain that they can be easily divorced from politics in our local administration? Political principle, where it is sincere, is to a great extent a prevalent habit of mind—the Conservative being naturally inclined to keep things as they are for fear they should be made worse, and the Liberal eagerly embracing change in the hope of making them better. This permanent distinction shows itself as much in municipal as in national affairs; it affects our judgment and conduct, whether we are considering the removal of nuisances or the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church.

It should also be remembered that the exclusion from local affairs of the higher issue only leaves the door open to lower influences. If the battle be not fought on political grounds, there will none the less be party divisions, though these will turn on personal claims or petty local objects. Men are no longer chosen because they are Liberals or Conservatives—in other words, because they belong to one or other of the great orders of political thought—but because they are popular with a faction, or because they will promote some sectional object which interests an active clique; and in this way the administration of the affairs of a great community sinks to the level of an unintelligent and selfish parochialism.

When all the arguments against the caucus are collected and

compared, it will be found that they resolve themselves into three, repeated with great variety of expression and ingenuity of illustration: (1) It will lead to political corruption; (2) it will disfranchise minorities and crush out individuality; and (3), somewhat inconsistently, it will misrepresent the real opinion of majorities, and give undue power to an insignificant fraction of the electors.

I have dealt in some detail with the first two of these objections. I have pointed out that the favourite illustration of America breaks down because of the dissimilarity of the conditions, and that our experience does not give the slightest warrant for the anxiety so loudly expressed. I may add that the bribery which is still so prevalent at many English elections, as well as that indirect corruption which takes the form of insincere and unworthy concessions to the pressure of small sections, is likely to be less frequent under a system which throws a clear light on the comparative strength of opinions, and which enables a minority without loss of self-respect or sense of injustice to defer to the general sentiment.

These results, however, are not and cannot be obtained by the exclusion of minorities or the stifling of independent opinion. The object being to make every man feel a personal interest in government and to widen the basis of representation till it is co-extensive with the whole of the party, would be entirely frustrated by the intolerance sometimes attributed to the promoters of organization. It is only when all are assured of a fair hearing and all are convinced of the necessity of occasional concession, while at the same time all are sincerely and deeply interested in the success of the general policy, that it comes naturally to pass that the decision of the majority is cheerfully accepted. The semblance of dictation or management would be immediately resented, and would be fatal to the confidence on which the association depends for its support. The only arms which it wields are those of persuasion and the universal sense of common interest. It claims no autocratic authority; it has no means of enforcing its decrees except the weight of public opinion, which must always depend on the recognition of its representative authority. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that *the caucus does not make opinion, it only expresses it*. And in order that it may do this accurately and influentially, not only does it not seek to extinguish shades of feeling, but it accepts, solicits, nay, almost extorts, their manifestation. Its practice is based on the advice of Voltaire to Vauvenargues: "It is the part of a man like you to have preferences, but no exclusions."

It follows from this that the third of the objections which I have named would, if true, be absolutely fatal to the system. If the committee are not really representative, [if they only simulate an elective process, and are in fact the nominees of a small section of the

party, it must be admitted that the caucus has no more claim to public support than the system of pot-house committees and private coteries which it is designed to supplant, and it will soon sink into deserved neglect and contempt.

This is the answer to the charges brought against us; for if they were true they would destroy the system. One wonders at the frame of mind of those who have contrived to persuade themselves that the great bulk of the English people is so feeble, so ignorant, and so foolish, as to fall an easy prey to the first professional politician or wire-puller who comes round the corner. If they would make a practical experiment, and try to "manage" the electorate of a great town, or even a parish vestry, they would soon discover their mistake. But "wire-pulling" is as much a bugbear to them, as secret societies were to Lord Beaconsfield. If a public meeting is tolerably unanimous, it must be due to "machinery;" if hundreds of public meetings are held, it only shows the "perfection of the arrangements;" and they do not know what is known to every active politician in the country, that all the machinery in the world will not rouse enthusiasm in England unless there is a solid foundation of genuine and earnest feeling to work upon. They assume, without rhyme or reason, the existence in this country of manufactories of political opinion, where zeal and unanimity are produced to order, and sold with a great reduction of the price when large quantities are taken; and they believe apparently that genuine public opinion must be sought for in the closets of a few high-minded and impartial individualists, who are deaf to the blandishments of the caucus, and who are so persuaded of the importance of variety of opinion that no two of them can agree about anything.

It is said, however, that as a fact the election of representatives to the grand committee is sometimes made at primary or ward meetings which are only scantily attended. So far and so long as this is the case, the state of things is not healthy, and is sure sooner or later to land the organization in a difficulty. But on this point our local experience is reassuring. After the Liberal Association was remodelled, some years passed before the nature and intention of the change was thoroughly appreciated, and no great interest was shown in the first instance in the election of the grand committee, which then consisted of four hundred members. But as the objects of the association were better understood, the interest grew, and now the representatives are elected at crowded meetings, and the desire to form part of the representative body is so great that it has been found desirable to increase its number from four hundred to six hundred. No effort was spared by the leaders of the party to secure this result; every means was taken to give publicity to the meetings, to popularise politics, and to induce the largest possible attendance of

the Liberal electors, and this policy is continued to the present hour. This, however, is the system so accurately described by one writer as a "sham appeal to the electorate, really put together by the machine men with secrecy of action and extinction of minorities."

Admitting that public interest and general participation in the work of the association are conditions of vigorous and healthy life, there is still no reason to suppose that the small attendance at the earlier meetings was other than representative of the larger number who were absent. There is no ground for assuming that the selections which they made for the grand committees differed materially from what would have been made by a larger meeting. Those who stayed away were not necessarily hostile to the policy adopted in their absence, and to assume the contrary would be manifestly unfair. During the last session of Parliament there were not four votes of the House of Commons which were carried by an actual majority of its members. In many instances the majority did not reach one hundred; but no one supposes that the result would have been altered if a call of the House had been made, and all the members had been in their places.

A great deal of argument against the caucus has had for its text the correspondence which recently took place between Mr. Forster and the chairman of the Bradford committee. Much of it is really beside the question, as, in any case, the principles of representative organization are not to be held responsible for all the acts of every representative body; still the controversy raises issues which are worth restatement and reconsideration.

The policy of Mr. Illingworth's letter has seemed to some persons open to question, and it has been said that if the Liberal leaders in Bradford were convinced that the majority of the Liberal party was prepared to accept Mr. Forster as a candidate, it was unnecessary to ask any pledges from him as to what he would do in an opposite contingency. But, on the other hand, they may have thought that their position would be much strengthened in the case of any section of the party being desirous of running its own candidate, by being able to appeal to Mr. Forster's example as an instance of subordination of personal claims to the common cause. Be this as it may, they did ask their present member to submit his claims to their decision, and his refusal has been the signal for a chorus of congratulatory approbation of his firmness, independence, and resistance to dictation. Mr. Forster is willing to be selected by them; but, whether selected or not, he intends to stand at the next election.

Now let us try this magnanimous determination by another test. Suppose it were possible to gather every Liberal elector in Bradford into St. George's Hall, and suppose that at such a meeting, on the

question being put, one-third only voted for Mr. Forster's candidature, and two-thirds voted for Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith. Do the admirers of Mr. Forster's independence consider that in this case he would be justified in offering himself as a Liberal candidate for Bradford? If he did, and if the Tories ran two candidates, it is evident that the divisions in the Liberal majority would admit of the two candidates of the minority being returned, while Mr. Forster's success in any case would be impossible, unless by the aid of Tory votes. If, then, a Liberal leader, a former and future minister, is entitled to put his personal claims above the interests of the party to which he belongs, with what justice can he or any of his colleagues continue their protests against the separate action of the various organizations, which, believing their cause of supreme importance, refuse to sacrifice it for the general good of Liberalism, and attempt, although only representing a minority, to control the action of the whole party. As a general owes to his army a high example of devotion and of indifference to personal safety and advantage, so from the leader of a party we have a right to expect conduct which represents the maximum of the loyalty and unselfishness which is anticipated from any of its members. Let those, then, who would applaud the independent action of Mr. Forster under the circumstances I have supposed, be prepared for the consequences, and let them cease to condemn in the common soldier the practice which seems so admirable in his commanding officer.

If it be now said that the Bradford committee is not entitled to represent the Liberal electors, the suggestion comes rather late, for in the whole of the published correspondence it does not appear that Mr. Forster ever called in question its representative authority. He claims to go to the constituency—to Liberals and Tories alike—and his objection is to anything which should preclude this, and not to the particular means by which the opinion of the Liberal party is to be ascertained. And under these circumstances, if, at the next general election, the two seats for Bradford should be contested by, amongst others, a teetotaler, a Tichbornite, an anti-vaccinationist, a Home Ruler, and an anti-Contagious-Diseases-Act candidate, there is not one of them who may not find the encouragement and example of his separate action in the language and conduct of Mr. Forster.

It is curious that amidst all the denunciations of the caucus there is to be found no practical suggestion of a remedy for the unsatisfactory and anarchical condition of things which it has been designed to correct. Yet such a remedy undoubtedly exists, and its adoption would at once render unnecessary all the peculiar features of the organization which its adversaries find so objectionable. It is to be found in the ordinary electoral practice of France. There the constituencies each return a single member, and it is provided that in all



cases in which the candidate at the head of the poll fails to receive a clear majority of the votes given, a second election shall be held. When, therefore, the different sections comprising the party of the majority desire to try their strength, each runs his own candidate. The sifting process is performed by the electors, who have the advantage of comparing the claims and weighing the statements of the competitors for their favour. And when the votes are counted, it becomes clearly manifest which of them is able to enlist the largest support, when the others, as a matter of invariable practice, retire from the field and leave the most popular of their number to fight the final battle with his opponent. Here the direct voice of the party makes the selection: a representative committee is unnecessary. But failing some such plan, the caucus remains the best and fairest method yet devised of preventing waste of power, and of concentrating the whole force of the party on the most popular of its candidates.

Closely allied with the question of the 'selection of candidates is that of the relations which should afterwards subsist between the candidate and the committee. Much indignation is expressed at the dictation to which it is assumed Members of Parliament will in future be subjected, and it is confidently asserted that the representatives will sink into the position of mere delegates. Before attempting an answer, one would like to know what is the exact meaning which our opponents attach to the word representative. When applied to a Member of Parliament, does it refer to his own opinions or to those of his party? Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Yeaman, for instance, are certainly not delegates; but are they representatives? The Marquis of Lorne was not a delegate either, and it did not need his farewell speech to the electors of Argyleshire to make this clear. He was probably correct in supposing that he would "be pronounced in the cant of the sect 'unsound;'" but, on the other hand, he need have no fear that he will be "tied to the stake of contempt, and burned up with the fires of insult and anger." If, however, one may judge from the speeches of his brother, which have commended the latter to the confidence of the constituency, the Marquis of Lorne had for some time ceased to represent, on more than one most important question, the opinions of those by whose votes he was returned. Would it have been dictation or tyranny in them if they had taken steps to acquaint him with this divergence of opinion? And if it had unfortunately continued, would they have been blamable if at the next election they had transferred their support elsewhere?

It is of course a nice point of political morality, which every man must decide for himself, how far and how long a Member of Parliament may honourably speak and vote in opposition to the views of

those by whom he has been returned. But it may be assumed that something like a general agreement of opinion is tacitly implied in the relation of represented and representative; otherwise, the much-vaunted independence of the one will involve the servile abnegation of all political belief and judgment by the other. More than this general sympathy I doubt if any caucus will ask or any member concede, though the precise limits of independence claimed and allowed must depend on the individual and the circumstances.

It is difficult to believe, for example, that any temporary difference of opinion would be allowed to sever the connection between Mr. Bright and his present constituency, or to dim the recollection of the great services he has rendered to his country; though it may be noted that these titles to consideration were once set aside in Manchester at a time when such an institution as the caucus had not even been invented. Lesser men, without his paramount claims, may fairly be content with a less ample measure of independence than would be yielded to Mr. Bright; and those who quote Mr. Mill on this subject should bear in mind the exceptions with which in this, as in so many other cases, he qualified his general proposition.

"Even supposing the most tried ability and acknowledged eminence of character in the representative, the private opinions of the electors are not to be placed entirely in abeyance. . . . If they are wise they will overlook in favour of his general value many and great differences between his opinions and their own. There are some differences, however, which they cannot be expected to overlook. Whoever feels the amount of interest in the government of his country which befits a freeman, has some convictions on national affairs which are like his life blood; which the strength of his belief in their truth, together with the importance he attaches to them, forbid him to make a subject of compromise, or postpone to the judgment of any person, however greatly his superior.

"Such convictions, when they exist in a people, or in any appreciable portion of one, are entitled to influence in virtue of their mere existence, and not solely in that of the probability of their being grounded in truth. A people cannot well be governed in opposition to their primary notions of right, even although these may in some points be erroneous. A correct estimate of the relations which should subsist between governors and governed does not require the electors to consent to be represented by one who intends to govern them in opposition to their fundamental convictions."

On the whole it would seem that with a moderate amount of "sweet reasonableness" on the part of the several committees, no strain is to be expected in the relations between them and their representatives. The caucus may become a new channel of communication between the electors and the elected, but the latter have

much to gain and nothing to fear from early and trustworthy information as to the opinions of their constituents.

If the new organization succeeds in preventing the waste and division of Liberal strength, it will have accomplished no mean and unimportant work. The sacrifice of personal claims, the surrender of some cherished crotchets, the cultivation of a due sense of the proportional importance of political questions, become an imperative duty and the test of patriotism when it is seen that the fate of Europe, the security of India, even the existence of the Empire may be affected by the local divisions which have helped to place Lord Beaconsfield at the head of affairs. But these are not the only results to be hoped for from the spread of political organization. It is part of the great democratic movement of our time, which, not swiftly, nor without occasional lingerings by the way, is still slowly and surely establishing and extending the foundations of liberty. Every institution which assists the political education of the people, which increases their interest in public affairs, which tempts them to take their share in moulding the destinies of the nation, everything, in short, which helps the people to govern themselves, is a contribution to this great end. "It is better," said the *Times* in the days when the *Times* was still a Liberal newspaper, "for the people to be indifferently ruled by itself than governed with scientific precision by a despot, an oligarchy, or a club of cultivated men."

Political liberty, it has been well said, if in one sense a sheer negative and a doctrine of rights, in another sense is thoroughly positive and a gospel of duties. The watchful and intelligent interest of every member of the community in the affairs of the commonwealth is the proof of public spirit, the guarantee of useful legislation. To stimulate or extend this interest, to inform and to collect public opinion, and to concentrate its influence, are prominent objects in the minds of all who support the caucus, and it is this which ensures its condemnation by all who are hostile or faint-hearted in regard to the future of popular self-government.

The arguments which are used to-day find their prototypes in the arguments which have been used against all proposals to place more power in the hands of the people. They are arguments based on that distrust of the people which seems innate in some of those who call themselves Liberals, and which has always come to the surface in opposition to every successive electoral reform, from the abolition of rotten boroughs to the proposal to extend the county franchise. And it is because a firm faith in the people at large, and a belief that they will in the long run, and in spite of many mistakes, find out what is best for themselves with more unerring instinct than their self-appointed philosophers and friends, are cardinal and fundamental

principles in any robust and vigorous Liberal creed, and not because of a special predisposition to intolerance, that we sometimes put aside as weak-kneed and half-hearted brethren those whose want of faith in the general good sense of their countrymen has found expression in the multiplication of devices all tending in the opposite direction to the caucus—to divide and weaken the party of progress in face of the strictly united party of obstruction.

There is another class of opponents naturally produced in times of reaction, when the tide of Liberalism seems stayed and to have retired into a backwater. Then its principles seem to lose their creative vitality, and men take the name of Liberals because they accept the great reforms which have been accomplished in past ages, while impatiently rejecting the idea of farther progress in the same direction. They resemble in this respect the minister of whom Sydney Smith declared, "The wisdom and liberality of my Lord Hawkesbury are of that complexion which always shrinks from their present exercise by praising the splendid examples of them in ages past. If he had lived at such periods, he would have opposed the Revolution by praising the Reformation, and the Reformation by speaking handsomely of the Crusades." It is not likely that politicians of this stamp will welcome the organization which would waken them from peaceful slumber, and call them once more to the battle-field.

It has lately been whispered that when, at no distant date, the sham imperialism of the Prime Minister is seen in its true colours, we are once again to witness a coalition ministry, which will include all the talents on both the front benches in the House of Commons. The experience of such a combination has not been very hopeful, but doubtless its realisation would be welcomed by many who are Liberals by inheritance and not by conviction, and who think that Liberal Conservatism, which is only Toryism without its war-paint, may secure a majority pledged to a discreet inaction.

Those, on the contrary, on whom their convictions do not sit so lightly—the men in earnest, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase—will not easily accept inglorious ease. Believing that Liberalism has yet a great mission to accomplish—that it is fraught with incalculable possibilities of good—they will not be slow to make their appeal to the people, whose interest in political affairs and whose share of power is continually increasing; and they will have good reason to rejoice if organization, with unity and strength, brings also definiteness of aim to the counsels of the Liberal party.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHAT chiefly distinguishes the Eastern Question from all recent problems of international politics is the progressive power of expansion and absorption which it has throughout displayed. Cradled in a disturbance agitating two petty principalities, it has grown to be a giant which holds two Continents in its grip. The cloud that rose above the horizon of Bosnia and Herzegovina rather more than two years ago, has increased in density and dimensions till it has covered the entire political heavens of Europe and Asia. The issue which we were so positively assured in 1876 that the great Powers had decided should on no account be raised, has penetrated every cabinet, has intermingled itself with every topic of domestic or foreign importance, has been involved in every discussion for which the state of the nations of the earth provides material. If it is sometimes suppressed, it is always there. It has affected the entire system of English politics, and it has transcended the customary barriers of political life. It has given a tone and colour of its own to social converse. It has created new lines of social as well as political demarcation. It has familiarised us with the sound of revolutionary possibilities. It has gone far to create an embittered war between classes. It is to the Eastern Question that we must attribute the suspicion, jealousy, and uncertainty of action that mark the present attitude of the Governments of Christendom.

Thus the Eastern Question continues not so much the chief as the only question of the hour, uppermost alike in home and foreign affairs. Three months have elapsed since the ratifications of the Treaty of Berlin were exchanged. Hitherto its only visible sequel and harvest have been the natural wages of work hurriedly and insincerely done. The English Cabinet rejected the Treaty of San Stefano in order that it might replace it by an instrument which would secure the real approval and the permanent concert of the European Powers. But at the very moment that her Majesty's Ministers were registering these professions, they were taking steps to render, as far as they could, a *bona-fide* diplomatic concert impossible. The Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum was a precedent fatal to morality in international dealings. In a little while it was followed by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. In the House of Lords, and again at the Knightsbridge banquet, the Prime Minister declared that by occupying Cyprus we had not incurred the jealousy or wounded the sensitive pride of France or of Italy. Facts are the best commentary on the value of this assurance. In Italy, the posi-

tion in the Mediterranean which England has clandestinely taken, or taken with the knowledge and approval of Turkey alone, was keenly resented, and has excited a degree of popular disaffection which is still menacing. As regards France, the popular irritation at the sudden establishment of the English arms on an impracticable Mediterranean island has significantly exhibited itself in Egypt. M. Waddington may have been personally well disposed to acquiesce in the exclusive administration of the finances of the Khedive by Mr. Rivers Wilson. But the sentiment of the country was too strong for him. Compensation was wanted for the advantage which England was felt to have taken of France off the coast of Syria, and the shape which the demand ultimately assumed was the appointment of M. Blignières as Minister of Public Works in the Cabinet of Nubar Pasha. But M. Blignières is a minister of public works vested with extraordinary power. He does, in fact, share with Mr. Rivers Wilson the ministry of finance. If he does not actually control the expenditure, he is charged with the management of the chief sources of Egyptian income. He has not, indeed, as it was first claimed that he should have, charge of the railways, the crown lands, and all the harbours. But he has authority over the first, and, with the exception of Alexandria, the last also; and in addition he has the canals. If, therefore, it was desirable in the interests of English bondholders that the revenues of Ismail Pasha should be in English hands, that advantage is one of the things which the occupation of Cyprus is directly responsible for placing outside our reach. For the present the claims of Austria and Italy to take an active part in the administration of Egypt are in abeyance. But surely the sentimental alienation of these countries, to say nothing of France, is a sufficiently heavy price for the only part of the Anglo-Turkish Convention which has yet been actively carried out.

It was of course to be expected that the policy of secret or separate agreements, introduced by England, should be put in practice by other nations. At Constantinople the diplomatic rivalry between Russia and England is renewed; and if it be true that the Sultan has countersigned Lord Salisbury's reforms for Asia Minor, he can scarcely avoid yielding to the importunities of Russia to put his name to a separate and definitive treaty with the Czar. It is quite clear that the Anglo-Turkish Convention is the lever by which Russian diplomacy expects to secure the acceptance by the Porte of a document that shall supersede some of the essential clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. England can expect no monopoly of supplementary and surreptitious instruments, and if her rulers resort to these weapons they will find that the game is one at which defeat is easy and dangerous. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking the other day at Birmingham, dwelt, as he could not help dwelling, upon the diffi-

culties in the way of carrying out the Berlin Treaty. The great triumph which, in that treaty, her Majesty's Ministers claimed to have accomplished, was the division of the Bulgaria of the San Stefano Treaty into two provinces, in one of which Russian influence was to be confessedly paramount, and in the other of which there was to be a nominal supremacy of Turkey. The experiment of an Eastern Roumelia has thus far proved a failure. There is a considerable fraction of the Balkan Peninsula which lies outside the limits both of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. The consequence is that the Treaty of Berlin has left a fertile margin for difference and dispute. Among the preliminaries of peace signed at San Stefano was the stipulation that certain territory outside the limits of Bulgaria and of Eastern Roumelia should remain in Russian hands for three months after the ratification of a definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey. Again, Turkey, according to the letter of the same preliminaries, pledged herself to the payment of a war indemnity of three hundred million roubles. Now, the Treaty of Berlin made no provision for the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the no-man's-land just mentioned, and, with the exception of a general declaration that Russia was not to enforce her pecuniary claims to the prejudice of other creditors of the Porte, said nothing about the indemnity. Is it surprising that under these circumstances the Russian Government borrows a phrase from the political vocabulary of the English Cabinet, and pursues steadfastly a policy of Russian interests?

Again, the Berlin Treaty provided for the administration—"the organization and government"—of Eastern Roumelia by an International Commission, during the space of three months subsequent to the ratification of the Treaty. The Sultan, as it was understood, was to nominate a governor-general, and the Commission was to ratify his appointment and prescribe his exact functions. The Sultan has done nothing, the Commission has done nothing, and in less than a week the Commission will, according to the terms of the Treaty, have ceased to exist. What, then, is Russia to do? Can any better excuse be imagined for her refusal to withdraw her troops, either from Eastern Roumelia or the ambiguous and undefined border-land between Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria, than the undoubted fact that the Commission, which legally expires in the first week of November, has taken no steps to guarantee the principality entrusted to it against the contingent anarchy and bloodshed which the absence of any fixed authority will provoke? And Russia, it must be remembered, has an excellent precedent, which is fresh in the memory of all, to justify such a refusal. She can point to the loss of life and treasure involved in the occupation of Bosnia by Austria; she can dwell upon the proved impotence of the Porte to enforce its

decrees in those parts of its empire; and she can ask whether better things are to be hoped for in Eastern Roumelia, and why the Porte should not repeat nearer home the policy exemplified in its refusal to sign a convention with Austria.

At the meeting of the Cabinet held on Friday, October 25th, other subjects than the consequences of the Berlin Treaty in Europe must have received consideration. It was expected that the final discussion would then be taken as to whether England and India are to have laid upon them a military and financial burden of incalculable gravity, in the shape of a war with Afghanistan. So far as discussion and the exposition of experts can acquaint the English public with the merits of this momentous question, they have no reason to complain of lack of information. But as usual the Government has been silent on the matter. None of the Ministers who have lately addressed crowded audiences in different parts of the country, have vouchsafed a word as to the intentions of the Cabinet; have attempted to explain why peaceful negotiations with the Ameer should be summarily abandoned—have made any show of demonstrating the expediency of war.

It must be remembered that the rejection by the Ameer of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission is the last of a series of events with the precise character and full circumstances of which we have but the most fragmentary acquaintance. Our rupture with Shere Ali is the result of a policy which has been systematically followed out for three years past; and if we are to pronounce whether that rupture was necessary or expedient, or decide that Shere Ali is alone to blame, we should at least have some idea of what the successive incidents in that policy have been. The papers relating to the refusal of Sir Lewis Pelly's mission were to have been laid before the public at the end of last session. These certainly have been kept a profound secret, while if the latest acts of the Government are to be vindicated, these papers are manifestly indispensable. There has been much the same order of procedure, so far as the Government is concerned, in Afghanistan as in the East of Europe and in Asia Minor. There have been bargainings in the dark and preparations known only to official eyes, and then when matters have been brought to a head and the crash is imminent, the blame is thrown on Russia.

There can be little moral doubt that Lord Beaconsfield had resolved upon the policy to be executed in Afghanistan before General Abramoff arrived at Cabul. The movement of an English force to Quettah two years ago, by whatever motives it was prompted, acted as a violent provocation to the Ameer. That is the true point of departure in the existing crisis. As for the presence of Russian emissaries at Cabul, Russian emissaries have been there for three



years. Lord Lytton, as was well known at the time, went out to India with instructions for a new frontier policy, before the Eastern Question had exploded upon Europe. To diplomatise about the frontier seemed at that moment a cheap way of satisfying the desire for a spirited foreign policy, for nobody foresaw how vast a field was just opening in that direction nearer home. The Chamberlain mission was a part of that whole line of policy of which the advance to Quettah and Sir Lewis Pelly's mission were the beginnings. It is far from certain, it is perhaps even unlikely, that the chiefs of the Cabinet contemplated war as the inevitable issue of these transactions. They had forgotten the instructions with which Lord Lytton had gone out; they had left the cares of government behind, overlooking the slow match which had been fired by their own act at Calcutta. It would be premature to say that they have yet determined to appeal to the sword. Their main desire, after having brought the Ameer to consent to their terms, was probably to induce a vague belief that if they had sustained a diplomatic defeat at the hands of Russia in Europe, they had more than held their own in India, and in coercing Shere-Ali had somehow or other given the law to the Czar. They calculated, perhaps, that a military demonstration at the mouth of the Khyber Pass would do all that was wanted. If, indeed, it were once admitted that the Ameer had either the will or the power to make himself the instrument of Russia for the overthrow of our Indian empire, there would be some justice in the cry for his chastisement. But it is against the testimony of experience to suppose that the Ameer has the slightest intention of being merely a Muscovite tool, or that the Afghan people would not themselves depose and assassinate any ruler who should lower himself to such a level. Now it is only upon this hypothesis—namely that the Ameer is a pawn moved by players at St. Petersburg—that we can defensibly refuse to him the treatment, or something like the treatment, that is usually accorded to an independent prince. It is perfectly logical to say, We deny that a half-savage potentate can at the same time be dependent on Russia and independent of England. But if we admit that he is a free agent as regards Russia, then he is entitled to be considered a free agent in his relations to England—in other words, an independent sovereign, or as independent as any prince can be who rules a small frontier state in the immediate neighbourhood of a very big and powerful government like that of England.

This is the view which five years ago was taken by an English ministry. In 1873 Russia raised the question of our responsibility for the Ameer's conduct, and our reply was that we could not control the actions of an independent power. This of course did not mean that we pledged ourselves to regard the sovereignty of the Ameer as inviolable, should some imperious and unforeseen emergency arise,

any more than our recognition of the independence of Denmark caused us to treat it as sacrosanct in our great struggle with Napoleon. But it did mean that until such an occasion appeared we should not refuse Shere Ali the attribute of independence.

If, therefore, England is to set the example of violating every international usage by proclaiming war against the Ameer of Afghanistan on the plea that he has declined to receive an English mission—a plea which all writers on international law carefully exclude from the category of legitimate *casus belli*, and on which as a matter of fact, we believe, no war has in modern times been concluded—it needs no argument to show that the only apology for such a course must be found in some overmastering necessity, or some probable gain to the power of England of enormous and vital magnitude. To the question whether such a gain is probable or whether such necessity exists there is but one answer. Experience, statesmanship, political and military knowledge, all conspire to give the same reply. To the correspondence which has been published in the newspapers during the last few weeks, much ability and consummate acquaintance with Indian affairs have been displayed on both sides. Sir J. F. Stephen has stated the case as strongly as it can be stated in favour of the principle of the new forward policy as applied to Afghanistan. But powerful and ingenious as such special pleading is, it can furnish no answer to the arguments adduced by Indian statesmen like Lord Lawrence, or Indian soldiers like Sir John Adye. Lord Melbourne said that he always felt uncomfortable when people told him that “something must be done.” The facts and reasons which the preachers of a crusade against the Ameer have accumulated, resolve themselves into this, that decisive steps must be taken if our Indian frontier is to be made secure against hostile aggression and intrigue, and that these steps consist of a proclamation of war against the Ameer. Even if we are not going to annex Afghanistan, let us at least show that we can crush its ruler. Let us extend the boundaries of our empire; let us establish a chain of advanced garrisons in a country that is not our own. Against this what is there to be said? Our present frontier in India, we are reminded by the ex-Governor General who carried civilisation into the Punjab, and brought our empire safely out of the flames of the mutiny, is “by nature remarkably strong.” If it is to be made stronger, this additional “strength may be given at a moderate cost, and without the tremendous risk and expense of the creation of a new frontier line.” If a Russian advance is to be dreaded, the same advice irresistibly suggests itself: let us consolidate and fortify our existing frontier, instead of making for ourselves a new and weaker one beyond a belt of rugged highlands, peopled by wild and warlike tribes impatient of any rule. But let it be supposed that we have

successfully invaded Afghanistan, that we have subjugated the *Ameer*, that we have escaped the peril of serious embroilment with Russia or scarcely less serious collision with Persia. We must either annex Afghanistan or must reorganize it. In either case we shall have incurred a responsibility of immeasurable magnitude. If we annex it, we shall have strained the elastic bands of empire till they will be in danger of snapping. If we reorganize it, we shall, in Lord Lawrence's words, have broken up a government not unsuited to the people, and with which they are generally content, while we shall have weakened our frontier and added, how much none can say, to our military and financial obligations.

But let us look at the opinions of a military adviser—an expert also—whom no one will accuse of belonging to the same school as Lord Lawrence, or of being likely to advocate a pusillanimous inactivity in Afghanistan or in any other quarter of the globe—Sir Arnold Kemball. It is thus that this officer writes in a memorandum upon some strategical views of Sir Henry Green in the *Morning Post* of October 11th:—

“As regards this Afghan scare, come of it what may, it is clear enough the toss must be in favour of Russia. Tails, in the present submission of Shero Ali, would only convince her that the occasion is not yet ripe, and she would retire without any loss of prestige to prepare for a more effective spring. Heads would involve a rupture between England and Afghanistan, which, in the serious embarrassment and expense it would occasion to us whatever the result, would almost equally subserve her policy. It would in any case reverse the relative positions of the two countries in respect to Afghanistan by bringing us into the field as enemies and aggressors, instead of allies and deliverers, and it may naturally furnish the pretext to Russia for annexing Herat and Merv, if not Balkh, as the counterpoise to our advance on Cabul. I admit that by gigantic offensive efforts at enormous cost you might turn the tables upon Russia in Central Asia, and in the end succeed in driving her out of the country; but you could not hold the country indefinitely, and there exists in it no settled form of government or elements of cohesion such as are to be found in Turkey, nor could they be organized there of sufficient strength to prevent the resumption of Russian sway.”

Why, these are the views of Lord Lawrence and Sir John Adye with a slight variation of standpoint and a little alteration of language.

On the other hand, it is said that we have reached a point at which it is impossible to draw back with dignity or safety, and that if we do not proceed to pour our battalions through the Khyber Pass our military prestige will be gone and our Indian Empire doomed. Those who adopt this tone are candid enough to deprecate the necessity placed upon us, and affect seriously to deplore the policy which has resulted in such an exigency. In other words, a series of blunders is to be crowned by what may prove something more than a blunder—a disaster and a crime. This is not the language of rational statesmanship; this is not the spirit which has presided

over, the gradual erection of the edifice of our Indian supremacy. It is not argument at all. It is the war-cry of that rampant and unintelligent militarism which it seems the set purpose of the present Government to stir as often as may be to fever heat. The course of the present controversy as to our policy towards the Ameer, the temper of the disputants, and the attitude of the Indian Government, show that the real issue is between two opposite principles of imperial administration. The vital question which has been thus carefully discussed, and which must now soon receive its answer, is not so much whether we shall go to war with Shere Ali, or whether our future policy shall be dictated by the ruling spirits of this military bureaucracy which forms so prominent a feeling in the Indian Government; whether we shall in the years that are to come permit the ambitions of a prætorian clique, every member of which thirsts for promotion, and is selfishly greedy for adventure, to be allowed to triumph over the deliberate counsels of experienced statesmanship. We won India by the sword. We hold it by the sword, but we hold it by something else as well. The question that we have to decide, and which will be the first measure decided inevitably by our conduct towards the Ameer, is whether India is to be administered for the good of the governed, or with the end of providing opportunities for pseudo-scientific swashbucklers. It is necessary, these tell us, for our position in India that we should invade Afghanistan, and if we want help we shall have it from native allies. All India, they continue, is really at our back, and will support us through thick and thin in anything that we choose to do. But if this be so, it shows that we have the friendship and the good-wishes of native India already, and if India is with us it matters very little whether Russia is against us. Not even any one of these gentlemen who are equally ready to wield sword or pen, has, so far as we are aware, ventured to assert that so long as we command the confidence and loyalty of our Indian subjects, Russia can hope to wrest from us the Asiatic jewel that glows in the English crown. If Indian loyalty is to be crystallized and hardened, it will not be done by plunging it in the crucible of an Afghan war.

Discouraging and disastrous as such a contest must prove to our Indian Empire, its influences could not fail to react upon England in a manner which no administration could regard with equanimity. At the very lowest computation an Afghan war would cost fifteen millions. More probably it would cost thirty millions. In the opinion of some—we speak now of Indian officers of distinction, whose word in such a context is entitled to no small weight—it might directly, or indirectly, entail an expenditure in excess of that lavished upon the Crimean campaign. The greater portion or practically the whole of this sum, be the sum what it may, must fall

upon England. Are the English people prepared to take upon themselves such liabilities, and will they further endure all that the discharge of such liabilities means? There is reason to believe that the question is engaging the earnest and anxious attention of the constituencies, and that the Cabinet is not too confident as to the conclusion at which these will arrive. The addresses recently delivered by Cabinet Ministers on the stump, betray a consciousness of the fact that the ground is being undermined beneath their feet. Certainly, if there was to be war at all, the continued delay of its proclamation is a grave blunder in political tactics. Had the news of the Ameer's insult been immediately followed by the announcement that an English general with a body of English soldiers had dashed through the Khyber Pass in the same brilliant way that the Russian general made the passage of the Shipka last year, a national enthusiasm might have been excited which would have carried all before it. But the Government have done once again what they did more than once during the Russo-Turkish war—they have overstayed their market, and have suffered the warmth of the bellicose passions of the masses, to which they make it their business to appeal, to cool. There is no doubt as to what will be the judgment of the constituencies upon the policy of a war undertaken with a half-civilised Asiatic potentate six months after the provocation has been given. If considerations of the highest justice and the truest, because the noblest, expediency do not count for much with the ruling spirits of the Cabinet, we may yet expect that they will not turn a deaf ear to the unmistakable monitions of common sense.

*October 28th, 1878.*

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## IMPERIAL ADMINISTRATION.<sup>1</sup>

I HAVE chosen my theme for this address, partly at the suggestion of some of my Edinburgh friends, and partly because it has been my fortune twice to hold the seals of the Colonial Office—the second time for a period of nearly four years, and during that time to take some share in the imperial administration of the country. I shall avoid all party politics. This is no political gathering, in the party sense of the word: the *genius loci*, and the necessarily mixed character of the audience, impose upon me limits and restrictions which I am content to accept. At the same time, whilst it is my desire, in addressing the members of a Philosophical Institution, to confine myself within the temperate zone of general and almost abstract politics, if I should seem to go a little beyond those bounds, and to touch the debateable territory in which so many interests are involved, so many feelings are awakened, the fault is not so much mine as it is in the nature of the subject, and in the fact that it is hard, when speaking on any question even of abstract politics, to steer absolutely clear of those great issues which, exceeding in number and magnitude any raised during a corresponding period within the memory of the present generation, have lately been forced upon the public attention. I shall, nevertheless, endeavour, so far as it lies in my power, to abide within the circle which precedent and practice have traced.

Three years ago Mr. Forster, when occupying the position which I have now the honour to fill, addressed his audience on the Colonial Empire of England, and this is one of the reasons that induce me to speak on the same subject; because, though agreeing generally in all that he said, I yet feel that there is something that may be added to what he then expressed so well. It is unnecessary to follow

(1) The following remarks on Imperial Administration are the substance of a speech delivered on the 5th November last to the members of the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh. The slight omissions and additions now made, in revising the excellent report of the *Scotman*, do not, as far as I am aware or intend, affect the sense of the original address.—C.

him in his review of the English Empire. He dwelt mainly upon the relations and position of those of our fellow-subjects who, Anglo-Saxon by birth, have their homes in the temperate climates of the world. Nor is it necessary to supplement his able statement by tracing the history, whether commercial or political, of our great Anglo-Saxon colonies. Their commercial history, if we look back some hundred and twenty or thirty years ago, offers but a melancholy retrospect. It is the history of restriction and of monopolies, of a system which, in our American colonies, forbade the manufacture of iron, the erection of forges, the making of hats, the export or import of produce which could be thought in any way to interfere with the privileges of British trade, and in which colonial interests were jealously subordinated to the supposed policy of the Empire. Scarcely less melancholy is the tale of political mismanagement. It was said that when the Duke of Newcastle left office he left a closetful of papers, and that when Mr. Grenville succeeded and read those papers he lost the colonies of America.

Another and a somewhat later illustration of our political relations with our North American Colonies may be found in Mr. Charles Greville's memoirs. On one occasion, in 1828, a nobleman who had recently been appointed Governor of Jamaica complained to him that he was wholly without any instructions or communications from the Secretary of State, although very important legislation was anticipated in Jamaica; and when it was suggested that he as Governor, at all events, should suspend his departure till certain bills of considerable moment had been received from Jamaica, the answer given was that that would be of little use, as Parliament by that time would be sitting, and it would be wholly impossible to attend to Colonial legislation. "And this is the way," Mr. Greville not unreasonably concludes, "in which our colonies are governed!" It is a typical story of colonial government from Downing Street in the year 1828. But then followed a period of uncertain, fretful, and irritating administration, in which both parties—alike in the colonies and at home—hunted about as it were for a solution of the problem which was pressing upon men's minds, hardly knowing themselves what they desired. More than once that irritation took the form of active opposition to authority, and men who subsequently have rendered great service to the State were misled and for a time became valueless in regard to the duties of constitutional life and good citizenship.

It has been my good fortune to know three such men. Sir George Cartier, who I believe in early life was proscribed, rose to be the second Minister of Canada, and to become a baronet. Mr. Darcy M'Gee, if not convicted yet viewed with distrust by the law and the Government, crossed the Atlantic, became a centre of loyal feeling in Canada, was prized and valued there, and lost his life as a victim of

Fenian violence. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was the subject of a Government prosecution in Ireland, now lives—and long may he live—as a valuable and loyal servant of the Crown, and as Speaker of the Assembly in Victoria. In the history of those three men is a picture of the change of relations between our Anglo-Saxon colonies and ourselves, if measured by the last thirty or forty years.

Now, indeed, the main principles of local freedom and absolute self-government on which these colonies are to be governed have been settled and accepted on all hands, and the controversies which baffled Lord Durham and Lord Sydenham, which saddened the last days of Lord Metcalfe, which tried the administrative strength of Lord Elgin to the utmost, and which had in earlier times caused blood to flow in civil contention, are at rest. There may be grave and even anxious questions of government in store: these belong to young equally as to old communities, and their solution will depend on the wisdom of those in authority at home, and the forbearance of those in the colonies: but they are growing up—those great countries—and the main question which men now debate is, how this vast empire is to be held together, and how we are to prevent those particles from flying, as it were, into political space.

But I desire to call attention to a point on which Mr. Forster, as far as I remember, did not touch, and of which the importance is hardly appreciated in England at its true value—the administration from home of a large portion of the empire. And first let me say one word as to the Colonial Office itself. I believe that very rarely has any department in the State had the good fortune to be guided by a series of permanent civil officers so able. In Sir James Stephen, Mr. Merivale, Sir Frederick Rogers, the present Lord Balfour, and now in a relation of my own, Mr. Herbert, there is a continuous succession of highly cultivated and able administrators such as can be matched in few, if any public office. And what an enormous task it is which that office undertakes, greater than probably has ever been undertaken in the history of any country, not one Englishman in twenty thousand ever considers. Many fine generalities are uttered in praise of the empire of England, but very few understand or appreciate the machinery and the labour by which the great fabric is held together. The late Sir William Molesworth some five-and-twenty years ago declared that it was an absolutely impossible task: that the Colonial Office of his day had no policy at all, that it was everything by turns and nothing long; that it was saint and sinner, protectionist, free-trader; that the Governors were briefless barristers, electioneering agents, or discreditable partisans; and he wound up by declaring that it was universally held in hatred and contempt. A very different story would be told now, because I have found that the Colonial Secre-



tary who does his duty is regarded by those free colonists not as a representative of the once hated and suspected Downing Street, but as the friend to whom they may safely appeal, who considers their interests as his own, and is perhaps sometimes tempted to take a view rather favourable to his colonial than to his English clients. A somewhat similar task of administration was undertaken by Spain, and we all know the contrast, which their Colonial history and ours present. Freedom of trade and government was unknown; restriction, monopoly, and regulations in the minutest details of political life, as vexatious in practice as they were often false in principle, ruled the relations of the colony and the mother-country. Of all the towns in Spain, Cadiz and Seville alone had the right to trade with Mexico: it was at one time actually proposed to destroy all the banana trees in order to stimulate native industry; and Humboldt himself had to seek and obtain a personal authorisation from the home Government to enable him to travel in the countries which his pen has immortalised.

Though the distinction is a common one, it is right, in dealing with such a question as this, to remember that the colonies fall into at least four classes. First, there are the great colonies endowed with free and responsible self-government. It is the fashion to suppose that self-government with them has effaced the other obligations of the Imperial Government, and has reduced the duty of the Colonial Office to the simple task of registering the local decisions. But this is far from the case. It is perfectly true that those great colonies deal, and deal, as I think, admirably, with the questions which concern themselves, their local institutions and the sphere of their internal life; but there also arise large constitutional questions which can only be settled, I will not say at home, but at all events with the help of the home Government, and questions also with which the relations and interests of foreign nations are interwoven. Secondly, there are the military posts, such as Gibraltar and Malta, where the whole of the civil government has to be discharged by the Colonial Office. Thirdly, there are governments of a mixed nature, such as exist in the West Indies and Natal, where much labour and little credit go to the share of the home Government. Lastly, there are the Crown colonies, which no doubt provide the Colonial Office with a very large proportion of its work. Such is that work that it is almost like the management of a great estate. All questions of public works, of legislation, of taxation, are wholly or in part initiated by and carried through the Colonial Office. The great colony of Ceylon, for instance, has, if I am not mistaken, spent during the last few years, upon a single work, its breakwater, no less than a million sterling. In the same way it is building a very expensive and, at the same time, productive network of railroads in and for the coffee

districts of the interior. So in the case of Natal; so in the case of the Mauritius. Or take the case of legislation. All the Acts that are passed in the various colonies are every year sent home to the Colonial Office; and it is the business of the Colonial Secretary and his assistants to revise every one of them. But more than this—there is a remarkable system of native law which has grown up, and which has been more or less codified, under the auspices of the Colonial Office, and which is worked under the superintendence and close attention of that office. In Natal there is a large system of native laws: at the Gold Coast, by the side of the native king there sits an English assessor to direct his judgment, and as far as may be to infuse into his mind the principles of a rough natural equity. In the Mauritius, while I myself was in office, we compiled a very elaborate code to bring into harmony the complicated and long-voxed relations of the coolie and his employer; and in Jamaica it was my good fortune to complete a penal code commenced by my predecessor, a work of great labour and care, which I hope may be the model for similar legislation in other colonies.

Nor is this all, for amongst the difficulties which meet a colonial administrator are the differences of race in each different part of that great empire. In Jamaica we have the long-emancipated, but still only half-educated negro; at the Cape those wild savage tribes, of which we have heard very much of late, each in its different stage of civilisation; in New Zealand, picturesque Maories, who are gradually dying out before our advance, and in their death clinging to their traditions and their lands; whilst the Fiji Islands, the last of our possessions, are occupied by a far milder race, a race among whom Wesleyan ministers—I rejoice to do them this bare act of justice—have achieved, in my opinion, their greatest triumph. In Ceylon there is again a wholly different class—men who, like the Indians of the continent, are, I yet venture to think, in a higher and, on the whole, a better condition, with an ancient civilisation, and complicated laws, and lands, and religious endowments; in the Straits are to be seen the gentle and yet warlike Malays, and the Chinaman with his patient, dogged, industrious instincts, and his secret societies; or, lastly, to close a catalogue which though long might be much further extended, there live on the West Coast of Africa a race of men rising by painful and most slow degrees in the scale of civilisation, and still so barbarous that one of their most competent rulers said to me, that if English rule were withdrawn, within six months human sacrifices would probably again be offered up. Now, what conclusion is to be drawn from all this? First, that the problem of administration differs immeasurably with each different country and race; and secondly, that as regards all those native races the obligation is laid upon us, and has been accepted by us, of giving them protection, and of

gradually raising them in the scale of human knowledge and happiness. And this is the reason why, in many of these colonies, it is impossible to give "self-government" to the people; for to give self-government in such a case would be to vest the whole authority in the hands of a very small white minority, and to open a chapter of incalculable abuse and misgovernment. Until, in the fulness of time, these uneducated beings are raised to a far higher degree of independence, the Secretary of State must be their protector. He must endeavour to reconcile their interests with the interests of the white minority, to hold the scales as evenly as he can, and, if I may so express it colloquially, to be the member for a great unrepresented constituency. Nor is the whole work exhausted when all which I have described is done, for many of these colonies, bordering upon the territory of foreign nations, bring us into relations sometimes difficult, sometimes complicated, with those nations. We have to deal with a French population in Canada and in the Mauritius; with a Dutch population at the Cape; we are on the borders of Spanish territory in America; whilst in Canada our long line of frontier is conterminous with that of the United States. I may here say that amongst the recollections of four years of office, none affords me greater satisfaction than to reflect that during the whole of that time, so far as the Colonial Government was concerned, I am not aware that one unfriendly word ever passed between the English and the United States Governments. This could not have been said in former times; and now it is due to many causes—to the right intentions of each government, to the good-will which exists between the two peoples, to the gradual passing away of old jealousies and irritation, and let me say also—and I rejoice to say it—to the singular tact, judgment, good-feeling, and sense of Lord Dufferin, who has just returned from Canada. I rejoice to pay that tribute to him; and I trust that the Royal daughter of England who now goes forth to Canada to discharge duties which, in one sense, have never fallen to the lot of any other English lady, will find her course smooth and prosperous, and may be the means in her own person of binding still closer the links of connection between the two countries.

In conclusion, and in illustration of this part of my subject, I may, I hope, without the appearance of egotism, mention some, and only some, of the subjects which it was my duty during the four years of my tenure of office to decide. They were, undoubtedly, years more than usually crowded with serious questions; but the record of work done over and above the ordinary business of the office, is some evidence that the office of Colonial Secretary is still at all events not a sinecure. First, on entering upon office, I found a war and closed it; I saw a second war through, which, but for the vigorous measures taken, would have been a large one; and, I am sorry to

say, I left a war at the Cape. Secondly, there were riots to deal with in the West India Islands—different from riots in many other parts of the Empire, because violent class feelings and the animosities of race were roused. Thirdly, there was, if not a famine, the anticipation of, and precautions against, a famine. Fourthly, there were arbitrations, both official and personal. Fifthly, there was the creation of a new colony, with its system of laws, its land settlements, the difficult adjustment of financial liabilities and debts, and its legislation for maintaining justice as between European and native. Sixthly, there were new constitutions to be framed, and—not less difficult a task—to be pressed upon the colonial legislatures where local interests and sentiment were not unnaturally opposed to change, as in the Gold Coast, Natal, and several of the West India Islands. Seventhly, there was the carrying through Parliament in this country of a Confederation Bill for the Cape, in the face of such delays and obstacles as a small body of Irish members could impose upon an almost unanimous House of Commons. It was my good fortune years ago to frame and carry the Confederation Bill which bound all the provinces in North America into one great Dominion; and, as I then received from my predecessor the materials for that large work, so I have left to my successor the task of completing the Confederation of South Africa which I began. Eighthly, there was an annexation of territory—a measure adopted with reluctance, and justified only by the critical condition of the whole South African frontier, but when adopted carried into execution without active opposition or the slightest disorder. And, lastly, there was a measure which I recall with perhaps as sincere a feeling of gratitude as any other act of my official life—the emancipation of the slaves on the West Coast of Africa. It removed the last blot on the escutcheon of England, and it was the crown placed upon the generous sacrifice which this country performed in the last generation.

All that I have now said with regard to the Colonies, properly so called, applies I think to the greatest dependency of the crown, India, and perhaps even in a stronger degree, because the population is larger, the issues greater, the calamities more serious. We have seen India lately brought forward much more prominently than is usual. Personally, I am not reassured by this; for I have noticed as matter of experience that when Indian affairs become a great source of interest in this country, political trouble is at hand. But be this as it may, all must agree that the result of recent policy is undoubtedly to draw the bonds of connection between India and this country much more closely than in former times; and that, as a consequence of this policy, whether it be right or wrong, everything that affects India affects us much more closely—the burdens and the calamities of India as much as the Oriental pageantry and

splendour of the Empire. And in conjunction with this change we are bound to remember that the present financial condition of India is very far indeed from satisfactory. We have charged ourselves with some hundred and eighty or ninety millions of human beings, their lives, their interests, their happiness. The figures are so incalculably large that they hardly seem to convey any distinct meaning to us; yet it is certain that of this vast mass of human beings, a very large proportion are in a poverty-stricken condition. The taxation has, according to some of the highest Indian authorities, reached, or nearly reached, its limits; it is unelastic, and it rests upon comparatively few articles. The expenses, on the other hand, have largely increased, and are increasing; and there are some who contend that even the condition of the people themselves, after all that we have done and striven to do, is yet worse than it was a generation ago. One fact only is perfectly clear, that we have undertaken to provide for the protection and maintenance—all, in fact, that a civilised Government undertakes to do—for an incalculably large portion of the human race, and that when we examine the condition of these people, we become aware that we are still frightfully distant from the result which we are bound to have in view.

There is, indeed, another question connected with India which has of late only emerged into importance, and which is fraught with cause for reflection and anxiety—the relations of the home and the Indian Governments. Steamers, and still more telegraphs, have greatly altered that relationship, and whilst they have in some respects simplified, in other respects they have greatly enhanced, the difficulties of government. Little more than two years ago there were keen debates in both Houses of Parliament as to the relative powers of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India. It was then obvious—it was acknowledged on all hands, that there was a conflict of opinion and authority between the two Governments; and in the information which daily reaches us from India there are signs of some such conflict existing at the present moment. It is unnecessary here to analyze the causes of this unseemly and deplorable contention; there clearly ought to be no variance between those two authorities; they are both servants of the Crown, and a struggle between them, still more when paraded in the open light of day, is fraught with danger to the whole Empire.

I have now endeavoured, though briefly and roughly, to trace the outlines of the picture of our Empire. It is a very great picture. The poet Heine, when in England in the earlier part of the century, derived a very unsatisfactory impression of us. He has left on record that we were “the most repulsive set of people whom God in His anger ever created;” and he expanded that proposition by asserting

that the Colonies of England were a worse reproduction of a bad model. It would be melancholy, and it is happily unnecessary, to think that this expresses the truth. To me the Colonial Empire of England seems one of the most magnificent pictures of administration that the labours of man have ever created, or that the eye of man has ever seen. But, on the other hand, it is replete with difficulties of the largest kind, unknown to the majority of the nation, often invisible to the public eye, hopelessly involved in details which few will or can master, yet so serious as to jeopardise the whole machinery of government, and needing the exercise of the highest tact, patience, and skill—difficulties, in short, such as may well make us pause before we gratuitously accept other burdens and liabilities. There is no precedent for the English Empire except one—the great Empire of Rome; but the history of that Empire will furnish many precedents and illustrations. I will mention only four of the difficulties with which the Roman administrators had to deal, and which lie across our path like sleeping lions at this day. First, they had a series of discordant nationalities, as we have; secondly, they had to encounter the difficulties arising from conflicting religions. On those two points it is unnecessary to say anything; but, thirdly, they had, as we have, the greatest political problem to solve in the reconciliation of the Western and the Oriental elements of the Empire. We know how some of their ablest statesmen endeavoured to conciliate these jarring influences, and we know how, after generations of trial, the attempt was at last given up, and the Eastern and Western Empires were divided. They were unable to assimilate the two inharmonious elements. We have the same task before us, and it would be idle to disguise its difficulty. Not only have we never succeeded in so assimilating them; we have yet to find the true point of contact between the Eastern and the Western mind; and in illustration of this there is a question neither easy to answer nor flattering to our national vanity, but very significant—How is it that we, when other nations have found great and reliable generals in nationalities that were not their own, have never succeeded in being so fortunate; for I cannot regard the Irish as aliens? And, fourthly, there was another difficulty which the Roman world had to meet—a difficulty which is shared by us and in which peace or war, prosperity or misfortune were often involved, how to maintain, extend, or modify their frontiers. Every great empire bordered by native tribes will find in this a cause of constant embarrassment. It is an old school-boy story that when once the god Terminus had set down his foot, the Roman boundary never receded—a story which has been repeated over and over again till Roman and English schoolboys learnt to believe it; but every student of History knows that it is absolutely false,

that the Roman Empire was governed by men far too wise and able as rulers to accept so silly a doctrine, and that the frontier constantly varied with the requirements of the Empire. Four of the ablest of the Roman emperors occur at once as responsible for large frontier variations—Augustus, after the destruction of the legions of Varus, contracted his boundary to the Rhine; Trajan annexed the province of Dacia and fresh territory beyond the Euphrates. Hadrian, retaining with some unwillingness the Trans-Danubian territory, gave up Trajan's Eastern acquisitions; and Aurelian in the full career of success withdrew from Dacia.

Every great empire situated as we are, is confronted by similar difficulties of frontier—the same arguments for or against—the same provocations real or supposed—the same questions as to the key of the position—the same temptation of those who are on the spot to acquire territory, forgetting that the acquisition of territory is as a rule the last resource, that with an enormous empire it is an evil in itself, and that in proportion as men extend their boundary so they multiply their perils and difficulties. Plutarch tells us that Pyrrhus, when talking to his friend Cineas, who was said to have won more battles with his tongue than Pyrrhus with his sword, said that after he had conquered Rome he should make himself master of Italy, to which Cineas replied, "And what next?" "Why," said Pyrrhus, "Sicily is very near—we should take that." "And what next?" "There are Libya and Carthage—we should take them." "And next?" "We would conquer Greece." "And what next?" "Why, then," said Pyrrhus, "we will, like wise men, sit down and eat and drink and be merry." "And what," said Cineas, "hinders us now from taking our ease without incurring the calamities and dangers which, if we go to war, we must cause and suffer?" And Cineas did not belie his reputation; for rarely in the world's history does the time on which great conquerors count to sit down and feast and make merry arrive either to them or to the nations over whom they preside.

We have been of late much perplexed by a new word, "Imperialism," which has crept in among us. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer has written an extremely able and interesting article on the subject,<sup>1</sup> and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, when recently travelling through some of the Midland Counties, could not confine himself to his political subjects, but was led by the attraction of the subject into a disquisition on the meaning and value of the word Imperialism. Under the shadow, therefore, of two such great names we may very well give a few minutes' consideration to the meaning of the term. It is not free from perplexity. I have heard of Imperial policy, and Imperial interests, but Imperialism, as such, is a newly coined word to me. In one sense the

(1) *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1878.

English Constitution knows nothing of Imperialism. It would be unfair, however, to deny that the English Constitution recognises much that partakes of an imperial character. The constitution has often seemed to oscillate between the two extremes in a manner which, though perplexing to a careless or ignorant bystander, has been I doubt not extremely advantageous to our liberties and our national life. On the one side, Sir Robert Walpole used to say that the government of England was a republic in everything except the name; and, on the other, the great Statute of Appeals, in the reign of Henry VIII. speaks of the realm of England as "Imperial." Personally, I have little predilection for the name, for the obvious reason that it suggests uncomfortable Continental associations. But I cannot forget that Mr. Burke has used the word, and Shakspeare has consecrated it; and so we, too, may be prepared to accept it, though with an understanding of its true meaning. Do not let us, as it was said of the Greeks at Troy, fight for the mere shadow of Helen. I believe that there is a true and a false Imperialism. But, what is the true and what the false? We can, perhaps, best tell what Imperialism is by ascertaining what it is not. It is certainly not Cæsarism. It is not that base second-hand copy of Continental despotism—that bastard monarchy begotten in the slime of political and financial corruption. It has nothing in common with that. Despotisms do not easily die. As Mr. Burke has said, they change their furniture and their fashions, but the evil principle prevails and reappears in successive generations. They dazzle, indeed, by enlisting false teachers, by arraying themselves in false colours, by professing false arts; but they are hateful from top to bottom. They are utterly false; the benefits that they confer are short-lived, and they poison the very fount from which their own waters spring. Nor, again, has Imperialism in the true sense of the word any connection with what has been called "personal government." Our Constitution is clear on this point. We know that the Crown has certain prerogatives, and that Parliament has certain rights and duties, but that neither Parliament nor the Crown may act alone. They cannot be relegated to independent spheres of political action, any more than the confines of day and night can be parted by a hard and visible line of demarcation. They must act in concert, and in reference to each other; and their combined action is that which the Constitution contemplates and desires. Nor is Imperialism, again, mere bulk of territory and multiplication of subjects. We hear sometimes the words, "A great England and a little England," but we do not measure nations by their size or numbers, any more than we measure men by their inches. If we did, China would be the model of our admiration; and the hosts of Xerxes, and not the handful of Athenian citizens, would be the people we should reverence in the past history of the world. No!



What we look for is not the bulk of territory, but the men that are bred up, and the qualities which those men have; and setting aside the highest of all, we may say this—that steadfastness of purpose, simplicity of character, truth, and the preference of that which is solid and substantial for that which is merely glittering and deceptive, are the qualities by which nations truly live and kings rule; and that these qualities have been the characteristics of Englishmen in past generations.

But if Imperialism is none of these, what is it, if indeed it has a meaning? Clearly its first duty, all will admit, is to recognise, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer very fairly said the other day, that there are obligations which we owe beyond the limits of the four seas; but secondly—what he omitted to say—its duty is to breathe into the whole of that mighty mass I have described, a common unity; to find for it that animating and binding principle which is the nearest approach to the spirit of patriotism that you look for in an individual. But it may be said, What is patriotism? Like Imperialism, it has varied greatly; like the word liberty, it has often been abused. There is a true and a false patriotism. Horace Walpole says that at one time there was no declaration a public man could make that was more popular on the hustings than that he neither was nor had been nor would be a patriot; and we all know Mr. Canning's definition of a patriot, in the man who was the friend of every country but his own. But a true patriot will be included in neither of these descriptions. Nor is patriotism to be recognised in the nation which, so to speak, swaggers down the High Street of the world with its hat cocked, and on the look-out for some fancied insult or affront. For such public characters we occasionally find a counterpart in private life; but all would agree that such a man is an eminently disputatious, quarrelsome, disagreeable companion. No, both patriotism and imperialism, if they are to be true, must rest upon the one sole foundation on which all true things can rest. We cannot with impunity divorce our system of politics from our system of morals. There are not two sides to that shield; or two codes to be observed as convenience may dictate. But this is an unfashionable doctrine: it is even occasionally denied: and I have lately read with amazement in a periodical of high repute the proposition laid down with regard to one of the most unspotted characters of the Italian fourteenth century, that he failed as a statesman because in his political conduct he paid obedience to the laws of morality. But such a doctrine contains all that is detestable and abhorrent to public virtue: and though it may find a sanction in Machiavelli, it will find no echo in the great body of the English people, until at least they depart much further than they have yet gone from the political faith and practice of their fathers.

One word more as to foreign Imperialism. Thank God we have nothing to copy there. Foreign Imperialism means vast standing armies; and at this moment we have before our eyes the nations of Europe divided into hostile and suspicious camps. The 350,000 men who in the earlier period of the Roman Empire were sufficient to guarantee the peace of the world, have now grown into something like six millions of armed men. It is the day of great empires casting their colossal shadow over the smaller States; and through the gloom of that shadow those small States look up and, as they may well do, tremble. It is the day of restless intrigue and of reckless expenditure. It is the day of violence, and, we may depend upon it, it is a day to be followed by a certain reaction. So we have heard the hollow moaning of the wind, or seen the sullen break of the wave upon the shore, presaging the great tempest which is to come; and so, when we look round the horizon of Europe, and see how heavily the thunder-clouds are piling up, who can resist a feeling of deep apprehension for the future, or the earnest hope that this country at least will not be tempted by anything, short of the clearest and most paramount duty, to join in this mad race of waste and bloodshed? But if we turn our eyes from that gloomy spectacle to the great Empire of England, we see, at all events for the present, a brighter and a more peaceful picture in the self-government of the great Anglo-Saxon Colonies. Here lies the true strength of our Imperialism. Mistakes they doubtless have made, are making, and will make; but the manner in which they govern themselves is splendid. No other type of government has tempted them away; they are content to follow in the track of English traditions and belief, and they remain to the backbone Englishmen. "These are Imperial Arts, and worthy Thee," it may be truly said;—and though at this moment the future prospects of the world may seem to some to be overcrowded, we may cherish the hope that as time goes on the common instincts of language, faith, laws, institutions, of allegiance to a common sovereign, may draw the bonds between them and us yet closer. We should be indeed closely wedded to the dull prose of daily life if we banished wholly from our imagination that noble dream, which may yet in the fulness of time be realised, of a great English-speaking community, united together in a peaceful confederation, too powerful to be molested by any nation, and too powerful and too generous, I hope, to molest any weaker State.

Or, again, if we turn to that far larger empire over our native fellow-subjects of which I have spoken, the limits expand and the proportions rise, till there forms itself a picture so vast and noble that the mind loses itself in the contemplation of what might be under the beneficent rule of England if faction could be still and

selfish ambition be held back, and rest from war and war's exhausting burdens could be given. There we have races struggling to emerge into civilisation, to whom emancipation from servitude is but the foretaste of the far higher law of liberty and progress to which they may yet attain, and vast populations like those of India sitting like children in the shadow of doubt and poverty and sorrow, yet looking up to us for guidance and for help. To them it is our part to give wise laws, good government, and a well-ordered finance, which is the foundation of good things in human communities; it is ours to provide them with a system where the 'humblest may enjoy freedom from oppression and wrong equally with the greatest; where the light of morality and religion can penetrate into the darkest dwelling-places. This is the real fulfilment of our duties; this, again I say, is the true strength and meaning of Imperialism. And lastly, while we speak of an imperial spirit abroad, let us never forget how much depends upon maintaining a free and a generous spirit at home. Here in England—and, thank God, in the word England is included Scotland; for dull indeed of apprehension, and ill-read in the history of their country, ill-read too in the events of our own age, would they be who do not recognise that without Scotland England would be shorn of half her true strength—here in England is the true centre of imperial life and power, the spring of influence, the fount of all inspiration; here are born and bred up the men who are to maintain and defend, and still more, to govern this great empire. England is the heart of the Empire. If that heart be overtaxed and feeble, then the whole body politic is sick and faint—faint to weakness, faint it may be to death: but if the heart be sound and vigorous, then in a right cause, and under the blessing of God, there is no duty which our country need ever decline, there is no burden, however great, which it ever need be afraid to bear.

CARNARVON.

## PRINCE BISMARCK.

It is too soon to declare a definite opinion upon Prince Bismarck, on the man and on his work. If we yielded to the impression of the moment, one would be inclined to believe that the future will not belong to such enterprises as he has taken in hand. In the struggle with Catholicism he has not succeeded; he wavers, he has sought to come to terms, and he has only drawn back because the conditions imposed by Rome were too hard. In the interior of the empire that he has founded, he cannot endure liberty. There, too, he draws back, and has recourse to the most violent compression. He dissolves all associations, he suppresses every newspaper that concerns itself with the interests of the workmen, he breaks up even a glee-club. Books that were published under the old régime are now confiscated, including even the works of one whom he admires, and whom he would fain have made his friend, Ferdinand Lassalle. This compression *à outrance* is a detestable policy, and offers no warrant for durability. It is out of all harmony with the spirit of the time. After many tackings in this direction and that, it will come to an end, and the ideas which it was intended to annihilate, will revive in greater force than ever. At the same time, the work to which Prince Bismarck has uniformly subordinated all else—the unity of Germany—that will survive. That is the product of the tendency to great ethnographic agglomerations which displays itself in the present epoch, and which was first proclaimed under Napoleon III. This force was at work long before Prince Bismarck, it will continue at work long after him. His success is due to the fact that he perceived this law, and that, instead of resisting it, as has been done by statesmen behind their time—M. Thiers, for instance, and Lord Beaconsfield—he made himself its instrument and its captain. Napoleon III., Bismarck, Cavour, agreed to reconstruct the map of Europe on the principle of nationalities. Only Bismarck and Cavour had the secret of effective action, whilst with Napoleon III. the action always halted after the conception.

In Germany a book has just been published which excites the keenest attention—*Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich*. The book is interesting for more reasons than one. It is a curious composition, like Martin Luther's *Table Talk*, or the *Mémoires de Sainte-Hélène*. Nobody but Herr Moritz Busch, Bismarck's secretary, could have told all, like Las Cases writing at the dictation of Napoleon. Herr Busch is a clever journalist with a ready pen, well acquainted with foreign languages,

and an observant and experienced traveller. At the beginning of the campaign of 1870 he was attached to the Chancellor's staff. He executed for him the summaries from the foreign newspapers, he drew up under his inspiration, or from his dictation, telegrams and articles for the German press. He lived in the closest intimacy with Bismarck, taking his meals at the same table, residing under the same roof, and never leaving his side. He was not the only official filling the same post. We find along with him two other private secretaries, Herr Lothar Bucher, and Abeken. Herr Bucher had been the private friend of Marx and Lassalle, an influential and extremely capable Socialist. Herr Busch carefully noted down every evening the words that had fallen from Prince Bismarck during dinner or at tea. He reproduces them in his book *verbatim*, or sometimes in a summary. Of course we may be sure that he only publishes what he has been authorised to divulge to the public.

What deserves attention is this. The principal agents of Prince Bismarck during the memorable months of the French campaign are three publicists, two of them journalists, who do nothing all day long except to summarise or compose newspaper articles. Opinion, as all the world knows, is in our days the great and supreme power, which in the long run directs events. Bismarck understands this, he has organized this new force on system, and he has insisted on getting it into his own hand. This is why he publishes the *Correspondence de Berlin*, written in French, and intended for the special use of foreign newspapers. It is a deep combination, ingeniously executed. This sheet of yellow paper contains all that the Chancellor has an interest in seeing reproduced in foreign countries—his speeches, any facts favourable to his policy or his views, everything that can produce a good impression. As a curious detail one may notice that this *Correspondence* is printed upon one side of the paper only, so that extracts from it can easily be cut out, and thus newspapers that are printed in French procure all that is placed under the heading of Germany, free of cost. This news, prepared at Berlin, passes into circulation, and appears even in the papers most hostile to German policy. It is because opinion is the queen of the world, that Prince Bismarck, when he started for the campaign, took journalists for aides-de-camp, and it is for the same reason probably that he now permits the publication of Herr Busch's book.

However hostile one may be to Prince Bismarck's policy, it is impossible not to be interested in spite of oneself in what concerns him. This is natural; the history of Europe for fifteen years has his personality for its pivot. It is he who is behind the events that we have seen unrolling themselves under our eyes. As Herr Busch says, even insignificant details strike us when they refer to him. Besides, the Chancellor is not dead. He is still the great factor in the

development of the drama that is proceeding in our sight. If, therefore, we can penetrate his views and his ideas, we shall see more clearly before us. This is what people seek with avidity in the table-talk reported by Herr Busch. He publishes, moreover, summaries of certain episodes that are now finished, according to the direct communication of the Chancellor, and these are of capital importance.

The Chancellor's mode of life is peculiar. He gets up late, towards ten o'clock, because he does not succeed in going to sleep till towards morning. At breakfast he takes tea and two eggs, and after that nothing until dinner, when he eats and drinks freely. Bismarck himself complains of such a regimen, but the habit is formed. In one of the conversations he tells how the nights pass. "My brain," he says, "is incessantly at work. All the combinations of politics come back to me as in a nightmare, and I see everything on its dark side. I fall asleep as soon as my head is on its pillow, but I soon awake and remain awake till dawn. Now and then a dream gives me rest for awhile. I see Varzin—all the trees that I know so well, and the blue sky, and I fancy that I am enjoying it all." Little wonder that sleep should flee from the Chancellor's couch! What varied occupations all day long, what anxieties, what terrible responsibilities weigh upon him every minute of every hour! Herr Busch thus describes the employment of his days:—

"The Chancellor's almost superhuman capability of working, whether creatively, receptively, or critically; of solving the most difficult problems, of instantly hitting upon the right thing to do and seeing the way to do it, was, perhaps, never so remarkably shown as during this time. And it was the more wonderful as but few hours' sleep were allowed for restoring his exhausted powers. As at home so in the field, unless an expected battle called him before daybreak to the King's side, the minister rose most frequently at a late hour, usually about ten. He had, however, sat up the whole night, and had only fallen to sleep when the morning light was shining through the windows. Frequently he resumed his full mental activity before he was fairly out of bed, perusing and annotating despatches, reading the journals, giving instructions to councillors and other fellow-workers, proposing questions and problems of the greatest variety, and even writing or dictating. Later, there were visitors to be received, or audiences to be given, or there was the King to be advised. Then came study of despatches and reports, correction of papers which had been ordered, jotting down of ideas with the large well-known pencil, composition of letters. There was information to be given by telegram, or communications to be made to the press, and in the midst of it all, perhaps, unavoidable receptions, which often must have been anything but welcome. Not till two or perhaps three o'clock, if a considerable halt on the march was made, did the Chancellor allow himself any relaxation, such as a ride in the surrounding country. After that, work again till dinner, between five and six. An hour and a half after dinner at the latest he was again at his writing-table,

and at midnight he was often to be seen reading or committing his thoughts to paper."

It comes out from Herr Busch's book that Prince Bismarck has one supreme aim, the greatness of Germany, and that to this aim he subordinates all the rest as simple means to his end. Even in his university days he dreamed of the unity of Germany:—

"I remember when in Gottingen, upwards of thirty years ago, laying a wager with an American concerning the probable union of Germany within twenty years. The stakes were, the winner to give the loser twenty-five bottles of champagne, the loser to pay a visit to the winner on the other side of the ocean. He betted Germany would not be united, I that it would be. When 1853 arrived, I recollected the affair, and intended to fulfil my part of the bargain. On making inquiries, however, I found that he was dead. I may add that the American's name was hardly suggestive of longevity—Coffin. The curious thing, however, is, that even so long ago as 1833, as the above narrative shows, I must have had a firm faith that that which, with God's help, has happened, would happen, although at that time I was thoroughly opposed to the political societies that were labouring for that end."

As for the means towards the end, this is how he sets forth his policy, at a dinner at Versailles, at which Thiers and M. Jules Favre were present; it was during the negotiations for the surrender of Paris:—

"We must adapt ourselves to facts, to the situation of affairs, to possibilities; we must serve our country according to circumstances, not according to our own opinions, which are often merely prejudices. On his entrance into political life, he had quite other views and aims than now. He has changed much since those early years. After reconsidering a point, he has often not hesitated to sacrifice his own wishes partially or entirely to requirements of the hour, in the public interest. We must not inflict personal inclinations and wishes upon the Fatherland. '*La patrie veut être servie, et pas dominée.*'"

Thus, after the first rout of the French on the frontier, the resolution was taken to keep Alsace. Herr Busch gives a summary of the reasons alleged by Bismarck. "After 1815," he said, "we could not obtain from the Allies good frontiers. In three centuries Germany has been attacked twelve times by France. We should show generosity in vain. We have no gratitude to expect from the conquered. Sooner or later they will insist upon revenge. The only means of security is to give ourselves good frontiers." On another occasion, at dinner, he tells how all his ancestors have fought against France ever since the sixteenth century:—

[ "My father and three of his brothers fought in 1814. Then my grandfather was at Rossbach, my great-grandfather fought against Louis XIV., and his father also in the petty Rhenish wars of 1672 or 1678. Then several of our family fought in the Thirty Years' War on the imperial side, a few with the Swedes. Lastly, one served with the German mercenaries employed by the Huguenots."

We see how patriotism and family tradition act at the same time upon the Chancellor. He feels himself the true representative of Germany. On looking at what is passing, we might be tempted to believe that Prince Bismarck deceived himself. Germany without Alsace would probably have been more secure than with all the forts of Metz and Strasburg.

Herr Busch records certain facts which may explain one of the great political enigmas of the time. In May, 1875, Germany was preparing to exact the disarmament of France. I happened to be in Paris at that moment. Paying a visit to the Princess Orloff, who was persuaded of the imminence of war, I met Madame F., wife of a German minister at Brussels. This lady said she had seen the English Minister at the Court of Brussels on the eve of her departure from that city, and that having asked him when he was going for his summer holiday, he answered, "It will not do for us to leave our post; we shall be lucky if we are not driven away by French or German troops." One of my college friends, belonging to the Ministry of War, confirmed the fact of the gravity of the situation. "We are aware," said he, "what are the terms that Russia is bent on imposing upon us: to reduce our army to 200,000 men, and to abandon all work on the fortifications. We are in no condition to resist, we shall withdraw our troops behind the Loire. It is for Europe to consider whether she wishes Germany definitely to occupy France." As we know, Europe did intervene. England actively used her influence at Berlin. The Emperor of Russia did still more, for he rushed in all haste to Berlin in person, along with his Chancellor, and after interviews which filled all Europe with excitement, Prince Gortschakoff launched his famous telegram—"Peace is now assured." These were the facts. What was the explanation? Two years ago Prince Bismarck declaimed with the greatest indignation against the calumnies of the newspapers on this subject. Quite recently, in a conversation with the *Times* correspondent, he declared that it was Prince Gortschakoff who sought to get credit for preserving the peace of Europe. Is this explanation admissible? Did England and Russia in 1875 dream a dream of imaginary danger? Was the famous despatch of Prince Gortschakoff a mere falsehood? Surely this is very difficult to believe. On the other hand, can we suppose that Prince Bismarck, who thinks so much of the judgment of history, would have the effrontery to deny an actual circumstance, the proofs of which are capable of being brought into the light of day? All would be explained by admitting the existence and the strength of a military party by the side of, and as it were over the head of, Prince Bismarck himself. Herr Busch reports to us at every instant the bitter complaints of the Chancellor, of the ignorance in which he was left by the generals. "I always learn



too late," he says, "what I ought to know before all others; the foreigner knows more than I do; and yet it is I who will have to treat about peace. How can I fix my plans, if I am ignorant of the facts which are to serve as their base?" He even complains of being put into bad quarters by the military people.

"In general the worst possible provision was made for the Foreign Office. The most uncomfortable lodgings were constantly assigned to the head of the department, and uncomfortable lodgings, as luck would have it, were always to be found. 'Yes,' says the Chancellor, laughing, 'it is really too bad, the way they behave to me. And what ingratitude on the part of these military gentlemen towards one who always served them so well in the Chamber at home! They shall see, however, how different I can be. I have come out to the field in the spirit of a loyal soldier; I shall return home in the spirit of a member of the Opposition.'"

On another occasion the Chancellor gives an account how he passed the night after the victory of Sadowa.

"The word was given that the gentlemen should find their own quarters. This was, however, more easily said than done. The houses were closed, and one would have needed pioneers to break open the doors. But these would not arrive before five o'clock in the morning.' 'Your Excellency know how to help yourself at Gravelotte,' remarked Delbrück. 'Well, I went into Hirschitz,' continued the minister, 'past several houses, and at last I found an open door. Having advanced a couple of steps over the threshold, I fell into a sort of wolf's pit. Fortunately it was not deep, and, as I soon became convinced, there was horsedung therein. At first I thought, How now if I never come out again? I was soon, however, aware, by reason of the smell, that something else was there. How oddly things sometimes happen! If that pit had been twenty feet deep and full, the next morning they would have had to look long for their minister-president. I got out again, and found shelter under the arcade of the market-place. I made a bed of a couple of carriage cushions, took a third for a pillow, and stretched myself in hope of getting sleep. When I had laid myself down I felt my hand touch something wet, and on investigation it turned out to be the filth of the cattle-market.'"

The Chancellor had been given to complaining of his quarters from old days. So far back as 1862, one of his letters records his grumblings about the quarters of the German embassy at Paris:—

"The house is nicely situated, but is dark, damp, and cold. The sunny side is taken up with stairs and *nonvaleurs*, everything is towards the north, and smells of drainage and dry-rot. Not a single piece of furniture is uncovered, no nook where one would like to sit down; three-fourths of the house are locked up, and covered up, like the 'best parlour;' and, without topsy-turvy-ing all, the arrangement not available for everyday use. The maids live three, the children two, stories high; the first-floor contains only the bedroom with a huge bed, and besides this, one old-fashioned drawing-room (style 1811) after the other, many staircases and anterooms. The actual dwelling-rooms are on

the ground-floor, looking to the north, next to the garden, in which I warm myself whenever the sun shines—at the utmost three times a week for a few hours. . . Besides this, in the whole first-floor, only one bedroom, and nothing else, and the whole home-life two stories high; narrow, dark, steep stairs, which I cannot pass on account of my breadth of shoulder—and without crinoline. The main-staircase goes only as far as the first-floor, but to make up for it, three ladder-like ones at both ends of the house up to the top. In this way Hatzfeld and Pourtales have existed all the time, but have also died there in the prime of life; and if I remain in this house I shall also die sooner than I want to. I would not care to live in it as a free gift, if only for the smell.”

And in the same interesting volume<sup>1</sup> we have the same complaints against people who do not measure the niceties of diplomatic requirements. Writing after Sadowa, he says:—

“Matters are going well with us; if we are not immoderate in our demands, and do not imagine that we have conquered the world, we shall acquire a peace, which will be worth the trouble. But we are just as quickly intoxicated as discouraged, and I have the ungrateful task of pouring water in the foaming wine, and to make them see that we are not living alone in Europe, but with three neighbours still.”

And again:—

“To-morrow we expect to be in Berlin. Great contention about the speech from the throne. The good people have not enough to do, and see nothing but their own nose, and exercise their swimming powers on the stormy waves of phrase. Our enemies we can manage, but our friends! They almost all of them wear blinkers, and see only one spot of the world.”

Instead of reporting in detail the different stories of the Chancellor on the subject of the Benedetti episode in 1866, Herr Busch thinks it his duty to give a mere summary of them. It is not unlikely, therefore, that we have before us a version that has been revised by Prince Bismarck himself. This version is confirmed by the revelations that have recently been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the papers of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. We only see there, it would appear, that after Sadowa M. Benedetti would concede no more to Prussia than a slight rectification of the frontier. At Paris Herr von Goltz obtained nothing from M. Drouyn de Lhuys. “If you take what you require,” said he, “you will have to give us compensation on our bank of the Rhine.” Herr von Goltz went to see the Emperor in person, and obtained at once far more from him than Bismarck had hoped. Napoleon III. reckoned on indemnifying himself with Belgium and Luxemburg. This is what comes out in the story of Herr Busch. According to him, M. Benedetti at first demanded the cession of the left bank of the

(1) An English translation has recently been published by Sir Fitzhardinge Maxse. (Chapman & Hall. 1878.)

Rhine as far as Mainz. The last word of Prince Bismarck was, "Never! War sooner."

"Turn the attention of his Imperial Majesty to the point that such a war may, under certain circumstances, become a war attended with shocks of revolution, and that in face of revolutionary dangers the German dynasties would prove to be more firmly established than the dynasty of the Emperor Napoleon."

"Upon this conference of the 12th of August followed a concessory letter of the Emperor, and the curtain of the first act fell with the withdrawal of the demand for German territory. Only four days later, however, began the second act of the drama, the question of Belgium. In a letter of the 16th of August, which was brought to Count Benedetti, by a M. Chauvy, from Paris, and which contained '*le résumé le plus succinct et le plus précis possible*' of his instructions, it runs—

"1. The negotiation is to be of a friendly character.

"2. It must in essentials, be confidential (here follow the names of the persons who are to take part in it).

"3. Regard always being had to the probabilities of success, let your demands run through in order the three following phases:—In the first place, having brought into juxtaposition the question of the boundaries of 1814 and the annexation of Belgium, you must ask the cession of Landau, Saarlouis, and Saarbrück, as well as withdrawal from the duchy of Luxemburg, all by open treaty. Further, you should endeavour to procure an offensive and defensive alliance, which must be secret, as authorisation and support of our future incorporation of Belgium. Secondly, should the attainment of all the above ends appear to you impossible, you may abandon Saarlouis and Saarbrück, even Landau, that old cory (vieille bicoque), which might excite German feeling against us, and limit the open agreements to the duchy of Luxemburg, the secret ones to the union of Belgium with France. Thirdly, if the proposal for the absolute union of Belgium with France encounters too great difficulties, suggest an article whereby it shall be agreed, in order to avoid objections on the part of England, that Antwerp shall become a free town. But in no case are you to assent to the union of Antwerp with Holland or of Maestricht with Prussia. If Herr von Bismarck asks what advantage a treaty of this kind is to bring him, the answer would be simply as follows: He secures an important ally, he confirms all his recent gains, he only consents to the taking of what does not belong to him, and he makes no single serious sacrifice in return for the advantages he obtains. Thus, then, a public treaty, which assigns us Luxemburg at least; a secret treaty, stipulating for an alliance offensive and defensive; acquiescence in the incorporation of Belgium at such time as may seem fitting to ourselves; and promise of assistance, even with arms, from Prussia—there you have the general terms of the contemplated compact."

"To this Benedetti replies, on the 23rd of August, 1866, that he fully understands the imperial proposals, and has found it necessary to limit the negotiations to Luxemburg and Belgium. He adds that instead of two treaties one has been proposed, to be in part public, in part private. The proposals thus revised gave satisfaction at Paris, but some time was taken for their detailed consideration. The main points insisted on continued to be—the immediate acquisition of Luxemburg, and the ultimate annexation of Belgium to be

secured by an alliance offensive and defensive. The result of the further deliberations at Paris appears in the following remarks contained in a fresh letter to Benedetti :—

“ ‘This combination is all reconciling ; it puts an end to the painful tension of feeling in France, through the attainment of an immediate satisfaction, and the direction of attention to Belgium. It also preserves as much secrecy as is necessary in respect of the alliance, as well as of the projected annexations. If you think that even the cession of Luxemburg should be concealed till the very moment when we lay hands on Belgium, I desire you to justify such an estimate of the position of affairs by observations in detail. An indefinite postponement of the cession of territory might lead to an ominous acceleration of the Belgian question.’ ”

“ At the close of the letter Benedetti is empowered, if he thinks it necessary, to proceed for some time to Carlsbad. Count Benedetti answered this letter on the 29th of August. Here, for the first time, he gives expression to a doubt whether Prussia's sincerity in the matter is to be reckoned upon. He observes that he is met by a certain fear on the part of Count Bismarck lest the Emperor Napoleon should be making use of such negotiations, in order to excite suspicion in England with respect to the policy of Prussia. He says, ‘What amount of confidence can we on our side repose in people who are capable of such calculations ?’ He calls attention to the presence of General Mantouffiel in St. Petersburg, and fears ‘that Prussia may be seeking assurances in other quarters. Prussia needs, as Herr von Bismarck asserts he has told the King, alliance with one great power ; if there exists a disinclination for an alliance with France, it can only be because provision has already been made, or is about to be made, elsewhere.’ Benedetti thinks the moment has arrived for repairing to Carlsbad for a fortnight, where he will hold himself ready to return to Berlin on receipt of a telegram from Herr von Bismarck. During his absence, however, the President of the Council also left Berlin, not to return before December. The secret negotiations were thus suspended for several months. Later on they were resumed at different times, but always at Benedetti's suggestion. The conduct of France, at the time of the controversy concerning the Belgian railways, renders it far from incredible that she had not, even at that date, abandoned all hope of obtaining the adhesion of North Germany to her pet project.”

Herr Busch records the judgment of the Chancellor on the course that Napoleon III. ought to have taken in 1866. “He wanted courage and energy to execute his plans. At the beginning of hostilities against Austria, he ought to have seized what he wished to obtain by the Benedetti treaty, and to have kept it as a pledge against future events. We could not have stopped him, and it is not very likely that England would have done so. In any case, he could have awaited her with a firm foot. If we proved victorious he ought to have led us on to push our advantages even to excess. But he has never been anything but a dreamer.” It is clear, then, that at that time Bismarck would have sacrificed Belgium to secure the aid of France. The idea, no doubt, came from the Tuileries, but he never repelled it.

At another dinner, the Chancellor spoke also of the Luxemburg affair of 1867. He says that he advised the King to yield, and he defends his policy against those who were at that time for war—that is to say, evidently, again the military party. The troops of Bavaria, Baden, even Wurtemberg, were not ready, and we were not sure of their support. “While I was at the Tuileries,” he added, “at the time of the Exposition, I said to myself,—Who knows whether, if we had had war at that moment, the French would have been at Berlin, or our armies at Paris.” Count Moltke had none of these doubts. On the return of the King of Prussia from this same visit to Paris, Moltke stayed at Brussels. After a dinner at the Court, they talked over their coffee of the recent Luxemburg incident. “As a man,” said he, “I cannot but rejoice that we have escaped war. But as a soldier and a Prussian, I regret it. We were ready, and the French were not. In three weeks I should have led our armies up to the walls of Paris.” The generals present all exclaimed at this; they thought that he was intoxicated with his great success of the previous year in Bohemia, and that he had lost his balance. “Bring a map,” answered Moltke, “and I will show you our campaign.” He then pointed out almost the exact stages of 1870, except that one of the German armies, debouching from Luxemburg, which was then in the power of Germany, turned Metz. When we think that the French troops had not then their chassepots, we are inclined to think Count Moltke was right. At this time it seems that Bismarck did not know the full power of the arm at his disposal, or else he would have acted at that moment. He foresaw that Napoleon would be forced by dynastic interest to make himself master of Belgium, and to go to war with Prussia. “The quarrel picked with Belgium about the railways,” added the Chancellor one evening, “proves that Napoleon had not given up his ideas. I should like to reunite Luxemburg to Belgium, whose neutrality was guaranteed by England. We should thus have fortified the German element in that country against the *Fransquillons*, and we should have got a good frontier, but I found no support.”

As it happens, in one of Prince Bismarck's published letters, he is found to express so far back as 1859 and the Italian campaign, the same confidence which Moltke expressed in 1867. We need hardly apologise for introducing the whole of the letter, to which this is the tail. Count Bismarck was then at St. Petersburg:—

“PETERHOF, 28th June, '59.

“From the date at the head of this letter you see I am up again. I drove here this morning to take leave of the Empress-Dowager, who sails to-morrow. I find that she has really something motherly in her amiable and natural manner, and I can speak out to her as if I had known her from childhood. She talked with me to-day for a long time about all sorts of things. She lay,

dressed in black on a couch, in a balcony with a view on the fresh foliage, knitting with long needles at a white and red woollen shawl, and I could have listened for hours to her deep voice and honest laughing and scolding, so homelike was it to me. I had come in evening dress, and only for a couple of hours; but as she finally said she did not wish to take leave of me yet awhile, but that I probably had an immense deal to do, I declared: 'Not the least;' and she: 'Then stay here until I start to-morrow.' I took the invitation with pleasure as a command, as it is charming here and so stony in Petersburg. Imagine the heights of Oliva and Zoppot all connected by park and garden, and with a dozen mansions and terraces; fountains and ponds between, with shady walks and lawns right down to the sea; blue sky and warm sun with white clouds; out over the green sea of tree-tops, the real blue sea, with sails and gulls. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time. In a few hours the Emperor and Gortschakoff come, when a little business will probably intrude on the idyl; but, thank God, it looks a little more peaceful in the world in spite of our mobilisation, and I need be less anxious touching certain resolutions. I am sorry for the Austrian soldiers. How must they be led that they get beaten every time? and again on the 24th! It is a lesson for the Ministry, which they, in their obstinacy, will not take to heart. *France, less than Austria, should I fear, for the moment, if we had to take up war.*"

But let us return to the events of 1870. Herr Busch gives many interesting details as to the battles at Metz and at Sedan, and of the interviews between Napoleon and Count Bismarck. But all this is well known. The only point to be noticed is that the Chancellor expected to find himself attacked by Victor Emmanuel, who would have liked to march to the succour of France, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his minister. I am told in Italy, where I am writing these pages, of a saying of Signor Sella. He is, it appears, one of the two Italian politicians who predicted the success of Germany. The King was indignant at his resistance to a policy of action. "I would have you know," cried the King, "that we do not conduct the affairs of a great state like those of a cloth factory." Signor Sella, who happened to be largely interested in cloth manufacture at Biella, answered, "Your Majesty will allow me to say, that a state ought no more than a factory to take in hand a piece of business, in which it is sure to make a loss."

It was during the siege of Paris, while Bismarck and seine Leute were established in the house of Madame Jeffé, that Herr Busch was able most easily to gather up the Chancellor's table-talk. On the 29th October, at dinner, the Chancellor tells how Napoleon has asked of him that Marshals Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Canrobert should be allowed to join him at Wilhelmshöhe. "I see no harm in it," said he; "I will recommend the thing to the King. There will be four of them—just enough for a game of whist. So many extraordinary things happen in these days, that it may come to pass that Napoleon will assemble the Legislative Chamber and the Senate at Cassel, to

deliberate on peace. Then I will call together the Reichstag at Versailles. The various parties will all come, except the Fortschritts-partei. These are like the Russians, who want to eat cherries in winter and oysters in summer. When a Russian goes into a shop he asks for *kak nje bud*, that is to say, What they have not got."

At this time Napoleon believed himself sure of returning to France with the support of the army, and Count Bismarck thought so too. It was still with him that he thought of negotiating the treaty of peace.

The prolongation of the siege of Paris stirs his liveliest impatience. He presses without cessation for the bombardment. "Oh, if I were sovereign," he cries, "I should know how to be heard, but I am not sovereign. I am never consulted, or I would go hang myself rather than consent to all this sentimental business." We feel that he is afraid of the intervention of Europe, but he did his best to protect himself on the side of the East by assuring himself of the support of Russia—through the revision of the treaties of 1856.

At the moment when Russia announced that she desired to recover her freedom of action in the Black Sea, busy negotiations took place between the Chancellor and Mr. Odo Russell, who had been despatched to Versailles as English envoy. Count Bismarck liked Mr. Odo Russell. "At first," he said, "I distrusted him. I have always found that Englishmen who speak French particularly well are people to beware of, and Odo Russell speaks and writes it perfectly. Still, he is frank and natural; I am well satisfied with him. He speaks German too as well as French." The English envoy pressed him to defend the Treaty of 1856. "But I have no interest in it," answered he. Mr. Russell proceeded to ask him to engage to remain neutral in case of a conflict between England and Russia. "I answered him," said the Chancellor—

"Such an engagement belonged to the department of hypothetical politics, to which I was no friend. Everything depended upon circumstances. For the present we saw no reason for taking part in the affair. That ought to suffice him. For the rest, I was not of the opinion that gratitude had no place in politics. The present Emperor had shown himself friendly and well-disposed towards us; Austria on the other hand had hitherto been rather unsociable and sometimes very ambiguous; and as for England—well, he knew what we owed to her. The friendliness of the Emperor was the result of old relations, such as family ties; but it owed its force to the perception that our respective interests did not clash. How it might be in the future no one could say, and so it was better to be silent on the point."

The Chancellor added, "They accuse the Russians of being ambitious, but this time they could have asked for far more than the freedom of the Black Sea." He defends himself from the desire that is imputed to him of seizing one or other of the French

colonies. "They are good for nothing, except to be a source of disquiet. As for us in Germany, colonies would be very much like the silk robes and zibelines of Polish nobles who had not a shirt to their backs."

On the 1st of December, at dessert, we see that the idea of an enormous war indemnity has already taken form in his mind. They spoke of French gold pieces. He took one up on the end of his finger as if to weigh it.

"A hundred million double-Napoleons, that would be about the cost of the war up to the present time—later it would cost more—four thousand million francs. Four thousand thalers in gold would weigh a hundredweight, thirty hundredweight could be drawn in a waggon by a good pair of horses. I remember, I once had to take home from Berlin fourteen thousand thalers in gold; it was pretty heavy! We should want at that rate about eight hundred waggons."

This would seem to show that the Bonapartists are in the right when they declare that if France had made peace earlier she would have paid two milliards instead of five. But who would have consented to the mutilation of the territory before the last resources had been exhausted? Such a peace would never have been ratified by the country, and this accusation against the Republican government has no foundation.

In one of his conversations Prince Bismarck speaks of his religious sentiments. He does not believe in morality independent of religious beliefs.

"How people could live together in any orderly way, each one doing his own work and letting others do theirs, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who intends goodness, in a supreme judge and a future life, is above my comprehension."

"If I ceased to be a Christian, I should not remain at my post another hour. If I could not repose trust in God, I should not heed earthly masters. I should have something to live upon, and should be fine gentleman enough!"

"Why should I strain every nerve and labour incessantly in this world, expose myself to perplexities and annoyances, if I did not feel the burden of a duty imposed by a divine being? If I did not believe in a providence which had destined this German nation for something good and great, I should instantly retire from the diplomatic profession, or rather should never have entered it at all! Orders and titles are no incentives to me."

"The public stand that I have made for ten long years against all possible absurdities has been due solely to the firmness of my faith. Take this faith away from me, and you take away my fatherland. If I had not been rigorously orthodox, if my religion had not had a supernatural basis, the German Federation would never have had its present chancellor."

The Chancellor winds up this tirade of true emotion in the following words: "How willingly would I go away! I love the life of the fields, of the woods, of nature. Take away from me my belief in



God, and to-morrow morning I pack my portmanteau, set off for Varzin, and grow my corn." This point is worth remarking. We find here again an aspect of resemblance between the Chancellor and the father of Frederick II., so strikingly depicted by Carlyle. A true son of nature, violent, harsh, even ferocious, down to his very sallies and pleasantries, but pious and guided by the sentiment of duty according to his lights.

The readers of Prince Bismarck's letters in the volume to which we have already referred, will remember the reply which he once made to the remonstrances of a devout friend against a certain want of godliness in walk and conversation. The reply is long, but it is too curious to be omitted from any study of this singular personality.

"Though my time is very limited, I cannot refuse to answer a question which is put to me in Christ's name, and out of an honest heart. I am heartily sorry if I give offence to believing Christians, but I am certain that in my position this cannot be avoided. I will not stop to remark that there are undoubtedly a great number of Christians in the parties opposed to me by political necessity, who are far ahead of me on the way to salvation, with whom, notwithstanding, I have to live in strife, by virtue of matters which are, on both sides, purely of this earth; I will confine myself to your own remark: 'Not a single thing committed or omitted remains unknown to the outside world.' Where is the man who, in such a position, would not give offence, justly or unjustly? I grant you here more than is the case, for your assertion of remaining unknown is not correct. Would to God, that besides that which is known to the world, I had no other sins upon my soul, and for which I only hope for forgiveness, trusting in the blood of Christ. As a statesman, I am not, according to my feeling, sufficiently indifferent; cowardly rather; and that because it is not easy, in the questions which come before me, always to gain that inward clearness of vision on whose soil confidence in God springs up. He who calls me an unconscientious politician does me wrong; let him first put his own conscience to the proof on this battle-field. With regard to the Virchow affair, I am past the time of life when one takes advice from flesh and blood in such matters. When I stake my life for a matter, I do so in that faith which I have in long and severe struggling, but in honest and humble prayer to God strengthened; a faith which no word of man, even that of a friend in Christ and a servant of his church, can overthrow. As regards church-going, it is incorrect that I never go into God's house. I have been for almost seven months either absent or ill; who, then, has observed it? I willingly confess it might occur oftener; but it is not so much from want of time, as consideration for my health that it is omitted, especially in winter; and to those who feel themselves called upon to be my judge in this matter I will willingly give minuter information about it; you yourself will believe me without medical details. : You see, from the circumstantiality with which I give you information, that I take your letter as a well-meant one, and that I do not seek, in any way, to raise myself above the judgment of those who own the same belief as myself. But from your friendship, and your own Christian knowledge, I expect that you will recommend to my censors the practice of caution and charity on future occasions; we

all have need of them. If among the total number of sinners who come short of the glory of God, I hope that his mercy may not take away from me the staff of humble belief, with which I try to find my way in all the dangers and doubts of my position; this confidence shall neither make me deaf to reproving words of friends, nor angry against uncharitable and arrogant censure."

He talks on one occasion of his student days and his duels. "I must have fought more than twenty times," he said, "without being wounded once. I knew well enough how to speak and write Latin, but now I should have some trouble to do either, and I have entirely forgotten Greek. I cannot understand why they keep up that old language. It is because scholars do not wish to lessen the merit of what they have spent so much time in learning. They pretend that it is for the sake of its grammatical forms; but Russian is as rich in forms as Greek, and at least that would serve a practical end."

Another day at tea he says that the Berlin newspapers complain that they always have worse information than the English newspapers, and he asks Herr Busch how that is. "It is," answers Herr Busch, "because the English have more money: so they are everywhere the first. They are recommended to persons in the highest station, and military people don't know how to keep secrets!" "Then," answered the Chancellor, "it is the fault of circumstances, and not mine. Write an article to explain that to them."

On the 30th of November Mr. Odo Russell dines at the Chancellor's table. The conversation turns on the facilities that ministers might have for making money on the Stock Exchange, by availing themselves of news which they have before other people. Events often cheat calculation.

" 'I was entrusted,' he said, 'with the office of conferring with Napoleon about the Nuremberg affair. It must have been in the spring of 1857. I had to ask him what attitude he would assume in relation to the matter. Now, I knew that he would declare himself in a favourable sense, and that meant war with Switzerland. On passing through Frankfort I called upon Rothschild, with whom I was acquainted, and requested him to sell certain stock for me, as I felt sure a fall would soon set in. 'I would not advise it,' said Rothschild. 'The stock has good prospects, as you will shortly find.' 'May be,' I said, 'but if you knew what I know you would think differently.' He replied, 'that might be so, but still he could not advise the sale.' I, however, knew better, sold my stocks, and continued my journey. At Paris Napoleon was very pleasant and amiable. Certainly he could not accede to the king's wish to be allowed to march through Alsace and Lorraine, as that would cause too much excitement in France; but, for the rest, he fully approved of the undertaking. It could only give him satisfaction, if the democrats were cleared out of their den. So far, then, I had been successful. But I had not calculated upon the change of policy which had meanwhile occurred at Berlin—probably through taking Austria into account—and the affair was given up. No war resulted. The stock continued to rise, and I was left to lament that I no longer held any share of it.'"

The judgments of the Chancellor on French statesmen are far from indulgent. After his first interview with Thiers, he talks about him to his secretaries. "He is a charming man, extremely intelligent, full of wit, but he is worth absolutely nothing as a negotiator, not even to bargain for the sale of a pair of horses. He lets you surprise him; he betrays all that he has felt; nothing is easier than to get from him whatever you wish. I have made him tell me a quantity of things, as for instance that in Paris they have only food for three or four weeks."

One evening at dinner, at which Mr. Odo Russell was present, he insists on the difficulties that beset the position of an English minister at Berlin. "He needs to have great power of attention, and much tact." Then he comes to the French ministers, Ollivier and Grammont. "If I had been unlucky enough to have done what they have done, I would have enlisted in a regiment, or I would have turned franc-tireur, at the risk of being shot. It is inconceivable how Napoleon should have taken such a man as Grammont for his minister." "Napoleon," said he another day, "whatever one may think of the *coup d'état*, is really very kindly, full of sensibility, or even *sentimentality*; it is only his intelligence and his information that are below the mark. Though he was brought up in Germany, he is very ignorant of geography, and he nourishes all sorts of fantastic dreams. In July, in the beginning of the war, he remained three days without coming to any definite resolution, and to-day even he does not know what he wishes. With us he could not pass the examination of referendarius. He was always expecting a revolution at Berlin. I said to him, 'Sir, in Prussia it is only kings who make revolutions.' He said of me, 'Bismarck is not a serious personage.' I did not remind him of the saying at our interview at Donchery."

Here is an outbreak against diplomatists: "As for their correspondence, it is all paper and ink, and nothing more. What is terrible is when they think it their duty to write at length. They send you ordinarily cuttings from old newspapers. One has a better idea of the situation from the press, though for that matter governments know how to use this also. There, at any rate, things are clearly set forth; only one must know the tendencies and the influences in each country. The chief things, after all, are private letters, and confidential, and above all personal, communications. All that is never said in despatches."

Prince Bismarck has always remained a true type of a country gentleman; he loves his woods and his fields, he is thrifty, like every good Prussian, he knows how to count, he complains of being straitened.

"I was better off before I was Chancellor. The ennoblement has ruined me."

I have been pinched ever since. Formerly I used to look upon myself as simply a country gentleman, but now, belonging in a way to the peerage, I find that claims upon me are increasing, and my estates bring me in nothing. As ambassador at Frankfort I had always something over, and at St. Petersburg, too, where there was no need to keep up any style, and I really kept up none.' He spoke often of the pine-meal and pasteboard manufactory of Varzin, about which he seemed to be very sanguine. The proprietor pays him interest for money which he has sunk in mills and other plant. How much would that be? somebody asked. 'From forty to fifty thousand thalers. He pays me for the water-power, which had not been utilised before, two thousand thalers annually; he purchases the pine-logs, which I could hardly myself turn to account; and after the expiration of thirty years he will have to return me all the mills in as good a condition as when he received them. There is only one there now, but there will soon be another at the point where the water falls with more force, and later on a third.' What is the precise nature of the manufacture? Pasteboard, for bookbinding, packing, band-boxes, and the like, chiefly for Berlin; also pine-meal, which is sent to England, where, after being dissolved and mixed with other materials, it is converted into paper; and he described everything as if he were in the trade himself."

People often attribute to Prince Bismarck schemes of inordinate conquest, like those of Napoleon I. In the conversations reported by Herr Busch he seems wiser. They said to him one evening that after Koniggratz he could have obtained greater advantages, perhaps Austrian Silesia, or even Bohemia. The Chancellor answered,

"Possibly. But, money—what more had they to give? Bohemia, now, would have been something, and there existed people, who had that in their minds. But we should only have got into difficulties over it, and Austrian Silesia was not of much value to us. Just there regard for the imperial house and attachment to Austria are very strong. In these matters the proper question is, what will be useful, not, how much can be got."

The dramatic part of Herr Busch's book is that which concerns the negotiations for the armistice and the peace with Jules Favre and Thiers. Vanquished by hunger, Paris asked to capitulate. But the Chancellor insisted on attaching this capitulation to a provisional treaty. Then comes the debate as to the conditions, and we all know how hard they were. What could the negotiators do? The Chancellor held them in a grasp of iron; all resistance was impossible. On Monday, the 23rd of January, M. Jules Favre comes to Versailles to treat. The Chancellor conducts him to the King in the evening, and then returns to take tea. He seems delivered from all his troubles. He whistles a hunting song—a song telling how the stag is down. "Do you know the tune?" he says to his cousin Bismarck Bohlen. "Surely," answers the other: "has the chase been good?" "Yes," replies the Chancellor; "it is all over." This hunting air at such a moment makes one shudder. It is like a touch in Shakespeare.

A few days after, he recounts certain details of his interview with Jules Favre. "I said to him, 'You have been betrayed by fortune.' He understood the phrase, but replied simply, 'To whom do you say that? In less than three days I also shall be counted among the betrayers; I cannot answer for my life!' I submitted an idea to him: 'Then provoke an insurrection, while you have an army to put it down.' He looked at me with affright, as if he would have said, 'But you are a drinker of blood.'" M. Thiers is treated still more harshly. On the 22nd of February Prince Bismarck recounts to his secretaries some points in their conversation. Here is one that is very characteristic. "At one condition that I laid before him, he was overcome by indignation, and cried out, '*Mais c'est une indignité!*'"

"I was not at all put out by it, but resumed in German. He listened for some time, and evidently did not know what to make of it. Then he began in a querulous tone: '*Mais, Monsieur le Comte, vous savez bien, que je ne sais point allemand.*' I replied, now in French: 'When you spoke just now of *indignité*, I found that my knowledge of French was defective, and preferred therefore to speak German, in which language I know what I say and hear.' He immediately understood what I meant, and wrote down as a point to be conceded what I had demanded, and what he previously had styled an indignity. And yesterday," he continued, "he spoke of Europe as certain to interfere, if we did not moderate our demands. I replied: 'If you talk of Europe, I shall speak of Napoleon.' He took no heed of that; there was nothing to fear in that quarter. I bade him remember the Plébiscite and the peasants, and the officers and soldiers. The Guard could only recover its position under Napoleon, and in certain easily conceivable eventualities, the soldiers, now prisoners in Germany, might be won over by hundreds of thousands, and it would only be necessary to send them armed over the frontier, and France would be imperial again. . . . If they granted us good conditions, they might even have an Orleans if they liked, although we were well aware that in that case the war would begin again in two or three years. If not, we should mingle in their internal affairs—which we had avoided doing hitherto—and they would have Napoleon again. That must have had its effect, for to-day, when he was on the point of bringing up the subject of Europe again, he suddenly stopped and said, 'Excuse me.' For the rest, I like him extremely; he has a good head, excellent tact, and can state a point remarkably well. I am often very sorry for him, too, for his position is a deplorable one. But nothing can avail him."

Prince Bismarck might have understood that when a man is reduced to deliver up his country in its last throes to a conqueror, he may well feel some emotion. In any case the work of Thiers survives him. He paid the ransom for the deliverance of France, and by preserving it from anarchy he restored it to its true position in Europe, and enabled it to win a sympathy which was never given to it under the Empire. We may doubt whether Thiers would have found any solace in the kind of reflection with which in 1859 Bis-

mark wound up some very gloomy meditations upon the prospect of his country being dragged into war in the wake of Austria, and for Austrian purposes. "As God wills!" he writes; "after all, everything here is only a question of time, nations and individuals, folly and wisdom, war and peace; they come and go like the waves, but the sea remains. There is nothing on this earth but hypocrisy and jugglery; and whether fever or grapeshot tear off this fleshly mask, fall it must sooner or later; and then, granted that they are equal in height, a likeness will, after all, turn up between a Prussian and an Austrian, which will make it difficult to distinguish them. The stupid, and the clever too, look pretty much alike when their bones are well picked. With such views, a man certainly gets rid of his specific patriotism; but it would indeed be a subject for despair if our salvation depended on them."

We may now perhaps best conclude with one or two extracts, taken almost at random from Herr Busch's pages, but all serving to illustrate this or the other trait of a strongly marked character.

"Somebody observed that the soldiers had somewhere terribly cudgelled a curé who had been discovered a traitor. The minister promised again the energy of the Bavarians, and added, 'One should either treat these people as considerately as possible, or make them harmless; one or the other.' And after a little reflection he added, 'Be polite by all means up to the last round of the gallows-ladder, but still the man is hanged. We can be rude only towards friends, when we are certain that they don't take it amiss. How rude is one, for example, towards one's wife, in comparison with other ladies!'"

There is some confusion between truth and expediency in the first of the two following extracts, and in both there is a curious regard for public opinion, though in the latter it is treated with forced contempt:—

"I had the pleasure to telegraph news of a fresh victory of the German arms, that is to say, Garibaldi had yesterday got a severe thrashing near Dijon, and the troops of Prince Frederic Charles had on the same day defeated a French force exceeding their own in number, by Beaune la Roland. When I submitted the second telegram to the Chancellor, he observed, 'Many hundred prisoners says nothing. Many hundred means at least a thousand, and if we give the loss on our side as a thousand men, but only say of the enemy that he has experienced a greater loss, that is a piece of clumsiness which others may permit themselves, but not we. I beg of you in the future to make your telegrams a little more politic.'"

"On one occasion he observed to Reggenbach, 'I have just looked through the outtings from the journals. How they fly out against the treaties! They won't say a good word for them—the *National Zeitung*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The *Weiser Zeitung* is as usual the most reasonable. How truly must we put up with criticism. But we are responsible if anything comes to pass, while the critics are irresponsible. It is all the same to me whether they blame me,

provided the matter is only successful in the Imperial Diet. History may say, The wretched Chancellor might have managed things better; but I was responsible.' ”

c There is an odious flavour about the following :—

“The Minister continued : ‘I think that if the Parisians have once obtained a supply of provisions, and are then put on half rations and obliged to feel hunger again, that will prove effectual. It is the same as with the whipping-post. When a man there is beaten for some time without a pause, it loses its effect. But when the process is interrupted and then recommenced, that is anything but agreeable. I know that from my experience of the criminal court. There beating was still practised.’ ”

Nobody will be surprised at the value set on parliamentary eloquence by such a man as Prince Bismarck—*impiger, iracundus inexorabilis, acer* :—

“The gift of eloquence has spoiled much in parliamentary life. So much time is needed, since all who think they can do something must have their say, even when they have nothing new to bring forward. There is too much talking in the air, and too little to the purpose. Everything is already arranged in the party meetings; and so they speak in the house solely for the public, to whom they want to show what they can do, and still more for the newspapers, which are expected to praise.” “The day will yet come when eloquence will be regarded as a quality injurious to the State, and punished when it is guilty of a long speech.” “We have one assembly,” he continued, “which practises no eloquence, and which has nevertheless done more for German interests than any other—that is the Federal Council (*Bundesrath*). I remember, indeed, that at first some attempts were made in this direction. But I cut that short—at last I addressed them somewhat in these words : ‘Gentlemen, we have nothing to do here with eloquence, with speeches which are intended to convince, because everybody brings his conviction with him in his pocket—that is to say his instructions. It is mere waste of time. I think we had better confine ourselves to the representation of facts.’ And so it was. Nobody attempted a long speech after that. For this reason business was dispatched much more quickly, and the Council has really accomplished much.”

An incident of the entry into Paris is worth recording :—

“The Chief related at dinner that he had gone into Paris with the troops, and had been recognised by the people. Nevertheless, no demonstration against him followed. There was one man, however, who scowled at him in a very noticeable way. The minister at once rode up and begged a light of him, and the request was readily acceded to.’ ”

Prince Bismarck’s contempt for France is sometimes brought in by head and ears, as witness an illustration from the classics :—

“The conversation turning upon mythology, he said that ‘he never could take to Apollo.’ He had ‘fled a man (Marsyas) out of pure conceit and envy, and shot dead the daughters of Niobe from similar motives. He is,’ he con-

tinned, 'the genuine type of a Frenchman; he is one of those who can't bear that any one should play the flute better than themselves.' His being on the side of the Trojans, too, did not recommend him. His man would have been honest Vulcan, or, better still, Neptune—perhaps on account of the *Quis ego!* which however, he left unsaid."

The following jottings may fill up a hearty and rather coarse picture:—

"We had before us cognac, claret, and sparkling hock. Somebody mentioned beer, and thought we ought to have this too. The minister replied: 'We don't want that. The extensive use of beer is a thing to be regretted. It makes people stupid, lazy and feeble. Our democratic pot-house politics are traceable to its influences. A bottle of good brandy were preferable.'"

"On the road to Busancy the Chancellor said: 'The whole day I had had nothing but ration bread and bacon. Now we got a few eggs—five or six. The men wanted to have them boiled; I, however, like them raw. Accordingly I appropriated a couple, smashed them with my pommel, and refreshed myself. At daybreak I enjoyed the first warm food I had tasted for thirty-six hours; it was only pea-soup, offered me by General Göben, but it seemed most delicious. —

"Later there was a roast fowl, 'whose toughness was, however, too much for the best tooth.' It had been offered to the minister by a sutler after he had purchased an undressed one from a soldier. Bismarck had taken the former, paid for it, and had given the man in addition the one purchased from the soldier. 'If we meet again in the war,' he said, 'you can return me the fowl roasted. If not, I hope you will restore it in Berlin.'"

"On the road we caught up some fagged Bavarians, common soldiers, who were dragging themselves slowly along under a scorching sun. 'Ho, countryman!' called out the Chancellor to one of them. 'Would you like a drink of Cognac?' Of course he would, and so would another, to judge from his long-ing eyes, and a third too, and so they drank, and a few more too, each a draught out of the minister's travelling-flask, and then out of mine. A cigar apiece appropriately closed the proceedings."

One old story will bear re-telling:—

"I asked the minister about the celebrated cigar-story. 'At the sittings of the military commission, when Rochow represented Prussia at the Diet, only Austria smoked. Rochow, being a passionate smoker, would certainly have liked to do likewise, but did not venture. When I came, I too longed for a cigar; and as I saw no reason why I should not have one, I begged a light from the president, and my request seemed to strike him and the other gentlemen with astonishment. It was manifestly an event for them. Now only Austria and Prussia smoked. The other gentlemen thought the matter so important, that they sent home a report upon the point. The matter required much consideration, and for half a year only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian ambassador, began to support the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz of Saxony would have liked to join us, but



seemed not to have received permission from his minister. On the next occasion, seeing the Hanoverian Bothmer indulging himself, he seems to have come to an understanding with Rodberg; for he presently took a cigar from his case, and smoked away. There were only left Würtemberg and Darmstadt. But now the honour and importance of their states imperatively demanded a similar right; and so at the following sitting the Würtemberg delegate took out a cigar—I see it before me now, it was a long, thin, yellowish thing—and smoked half of it as a sacrifice to the Fatherland.'

Herr Busch's book confirms the general impression that has been made upon European opinion by the figure of Prince Bismarck. His force is evident: he is very superior to the ministers, the diplomatists, and the sovereigns of his epoch; he dominates them from the heights of his ascendancy. His superiority seems to consist in this, that he has perceived clearly what are the forces now active in Europe, and now effective in working the various transformations of Europe—the principle of nationalities, democratic aspirations, the press—and he has found out the secret of using them all in turn, and making them his instruments. His conception is definite and precise. He knows clearly what it is that he wants, while the others have only fugitive and flitting gleams. He has a will, while around him people have only velleities. His execution is rapid, violent, assured, merciless. His passion is evidently the greatness of his country. He attaches no great value either to honours, or wealth, or pleasures. But he is hard, and pays little heed to the lives of men. War has no horror to him. The German of the primitive time survives in him; or, rather, he appears among us like the god Thor of the Scandinavian Olympus, bearing in his hand his iron hammer, and unchaining the tempests.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

## THE CHANCES FOR A LONG CONSERVATIVE RÉGIME IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

THE change of last February (1874) was one of the most sudden ever seen even in the shifting world of English politics. The catastrophe of the Gladstone Cabinet took every one by surprise. People hardly seemed to believe that it could be true, or that it could be permanent. The Conservatives could hardly help asking, "Are we really in, and really going to stay in," or the Liberals murmuring, "Surely we are not out, and going to stay out." On many familiar faces there was a sudden disappointment, and on others an equally sudden hope. Even now, though months have passed, the world is not sure what the change means; and therefore it may not be amiss to examine it carefully. There are some questions more important than who are to be our rulers, but there are not many such questions.

Of course, what we want to know is, which party is likely for a certain time, say the next twenty years or so, to have the preponderance of power. There will always be many "ins-and-outs" in English politics. But experience shows that though these minor perturbations are determined by momentary events, there are secular causes which, in the long run, fix the predominance. For forty years before 1832 the Tories were in power with only one exception; during the forty years since, the Liberals have been in power with brief exceptions. These instances of continued power were too long and too remarkable to be produced by mere luck. And the cause is not difficult to find. Each generation naturally prefers one party or the other. Events and circumstances stamp a similar character on most of the members of it. The terrors of the first French Revolution stamped on a whole generation of Englishmen a bigoted Conservatism. The same sanguine spirit which in France produced the Revolution of 1830, generated in a whole generation of Englishmen a spirit of hope and a desire for innovation. The result was a long Tory Government in the first case, and a long Liberal Government in the second. Minor changes were caused by passing accidents, but permanence in power coincided with the settled feeling of the age. If we would cast the horoscope of the future we must see what influences are now fixed in the ascendant, and on which side they work.

In happy States, the Conservative party must rule upon the whole a much longer time than their adversaries. In well-framed politics, innovation—great innovation that is—can only be occasional. If

(1) The following piece was written in 1874.

you are always altering your house, it is a sign either that you have a bad house, or that you have an excessively restless disposition—there is something wrong somewhere. Just so a nation which is for ever having great eras, changing fundamental laws, founding new constitutions, is either very unfortunate in its old polity, or very fickle in its disposition—perhaps it may be both. In any case there is no hope for steady happiness in such a State. Happiness, as far as it is affected by politics, needs a good, or at any rate a suitable, inherited polity, and a tenacious resolution not to change that polity without reason shown. The most successful nations have erred on the other side, and have evinced a stupid inability to admit even the best reasons. Not to cite the Romans and other common book examples, let any one try at the present moment to persuade the Americans to alter any of the clauses in the “Washington Constitution,” and then he will comprehend how hard it is to induce a practical people to change its fundamental political code; how keenly it values a “deed of settlement” of that kind; how much it feels that it gains by it; how unwilling it is to venture out into the unknown. Nations eminent in practical politics have always possessed a singular constancy to old institutions, and have inherited institutions more or less deserving that constancy.

As I write for Englishmen, I need not draw out a formal proof that England is a country successful in politics. This is a fact which we are all of us ready to accept and assume. Nor need I prove that we have inherited a Constitution of some value. Almost all thinking Englishmen prize much of it highly; and unthinking Englishmen are apt to believe it the one good and adequate Constitution in the world—the sufficient cure, if they would only take it, for the evils of all other nations. And we have been constant to it for centuries; some parts of it may be traced back to the woods of Germany; others, though much newer, are still several hundred years old; the whole outward framework of it is ancient; the inner part, though gradually modified, has never been changed upon system. Few such things have ever lasted so long; few such have ever undergone so much needful change with so little solution of continuity. But there are prerequisites of our political success, and for that success itself we must pay a price, and a part of that price—to Moderate Liberals, like myself, a serious part—is a preponderance—perhaps a great preponderance on an average, and taking a long time—of Conservative rule over Liberal.

I say that this price is serious, because I am sure of its magnitude. The best Government for free States, both past history and present experience seem to me to prove, is a Government, as the French would say, of the Left Centre. The Centre in their language is the representative of the great neutral mass, which is not violently

in favour either of one side in politics or of the other ; which inclines now more in one direction, and now more in the other ; which is often nominally divided between Left and Right, between the movement and the non-movement parties, and which then forms a certain "common element," of which both parties partake, and the members of which are much more akin and much more like to the members of it in the other party, than they are to the extreme partizans in their own. The Left Centre is that side of this steadying and balancing element which inclines to progress, which is alive to new ideas, which wants to introduce them not nearly so violently as the Extreme Left wishes, nor so soon as it wishes, but which tries to adjust them to existing things and older ideas, and which wants to bring them down to the real world as soon as the real world will bear them. In short, the Left Centre wants to introduce tested innovations when the average man begins to comprehend them, and not before ; and to introduce them in the shape in which he comprehends them, and not in any other shape. If the predominant power is in the hands of men like this, they secure the State against the worst evils of Conservatism and the worst evils of innovation. They will not allow evils to stand so long unredressed, that at last it is of little use redressing them ; they will not permit new men rashly, and on a sudden, to apply new ideas which match nothing in the present world, which join on to nothing, and which mar everything. The Left Centre will neither drive so slow as to miss the train, or so fast as to meet with an accident.

But though it is most desirable that the Left Centre should gain lasting power, it is also most improbable that they can, as a body, obtain power upon no "cry," and yet they have no cry. There is no scream in them. They have very sound words, very steady arguments, very judicious observations ; but the multitude do not care for sound words, or steady arguments, or judicious observations ; it wants something exciting, something stimulating, something with a note of exclamation. And the Left Centre are just the last people in the world to supply this, for their pleasure is to be calm, and their aim is to be accurate. You might as reasonably ask a Quaker for oaths as a member of the Left Centre or a Moderate Liberal—for it is all the same—for stimulating programmes and exciting plans.

"You must in politics," a distinguished statesman once said to me, "have not only a scheme before you, but a power behind you." And this is where the Left Centre and the Moderate Liberals fail. The great energies of the earth are not theirs. There are two principal powers in politics. One is the great wish of all ordinary decent people, poor and rich, to lead the life to which they have

been used, and to think the thoughts to which they have been accustomed. In real life this elementary feeling does not, indeed, display itself simply; on the contrary, it hides itself in a prettier shape, it calls itself loyalty; it cries that it wants to preserve the Queen, or the Czar, or the Union. Nothing, indeed, is more absurd than this Conservative sentiment when it does not know what to cry out. Conservative Frenchmen are in this position at this moment; they are puzzled between the Septennate, the Republic, and the Empire; they would cry for any one of these, if they were sure of its efficacy; indeed they would cry for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, if they were sure that the Governor and Company would do the work. But however we may smile at the feeling, its strength makes it of cardinal importance; in times of revolution it has volcanic power. The shopkeeper, ordinarily so quiet, will fight for his till, the merchant for his counting-house, the peasant proprietor for his patch of soil, with an almost rabid fury, such as no mere soldier will show for anything. In quiet times it is the most enormous of "potential energies;" a statesman who is supported by it may reasonably feel that he has a force in reserve, which, if he elicit it, will certainly produce a mighty effect, and perhaps annihilate his enemies and maintain his rule.

On the other hand, there is in States a mighty innovating—it would almost be clearer to say, revolutionary—impulse. It is not given to "one good custom to corrupt the world." Nature has an effectual machinery to prevent it. We imagine a fictitious entity called a nation; we habitually think and speak of it as if it always remained the same; but in truth, after a few years, it is no longer the same. The men who compose it are different. The generations change; the son is not like his father; the grandson is still less like his grandfather. They do not feel the same feelings, or think the same thoughts, or lead the same life. If a man of fifty will take any house which he has always known, and which has twice changed owners in course of nature, he will get a notion of the intensity of the change. "Nothing about the place," he will be almost inclined to say, "is the same now as it was when he was a boy,"—it is not so much a question of this or that particular thing, but the look is different, the spirit different, the *tout ensemble* is different. In States it is the same. You can no more expect different generations to have exactly the same political opinions, to obey exactly the same laws, to love exactly the same institutions, than you can expect them to wear identical clothes, own identical furniture, or have identical manners. In both cases there will no doubt be much which is common to the two generations, but the similarity will be enhanced by contrast; the identity will be assured by differences. Unhappily, laws and institutions are not changed so easily as furniture and manners.

The things of the individual can be changed by the individual, but the things of the community—at least in free States—can only be changed by the community; and communities are heavy to move. The necessary agents are many, and slow to gain. In consequence, all these States are liable to acute spasms of innovating energy. The force which ought to have acted daily and hourly has long been effectually resisted every day and every hour; at last it breaks forth with pent-up power; it frightens every one, and for the minute seems as if it might destroy anything. This catastrophic innovating rage is, for the instant of its action, the predominant force in politics, and a statesman who gains its support need look for no other and care for no other.

But the misfortune of the Left Centre—or Moderate Liberals—is that they cannot rely on gaining the support of either of these great powers. They are in sympathy neither with the intense Conservative force, nor with the intense innovating. They are “betwixt and between,” and make distinctions which no one heeds; they live in a debatable land, which each party attacks and neither defends; they have the sympathy of neither party, but the enmity of both. In, perhaps, his best novel, Sir Walter Scott has sketched the fate of such men in troubled times. Henry Morton, the hero of *Old Mortality*, is a moderate Presbyterian, but the Conservative Government—the Episcopalian Government—want to kill him because he is a Presbyterian; and the Cameronians—the extreme Presbyterians, the working rebels—want to kill him because he is moderate. And so his aims are frustrated, his hopes annihilated, and he has to leave his country for a long exile. In quiet times, moderate politicians have certainly not to fear either death or exile. But they have not only to fear, but to expect, that Conservatives like Mr. Disraeli—the head of one power—will sneer at them as “stray philosophers;” that Liberals like Mr. Bright—the head of the other power—will deny that they are “robust politicians.” They will have the consolations of philosophy, and they have a confident perception of truth attained; but they must do without conspicuous power and the “worship of those with whom you sit at meat;” they must endure the tedium of inaction, and bear the constant sense of irritating helplessness. Though they are the best of rulers for the world, they are the last persons to be likely to rule.

The fate of the Left Centre—the Moderate Liberals—is the harder, because that of the Right Centre—the Moderate Conservatives—who differ from them so little, is so very much better. The world will accept from them that which it would never dream of accepting from their rivals. If the Moderate Conservatives choose to propose moderate Liberal measures, they are certain to pass them. The Liberals must support them on principle, and even the Extreme

Conservatives rarely try to oppose them, and still more rarely do so effectually. The most Extreme Conservative is usually aware that some change must be carried sometimes, and he is disposed to think that perhaps the changes that his own friends incline to may be those changes. At any rate, he does not see where he can get so little change. If he leave the alliance of the Moderate Conservative, he must either stand alone, which is impotence, or ally himself with Liberals, which is hateful. For one who wants to change nothing, to combine with those who want to change more, against those who wish to change less, is ridiculous. Accordingly the Moderate Conservatives have almost always a game at their disposal if they are wise enough to perceive it. All that they concede, the attacking force will accept, and whatever they choose to concede, the rest of the defending force must allow. In two ways the Conservatives in happy States are likely to have a preponderance of power: first, because that happiness is an indication that in the main the existing institutions are suitable, and that very much organic change is not wanted; and secondly, because Conservatives, if they only knew it, have the greatest advantage in making the changes which have to be made.

This constant tendency to Conservative rule may be counteracted by many accidents for short periods, and by two lasting causes for long ones. The Liberal party may long be maintained in power, either when the country requires a kind of administration which is at variance with Conservative ideas, or an incessant course of legislation which is equally so. Recent English history has excellent examples of both. For many years after the accession of the House of Hanover the Liberal party was in power without a break. They came in with George the First, and reigned without a break till the accession of George the Third—that is, for forty-six years. The cause is obvious. During the greater part of that time the Tory party was incapable not only of effectual competition, but even of any approach to it. The strongest and most characteristic members were opposed to the reigning dynasty; in country parsonages and manor-houses Jacobitism was a creed slowly dying, though not dead.

If no more could be said, and if the subject stopped here, we should have proved that the prospects of Liberals, and especially of Moderate Liberals, were at all times most unhappy. But fortunately the causes we have described may be for long periods effectually counteracted in two ways. First, the Liberals may be persistently maintained in power because the nation persistently exacts a species of administration which is inconsistent with the Conservative ideas in that age, and from which Conservatives in that age are excluded. This was the case in England during two whole reigns. From the accession of George the First to the death of George the Second the

Whig party was continuously in office. And it was so because the new dynasty had been placed on the throne by the exertions of the Whigs. The Extreme Tories, at the accession of George the First, were Jacobites; the Moderate Tories were lukewarm. The former would have opposed the Hanoverian dynasty; the latter would never have striven for it. For many years the sentiment of the Tory party—the sentiment of country parsonages and rural manor-houses—was in favour of their exiled Sovereign; they were Legitimists, as we should now say, in feeling, if not in practice. The Whig party were in office because there was a pretender to the Crown, and because the reigning dynasty could only be maintained on the throne by the persons who had placed it there; all others would have been unsafe supporters at a time of real danger. The hold of the Whigs on office was the stronger because the dynasty which they supported embodied a principle, and the dynasty which they resisted denied that principle. In essence, the rule of the House of Hanover implied that the House of Commons should be the dominant power in the Constitution; the return of the Stuarts would have implied that it should be reduced to a subordinate power. The judgment and sense of the nation preferred to be governed by Parliament, though much of its fancy and feeling still remained on the other side. The Whigs, who founded the system of Parliamentary Government, were long the only party who could be trusted to work it, because they alone were at heart in favour of it. To intrust its working to avowed Tories, would have been to place it at the mercy, at the best, of latent critics; at the worst, of latent enemies. The Liberal party were at the beginning of the period the sole possible administrators, because they were the only reliable friends of the system to be administered; and they continued to administer it till the end of the period, though the Jacobitism of the Tories was steadily waning, because no evident proof of that waning had been publicly given, and because the long possession of power had created as usual a practised skill in using it, and a popular belief that in fact it must be theirs, and that of right it ought to be theirs.

It may at first sound absurd to ask whether there is at the present time any obstacle likely to disable the Conservatives from creating or maintaining a suitable administration; but it is not really absurd at all. It is true that there is no change of dynasty from which they can suffer, but there is a change of ideas which may be as perplexing. They have, as we have seen, been out of office upon the whole and with trivial exceptions for more than forty years. Those years have been busy with changes—far more busy than the previous hundred. Our economical policy has been revolutionised, so has our colonial, so has our Irish. Our foreign policy has become altogether different. Our domestic policy is much changed on secular matters;



in religion the way of regarding the Church and the way of regarding dissent are even more changed. These are the consequences of long Liberal rule, and the Conservatives must be content to accept them, and to act as if they were their own; to act as if the new policies were policies such as they would have shaped, and the new laws such as they would have chosen. It will not be enough that they do not attempt to repeal the new laws or to reverse the new maxims; they must apply those maxims to new cases and new circumstances; they must supplement those laws by incessant subordinate auxiliary legislation. If they wish to inherit the fruits of the last forty years, they must work in the spirit of the last forty years. And they will find this very difficult. In their hearts they will not like it; the best of their supporters will grumble at it. They must be prepared to hear from old friends, "We might just as well have the Liberals in, if this is to be their policy;" and from old members of Parliament, "I wish the Whigs were back again with all my heart, for then one could vote against their measures, and now one has to vote for them." If the Conservatives are to remain in power, they will be far from enjoying an exquisite life of unmixed happiness; they will have to renounce very much for which they have contended, to take to their hearts much against which they have contended.

Two accidents enhance the difficulty. There has not been for many years—I am not sure that there has ever been—so great a change in our administrators. A party which has been forty years out of office necessarily inherits many leaders who have been little in office, and who have passed their lives in opposition; who may have an inborn genius for official business, but who can have had little training; who are like old generals who have seen no war. But it rarely happens that a great party has only such leaders. Almost every party has some leaders who have come over from the opposite party, and who, when that opposite party has been long in office, will bring with them official experience. Thus when the Whigs came into office in 1832, they had been for more than a generation out of office. Lord Grey and Lord Althorpe,—in name their two leaders—were almost wholly without official experience; but then there came in with them the Canningites, as they were called, who had much official experience. Lord Palmerston—the most vigorous of them—had almost no experience of anything else. He had been all but continuously in office for the previous twenty-five years—for the whole of his public life. And the records of that time show that this infusion of trained aptitude was a great help to the new Liberal Government. Lord Brougham especially dwells with emphasis on the vigour and promptitude which Lord Palmerston showed in Cabinet Councils, as compared with the "in-

decision and inefficiency" of the "unofficial Whigs." But the present Cabinet have no such aid. The Canningites are men of another world; there is no group of politicians now in the least like them, or comparable to them. All the present Conservatives are untrained as administrators, though their task peculiarly requires skilled and trained administrators, for they have to adapt themselves to a situation which they did not make, and to administer a policy which is not their own.

If the Conservatives were now led by a Premier with a pre-eminent faculty for administration, these obstacles might be surmounted without extreme difficulty. Much greater miracles have often been worked by an active and competent dominant mind. But Mr. Disraeli, so far from being a pre-eminent man of business, scarcely pretends to be a man of business at all. He had no training in it. His youth was passed in light literature. Till (in 1852) he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, he had never filled any office whatever; probably had never transacted any business whatever. Nor has he done much since. When in office, he has, till now, been always leader of the House of Commons without a majority. His whole mind has been occupied in clever strategy; he has been trying to make five men do the work of six; he has been devising clever policies which will divide his enemies, and little epigrams which will sting. Such work exactly suited the nature of his mind;—the movements of no leader were ever so delicate; the sarcasms of no speaker were ever more fine and well-placed. But in all other matters he was simply a tolerated deficiency. If you pointed out the monstrous inconsistency of his serious assertions, his friends said, "It is Dizzy, you know; that is his way." If you showed some astounding inaccuracy, they said, "Yes, Dizzy goes like that." If you asked as to any of the wonderful stories of his official negligence, they said, "Ah, Dizzy does not care for these things." But the world has gone on, and we have come to a time when his party may be ruined because Dizzy does not (probably can't) do these things.

The best description of the duties of a Prime Minister is that given by Sir Robert Peel. "You must presume that he reads every important despatch from every foreign court. He cannot consult with the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and exercise the influence which he ought to have with respect to the conduct of foreign affairs, unless he be master of everything of real importance passing in that department. It is the same with respect to other departments: India for instance; how can the Prime Minister be able to judge of the course of policy with regard to India unless he be cognisant of all the current important correspondence? In the case of Ireland and the Home Department it is the same. Then the

Prime Minister has the patronage of the Crown to exercise, which you say, and justly say, is of so much importance and of so much value; he has to make inquiries into the qualifications of the persons who are candidates; he has to conduct the whole of the communications with the Sovereign; he has to write, probably with his own hand, the letters in reply to all persons of station who address themselves to him; he has to receive deputations on public business; during the sitting of Parliament he is expected to attend six or seven hours a day, while Parliament is sitting, for four or five days in the week—at least he is blamed if he is absent.” It is obvious that duties cannot be performed at all except by a considerable man of business, and that they can only be tolerably performed by a consummate one. Most of these duties are performed in private, and the public—if it ever comes to know whether they are well or ill performed—comes to know it only after a long time, and by some casual distant effect. But we do know that up to this time two of the most important are at present very badly performed. The conduct of the business of the House of Commons was last session (1874) so bad that, though it was the easiest year which has been known for years, and though members of Parliament had twice as much time on their hands as has been known for years, yet the most important business Bill of the Session—the Judicature Bill—which was all ready for passing, which might have been passed in a few hours, for which the whole legal profession was waiting, and by the delay of which they are vexed and hampered, was abandoned without an excuse. Again, the supervision of the Premier over the departments has this year (1874) been so ineffectual, that the Bill of the Government which awakened most interest and excited most discussion—the Endowed Schools Bill—was so drawn that the Premier said he could not understand it. He tried to throw the blame on the way in which bills for the Government are now drawn; but on this point the Lord Chancellor replied to him, and said that the bills of the Government were now extremely well drawn, and that he was ashamed of the remark of his colleague. The truth is, that Mr. Disraeli had no real knowledge of the subject, though it is one of such interest; that he had no accurate acquaintance with the Endowed Schools Act which he was going to amend; that, in consequence, he did not know how it was proposed to amend it; and that, as usual, he was but using neat words to cover confused ideas.

It is too late for Mr. Disraeli to change his habits. He was not trained as a man of business, he has never lived as one, and he cannot now become one. He is wholly unable to give to his Cabinet the administrative impulse and the administrative guidance which their want of experience makes so necessary, and which their

peculiar task requires. "An oak," according to the saying, "should not be transplanted at fifty," and a novelist who is near to seventy—who hates detail, and who knows no detail—cannot guide his younger colleagues in a new world of thorny business, much of which is alien to their prejudices, much of which was made by their adversaries, but to which they must shape their ways and adapt their policy. So long as Mr. Disraeli remains at the head of the Conservative Government, its career will be one of many stumbles, though its great majority may keep it from falling. It is, indeed, argued that Mr. Disraeli's supremacy is essential to the present Cabinet for another reason. It is said that if it were not for his influence this Cabinet would not try to adapt itself to the world which it inherits from the Liberals, but that more or less it would try to return to the past, and to re-make an unmade world. But as to this I have no authority to say anything, and little inclination. As a general rule, nothing can be less worth attention than rumours as to the divisions in cabinets. Every one knows how they are generated in the smoking-rooms of clubs and of the House of Commons. Of course all Cabinets are divided. Fifteen clever men never agree about anything; but how they are divided it is rarely possible to know, and then only under a pledge of secrecy. The few who know such things are slow to divulge them; and as to this particular rumour, I can only say that, if it be true, it does not make the defects of Mr. Disraeli smaller, but shows that the Government has another great defect besides those which he causes. It does not make him a better man of business that he has to resist a reactionary party; on the contrary, it will make him a worse, for he will have less mind and less energy to devote to business. This division within the Cabinet will be another cause of stumbles. It will not diminish the effect of the other cause, but heighten it; for the scandal of twenty blunders is much greater than twenty times the scandal of one. Nothing can be more probable than the existence of such a reactionary party in the Cabinet. It is almost inevitable that some of its members should dislike to accept Liberal measures, and, where a link is missing, to complete Liberal measures. But, if they mean to stay in office, they must do so. The country is as firmly attached now to the Liberal laws of the last forty years, as it was a century ago attached to the principles of the Revolution. It will no more permit their curtailment now, than it would permit the deposition of the House of Hanover then. The Conservatives will not be able to maintain themselves in office unless they can find a Cabinet able to transact the business of the country, and willing to accept the principles of the country. The natural inclination to a Conservative Government of such a country as this, in such an age as this, will be suspended at least till then.

Whether that tendency can be longer counteracted depends on our second cause. As we have seen, the instinctive inclination of comfortable Englishmen to a Conservative Government may not only be counteracted, it may be replaced by a steady and intense desire for a Liberal Government, if there is an immense demand for new laws. That demand Conservatives cannot supply if they would, for they cannot be enough in sympathy with the love of novelty to know what is wanted; and they would not supply it if they could, because they think that what is coincides, in its main scheme, with what ought to be. They may be ready to change the detail of many things, and even the spirit of a few things, but they are not ready to change the life of much—the essence of the whole. As we all know, such has been the case for the forty years last past. The Liberals have had a monopoly of power because they had an incessant supply of new laws, which they were ready to propose, which the Tories were not ready to propose, and which the nation wanted. And now the main question comes, Is this supply exhausted or is it not? Have the Liberals any new great measures which they will pass, which the Conservatives will not pass, which the nation will keep them in power in order to pass?

Such measures must fulfil three conditions: first, they must be such as will interest mankind; secondly, they must be such as to secure the support of men of sense; thirdly, they must be such as the Conservatives will not propose. The second condition is as important as either. Though in form the political constitution of this country approaches much more nearly than it did to a democracy, as yet it makes almost no approach to a democracy in spirit. The influence of education, wealth, and rank are still enormous; it is at present of no use to propose taking measures which the mass of people might like, if sensible people see that the people ought not to like them, for they will really have more bad effects than good ones.

In searching for such subjects, I think that we may omit altogether the economical and commercial subjects which have filled so much space in the public mind of late years. There is little more to do in them—at least, little in comparison with the much which has been done;—whether the income-tax shall be repealed or abolished, whether the tea duties shall be remitted or retained, are questions of much fiscal, and perhaps more social, importance. But the Conservative way of dealing with them is not likely to be very different from the Liberal way. The sensible men of both parties would, I believe, be glad to retain the income-tax, though they cannot emphatically say so, because it might not be popular at an election. Sensible men would be glad, too, I think, though they are not so unanimous about it, to keep a larger yearly surplus than we have been used to keep, and

to apply that surplus to redeeming debt. But the sensible men of one party are about as much in favour of these plans as the sensible men of the other. Neither has a monopoly of them, nor, if either had, would they be of use for party purposes. They do not interest the many, enough to gain the votes of the many. In the main, what one party would do on these questions the other would do also. There is no *advertising* measure which the Liberals can get hold of, and the Tories cannot.

It may be contended, indeed, that the old conflict which Mr. Cobden was so fond of may be revived—that the new Government may spend more money than the late Government, and a reduction of expenditure may be used as a good cry against them. And we cannot, of course, discuss this till we know what this Government spends, and still more how it spends it. But we do not believe that the cry will again be so efficient as it has been, except there be gross mismanagement or corruption. No doubt, with a certain lower class, such a cry will always be popular. If you address a large meeting of poor people, and tell them that it is reckless waste to spend ten millions on our navy, and that all which is wanted may be obtained much cheaper, of course they will cheer you, and agree with you. Ten millions is too great a sum for their imaginations to carry; they think it would buy up the whole universe. If you told them that it was too much to spend altogether, they would quite agree with you; they cannot imagine so much really being required for anything or everything. But among thinking men, used to figures, the cry for a reduced expenditure rather excites suspicion than wins support. They cannot but see that the expenditure of the country can hardly fail to increase as the population and the wealth of the country increase, and that as a rule it ought so to increase. When the work of Government augments, the cost of Government must be expected to augment also; if it does not so, either too much was spent before, or enough is not being spent now. In public affairs, as in private, it is quite possible that there should be an excessive economy. The old miser in Pope, who let his tenants die—"he could not build a wall"—has an obvious analogy in every sort of business. A growing community must, in nine cases out of ten, require a growing expenditure. And this country is more likely to require it, because our society is augmenting not only in size but in complexity. Even now it probably contains the finest mass of interweaved relations which have ever existed in the world, and every day adds both to their number and to their involution. Such a nation takes more mind to govern it than a simple nation, and in "meal or in malt" mind must be paid for. Even the data to which that mind is to be applied are increasingly costly, and must be bought at an increasing price. Science is wanted to bring those data together, and on science

much more must be spent for many years, than we have been in the habit of spending. °

The country is quite willing to spend it and quite able. The Englishman individually is the most expensive animal on the face of the earth; and though he has learnt to babble a cant as to liking a cheap Government—it is a cant merely. I have heard a most experienced person say, “If you want a cheer in the House of Commons, make a speech on general economy; if you want to be beaten in a vote, propose a particular saving.” And this happens because in this matter, as in so many others, the practical instinct which guides Englishmen in the detail of life is far wiser than the general maxims which they have acquired, and in which they fancy they believe. When they see the question, as Lord Eldon used to say, “clothed in circumstances,” they detest the idea of a mean Government, and are quite ready to pay the cost of a dignified one. They are also quite able. There are of course countries in which the first duty of Government is to save every sixpence which can be saved. If at this moment the Government of Marshal MacMahon should spend any important sum which could be avoided, it would deserve the greatest censure. The people of France are so heavily taxed, and the inevitable taxes so much cripple trade, that any additional burden becomes a grave evil. But England is not in that position. No class here is oppressed by our taxes, and many classes could well bear to pay more than they do. The difference in cost between a mean Government and a dignified Government, between a stingy Government and a liberal Government, is one which the English nation is well able to pay, and one which rightly guided it would be eager to pay.<sup>1</sup>

(1) [This essay was never concluded. Mr. Bagehot proposed to discuss in it whether either a new Parliamentary Reform, a great Church Reform, or a great Land Reform would have enough hold on the people to keep the Liberal party in power, solely with a view to carry any one of these measures. But his judgment was clearly unfavourable to the popularity of any of these with men of sense, and his conclusion evidently was that unless the Conservative party should lose office by their inaptitude for administrative duties, a long reign of Conservatives was to be expected.—EDITOR.]

## THE MIGRATION OF CENTRES OF INDUSTRIAL ENERGY.<sup>1</sup>

MANY must have been struck with surprise at the unusual language and unusual turn of thought of one of our greatest orators—perhaps I may say our greatest orator—when he was present four months since at the celebration of the opening of the new Town Hall at Manchester. It is not the habit of Mr. Bright to be despondent of the progress of modern society. We should be disposed to say of him, if of any man, that he has faith in the future. When he looks back upon the past, he surveys a record of cruelty and wrong that excites his strongest indignation. When he contemplates contemporary life, he sees much that he is eager to remove. But the future has been his compensation. In the anticipations of the centuries and ages to come he has found a refuge from the memories of the iniquities that have been. Let us have peace, let us have freedom, and all will be well. In the development of commerce and of industry, in the interchange between nation and nation of the products of diversified industries and the fruits of different climes, we shall have the best safeguard that peoples will dwell at peace with peoples, that the spread of civic happiness shall accompany the growth of civic liberty, and that a crowded but prosperous and contented population shall cover the land as the waters cover the sea. Get rid of feudalism and its attendant vices once and for ever, and all these blessings shall be realised for those who are to come after us. I do not think I misrepresent Mr. Bright's habitual conceptions of the future in this language; and what I attribute to him has undoubtedly been felt with more or less clearness and force by many of this generation; and to them especially, as in a minor measure to all, it must have been a harsh and unpleasant surprise to find him prophesying decline when he might have been expected to have prophesied increase, to hear him in the midst of the joyous satisfaction of the municipality of our greatest manufacturing town at the completion of a city hall built to last for hundreds upon hundreds of years, interpreting some writing on the wall:—"We are judged. We are found wanting. Our greatness is doomed to pass away from us." It would almost seem as if a clearer and nearer prospect of the realisation of a dream had proved its insufficiency. Brought face to face with his faith in the future he felt it could not be trusted. But you will remember that Mr. Bright had a special cause for his forebodings. The quarrels between capitalists and workmen—I do not know if we might not say, the demands of workmen upon capitalists—inspired

(1) A lecture delivered at Plymouth and at Hull, January, 1878.



his anxiety. He was fearful that in these struggles over the division of the profits of our industry, the industry itself might disappear. We should destroy the supremacy of our trade before we had arrived at a partition of its gains between employers and employed. In what I have to say to you to-night, I shall dwell very little, if at all, upon this ground of anxiety. To discuss it might provoke passions that would be out of place here, and I will confess that for my own part I am not affected by this particular fear of the future. In the first place this spring of danger does not arise from any permanent unalterable fact. Workmen and capitalists may become reconciled to one another, and it may be presumed that they would become reconciled in the presence of overwhelming danger. And if it be true, as unfortunately it is, that workmen and capitalists have their quarrels here, I know not the civilised country where similar disputes do not prevail. You know that the struggle in the United States went last summer to the length of open war. In the busiest villages of Belgium the intervention of an armed force has been periodically necessary to keep the peace between coal-workers and coal-owners. In Germany the programme of the labour-war is developed to a degree quite unknown in our own island. A French satirist has described the demands of the French workman in terms that could not be admitted among ourselves as a caricature. The danger of economic disorganization does not threaten us alone, nor does it threaten us so forcibly as many other nations; and I cannot harbour fears that our manufacturing supremacy will on this account pass from us. Yet it may pass. Yet we feel that from other causes, if not from this, our industrial greatness may be endangered. It is possible that Mr. Bright's own apprehensions could not be traced by any process of scientific reasoning to the cause he assigned for them. He expressed rather the forebodings of a seer into whose mind the vision of abasement is borne by some unknown but irresistible force in the hour when all men are triumphant about him. It was the moralist, not the economist or the employer, who spoke. Let us use his vague suggestion as the motive for inquiring into the causes, if we can discover them, why the great centres of labour and of production move from point to point over the surface of the earth. The investigation may not be easy, but, if we can pursue it to the end, it can scarcely fail to be profitable.

Let us consider what we undertake. The Poet Laureate has in one of his poems called upon the reader to place himself outside this solar system of ours, and to project himself forwards far in advance of the march of Time. I do not ask you to reduce the world that we inhabit to a vanishing point nor to anticipate history; but there is a milder demand that may be made upon your imagination. You take

a globe in a library or schoolroom, and you turn it idly round as the earth moves. Let us suppose that we are actually looking upon the earth in its revolution, that the seas and lakes, mountains and rivers, figured on the surface of the sphere are the realities they represent; that the crowded cities and thickly peopled countries are spots passing before our eyes covered with moving clouds of human beings. If we thus realise something of the distribution of man as it prevails at present, if we picture the movements in our own time which have colonised a continent and built up cities where there was solitude, we may more easily conceive of the migrations of a more distant past, we may even attain to some apprehension of the set of the tides of humanity reserved for the future. The globe is turning. Great part of its surface is water, crossed by man, but where no man has his dwelling-place. No insignificant part about the unmoving poles is occupied by eternal ice, through which man may penetrate, but where he will never establish his habitation. Upon the rest of the surface man is found, here sparsely scattered, there thickly congregated. There is a large space—China—covered with a dense cloud of humanity, from which we may discern filaments moving away in several directions, although, as it would appear, only to return to the country where they came into being. India next appears, another vast assemblage of men, forming a dark patch on the globe. If in our imagination we went back to the most distant past, we might detect the first beginnings of human society in the valleys of the East, and we should see horde after horde issuing in successive centuries from the wilds of Central Asia, and establishing a brief dominion of destruction and wrong over the more civilised settlers of the West and South. As the globe moves around, and our eyes dwell on regions more to the West, as we remember the past of Babylon and of Bagdad, and reconstitute in the imagination the civilised communities that followed one another on the shores of the Mediterranean and fell into decay, a thought is forced into the mind which has often engaged the attention of men.

“Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?”

We might add to the names Byron thus mentioned. Of Tyre and Sidon too little is known to be made the subject of useful speculation, but in Egypt there still exists in records of stone that are almost imperishable the history of a civilised people, more populous, more educated, more highly organized, and enjoying a better diffusion of happiness than the subjects of the Khedive can boast. The civilisation of ancient Carthage belongs, like that of ancient Egypt, to a distant past; but centuries after Carthage perished, Christian communities flourished along the north coast of Africa and have disappeared. In Spain, on the other hand, Christian governments have not always maintained the industrial organization of the Saracens. The

irrigation which secures the perpetual fertility of the plain of Granada is a legacy of the Moors, but elsewhere in Andalusia their useful works have been allowed to go to ruin.

In this rapid survey of the shores of the Midland Sea, we are constrained to ask, as has been so often asked before, whether there is a period to the lives of nations as to the lives of men. Does the gift of national vitality become exhausted after successive generations? Must we yield to the sad conviction that for the most glorious people, as for the most heroic man, there is a term fixed, beyond which it cannot survive? We are slow to recognise this necessity. A nation is made up of individuals, and though each of them passes away in due season, the race remains; nor does there appear any adequate reason why the physical, intellectual, and moral energies of the later comers should be less than those of the men that preceded them. The analogy between the life of a man and the life of a nation is obviously very imperfect, and yet we cannot neglect the facts thrust upon our notice in the history of the world. We see that nations do come into existence and pass away again; we see that they have their heyday of activity and splendour, often followed by listless centuries undistinguished by any marks of high vitality. Another observation must be made, though our pride may demur to its application. It appears to be true that breeds of domesticated animals tend to degenerate unless the breeder is at constant pains to import into his stock new springs of life. When the intensity of the struggle for existence diminishes, the standard of vigour may not unreasonably be expected to decline, and the prosperity of a nation has often invited spoliation as much because of the enervation of the people as because of the wealth that may be seized. If a demoralisation of public virtue be another incident of the growth of wealth, the secret of natural decay is again accounted for. We may hope that we shall long be spared the operation of these most painful causes of decline. It is true that they may be at work when we know it not, but it is again true that anxious minds may often believe they discern the symptoms of a decay which is not in progress. A premature pessimism is as possible as an unthinking optimism. I have spoken of the intensity of vitality of a nation, and of the changes to which it is subject. If we look back upon our own history we shall see not a few dull generations and some dull centuries. The patriot who lived in the later years of the reign of Charles II. may have thought the glory of Britain's history had passed away for ever; and there were occasions in the last century when it seemed as if the ancient energy of the country had dwindled away, and we were doomed to depart from the place we had occupied among nations. These recurrent fears have been happily falsified, and we trust similar fears will continue to be falsified as they arise; but if it be true, as we have seen reason to believe, that the existence of a people depends upon the tenacity and

vigour of its moral life, we shall show ourselves the truest lovers of our country in doing what we can to sustain and elevate the conceptions of public and private duty cherished by our countrymen. I do not know any nation which has survived, without a catastrophe, a corruption of conscience; and contempt of right appears to be a sure precursor of doom.

If we leave out of consideration the immutable East, with its countless millions, we see that the world known to the ancients went little beyond the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. On its coasts successive empires rose and fell. There were the marts of commerce; there the crowded habitations of men; there were found the centres of such industry as supplied the wants of the West. Northern Europe was a half-peopled forest waste, whose inhabitants had not arisen above the level of savage life. America was of course unknown; and Africa was equally unknown, except along the Mediterranean coast. Even after the breaking up of the Roman empire the centres of life, of industry, and of commerce remained for centuries in the South, and it was not until late in the Middle Ages that northern rivals had established themselves. In the thirteenth century the busiest marts of industry in Europe were on the Northern Sea. Bruges is sometimes said to have been then the manufacturing metropolis of the world; Ghent was not far behind it in importance; while the towns of the Hanscatic League furnished the merchants and shipowners who were the carriers of the produce of different nations. Simultaneously, however, with the rise of these northern cities, there rose in the South Venice, Genoa, Florence, and many others scarcely less famous; yet we know from the language of Dante how profoundly the imagination of the South was impressed by the energy of Bruges and the cities of Flanders. Bruges has been called the Liverpool of the Middle Ages. Its commerce extended to every corner of the known world. The merchants of some seventeen kingdoms are said to have been represented there in as many privileged factories, and twenty foreign ministers dwelt within its walls. The visitor who now makes the round of its boulevards enjoys a pleasant prospect of meadow lands and of still waters stretching far away to the horizon; but he sees that the town has shrunk within its ancient borders, so that it occupies only a small fraction of the space it once filled. There is now no danger that the idle stranger shall be knocked down and trampled upon by an eager crowd passing out of their workshops to obtain a mid-day meal within the allotted hour. To what are we to attribute this remarkable development and subsequent decay of manufacturing industry on the shores of the German Ocean? The secret of the energetic qualities that thus became manifest in the cities of Flanders is, perhaps, beyond our reach; but the energy of the inhabitants of the Low Countries was recognised long before Flemish cities became

eminent as manufacturing centres; and some of the conditions which allowed this energy to have free scope may be discerned. Tacitus put on record, in his survey of the inhabitants of Germany, that the Batavians were, of all of them, the most energetic and vigorous, and had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans. This vitality of character has ever been a main factor in the subsequent history of the Netherlands. When favourable conditions appeared for the development of industrial life the men were ready to use them. What were their favourable conditions? The greatness of Bruges rested on the pre-eminent ability of its weavers in turning wool into cloth; but these weavers would not have been so numerous or so powerful had not the circumstances of the time been favourable to the production of wool to be made into cloth. That the men of Flanders found themselves to be men of energy, we see by their zealous assertion of municipal privileges wrung from their lords. They manifested the same energy in manufacturing, and when the excellence of their work was once established, its predominance was maintained, even though foreign kings sought to exclude it from their realms.

But I have said that the circumstances of the time appear to have been favourable to them. Before the reign of Edward I. closed, an immense advance had been made in the development of England. The unity of the realm had been established. A judicial system was in operation, much as it remained until very recent years. The law had become settled. The representatives of the Commons had been summoned to Parliament. I cannot resist the conviction that the great and beneficial changes thus accomplished in the political organization of England had produced remarkable effects on the social state of the people. The efficiency of labour in England was found to be increased simply because the husbandman pursued his calling under settled conditions, without let or hindrance of the powers above him. It was in these same years that the copyholders gradually acquired the position of irremovable tenants, paying fixed dues to their lords. The wealth of England at that time is further demonstrated by the cathedrals, abbeys, and churches which were erected by labour that could be spared from the necessary work of supplying the immediate wants of the nation. Flanders was busy, prosperous, and rich because England, and not England alone, had made a great start in social and political development; and the comparatively central position of Flanders in relation to England, France, Burgundy, and the Rhineland, placed immense advantages at the command of its energetic inhabitants. A trading and manufacturing nation finds its highest advantage in the development of its neighbours. A commercial, though scarcely a manufacturing, revival occurred, as I have said, almost simultaneously in the free cities of Italy. There, as in the north, civic freedom was

the condition of civic prosperity, though it is, perhaps, more correct to say that both civic freedom and civic prosperity were due to the same qualities of energetic and independent life among their inhabitants. The men whose enterprise led them to enter upon new industries and to carry their commerce to new lands, were led by the same enterprise to withstand the arbitrary power of counts and kings, of emperors and popes. It was by commerce and not by manufactures that the Italian cities rose to greatness, and to extend their commerce they did what has been the practice of many states since, and cannot be said to be yet extinct—they carried their arms abroad with them, and attempted to conquer the territories whose trade they wished to monopolise. But you know well that the manufacturing greatness of Flanders waned until its manufactures became almost extinct—though in our own days we have witnessed a revival of their activity—and the commerce of Venice and of Genoa in like manner dwindled and passed away. To what must we ascribe the disappearance of what had been so remarkable?

Let us take the case of Flanders. The Flemings had from the first to contend with the jealousies of neighbouring kings. Our monarchs were not content to see English wool pass across the sea to be woven into broadcloth, and they diligently sought to attract a sufficient number of Flemings to settle here to teach us the manufacture, after which the exportation of wool was prohibited. Although laws in restraint of trade never made any nation richer, they have made many poorer, and while Edward I. was deceived in thinking that he benefited England, he did undoubtedly injure Flanders. I say he was deceived, because so far as the exportation of wool would have declined by the establishment of weaving here without this law, the law was unnecessary, and so far as it would have continued it was an injury to the producers of wool and the wearers of clothes, in forcing them to use dearer and worse fabrics, because they were home-made. Still Bruges prospered. Still its wealth increased. Still the magnificence of its citizens appeared to be augmented, until that great period came which divided Europe between those who clove to the old truth and those who were resolute to accept the new. Is it true that the vice of prosperity had sapped the energy of the Flemish cities? It is certain that in the great struggle between Spain and the Lowlands the richer towns of Flanders made but a feeble resistance, and at last accepted servitude to the Hispano-Austrian race, and their greatness thenceforwards passed from them and became the attribute of the poorer settlements of men of the same breed that were dotted over the half-submerged shores and the barren heaths further north. The Treaty of Westphalia, which established the independence of the United Provinces, was a death-blow to Flanders. The highway of the Scheldt was cut off, the advantages of position of the Flemish cities were destroyed, and the

history of the Belgian provinces was a history of continuous decline, until the re-settlement of the map of Europe after Waterloo opened the way to a new life. We have since seen a resurrection of vitality in Belgium; but it must be observed that it is most doubtful how far this would have been possible, had it not been discovered that there existed in the south of Belgium the conditions favourable to the development of modern industry. The valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse are rich in coal and in iron, and we shall presently see how important are these factors in the industrial life of contemporary nations.

As the Belgian provinces fell, the United Provinces of Holland rose, and those who are disposed to ascribe the industrial supremacy of nations to those qualities of character which secure for them political freedom, may find in Holland a most powerful illustration of their theme. The states of Holland no sooner became free than they became pre-eminent, and by the middle of the seventeenth century they constituted one of the most powerful, as they certainly were the most civilised and the most highly educated, of European communities. It was a most striking proof of the position they had attained, that in the days of our own Commonwealth we should have sent ambassadors to the Netherlands to establish a federation between them and ourselves. Those were the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, and glorious as the history of our own navy has since been, we must confess that in the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp the Dutch flag covered the seas. What we call New York was then New Amsterdam, and though Hudson was of English birth, he had transferred his citizenship to the United Provinces. The Capo of Good Hope became theirs, and the white men of South Africa are still mainly of Dutch descent. They acquired vast possessions in the East, of which Batavia remains theirs. The name of Cape Horn shows that the seaman who named it was a native of the little town of Hoorn, on the Zuyder Zee; and whether we speak of Tasmania or of Van Dieman's Land, we alike commemorate Dutch navigators. But it was not merely as sailors and warriors that the Dutch made themselves famous. In every walk of politics, of literature, of art, and of science they were eminent, and they showed their greatness in the large-minded hospitality they extended to the refugees of all lands. Where Grotius and Spinoza were born Des Cartes and Locke found an asylum, and the books which the jealousy of the Grand Monarque refused to allow to be printed in France, were given to the world through the presses of Amsterdam and of the Hague. The United Provinces outstripped all rivalry in political growth. A sense of citizenship ran through the whole community, and was manifested not only in the distribution of political privileges, but in the numberless voluntary societies established for the promotion of public objects and the public weal. In this respect Holland is still what it was

when Charles II. was an exile in the country, when he saw what led him to declare after his Restoration, "I think God will not let the Dutch suffer wrong: they never forget the poor." I have mentioned the name of Grotius, but I must recall it again to remind you that he and a long line of successors in the Provinces were the first to systematise the relations between states in peace or at war, so that he may be called the creator of International Law. I need not dwell on Dutch eminence in the practical arts of life, which led Peter the Great to divide his period of self-imposed education between London and Amsterdam. Boerhave and his contemporaries were not less eminent in science, and Leyden remained the medical school of the most ambitious students of England and Scotland down to the beginning of this century. I should tire you if I dilated on the extraordinary vigour of the Dutch school of art. When Rubens was dead and Vandyke was dead, and the glories of Flanders suddenly ceased, and the art of Southern Europe showed a melancholy decadence from what had been, there appeared in Holland a perfectly new revelation of genius. It must be admitted that its period was not long—fifty years may be said to cover the space from its origin to its close—nor can I pretend to have mastered the secret of those aloe-like blossomings of nations; but this may be boldly declared of the Dutch school, that in its sincerity, its vigour, and its humanity, in its technical power, its strength of design, and its richness of colouring, it may defy the united competition of all the schools of the world.

The greatness of Holland, however, declined, and it will never again attain the relative position it once held. Why did it thus fall away? We must own that its natural advantages were few. The country itself, the base of all Dutch operations, was rescued with difficulty from the sea, and has been preserved from submergence by immense and unceasing exertions. The Provinces were never so much famous for manufactures as for trade, though the reputation of Dutch sugars, Dutch linen, Dutch paper, and other commodities, show the excellence of their work. But in truth the Dutch fetched and carried from all lands, insomuch that though the Provinces never produced corn enough for the food of their own people, Dutch ports were the emporia to which all nations could go with a certainty of finding stocks of grain on sale. How was it that the inhabitants of lands so niggardly endowed by nature became so affluent? Adam Smith may help us to answer this question. It is evident that the author of the *Wealth of Nations* was much impressed by the Dutch character and Dutch institutions, and he speaks of the United Provinces as if he had not suspected that their prosperity was on the way to a decline. He praises the probity of the Dutch character, making the merchants of Holland everywhere trusted. He praises the equality and justice of their laws. He praises the simplicity and



good sense of their trade legislation. He declares that in the United Provinces was to be seen a nearer approximation to Free Trade than could be anywhere else observed. Finally, he ascribes to their republican institutions—by which I understand him to mean the machinery which secured to the people self-government, and discouraged inequalities in the distribution of wealth within families—their political and their commercial eminence. But a commercial people, having in themselves no guarantees of manufacturing supremacy, and depending for their greatness on the maintenance of their trade as the carriers of the world, were necessarily dependent on the continued freedom of their traffic. If they were prevented from resorting to shores to which they had been accustomed to go, their occupation would be gone, and it would be an imperfect recompense to them to remember that the country which refused to trade with them suffered also. Our Navigation Act of 1651 was a great blow to the carrying trade of Holland, as far as regarded ourselves and our colonies; and when in the course of the century that followed we acquired the lordship of larger and larger portions of the world, the trading spheres of the Dutch were in a corresponding degree curtailed. Yet, as we have seen, Adam Smith made no remark on the decline of Dutch commerce; and it was not until the Napoleonic wars, when Holland became first a dependency and then a part of France, that the final blow was suffered. Every colony was lost and all external trade was destroyed, and Holland experienced a suspension of vitality, the more serious because it happened simultaneously with a change in the conditions of the productions of the leading commodities of commerce, that must of itself have been very injurious to the Dutch supremacy. The Dutch had always been adepts in the art of making air and water perform their work; but the last hundred years have seen more powerful forces harnessed and put to use, and the Dutch had not these forces immediately at command. In the competition thus created they must in any case have found their superiority gradually passing away, and it was their misfortune that the Napoleonic interruption of their life happened at such a time, that when they re-entered the world-field of industry they found rivals established too powerful for their competition.

In the cases we have examined of the movement of national industries, political causes have entered at least as fully as causes purely economical. A manufacture has passed from one country to another because some law or treaty placed the first at a disadvantage in respect of it; or commerce has passed from flag to flag because one nation has proved itself supreme in naval power, and has used its force to seize upon all the open markets of the world and to prohibit the resort of rivals to their harbours. Agriculture has declined or ceased because some lawless invader, so greedy of robbery as to be

careless of the destruction of the growing powers of wealth, has stolen from the husbandman the fruits of his toil, and deprived him of all inducement to sow his land by forcing upon his mind the conviction that he would never gather its produce.

I now ask you to accompany me in what I must deem a still more important inquiry—into the movement of centres of industry within the same nation. Political causes must here be wholly eliminated, and if manufactures disappear at one point and appear at another, the shifting of their seat must be due to economic causes alone. I hold this inquiry more important than those which have so far detained us, because I am persuaded that in the future the movement of trade and industry all over the world will be affected by economical causes chiefly if not solely. We have thrown open our commerce to all nations; we admit the manufactures of every country to compete freely with our own; and what we have done will gradually be adopted as the universal practice. There is a temporary foolish reaction now observable, but it will quickly disappear. If, then, we can trace out the causes why trades and industries move about in England, or between England and those countries which in respect of such trades and industries are on relations of unrestricted commerce with ourselves, we may begin to catch some glimpses how they will move about hereafter in the world. So again observation of the movement of manufactures within the area of the United States—a continent giving an ample area for study—will prepare us for speculations on the courses of the future movement of international trade. Now, as a matter of fact, we know that many industries that once flourished in different parts of the country have disappeared from all but two or three, where, however, they are pushed to an extent far exceeding what had been the aggregate result of so many scattered centres. Other trades seem to be still in a process of transition, that is they are gradually becoming congregated together in particular districts, although zealous attempts are still made to retain them where they have been once planted. Precisely the same phenomena may be observed in the United States, where manufactures have died out in one section of the Union and have grown up in another. Let me refer to an English trade which has been more than once made a subject of discussion. There were once paper-mills found in every part of the kingdom, but they are now much reduced, and are believed to be still declining in number. A great authority some years since attributed the disappearance of paper-mills to the pressure of the excise duties, and anticipated their reappearance with the removal of these duties, but his expectations have not been fulfilled. Again, there were manufactories of china and stoneware at many centres, and Plymouth was one of them. The products of these centres are still valued, and command high prices from purchasers of taste; but they have, with scarcely an exception, disappeared,

and nearly the whole of the china manufactures of the country are assembled in Staffordshire. The explanation that every one will give is that the cheapness of the Staffordshire ware defies all competition. This is pre-eminently the case with respect to products of universal consumption, and it is on the articles bought and used by the multitude that manufacturers must depend for support. I remember travelling some years since in Ireland and visiting a gallant attempt to set up a china manufactory at Belleek. Many of the products were of a very high order of excellence, distinguished, as connoisseurs know, by a peculiar glaze of great richness. But the question of questions was whether the speculation was successful; and in answer to my inquiries the obliging manager declared that in works of art, where the workmanship was by far the greatest part of the cost, he could hold his own against any competitor, but in works produced by thousands and tens of thousands he could not compete with Staffordshire. "You see," he said, "we have no coal near us, and without cheap power we cannot compete in cheap things."

I may refer to another manufacture—the most striking, perhaps, of all in its economical facts. I mean the manufacture of iron. You know that up to the last century there were considerable iron-works in the south of England, and it is still affirmed that the iron produced with the aid of charcoal in the southern counties is the best that has ever been produced in England. There are now no iron-works in Sussex. The great seat of the manufacture is found in Staffordshire. But if you were called upon to name the three districts that have exhibited the most astonishing growth of industry in our time you might fix upon the Merthyr-Tydvil district, Cleveland, and the district of Barrow-in-Furness. In these places, as in Staffordshire, iron and coals are found side by side, and upon them a population has fastened and grown as flies swarm in summer. It takes three tons of coal to produce one ton of iron, and the advantage of having coals on the spot is only too obvious. But now go into any great factory, it matters not what, whether it is for the spinning of cotton or the weaving of carpets, the making of pots and pans or the baking of biscuits. What do we see? We are probably first shown the engine-house outside, where the heart of the whole machine beats in perpetual systole and diastole. Enter, and the movement we saw created without is conducted and distributed by a thousand wheels and rods and cogs, so that some portion of it is found in every corner of the factory turned to some special use. Men, women, and children may watch and feed each part of the action of the whole, but the one power is everywhere manifest, doing all the work with a precision, a certainty, and a despatch that must always excite our admiration. Now there is a law of nature which mathematicians call "the law of least effort," by which is meant that when anything is to be done nature takes the easiest way of doing it. A stone falls; it does not

spend itself in vain, lawless, angular movements, but goes straight to the earth to which it is attracted. Water descends a hill by an apparently devious channel, but at each twist the course taken is that which was the easiest at that point. There is the same economy of labour in the growth of plants and the organization of animals, and Mr. Darwin has attributed much of the development and the disappearance of species to their comparative economical advantages and disadvantages.

Man follows, or, at all events tries to follow, this law in the satisfaction of his own wants; and when his movements are free as within the limits of the same political society, the conformity of his action to this principle may be closely traced. It is in this way, by a process of selection of which the individuals engaged in it are themselves often unconscious, that industries shift to those spots where they are pursued under conditions admitting the greatest return for the least expenditure of labour. The course of manufactures runs, and cannot help running, along the lines of least resistance. This is a primary law of the internal movement of a free society conceived as an economic machine; and the discovery of the last eighty or a hundred years, that we could harness the power of steam and make it our slave, has been the means of affording the most signal illustration of this law. Cheapness is the easy and simple test of efficiency of labour, and the competition of the products of the steam-driven factory has put other manufacturers out of the market. This is true not merely of making things, but of carrying them, and whether by land or by sea. The more efficient drives away the less efficient mode of accomplishing what we desire. This is a process we may contemplate with almost unmixed satisfaction. If an industry shifts from one spot to another it is because it can be more effectively pursued in the latter, i.e. because it produces commodities more cheaply. The nation is benefited by the transfer; and though there may be a temporary inconvenience suffered in the spot left, and even a diminution of population there, yet the whole population of the nation is sure to increase because the means of supplying the wants of the masses are made easier. Thus we see that some counties in which certain small manufactures formerly flourished, have become almost purely agricultural, and their population shows a tendency to diminish; but there is far more than compensating growth elsewhere, and the means of the workman rise with every discovery of a cheaper way of supplying his wants. The standard of living which has risen does not rise higher, because there is not yet established among the *proletariat* the moral sanction of an opinion that the condition of the working classes depends mainly upon their own self-restraint. It will be seen by those who have followed me that the movements of industry in our time and country follow cheap power and cheap coal, and this may be said of the world, so far as open trade exists in

it. England is a centre of industry among nations, as Lancashire and Staffordshire are centres of industry in England, and for the same reasons.

It was with these thoughts in my mind that I said just now of Flanders that it had revived as a centre of industry in this century, while Holland has suffered a change of character. Flanders possesses coal and iron in the valleys of the Sambre and Meuse, and Ghent is again a prosperous manufacturing town. Holland possesses no such advantage, but the inhabitants of the kingdom have turned their attention with immense industry and success to agriculture, and as the furnishers of London and the eastern ports with all kinds of agricultural produce—chiefly cattle, sheep, butter, cheese—they have reaped no small share of our own development. The relations between Holland and England, considered as branches of an economic machine, are precisely the same as the relations between Ireland and England; and if the fallacious legislation of Congress had not interfered to change their character, the relations between this country and the United States would have been of a similar character.

We have thus seen reason to come to the conclusion that in a free society labour congregates at the spots where it can be most efficiently employed, and the freer the society the more certain and speedy is this movement. As the range of international intercourse extends, and the barriers separating people from people are reduced, the distribution of occupations according to this economic law must continue to progress. So far I have dwelt most on manufacturing industry—that by which the raw materials or products in their rudest form are converted into shapes better adapted for human use—and it appeared that this kind of industry tended to settle about the coal and iron centres of a country or of a continent. Something, however, must be said of agriculture, and of another principle which is of the greatest importance in regulating the distribution of labour. It is obvious that the agriculturist has to go to his land, which he cannot carry with him to the seats of cheap labour. The force cultivating it must be brought to it, and not it to the force. But where trade is free, the same principle of selection is found in operation, though in a different form: The agriculturist resorts to the lands where labour is most liberally rewarded, and if there is any particular produce that does not deteriorate in transmission, and can be carried with tolerable cheapness from world's end to world's end, that produce may be, and often is, raised in the most distant lands and brought to the place of consumption. Wool and corn can be brought, and are brought, from Australia or California or India to supply the English markets. Reflecting upon these things, a question may arise for consideration. We can conceive of a land which is at once extremely promising to the agriculturist and to the manufacturer, and we ask whether it will attract both industries, or if not, how will a selection be made? The

answer is, that the law of distribution of labour depends upon the relative and not upon the absolute superiority of certain districts as settlements for labour. Thus, if a country were discovered where the agriculturist could work at double the advantage he had here, while a manufacturer could only increase his productive energy there fifty per cent., the free course of industry would deliver the country over to agriculture and would leave manufactures to their former seats. This would, at all events, be the movement at first, and it would continue as long as the relative superiority of agricultural industry was maintained. Thus, if there existed between the United States and ourselves a perfectly free and open trade, a distribution of industry unfettered by tariffs and by national jealousies, we should be, speaking roughly, the manufacturing member and the United States the agricultural member of the partnership; and so it would continue until there was an approximation to efficiency of agricultural labour in the two countries, or an approximation to the efficiency of manufacturing labour. When either condition was reached, the movement of that particular labour would be suspended, and if the relative efficiency became reversed, the tide of labour would be reversed also. It would thus appear that for the present every development of freedom would tend to make us more and more the manufacturing centre of the industrial world, but this position depends, and would continue to depend, mainly upon the fact that we have at our command accessible stores of coal, giving us advantages that no other country enjoys. This statement of the case, of course, provokes the inquiry whether there must not necessarily be an end of the supremacy which rests upon transitory conditions. Producers have fastened upon our coal-fields because they afford the cheapest force known to producers. When these fields have been so worked that the conditions of extracting the stores of force from them become harder, and the extracted force declines in cheapness, will not producers, following the law that has hitherto governed them, move to other fields that will then rival ours in attractiveness? This is a question not to be shirked. We might laugh it off, as relating to a distant future. We might ask whether there is not a still more weighty question underlying it, and that is, What will happen to the human race after it has used up the force accumulated in distant ages in coal-fields, and is thrown back on what may be called the current supply of daily life? This last question does indeed relate to a future that may be left to take care of itself; but my friend Professor Jevons has shown with convincing arguments that many among the present generation may live to feel the pressure of the gradually increasing difficulty of obtaining coal-force. Indeed we have felt, we are feeling, it already. In this neighbourhood we ought to find no difficulty in understanding the process, for we have seen something akin to it happen within a generation. The next county—my own county—was famous

for the production of copper and tin. "Copper, tin, and fish," was the old toast supposed to sum up the sources of its prosperity. What has become of the Cornish production of copper? It has dwindled away until it has almost disappeared. This has not happened because copper could not be got from the mines of Cornwall. There is still copper in them, but the cost of raising it exceeds the return it would fetch in the market. Richer deposits have been discovered elsewhere; and, as will be admitted on reflection, the same results would follow whether these deposits were naturally richer than any found in Cornwall, or whether the most productive mines of the next county have been worked down below the level of productiveness of mines elsewhere. In one way or the other the cost of bringing copper to market from abroad is less than the cost of bringing it from Cornwall, and the consequence is that our wants are supplied from the lake shores of North America, from South Australia, from Cuba, and from Chili, while Cornwall is deserted. Something of the same process must be recognised as in action in respect of tin. With many breaks of the movement, and at times an apparent reversal of it, we must still note that the proportion of tin brought from abroad is continuously increasing, and the proportion brought from Cornwall declining. The simple primary statement is that tin-mining does not pay in the west; but it has ceased to pay because tin can be obtained at a less cost elsewhere, and the market price has declined in a corresponding proportion. Take another metal—gold. Before the discoveries in California and Australia our supplies were in a large measure drawn from the Ural Mountains, and some small contributions were brought from the valley of the Rhine. No gold is now found along the Rhine, and the supply from Ural mines has been gradually diminished—results not only interesting as illustrative of the general argument on which we are engaged, but valuable as affording an absolute proof of the much-contested position that gold has declined in value since the gold discoveries.

These illustrations are at least valuable as confirming the possibility of a gradual abandonment of an extractive industry in a particular country, because in the progress of its development there the difficulties of pursuing it become greater, and its efficiency less than in some other lands. This must happen with respect to the winning of coal. We must not be content with soft words in this matter. The thirty millions and more of people living in the United Kingdom do not find their food within these islands. If the wall of brass were erected which Bishop Berkeley suggested, so that we became insulated from the rest of the world, we should speedily be reduced to starvation; nor would the result be different even though sufficient notice were given of the change to enable producers to turn from working for an export trade to working for home consumption. Our population has grown up

because we, of all nations of the world, have at our command the accumulated power of ages, which mechanical science has taught us to make our slave. Upon these rich deposits we have fastened. We have brought from other nations their raw products—from the United States their cotton, wool from Australia, metallic ores from all parts of the earth, and have applied our store of force to convert these imports into the forms suitable to the use of man, and have re-exported, the result even to the countries from which the first material came, receiving in exchange all commodities, food being foremost among them, which supply the necessities or enhance the comforts of life. We have done more than this. With lavish freedom we have parted to other nations, and still freely part to them, of the stores of force which are our peculiar inheritance, and have not stopped to inquire whether we saved or spent what we received for the capital thus dispensed. And the process I have described has gone on increasing in every direction. The instinct of vitality is certainly not less strong in England than elsewhere. If there is an opportunity of living, it will not be lost for want of beings to live. Agents multiply on agents. Industry is added to industry. The individual may work blindly on, unconscious of the part he plays in the community composed of himself and his fellows; but the action of the whole is as obedient to law as the motion of the globules of water that make up the tides of the ocean. We have therefore no difficulty in understanding that development of our consumption of coal in geometric progression which statistics reveal to us. In this and no other way under a system of unfettered freedom must our industries multiply, until the increasing difficulty of obtaining our motive-power so enhances the cost of the commodities we produce, that our customers can no longer offer an adequate recompense for this production, or until the conditions of development of one or more other nations enable them to use their reserved stores of power so as to underbid us. Both these things may come together. At the time that we are compelled to enhance our prices to make up for the increased cost of getting coal, the United States may be enabled to put their commodities in the market at cheaper rates than we had been accustomed to receive; and if these phenomena do not happen together, no long interval will separate them.<sup>1</sup> It must not be

(1) I extract the following from the admirable "Notes of a Tour in America," recently published by Mr. Hussey Vivian. (See p. 250.) "So far as I was able to judge, America possesses every principal mineral, except tin, in great abundance. Her coal-fields are gigantic. The quality appeared to me to be excellent, and the price at which it is sold to the Pittsburg works proves that it is cheaply got. There are, in fact, few parts of England where coal of like quality can be produced at this moment at so cheap a rate. The cost and quality of coal is the basis of almost every manufacturing industry, and I cannot see, therefore, what is to prevent America from becoming, not only entirely self-supporting in all branches of manufacture, but also a largely exporting country, if only frail men will leave nature's laws to have their free sway.

"America possesses iron ores of the finest steel-making qualities, and in vast abund-



supposed that there will be a sudden cessation of coal-winning among us, and of the giant industries built up upon the supply of force that our coal-measures have afforded. Every mine is not equally profitable here. Every deposit of coal is not equally rich or equally accessible in the valley of the Ohio. Mines may be gradually closed here and opened elsewhere. Remember the examples of copper and of tin, in which we may see an exact foreshadowing of what may be expected. But the industries we contemplate as threatened are so much vaster than those that have disappeared, that the comparative noiselessness of the change we have witnessed must not mislead us into a false security. Most Cornishmen are proud of their name. I confess I have never felt so much pride in my native county as in watching the noble endurance and nobler courage its working miners have shown in accepting the consequences of the changed conditions of their industry. There has been no spirit of discontent, no murmuring against the law, no cries to Government or Legislature for help. No. If mining has ceased to be profitable in Cornwall, it is not because human beings have ceased to use metals, but because the metals they require can be more easily obtained elsewhere; and to these more lucrative fields the miners of Cornwall have betaken themselves. The love of home has been overcome, and a voluntary emigration has been the solution of the difficulty. The strain of the transformation has been severe, but we must admit that it has been mitigated. Although the principal industry of the adjoining county has thus suffered, the nation has been pursuing a career of unexampled growth, and the subsidiary industries of Cornwall have been developed along with the development of the nation. As an agricultural community, especially in the production of early vegetables, and as a purveyor of fish, the county has prospered, and it has also become one of the recognised wandering-places of the holiday-makers of the rest of the island. But in contemplating the migration of the great industries of the nation, we cannot reckon upon all these compensations. Our country will, without doubt, be always a place of pilgrimage for civilised nations; but if it is destined to become again a land mainly devoted to agriculture, we cannot believe that the pursuits of agriculture would maintain the population it now supports. Men and women must follow the means of life, and as our skies become clear our great manufacturing centres will dwindle, and black valleys, now resonant with the clang of hammers and the murmurs of innumerable wheels, may become green solitudes, where silence is broken only by the sound of a babbling brook.

But it will be said these changes are far off, if, indeed, they will come. That she will ever again depend on England for iron or steel seems to me impossible." It will be remembered that in his speeches in the House of Commons on the French Treaty, and subsequently as a member of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into our coal-supplies, Mr. Vivian took a favourable view of their durability.

ever be realised; and we may well believe that long before they become imminent some new source of power will have been discovered, or, at least, we shall have learnt to economize the use of our fuel so as to preserve its advantages for distant generations. As to these changes being far away, I reply, we have already had a first experience and a first warning of them. The coal famine of five years since was a proof that the rush of development of our industries had trenched upon our accessible reserves of coal, and was compelling us to raise it under more difficult conditions. There was an immediate reaction, for the manufactures which could be profitably maintained with coal at its original rates became unremunerative at a higher cost of this factor of our industry; and the demand fell away, nor has it yet been recovered. I have no doubt it will return; there are signs that it would soon return were the political relations of the world secure; but it is precisely in this mode of gush and check that the cessation and migration of industries come to pass and what we have experienced is an example of what may be apprehended.

I should be very slow to deny the possibility of some new source of power being discovered, but none has yet been suggested that appears feasible; and it must be remarked with reference to all such substitutes that they would be as common to the whole world as to ourselves, and we should not enjoy in respect of them the peculiar advantages upon which our supremacy depends. The suggestion that the difficulties of the future may be overcome by greater economy in the use of coal satisfies many minds, but this, too, will scarcely stand the tests of examination. If by economy is meant that one ton of coal may be made to do the work that two tons now accomplish, the result will be that the conditions of industry would be made easier, the wants of man satisfied with less exertion, and there would at once follow an accelerated development of our manufacturing system till the former checks of difficulty and cost were again felt pressing upon us. Conceive what would happen if, for every ton of coal that we now raise, we could raise with the same effort two, through some miraculous doubling of the riches of our coal-measures. The life of the whole community would at once become less burdensome; the mass of life in being would rapidly increase; dormant wants would be awakened; old industries would be multiplied; new industries would spring into existence. What has been witnessed during the last eighty to a hundred years would be witnessed again, though with some novelty of form. But to make one ton of coal do as much work as two is as good, or even better, than finding two tons where we found one. \*We should get what we are seeking after—the same multiplication of force—and in a less bulk.

It is plain, then, that in such economy is not to be found a mode of escape from our future difficulties. The pressure of these trials could be mitigated in one way only, and it is perhaps true that

that way may be indicated by theory, but could not be followed in practice. It is just possible that the tendency of the consumption of coal to increase could be repressed by arbitrary measures, which would keep the development of our industrial organization within narrower limits. The dimensions of the problem of the future would thus be diminished, and the severity of its experiences might be softened by the gradual relaxation of the suggested measures. An export duty on coal has been often suggested, and a duty at the pit's mouth would be a still more stringent measure. Such an impost would put all our industries under restraint; but this would be its intention and its justification. What is wanted is, that the dangerous expansion of national industry should be kept under. A drag on our industrial progress would be a drag on the multiplication of the population, and obedience to the necessity of a future diminution would be less difficult. If the produce of such a tax as has been suggested were devoted to the redemption of the national debt, another advantage gained would be that the pressure of taxation on our industries would be reduced just as the pressure of the increasing difficulties of finding coal would be felt, and the removal of the tax would then become another relief to the producer. But while I have the courage to mention this tax, I know the strong objections that would be urged against it, and I do not suppose that any financier will ever propose it to the Legislature. If we dismiss this and all similar imposts as inadmissible, there will then remain no means of breaking the force of the trials of the future, except that of instructing the nation to look forward to them with a mind to understand their nature and a courage to accept the consequences they enforce. Such instruction is surely much to be desired. I do not know that the bonds of citizenship uniting the members of a community together in a peaceful and ordered society could be exposed to greater perils than are involved in the gradual decay of the conditions on which the industrial organization of the society has been framed, and through which its numbers have multiplied. The throes of such a change are so terrible that they cannot be contemplated without the most serious forebodings. Who can expect masses of men to submit without a struggle to the truth that their labour has ceased to become profitable in the scene where they have been accustomed to pursue it; and that they must expatriate themselves if, like their fathers before them, they would found households of their own, and dying leave their children to occupy their places in the family of man? There must be much resistance, manifold recriminations, struggles, and contentions. I trust that the spirit of wisdom may prevail to lead this ancient nation of ours through the trials that are in store for it; and I say this the more fervently because I cannot disguise from myself the conviction that this century can scarcely pass away without some of them being experienced.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

## THE PEASANTS OF THE LIMAGNE.<sup>1</sup>

I COULD hear of only two domestic servants in Brenat—an elderly woman who kept house for the manager of the great sugar factory, and another who acted in the same capacity for the two priests. The old superannuated curé receives about £120 a year—£60 from the government, and as much from offerings and fees. The vicaire is boarded and lodged by the old curé, and receives £24 a year from the commune.

*September 6, Friday.*—Took Maurice to Clermont for the day. We were together from 6.30 A.M. till 9.30 P.M. Thought more than once during the day that the majority of Englishmen would be the better, both as respects themselves and those with whom they come in contact, if they had some of the readiness in conversation, and easy self-possession of this peasant lad of fifteen. It was a *jour nuigre*, and there was no persuading Maurice to eat a bit of cheese even at the *restaurant* we had entered for our dinner; he would take nothing but a little dry bread and a little wine. In my previous visits to Clermont I had already seen its admirable geological museum. We now went over its general museum and botanical gardens. The latter cover ten acres. They contain, scientifically arranged, all the plants of Auvergne, and generic types of exotic plants, either in the open air or under glass; all well cared for and in good health. There is a horticultural department for flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The establishment provides instruction in botany, geology, chemistry, geometry, drawing, and physics. The course requires three years. I do not know of any provincial town in the United Kingdom that can show such an educational apparatus as these museums and gardens. I was again, as I had been on previous occasions, surprised at the amount of traffic at the railway station. I could not help noticing the number of omnibuses, of public carriages of different kinds, and of passengers on foot. And all this was almost entirely local traffic produced by the wealth and density of population of the neighbourhood, for the waiter of the Hotel de l'Europe had just told me that there was not now a single foreigner in the hotel. All the land being divided into estates, each of which, as the general rule, is about the size sufficient for maintaining a family, every acre is made to yield all that thought and labour can extract from it. This maintains a dense population in the surrounding districts, for the wages of labour, the profits of cultivation, and the rent of the land, are all in the same hands, and

(1) Concluded from the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1878.

are all spent on the spot. And the surplus of the great amount of produce, extracted from the land by this dense agricultural population, is exchanged in Clermont for manufactured goods, and there maintains a correspondingly large number of people engaged in business. Nothing contributes so much to the prosperity of towns as their being surrounded by a peasant proprietary. The whole proceeds of the highly cultivated soil, being in the hands of the cultivators, gives a great amount of money in the aggregate to be spent by a great number of families, and in the town only can they spend it. They cannot carry it away to a distance. We have only got to extend this system over France as widely in thought, as it obtains in reality, and we shall need no further explanation of the causes of the wealth with which it has lately surprised the world.

As we returned in the evening from the Brenat station through the village, we passed the fountain, around which is the village market-place. The places which in the morning we had seen occupied by the peasant women with their vegetables, fruit, eggs, and other small country produce, were now taken by about a dozen ancient village dames, their day's work on the land being now over. With some, indeed, their life's work of that kind was now over. They were seated against the wall knitting, and overhauling the news of the village. Their clothes, though clean and undraggled, were very weather-faded, as is generally the case with the dress of peasant women on working days. Maurice, in compliment to Clermont and myself, was in his smartest attire. The difference, however, in externals, and the publicity of the occasion, caused no difference in his feelings; for, just as he had done on Tuesday in the hayfield, he now exclaimed, "There is my good grandmother!" and hastening up to her he saluted her on both cheeks. I had told madame in the morning, that after all the feasting with which for the last few days she had been entertaining me, I should be glad to keep the meagre day with them; and so at supper we had only bread soup, roast potatoes and butter, and a large well-dressed carp. Madame, like all peasant women, is a good cook. Where every family has a permanent home of its own, and is supplied from its own land with poultry, eggs, pigeons, pork, and a great variety of vegetables, every house naturally becomes a school of cookery. There is much to turn to account, and everything is turned to account. Good traditions are handed down from generation to generation, and become permanent. With our system there is now nothing of this kind from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End.

Perhaps, from the heat of the last few days, combined with the hospitality of my peasants, especially in the matter of wine—for I had found it impossible always to resist the good man's coaxing and imploring *une petite goutte*—I was not quite well this evening. The

good woman having observed this, told me she was acquainted with a neighbour who had some tea, and pressed me to allow her to make some for me. She thought that tea was the English panacea. "If you want anything in the night," she added, "don't hesitate to call us. We are accustomed to rise at all hours." Hilaire supported her offer with, "Ask for whatever you require;" and placing his hand over the source of all that is good within us, "Our hearts are yours."

*Sept. 7, Saturday.*—The wheat having now been all brought home, this morning Hilaire began to break up one of his stubbles. This disintegration of the indurated surface is a necessary preparation for the deep ploughing of eighteen inches, with six bullocks, which follows immediately after the surface has been broken. This will be followed next spring with a third light ploughing, and then the beet will be sown on the flat. At 6.30 went out with Maurice for a little walk through the cultivated land. We met a *chasseur* with two good, well-broken dogs. He was the baker of the village. He had up to that time killed forty brace of partridges, worth 2fr. 50cts. each bird, and thirty brace of quails, worth 1 franc each. This would well repay his licence, time, and equipment. On returning we went to the restaurant for our usual *litre* of strong coffee, and to the fountain to fill the decanter with fresh water. After our breakfast we took his breakfast to Hilaire. We found him about a *kilometre* off, breaking up his stubble. His dog was following the plough; in this Auvergnat breed the instinct of associating with cattle having become even stronger than that of associating with man. The second breakfast we had carried to Hilaire consisted of bread soup, in a pewter basin, the lid of which screwed on, bread and cheese, and about a pint of wine in a wooden bottle. On the land we had walked over, nothing was cultivated but wheat, beet, lucerne, and potatoes. There is not much difference in the value of these crops, sometimes one, sometimes another, fetching most money. The most frequent exception is that of the wheat crop, which is generally worth less than any of the other three. The lucerne hereabouts is cut four times. The fourth cut, which was very good, was almost ready. It is kept not very, but perfectly, clean. It is not manured, and lasts seven or eight years. It is not an exhausting crop, and acts as a restorative to the land. Of course this would not be the case everywhere, but just here the soil being volcanic has a natural supply of phosphates. Hilaire's beet this year will sell for £20 an acre. The cost of cultivation for it had been about £4 an acre. Last year the best crop was the potatoes: they were sold for England. This year the tubers are large, numerous, and quite sound. Wheat, with their careful cultivation, on the good soil of Brenat yields on an average four quarters to the acre, or perhaps four and a half.

After dinner Hilaire took me to see his vineyard, and that of his old father-in-law. They were about a mile and a half from the village on one of the little eminences some hundred feet high on the edge of the plain. This eminence the great glacier of the glacial epoch had planed down to its present height, leaving it a long knoll of clinkstone. The weathering of unknown thousands of years had, more or less riven and broken up its surface. In places soil had been formed, in others not. In the former the vine would grow; in the latter not even the vine: to make it capable of supporting the vine a great deal of hard labour was required. The uppermost of the two vineyards had been of this kind, and was not even yet completed. On its last rise Hilaire showed me how he had lately been quarrying the rock. He had blasted and piled together the large pieces, and the surface was now composed of the small *débris*, but without soil. This had yet to be laid upon it, and he intended to bring it up in baskets from the lower part of the vineyard, where some could be spared, at such odd times as his farming work would allow. Of course, work of this kind could never be done on the landlord and tenant system, for it would not pay to do it with hired labour; at all events no one would improve at the cost of so much toil another man's land. In these parts the vintage would this year be, unfortunately, a bad one. More than half the bunches had not set in consequence of late frosts; and, besides, there was some oidium. This was a serious blow, but the good man took it philosophically. The schooling of agriculture is good with its rewards and its disappointments. A great part of the grapes were now quite ripe, as were all the peaches, some of which were as well-flavoured and juicy as peaches could be. We were accompanied by Maurice and his friend Bardoux.

On our return from the vineyard Maurice took me the round of all the cafés and restaurants, and through all the *carrefours* of the village. We saw many old dames competing with steam in spinning both hemp and wool; and one man we found carrying on the same competition in weaving. The hand-made linen and sheeting of hemp is very soft and very durable: this, and the fact that some employment is thus given to those who would otherwise have none, enable the hand-spindle and the hand-loom still to survive in such places as Brenat. I have now seen the exterior of perhaps every house in the village, and the interior of several, and have made the acquaintance of the inmates of many.

Maurice told me that his father's produce of all kinds last year sold for more than 4,000 francs, that is for more than £160. As he pays no rent for his house, and has not to buy his wine, probably, with their economical habits and their great skill in making much out of little, the odd £60 would maintain the family. The £100,

then, may every year be nearly all saved. From what Hilaire himself told me of the amount and market price of his produce I think Maurice's figures below the mark. Savings, however, at the rate of £100 a year, invested in Government *rentes*, must soon make a peasant feel himself a prosperous man. France has more than five million fund-holders. To justify the £40 a year that Maurice is now costing his father for clothing, books, and schooling at the Clermont seminary, the good man's savings must be considerable. I see from the *annuaire* of the department that the seminary has a staff of twenty-five professors and masters. About sunset one of Maurice's *cousines* passed in a tumbrel, driving a pair of oxen. She was twenty years of age, and very good-looking. He ran down-stairs, and into the road, to salute her. In this frequently-recurring performance one party is always passive. There is no reciprocity. At supper I had occasion to repeat the hackneyed saying, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. "Pardon me," said the boy, "that is not correct French. Appetite is the subject, but appetite does not eat. It is you who eat. It would be more correct to say, While one eats appetite comes." His mother told him to rise from table and go into the village for something that was wanted. He seemed to hesitate. She repeated the order in a peremptory tone, as if she had made up her mind that it was for his good that her authority should never be questioned. He left the table to comply, on which the father remarked, "The boy does what he likes with me, but his mother he must obey."

Hereabouts a hectare sells for £240, and lets for £8—that is, not quite £120 and not quite £4 an acre. These are far above our figures for the price and rent of arable land. If our land were worth as much, the wealth of England would not be less. What creates the difference is the competition and the industry of a large class of peasant proprietors. This inferiority in the price of our land, plus £7,000,000 a year for the poor rate, plus £7,000,000 more for sugar, plus several more millions a year for eggs, poultry, butter, fruit, vegetables, &c., is part of the price we pay for our land system.

In these peasant villages, as in the contiguous towns, it is very noticeable that the new houses are loftier, larger, and better built than the old ones. I remarked this to Hilaire: he assented, and added: "But that is not all: we peasants now live better than the *bourgeois* did fifty years ago. At that time our chief food was black barley bread; all of us now eat good wheaten bread, and we have enough soup, wine, and cheese, and some meat. We are very prosperous. Our land has doubled its value. France is more than twice as rich as it was formerly. The *bourgeois* have sold their land to the peasants, and have now got the value of their land in trade and shares, which have for the most part been created by the prosperity of the



peasants; and the peasants have the land, which they have made twice as productive as it was before. All this rests on the peasants. If they could not have made so much out of the land they would not have given so much for it; indeed, they would not have bought it, and then things would have remained as they were. If the number and prosperity of the peasants were diminished, in the same proportion would be diminished the population and prosperity of the towns. All classes now flourish, because the peasants are numerous, industrious, and flourishing." And this estimate of his of the prosperity of the peasants was no more than I had heard at Orleans, at Tours, in the Cantal, at Le Puy, at Clermont, and wherever I had been. In some of these places I had heard it from the peasants themselves and from tradesmen, and in every one of them from the priests, who I suppose have very good means for ascertaining the condition of their flocks. The almost stereotyped phrase was, "The peasants are very rich."

Sept. 8, Sunday.—At 5 A.M. the blacksmith's hammer was heard, and our breakfast showed that the *chasseur* baker of Bronat had heated his oven this morning. As, however, they did nothing after breakfast, this early work of theirs was in fact the alternative to lying in bed. I saw no work done to-day on the land. Madame went to early mass; she was pleased at hearing that I intended to go to high mass. She asked me if we had mass in England. I replied that in our form of the mass transubstantiation and the bodily presence were not taught; but if by those doctrines her Church meant ultimately the divinity of the Saviour, that was equally the foundation of both our Churches. Her pleasure was increased at hearing that the gulf between us was not so great as she had supposed. The next question was, "Is it true that the English are not baptized?"

In going to the fountain before breakfast with Maurice, we passed his grandparents' house. He pressed me to go in: as it was not yet seven o'clock, I at first demurred. The old people, as they are living alone, had no bed in their best room; still they seemed to think that the bedroom was the proper reception-room, for they would have me go into that and take a seat at the table, while the old lady brought out two kinds of sweet wine from a clothes-press; one was made from currants and the other from quinces. It was in vain for me to plead that it was only 6.30 A.M., and that I had not yet breakfasted; I was obliged to take half a glass of each. The old soldier offered me his snuff-box with the deprecatory remark, "Women like these mixtures, which they have contrived themselves; but the wine of the grape is the only true wine." I complimented them on their upright figures and vigour. He replied, "We never allow ourselves more than six hours' sleep; with fresh air, that is

enough." It is the custom here for the peasants in summer to allow themselves and their cattle in the middle of the day two hours' rest. This allowance is sometimes in sunny and hot weather a little exceeded for the sake of the cattle.

High mass was at ten o'clock. The church was entirely filled; I did not see an empty place. The congregation were almost all women; they were well dressed for peasants; some were good-looking; there was a general appearance of health and strength. There were hardly more than a dozen men present; they, I was told, attend the early mass. The old grandfather had a seat in the chancel—a kind of pew—in which he gave me a place. In the middle of the service he offered me his snuff-box. Part of the office was sung by my host, Hilaire, and by another peasant. Hilaire's deep bass, coming from his capacious chest, extinguished every other sound in the church. One part of the office was sung by a choir of women and girls. This, coming after Hilaire's overpowering bass, was very pleasing. I suppose the dull, self-denying lives of the women in these villages makes the services of the Church very attractive to them. They never see anything so imposing as the interior of the church or so gorgeous as the priest's dress; to look upon it must be a real pleasure to them. They never hear anything so soothing and elevating as the Church music, and it must be cheering to them to imagine the perfections and the sympathy of the saints. The old curé preached: throughout he never once hesitated for a word, but the familiar voice did not appear to have any very stirring effect on the congregation.

After the service Maurice brought another of his young friends—a youth of about eighteen—to be presented to me. He was an orphan son of a late superintendent of some department in the sugar factory. He and four other youths from Brenat attend the Clermont Lycée, their destination being trade. I have already mentioned that Maurice and his friend Bardoux are being brought up at the seminary for the learned professions. These six are the recruits whom the peasants of Brenat are at present preparing for the higher careers of life.

After dinner Hilaire told me that it was the general custom at Brenat for the peasants on Sundays to spend the time between dinner and supper at the cafés of the village, and as he was going to one, he invited me to accompany him. I told him I would join him later in the afternoon. At about four o'clock I went with Maurice and his friend Bardoux. We found Hilaire playing at dominoes. The café had two billiard rooms. In these rooms were about twenty-five men playing at dominoes, draughts, billiards, &c., and drinking wine and coffee, generally with the addition of a little cognac. There was much lively, good-humoured talk, but no boorishness. Almost

all wore the usual blouse : the manager of the sugar factory was one of the exceptions. I stayed about half an hour, and then went for a walk with Hilaire to see his scattered parcels of land. Nothing could be more vigorous and cleaner than his lucerne and beet. Not a weed could be seen ; it appeared as if there was no seed left in the ground to produce weeds. This recalled to my recollection that I had recently been told by a farmer at home that it was useless to attempt to eradicate weeds, because the land itself generated their seeds ; and by another that it was useless to attempt to clear off stones from the land for a similar reason : but here both the weeds and the stones had been got rid of, and the land was showing no capacity for generating either spontaneously.

The chief reason why lucerne, the oldest forage plant known to history, cannot be grown profitably in this country is that our land is too foul for this crop. It is so full of the seeds of weeds that their produce soon injures the lucerne, and the land becomes too foul to admit of the continuance of the crop. Hilaire has never possessed a share in anything. I suppose, however, that he has a good amount of Government stock. "Land," he says, "is the best of all investments, because when revolutions occur, whatever else may be overthrown, the land remains ; and besides, one may expect discoveries, such as railways and the making of sugar and spirits from beet, which will increase its value."

Madame has been to church four times to-day, and I have seen her in four different dresses. While I was sitting at the window in the early gloaming, watching the old women bringing home the sheep, and cows, and geese—always a pleasant sight—and thinking how primitive the sight was, and that though perhaps we might deem their employment very monotonous, it was a satisfaction to them to be useful still, M. l'Abbé arrived. He had evidently been expected. We had for supper beef-steaks, cold veal, and cold mutton—these, doubtless, because in an attempt I had made to describe the English Sunday, I had said that on that day many English families had a cold dinner—and then a roast fowl and salad. To-day we had no vegetables : among the peasants bread with their meat takes the place of our vegetables. We also had some pastry from Clermont. Hilaire produced his best wines. His old vintage of, I think, 1866, he said, was worth 2 francs a bottle. His Madeira more. His last year's vintage, which I thought the most pleasing of the three, was worth only half a franc a bottle. It resembled a light Burgundy, of which you might drink a bottle in tumblers. The good man estimated wine by its degrees of proof. At 8.30 Maurice brought out cards. Madame declined to play, preferring to put things to rights after supper. The stakes were sous. The game was new to me, so, giving that as a reason, I begged to be excused from joining in it. The

party broke up at ten. Something led Hilaire to affirm—and with some emphasis—that if a man did his duty, there was no reason why he should be afraid of God or of death. The *abbé* remarked that duty included the requirements of religion. Hilaire, more energetically than before, repeated himself, only substituting for duty ~~what~~ everyone would think a man ought to do; and adding, “That is my immovable belief.” To this no reply was made.

I saw nothing here to-day of the tawdry dresses we see so much of at home. Nor have I heard here, or at Clermont, or anywhere else during this excursion, a coarse jeer, or once witnessed an impudent staring gaze into a passing face. The lads of Brenat do not assemble on Sundays at its crossways and street corners for the happiness of indulging in these pastimes. Such instances of want of self-respect, and of respect for others, are not a growth of this soil.

*Sept. 9, Monday.*—To-day we were to go to the fair of Manzat. Hilaire, as he would only have a half-day’s work on his land, was off at 4 A.M. Maurice was to be taken in the vehicle of the keeper of our café of yesterday, who was a relation of his. The daughter of the *cafetier* and another of his *cousines* were to accompany him. The *cafetier* pressed me to join his party, but I preferred going after dinner by rail with Hilaire. Breakfast was soon despatched, for Maurice could think of little but the fair. He was as happy as a lively imagination could make a lad of fifteen going to a fair with a napoleon in his pocket, and the expectation of appearing in a favourable light to several *cousines*. To save Madame the walk, I carried his breakfast to Hilaire. Our train was heavy with excursionists from the neighbourhood, which is very populous. We were soon at Vitric, and then had to walk about a mile to reach the fair; the road was crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. Many of the vehicles were of antique and nondescript kinds; and one could not but be surprised that some of them had not long ago fallen to pieces. The fair was being held on the grounds of the Château of Manzat. Including a wood it covered about twenty acres. Nominally it was held for the sale of vats and barrels for the approaching vintage; but it was in reality as much a fair for horses, pigs, cows, and almost for everything peasants could require for their land, kitchen, wardrobes, or in their houses generally. It was also largely a pleasure fair. It is hard to estimate numbers, but we supposed that there were five thousand people on the ground. I was there three hours, and twice went the round of the drinking tents and of the open space in the wood, where those who had brought their own provisions were pic-nicking and dancing. There were no square dances; only round ones. I nowhere saw anyone the worse for wine, and no unmannerly behaviour. The dancing was conducted with perfect propriety. I was told that the tradition still remained

of the time when the nobility and peasantry had danced together. Now there are none but peasantry. I did not think the people at the fair as strong and good-looking as my friends at Brenat—probably because the better class of peasants was not largely represented on the ground. We soon found Maurice and his party; it consisted of the *cafetier*, his daughter, and two other of my young friend's *cousines*. One of these, who resided at Vitric, was married, and her husband was with her. The *cafetier* was in his blouse; all the ladies wore black silk. Their conversation was easy, and their manner unembarrassed. Towards sunset we left the fair for Vitric. The land we passed through was poor, some of it very poor, but the most was made of it. At Vitric we went to the house of the married couple. They lived with the wife's father and mother. It was a better house than Hilaire's, inasmuch as it had on the first-floor a small room for meals without a bed. The kitchen, barn, and stables were on the ground floor. We sat down to supper at seven—a large party. I supposed that we had been expected. The order of succession was first soup—not bread soup, but a kind of julienne—melon, a roast goose, veal cutlets, ragout of rabbit, cheese, grapes, peaches, a cake, and three kinds of wine. The old mother of the married lady did the cooking, and did not appear; we only saw her afterwards in the kitchen. The young wife and the *cafetier's* daughter laid the table and did all the waiting. The former slipped off her silk dress as soon as she entered the house, and served the table in a cotton-plaid jacket and skirt. I did not see in these peasants any wish to appear in anything socially higher than a peasant. They do all the work of their houses, and are not ashamed to do it. When the stress of waiting was over, the ladies took their place at the table. When supper was nearly over, the master of the house, a peasant of sixty-five, who had just returned from his day's work, joined the party in his blouse. From that time till we left, at near nine, his little grandchild was never out of his arms. I shall not soon forget the happy content of the child, and the happy smiles of the old man, as the two conversed together in their fashion. We returned to Brenat in the *cafetier's* spring cart. We were a party of six. Our driver, Matrice, and his father sang for the latter part of the way to pass the time. The refrain of the most popular song was "The republic of the peasants." We got back a little before ten o'clock. Madame was seated in front of her house with some of her neighbours. We could only thank her for the supper she had prepared for us.

*Sept. 10, Tuesday.*—I was to leave this morning at seven for Paris. Maurice, while I was packing up, brought his mother into the room to aid him in insisting that I should take away with me, as souvenirs of my visit to Brenat, two of his prizes, which I had at times looked

into during the past week. For some time I resisted, but at last he thrust them into my portmanteau. The good woman then brought up a basket she had provided for my journey. It contained her best capor, a pair of her young pigeons, a loaf of white bread, a bottle of wine, and fruit. That I might not appear too ungracious I took a pigeon and a leg of the fowl. Hilaire and Maurice accompanied me to the station. The former would not hear of anyone else carrying my portmanteau. On the way we met the *cafetier*, who was lying in wait for us with another bottle of wine, and his good wishes for a pleasant journey. When the time for parting had come, Hilaire sped me on my way with the expression of the hope, on behalf of his friends and himself, that I might revisit Brenat. I, too, hoped that the future had that happiness in store for me.

So ended my week with the peasants. I trust that the particulars of their manner of life, of their condition, and of themselves, which I have given, are such as will enable the reader to form for himself the picture that was presented to me. For this purpose there is needed somewhat of a præ-Raphaelite fulness and minuteness of detail, which alone in such a matter can be either useful or truthful.

I would now remark, with reference to the foregoing narrative, that the peasant with whom I resided was above the average of his brethren. Still he was a true and genuine peasant, and nothing but a peasant. He had never been anything else. He had never been out of the neighbourhood; not even having served in the army, not having been strong enough for that in his youth. He had begun life without any land. The fourteen acres he now owned he had acquired by his own labour and that of his wife. Those two did all the work their land required, with the exception of some assistance at harvest time. Nor had they any thought but of working on their land all their days, as long as their health and strength would permit. The same may be said, with only one exception, of all their relations and neighbours with whom I became acquainted: they cultivated their land with their own hands. The average size of properties at Brenat appears to be about five acres. I found that it was the general opinion that on five acres a family can live fairly well. If a peasant's land is not enough to require the whole of his time in its cultivation, he will then be able to do some work for others. The wages of the neighbourhood now are 2 frs. 50 cs., or 3 francs a day with food and wine. The *cafetier's* time being required for his business, he cultivates his land with labour of this kind; so do those who are too old to work any longer themselves, and are desirous of still keeping their land in their own hands.

Of course, even a well-to-do peasant does not live as well all the year round as my entertainers did during the week I was their guest. I was satisfied, however, that they have a sufficiency of

good wholesome food well cooked. I could not but compare the latter advantage—and a very considerable one it is—with the bread and cheese, bread and dripping, badly cooked pork, with an occasional bit of fried or baked meat, of our people. The French peasant has several kinds of soup, several kinds of savoury vegetables, tender savoury ragouts, eggs, poultry, pork, cheese, and milk. Onions, the most muscle-forming of vegetables, and, as I have heard it put by a Frenchman, the foundation of scientific cookery, are little used by our people. More onions are grown and used in one French commune than in a dozen English parishes. As I have already noticed, what gives the French generally so much useful skill in cookery is the division of landed property which obtains amongst them. The way in which I was entertained was evidence not only that my hostess possessed this skill, but also to a certain extent of a good moral tone. Doubtless, she and her husband, like other peasants, valued the franc highly; but it was clear that there was something else that they valued still more highly, and that was the pleasure of giving pleasure to those who treated them considerately. To set this pleasure above that of grasping a few francs is a degree of true and refined morality which no very large proportion of the working world has elsewhere reached. As the word morality has just been used, I would ask the reader to recall the evidence I had occasion to notice in an earlier part of this paper, of the respect shown for exposed property in these peasant-owned districts.

Another advantage of the French system is that it enables the country to get on without a poor-law. Where property in land is much diffused and open to all, almost any one may secure a permanent means of support: a poor-law, therefore, is not needed. But where the agricultural labourer is only a labourer, and in some way or other, no matter in what way, is shut off from attaining to property in land, a poor-law is absolutely necessary for his maintenance, because wages do not supply a permanent means of support. The land is the only permanent means of support, and if those who cultivate it have not a share in the land itself, they must have a share in its produce; and that is just what our poor-law has for three hundred years given to our labourers, to the great cost of the landowners, and to the greater cost of the labourers, who have by its action been impoverished, degraded, and demoralised. An agricultural system, which in the social scale produces nothing much lower than the peasants I have been among, has certainly some *prima facie* claim on the attention of Englishmen.

The French peasantry build on their own land their own homes, which, therefore, are substantially built, and are fairly adequate to the wants of the family. Fortunately for them they do not live in cottages built—perhaps run up, and maintained, if that word is not

often inapplicable—by speculators, or, at all events, by other people, whose object sometimes is to get as great a rent as possible for, and to spend as little as possible on, a tenement that another is to occupy. Family life is the main natural educator, and the first necessity for family life is the possession of a home. But it may be questioned whether the word home is applicable to a house not always fit for a human habitation, held from week to week, so that the occupant of it may be ejected from it at any time ; and, therefore, for the pressingly needed improvement of which, however necessary such improvement may be for the family life, should he forbear to do anything, no one could blame him.

One of the commonest arguments now adduced against peasant proprietorship is that the average produce of our large English wheat farms is greater per acre than that of the small peasant farms of France. I decidedly question this as respects land of equal goodness. But that the total yield in France is less per acre than the total yield in England is, when rightly considered, a demonstration not of the inferiority, but of the superiority of the small culture. We only cultivate wheat on land that nature has well adapted for that grain, but the French peasants cultivate it on all kinds of soil, on some of which it would originally have been impossible to have cultivated it, and which nothing but the mattock and the spade of the peasant proprietor, working for himself and on his own land, could have made capable of producing it. If this system enables large districts, in fact, a considerable portion of the whole country, to yield crops of wheat and of other kinds of produce, which otherwise would have yielded little, or nothing at all, it is no argument against peasant proprietorship that the yield of these districts lowers the average yield of the whole country. Many districts in Switzerland, and in other countries where peasant proprietorship obtains as well as in France, which nature left almost valueless, have been made more or less productive, many of them highly productive, by labour which none but peasant owners would or could have bestowed upon them. The only useful comparison, then, would be between the meadows, the orchards, and the corn-fields of these districts and the still existing condition of originally similar districts in this country. We have here precisely one of the great advantages of the natural system, that it ensures the whole of the surface of the country, wherever ingenuity and labour can effect it, being reclaimed, and turned to good account. We may also remark, now that we are on the subject of growing wheat, that although so large a proportion of the soil of France is devoted to the culture of the vine, the value of an average vintage at three half pence a pint is £50,000,000—another result mainly of peasant proprietorship—yet the French are able to produce in most years enough, and in some years more than enough,



wheat for the consumption of their large population. This is a source of great wealth to them; and also, as is obvious, gives them a much stronger position among other nations than they would otherwise hold. Their system enables them to extract from their own soil the chief of the necessities of life.

It is, however, worth while to take a glance at this system, regarded as a machinery for augmenting the material wealth of the country. Let us suppose an English parish of two thousand acres of arable land, and let us in imagination transfer it to the Limagne of Auvergne. Every acre would at once sell and let for more than it would have been sold and let for in England. This is not unimportant; but there is another way of looking at this point—that of the accumulations which would be made from this area in England, and from the same area when transferred to the Limagne. The English owner of the two thousand acres, we know, would not probably be saving anything from his rent. He would be rather an exceptional character if he were to do so. The labourers, also, we know, who cultivate the two thousand acres, if it were possible for them to save anything, can hardly be thought to have strong motives for attempting it; at all events, as a matter of fact, so far are they from saving that they are a drag on the savings of other people. The case of the tenants in this respect is not quite so clear; still of the great majority of them it may, I think, be said with truth that they are not making money; and of the class generally, that of late years they have been losing money. Now, again, suppose these two thousand acres transferred to the Limagne. The average size of properties there being taken at five acres, will give us a population of four hundred peasant families, but few of which we have good reasons for believing are not saving money. Each of these is piling up a growing heap of gold as a provision against age, sickness, and, as late events have shown, against the devastations of war, and also for the purpose of purchasing more land, a motive which we know is strongly felt where it can be acted on. Our system gives the country perhaps sixty families of labourers, many with grown-up sons, and several taking in lodgers; six or seven families of farmers; and a landlord, or a part of a landlord, or it may be several landlords; in all between four hundred to five hundred souls; not one of whom possibly is saving anything. The other system gives a population of two thousand, perhaps in about four hundred families, a great many of which families have saved more or less, and are year by year adding to their accumulations. If, one with another, they save, say, £10 a year, that will amount to £2 a year saved from every acre in the commune. Of course, if we could extend this to the whole country, it would amount to a saving, at the rate of English rents for arable land, of more than the rent of the whole

country. The unknown extent, however, to which it is really done is what explains the ability of the French peasantry to lend milliards to the State.

Important as is the point just noticed, there is one of still greater importance. We are beginning to see that peasant proprietorship contributes to the material wealth of the country; perhaps we shall eventually come to believe that it contributes perhaps quite as much to what may be called its human wealth. We cannot be far short of the truth in saying that it maintains on the spot a population of genuine cultivators four times as numerous as our system. Our comparatively small number of labourers are deeply tainted with the demoralization of pauperism. This degradation of humanity cannot be said to exist among the dense peasant population of the Limagne. They are, speaking of them as a body, honest, contented, hard-working, hardy, self-respecting, thrifty, and self-supporting. Such a population it is a great advantage in many ways for the State to possess. They are its greatest wealth.

In a country as rich as England we may be sure that considerable estates will abound under any modifications of our system ever likely to be adopted. All that is suggested is, that if we had, not necessarily the French system, but one which merely gave no more facilities and encouragement to the formation of territorial than of small properties, possibly then we might recover here and there the class of peasant proprietors that we lost long ago; a loss that no other country has sustained. It is a class which in all other civilised countries is largely contributing, as it did in the old world, to their wealth and strength, and to the well-being and happiness of a considerable portion of their population, and the want of which, as a balance to our large urban population, may some day be felt in this country.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

## THE PRINCIPLE OF COPYRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

It is not the object of the present paper to discuss the many practical questions which have already been ably discussed in the pages of this Review, and which are discussed at length in the report of the Royal Commission, and in the evidence taken before them, *e.g.* "What should be the length of copyright?" "To what subjects shall it extend?" "How shall it be enforced?" "Ought the law to be imperial, or is it a subject for colonial legislation?"

(1) Since the following pages were in type, an article upon the Report of the Commission has appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, which I might be tempted to answer if I could properly enter upon such a controversy. This I cannot do. I will only say that the statements or insinuations which the article contains concerning the conduct of the Board of Trade, and concerning the part I am supposed to have taken, argue ignorance of the manner in which public business is conducted as well as of the facts of the case.

So far as I can understand the Reviewer, the real cause of his attack upon me—indeed, I may say, of his article—is to be found in two, and two only of my statements, which are in substance as follows, *viz.*:—First, that when our authors and publishers (including the Reviewer himself) charge the United States and the Colonies with "stealing," with "breach of Eighth Commandment," and so forth, the parties charged with these heinous offences have, in the high prices charged for English books, a good answer; and that, until some security is given for the lowering of those prices, it is idle to attempt to extend our Copyright Law to any of these countries. Secondly, that in addition to the interests of the English author, of the American reader, and of the Canadian publisher, there is a further interest to be considered, *viz.* that of the public of the United Kingdom; and that this interest is not fairly treated by an English law which, while it enables the English author to sell his volume, with a presumed profit, at a price of 3s. or 4s. to the Germans, the Americans, or the Canadians, supports him in refusing it to his own countrymen at home at a lower price than 16s.

The first of these conclusions is one to which, in common probably with most Englishmen, I was originally strongly opposed, and the truth of which I was compelled reluctantly to admit after a long discussion with Sir J. Rose. The second speaks for itself.

It would be unbecoming in me to enter into further controversy in defence of these propositions. But I shall certainly not retract them; and if the brilliant rhetoric in which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* clothes what he supposes me to have said to the Commission should lead anyone to read in the dull official prose of the Blue Book what I really did say, I shall be most grateful to him. As the Blue Book has neither Index nor Table of Contents, I will mention that my evidence on the above points is to be found in the replies to questions 3,928—3,933; and that the very searching cross-examination, which extended over three days, is to be found in questions 4,867 to 5,218, 5,277 to 5,387, and 5,800 to 5,893.—T. H.F.

“What should be our attitude in respect of copyright towards the great English-speaking nation on the other side of the Atlantic?”

Questions such as these, though they involve many points of much difficulty, may, and probably will, be settled by Parliament without pronouncing any decision on the conflicting principles which lie at the bottom of the subject. But ultimate principles have, nevertheless, their own importance, and it is scarcely possible to argue one of the above practical questions thoroughly out, without considering on what basis the law of copyright rests.

At the present moment, when the extension of copyright through the medium of international treaties, the spread of the English language throughout the world, the growth of colonies, which, whilst they demand English literature, insist on having it on terms suitable to their own condition, and, above all, the changing relations of our own authors and publishers to the publishers and readers of the United States, are altering the conditions under which literature has hitherto existed; it is specially desirable to take a new point of departure, and to make sure, so far as is possible in human affairs, of the general course of our voyage and the port towards which we are steering.

There are at present two distinct and opposite theories on the subject of copyright. Neither of them is consistent with the existing state of the law; nor is it likely that either of them will prevail in practice to the exclusion of the other.

Copyright, or the right to copy, is, in fact, a power of preventing others from copying. It has derived its importance from the facilities for copying created by the invention of printing. It has since the date of that invention existed in most civilised countries; and in most, if not all, it has existed subject only to certain limitations. According to one of the two theories I have referred to, it ought to be subject to no limitations. According to the other it ought not to exist at all.

According to the first of these theories, the author of a published book, a picture, a statue, a song—in short, of any intellectual idea to which he has given form—has, after as well as before publication, an absolute right, not only to the actual physical object which he produces, but to the form of that object; and this right is as unqualified in its nature, extent, and duration as that of any owner of any property whatever. The logical consequence of this theory is, that any one who uses, adopts, or imitates that form without leave of the author must be guilty of theft; and any one who, in imitating, alters it, must be guilty of injury to property. Further, according to the theory in question, this right exists in the nature of things, and the law of any nation which fails to recognise it is as defective and barbarous as the law of a nation which omits to punish ordinary theft.

According to the second of these theories, the author has no right over his idea or over the form of his idea after it has left his own mind or his own closet and has once been given to the public. It then becomes the property of the world, and all men may adopt, imitate, and use it in any way which their interest and convenience require. To restrain them from doing so is unjust, because it interferes with natural freedom of action; and inexpedient, because it prevents or limits the enjoyment and multiplication of that which is useful to men.

To quote authorities would take up much space, but it may be mentioned that the first of these theories will be found to be stated or implied in the language of those literary advocates of copyright who, reaping little benefit, or less benefit than they expect, from the large sale of their works in the United States and in the colonies, have for many years been in the habit of uttering against the governments, publishers, and readers of those countries loud and indignant reproaches. It will be found also in the evidence given by Messrs. Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer to the Royal Commission.<sup>1</sup> The second theory is less fortunate in the number and ability of its advocates, as might be expected from the fact that the interests which it would promote being the interests of consumers, are less concentrated, and therefore less active and outspoken, than those of the producers. Moreover, in this case authors are, from the nature of the case, the principal witnesses, and they are of course interested witnesses. Printed controversy is therefore, on the whole, one-sided. The man who wrote the inscription concerning his battle with the lion was not a good authority as between men and lions. Writers are not good authorities as between themselves and readers. I may refer, however, for what is to be said against copyright, to Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail* (Brussels, Hauman et Cie., 1845), and to two pamphlets on copyright by Carey, the veteran economist and protectionist writer of America (Hurd and Houghton, New York, 1868, and Baird, Philadelphia, 1872).

The arguments on both sides will be found in the debates on the Bills of Serjeant Talfourd and Lord Mahon in 1841 and 1842, and are well stated in two reports on international copyright to the Senate of the United States, the one by Mr. Clay in 1837, and the other by Mr. Morrill in 1873. These reports are both given in *Morgan's Law of Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 63 to 78. But those who

(1) It is a remarkable illustration of the effect of a theory on a powerful intellect that Mr. Herbert Spencer regards any attempt to qualify the absolute monopoly of the copyright owner as an interference, not only with rights of property, but with the doctrines of Free Trade. So completely has the right of the author filled his mind, that he seems to have forgotten that in order to have the full benefit of freedom of trade there must be freedom in production as well as in consumption, of supply as well as of demand.

wish to examine the subject at length, and to see what arguments legal ingenuity can bring to bear on the subject, will do well to consult the elaborate judgments in the old cases of *Millar v. Taylor* and *Donaldson v. Beckett*, in the 4th vol. of *Burrow's Reports*, and in the later case of *Jeffreys v. Boosey*, in the 4th vol. *House of Lords Cases*. Amid a great deal which is purely historical, and many subtle and profitless discussions of far-fetched legal analogies, there is much which still throws light on the present conflict of opinion.

It is the object of this paper to summarise so much of these arguments as has still living interest for us, giving first the case of the extreme supporters of copyright, and afterwards that of its extreme opponents.

The case of the supporters may be stated as follows :—

“ Whatever be the origin or object of property, all will agree that there is no title more sacred than that which is founded on labour. The work of a man's hands is his own, and he is protected in its use and enjoyment by all the safeguards which law can devise. Without him it would not have existed, and his right to it is peculiar and absolute. He, and no other, can use it, keep it, consume it, or part with it. It is his in a sense which even those who attack other forms of property admit and vehemently defend. If this is true of the work of a man's hands, is it not, or ought it not, to be equally true of the far more valuable work of his brains? If the right of the labourer or the artisan to the corn which he grows, to the cloth which he manufactures, to the house which he builds, is sacred and absolute, if any one who attempts to rob him of it or to interfere with his exclusive enjoyment of it is a trespasser and a thief, ought we not to maintain in an equally absolute manner the exclusive right of the philosopher, the poet, the novelist, or the historian to the work which he produces—a work which is the result of efforts far more intense, more exalted, and more self-sacrificing than those of the labourer or the artisan? But, since the invention of printing, this right is valueless if others are at liberty to copy the book, and therefore the right to the book necessarily carries with it the right to prevent others from copying it. This right to prevent copying is therefore, in natural justice, absolute, indefeasible, and perpetual, and the limitations to which the laws of all countries have subjected it are, if looked at fairly and philosophically, altogether indefensible.

“ The right to prevent copies of a published book being taken is, our opponents say, something new and unknown to the law. Such an argument is a strange one, when the right has existed for centuries in this country, and exists in some form or other in most if not in all other civilised countries. But if legal analogies are asked for, it is easy to suggest them. If I sell a house, I can attach a covenant to it which will prevent the purchaser and his assigns from using it

except in the way and for the purpose mentioned in the covenant ; and so, when an author sells his book, he can and does sell it, subject to an implied covenant or condition that it shall not be copied or imitated, either by the purchaser or by any one into whose hands it may come.

"If this be so, it is scarcely necessary to consider the special interest of the public in this particular form of property. The same principles which have induced society to protect property generally, ought to induce them to protect this species of property without further inquiry as to its special utility. But as a matter of fact books are the teachers of mankind ; they occupy the place of the prophet, of the priest, of the professor, of the minstrel. They have a value which belongs to no other product of human labour.' Society is in its own interest specially bound to encourage their production. But there is no way in which this can be done so well as by giving the writers absolute and perpetual control over the reproduction of their books. They are not too well paid already. Those who write the best books seldom get an early or a rapid sale, and their works under the present law cease to yield them or their families any return just at the time when the public learn to appreciate and buy them.

"Nor is there any fear of exorbitant prices. In the case of books, as of other things, it will be found that a large sale at a moderate price brings larger net profits than a small sale at a high price ; and in addition to this, the competition, possible if not actual, of one book with another will always prevent an exorbitant price being obtained for any one book.

"Not only, then, has the public the same interest in protecting the creations of authorship, which it has in protecting other forms of property, but it has a much greater interest ; and public utility, no less than justice to the author, requires that copyright shall be absolute, indefeasible, and perpetual.

"The case might well be left here. But there is another point of view in which it is only just to the author, as well as important to the public, that he should have complete control over his productions. If other persons are at liberty to reproduce his books without his leave, or the leave of those in whose charge he places them, they may be reproduced with errors, imperfections, and omissions which would injure his reputation and destroy their value. An author is constantly adding, correcting, improving ; sometimes he changes his mind altogether, and desires to withdraw what he has previously uttered as feeble, false, or injurious. With a law which gives to him and his representatives absolute control over reproduction, he can secure the issue to the public of those works only which his more mature taste and opinions approve. Without such a law, the public may be induced to buy and read editions of his books, not

only imperfect and possibly garbled, but containing thoughts and opinions which his riper judgment leads him to suppress.

"Nor is the author's claim less strong when looked at as a matter of history. In the legal discussions which followed the passing of the first English statute of copyright—that of Anne—it was clearly proved and established that according to the common law of England, authors and their assigns enjoyed absolute and perpetual copyright. The weight of judicial opinion in the course of these discussions was distinctly in favour of the continuance of that right, even after the passing of the statute; and but for an accident, which in the highest court of appeal silenced England's greatest lawyer (Lord Mansfield), it would then have been settled, and would now be the law of the British Empire, that the statutes of copyright only add a remedy to those given by the common law, but do not limit the perpetual and absolute right which that law had always given.

"Therefore, as a matter of natural right, of public expediency, of legal analogy, and of history, copyright ought not only to exist, but it ought to be made perpetual."

The case thus made for perpetual and absolute copyright appears to be a strong one. Let us hear what can be said in support of the theory that there ought to be no copyright at all.

"All rights to property rest on grounds of public expediency; if, therefore, the new form of property, which we call copyright, does not satisfy this test, it ought not to exist, however strong the analogies between it and other forms of property. But it is not necessary to raise this question; the analogy between copyright and other forms of property does not exist. What is copyright? It is not the right to ideas or to the form in which ideas are clothed. These, we all admit, are the exclusive property of him with whom they originate, so long as he chooses to retain them. He is, and ought to be, protected in the absolute and exclusive use of them, so long as he does not give them to the public. No one can compel him to publish them, and unless he publishes, any other person who may have obtained possession of them is, and ought to be, prevented from publishing them. No one, so far as the law has been carried, may even publish a description of the unpublished book of another. And when the author has published, the actual book which he publishes is, and ought to be, his own chattel. Any one who takes it without his permission is guilty of theft. So far, a book stands on exactly the same footing as other property, and is, and ought to be, protected in the same way. It is here that copyright begins. Copyright is a right to prevent all other persons from imitating and reproducing that which the author has already given to the public. This is the right to which we object.<sup>1</sup>

(1) Sir Louis Mallet, in the paper he has appended to the Report of the Commission,



"Let us consider this a little more closely. The essence of a book lies in the facts or ideas embodied in it; it is the fact or idea rather than the form which is in the highest degree important, original, and peculiar to the author. If the argument for absolute copyright is good for anything, it proves that the author has, or ought, if the law could give it him, to have the same sort of control over the facts which he has collected, the conclusions which he has derived from them, and the ideas to which he has given utterance, as the maker of a ball of cotton or of a pound of sugar, has over the cotton or the sugar. He ought to be able to control the dissemination of his facts, his conclusions, his ideas, and to make any charge he pleases for the use or adoption of them by others. But this is absurd. Facts once collected are admitted to be the property of the world. Conclusions, thoughts, ideas, cannot be so controlled and charged for. Unlike physical products of labour, they are capable of unlimited extension. Nay, they derive their value from the number of other minds which receive and are affected by them. Laws which are applicable to objects of consumption have no application to knowledge, thoughts, and feelings.

" 'Tracera-t-on des bornes à cette consommation intellectuelle, qui se nomme la publicité. Une idée qui est consommée ne disparaît pas encore au coup; elle grandit, au contraire, elle se fortifie, elle s'étend à la fois et dans le temps, et dans l'espace. Donnez-lui le monde pour consommateur, elle deviendra inépuisable comme la nature et immortelle comme Dieu.' "

"Imagine a claim to exclusive property in the observations of Tycho Brahe, in the laws of Kepler, in the theory of gravitation, in the facts collected by Humboldt or Cuvier, in the observations and theories of Darwin or Joule. Still further, try to conceive a monopoly in the philosophy of Locke or Berkeley, or in the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. The conception is not only impossible, it is monstrous. The claim to exclusive property in the products of the mind fails, therefore, where, if it were sound, it ought to be strongest. Property in knowledge or in ideas is an absurdity. As a matter of fact, the law has never attempted to protect the exclusive use of facts or ideas. It has only protected, and can only protect, the form of words in which the fact or the idea is clothed. It is the dress, not the figure, which is the subject of copyright

suggests a further distinction between copyright and other forms of property. In the case of other forms of property, the reason for giving an exclusive title to the owner is that there is a natural scarcity of the article—that the demand exceeds the supply. All that want it cannot have it; the law must, therefore, decide who shall have it, and protect him in the enjoyment of it. But in the case of copyright there is no such natural scarcity; a book might be reproduced indefinitely if it were not for copyright. In other cases it is a natural scarcity which is the cause of property; in the case of copyright we create artificial scarcity for the purpose of establishing property.

(2) Louis Blanc, *Organisation du Travail*, p. 233. Brussels.

law. Original thought and observation, the highest form of mental labour, go unprotected, whilst literary manufacture, a very inferior product of the intellect, alone obtains protection.

"But it will be said that in a work of art form and substance cannot be thus distinguished, that they are indissolubly united as body and soul, and that in protecting this form protection is given to the essence and substance of the artist's work. This may, no doubt, be true of the best poems, and of some other forms of literature which approach good poems in excellence of form. But these are precisely the works which are not written for money, and which would be written with or without copyright. The great bulk of literature, as it now exists, is of a very different kind, and has no pretence to that union of original thought and feeling with paramount excellence of form which distinguishes the highest works of genius.

"Nor does analogy help the theory. The law of copyright is a law to prevent imitation or reproduction; and, with the exception of the law of patents and the law which protects designs in manufacture, there is nothing in the laws of civilised nations of a similar character. In neither of these cases is the protection given to inventors nearly so ample as that given to authors by the present law of copyright; and it is needless to say that the very principle of the law of patents is seriously doubted by many capable thinkers. An attempt has been made to bring copyright within the scope of legal analogy by suggesting that it merely gives effect to a condition, implied on the sale of every copy of a published book, to the effect that the purchaser shall not use it for the purpose of imitation or reproduction. This suggestion is as fictitious as it is ingenious. A chattel going about the world with an implied covenant by every one who, with or without consideration, gets possession of it, that he will not imitate it, would certainly be a legal novelty!

"In fact, all analogy is against any restriction upon imitation or reproduction. We live by imitation. Words, thoughts, and actions, when uttered or done, pass into the common domain. It is thus that human life is carried on, and it is thus that mankind progresses. To put a check on the reproduction of that which mankind find to be valuable, useful, pleasurable, is to put a check on human progress.

"Nor does history help the case of absolute copyright. In the early days of copyright, authors were little thought of. If copyright was ever perpetual and absolute in this country (and the history of the law in other countries will probably be found to be similar), it was so in the hands of the members of a privileged trading guild, to whom the monopoly of printing and publishing was given on the condition that they should act as literary policemen to the Govern-

ment and the Church. Repression of heresy, schism, and sedition, and not the benefit of authors, were the motives which led the governments of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and their not unworthy successors in this respect, the Long Parliament, to create the privileges of the Stationers' Company, and the rules and restrictions which roused Milton to write his *Areopagitica*. If the authors of the present day wish for the laws of our ancestors, such as they were before the present copyright statutes, they must be content to accept privilege, monopoly, censorship of the press, and public licensing. When these came to an end, and were succeeded by the statutes of Anne, the old privileges of copyright came to an end also. It is idle to question the authority of the great case of *Donaldson v. Beckett*, which decided this point. Whatever may have been the authority of the judges who took an opposite view, that decision would, if it had not fairly represented the opinions of the public and of Parliament, have been altered by subsequent legislation. Its acceptance for two centuries is a sufficient answer to all objections.

"If, then, the claim of the author to a property in his published works finds no justification in principle or in history, is it to the interest of the public that it should exist? It is for the interest of the public that books should be written. But what the public want or ought to want are a few books, and those good and cheap. The effect of a system of copyright is to give us many books, and those bad and dear.

"The best writers do not write for money; the best books would have been written had there been no copyright. They are written because the author has something to say, not because he is induced by want of money to try to say something. These are the books which really help, teach, and guide mankind; and, under the present system, their diffusion and their influence are checked by the competition of books which are written only to suit the booksellers and catch the popular taste.

"A book of deep and original thought will stand little chance against a popular exposition of the same opinions by a skilled literary hack. Wordsworth would have been in more hands had there been no Pollok's *Course of Time*. Walter Scott, Miss Austen, and George Eliot, popular as they are, would be much more widely read if they were not displaced by a number of vulgar and trashy novelists, whose only merit is that they spice strongly enough to fill the circulating libraries. A flimsy book of personal adventure in a foreign country by an athletic traveller, especially when it hits the prejudice of the moment, has tens of thousands of readers; whilst a deep, thoughtful, and laborious book, containing a really trustworthy account of the same country, is comparatively neglected.

"In fact the author, like the priest or the teacher whose place he

is filling, ought to be above his audience. The tendency of the present commercial system is to degrade him to their level, and to reward most munificently, not those who do the best service, but those who pander to the follies and vices of the greatest number. Supply and demand is out of place here; much more a system like that of copyright, which intensifies the evils of commercial influence upon authorship by superadding monopoly.

"Further, assuming books to be good, the system of copyright makes them much dearer than they would be without it, and dearer than they need be in order to remunerate the author.

"Monopoly is an evil, not simply because it enables the seller to fix a price without any reference to the cost of production, but because it enables and induces him to throw a charge on the purchaser which is out of all proportion to the profit he himself makes by it; and which is not only felt as a burden by those who pay it, but limits the sale and usefulness of the book. If an author can make ever so small an increase of profit to himself by selling one hundred copies at £1, instead of by selling two hundred at 10s., he will choose the former alternative. He will be scarcely the better, but the public will be much the worse. The few extra pence or shillings which the author gains are a small matter and need not be grudged to him. But the high price and the limitation of sale caused by the monopoly privilege are serious evils.

"It is true that the general course of trade shows that, even with monopoly, low prices and large sales may be more profitable than high prices and limited sales; but it is a truth which monopolists are very slow to discover.

"The works of the great German authors, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and others were copyright until 1867, and the editions were few and expensive. Immediately on the termination of copyright the market was flooded with new editions, and it is estimated that within a few years there were a million of German families in possession of these great works who had before been unable to buy them.

"According to Mr. Carey, two hundred thousand copies of Macaulay's *History of England* had in 1872 been sold in the United States at 4s. a volume. If sold at American copyright prices they would have been at least 10s. a volume, and the sale instead of being two hundred thousand would probably have been twenty thousand.

"Of one of Dickens's works he says that one million copies were circulated in the States at a few cents per copy. At ordinary copyright prices they would have been 2s. per copy. But not more than fifty thousand would have been sold at that price, yielding author and publisher together about £2,000 profit. So that for (say) £1,000 paid to the author, the United States readers would have been deprived of nine hundred and fifty thousand copies. Mr. Carey, it is to be remembered, had been a publisher himself.

"The above would be true if the author were the only person concerned. But, in fact, looked at as a matter of £ s. d., the author's is the smallest part of the affair. He is a partner with the publisher, and by far the principal part of the cost and of the price goes in payments of a purely commercial character. A large proportion of these payments is for agency, advertisements, and other expenses of the kind which have nothing to do with authorship, or even with the cost of physical production, and which are simply ordinary trade means for pushing a sale. It is probably little exaggeration, to say that out of every shilling that the public pay for a book, one penny goes to the author, fivepence for paper, printing, and binding, and the remaining sixpence, or one-half, to the agencies for distribution. It is to a partnership of this kind that the privilege of copyright is given; and the larger part of the profits made by it go to encourage a system of advertising and commission, in which not only have neither public nor authorship any interest, but which is actually mischievous by forcing into sale numerous and bad books.

"Under these circumstances, copyright not only degrades authorship by making it a matter of trade, but it adds to these evils the evil of monopoly, high price, and limited supply from which other trades are free. It tends to make books bad, numerous, and dear, and is therefore opposed to the best interests of the public.

"Further, the number of readers and buyers is constantly increasing, especially in the English-speaking world, and the prices of books ought consequently to diminish. Is this the case? English copyright books are still published at 18s. a volume, and American copyrighted books are if anything dearer.<sup>1</sup> Bibles, Shakespeares, Wordsworths, are sold at a shilling a piece; but *Macaulay's Life* costs 30s.<sup>2</sup> It is a peculiarly unfortunate time at which to press for extension of copyright privileges. To extend the monopoly of sale in duration, at a moment when natural circumstances are extending it in area, is surely far from reasonable.

"The remuneration now paid by American publishers to some English authors, and the success of English books in America, seem

(1) The following are the results of a comparison of the prices of a large number of English and American books, given to the Royal Commission—

The cheapest editions of popular books are much cheaper where there is no copyright. In books for which there is a large demand, the number and variety of editions is less where copyright exists than where it does not.

The difference in price between copyrighted and non-copyrighted books is greater in the earlier than in the later editions of the same books.

The fact that there is no copyright does not prevent the issue of expensive editions. Where there are the cheapest there are also the most expensive editions.

Where copyright does not interfere, English books are cheaper than American books.

(2) Since this paper was written, a smaller and cheaper edition has this year been published at 12s., selling price about 9s.; the American handsome octavo edition was published in 1876 at 18s.; and the Tauchnitz edition, copyright, but not allowed to come into England, was published in 1876 at 6s. 8d.

to show that if books are published by the author at a price which suits the market, it needs no copyright to give him fair remuneration. For instance, King's International Series contains works by authors of different nationalities, many of whom can have no copyright in America. It is published and sold in both countries at an uniform scale of prices, and of its selling price twenty per cent. is paid to all its authors. Further, it is admitted by some English authors of eminence that their remuneration in the United States, where they have no copyright, has been as liberal as that which they obtain in this country, where they have it.<sup>1</sup>

"It is stated as a further argument for the absolute control of the author over his work, that it is necessary in his interest and in that of the public that he should be able to withhold or withdraw what he has written. But this claim, considered as a matter of the author's right, falls with the notion that he has an absolute right over his published opinions. That which a man has written is gone from him; it is no longer his own; and he has no more right to prevent its dissemination than he has to put a stop to the effect of his spoken words or of his actions. Nor is it in the public interest that he should be able to do so. His later opinions may be right and his early opinions may be wrong, his corrections may be improvements, the editions he desires to sell may be the best; but also they may not, or, if they are, the very change may have its own interest. At any rate, it is for the public to choose. If authorship is to be a matter of trade, let the taste of the public, not the wish of the author, determine which of his editions they shall buy. To enable an author, much more his successors, to withdraw, garble, and control what he has written would be a real evil to mankind. Virgil wished to suppress his *Æneid*; Racine might, in his old age, under the influences of religion, have destroyed his plays. It would have been a misfortune in the history of human thought if Sir C. Lyell had withdrawn from the world that chapter on the *Antiquity of Man*, the recantation of which does so much credit to his candour.

"If indeed an author is misrepresented—if works said to be his are published in such a form as to injure him in influence, in reputation, or in purse—he ought to have, and has, a remedy under a totally different branch of law. But it is not necessary for this purpose that he should have an absolute property in that which he has given to the public, or that he or his successors should be able to withdraw and destroy it.

"Under these circumstances, copyright, considered as the right of the author, has no sound foundation, whilst in respect of the public interest it is injurious. Not only ought it not to be extended, it should cease to exist."

(1) See Mr. Herbert Spencer's evidence before the Royal Commission.

The above is an attempt to state as fairly as I can both sides of this controversy; and I have taken especial pains to set out fully the views of opponents of copyright, because, partly from natural sympathy with ill-paid authors, partly because authors have so many facilities for telling their own tale, the views of those who object to copyright do not always meet with full consideration.

Each one will draw his own conclusion from the above arguments. But it will probably be the opinion of most disinterested persons that the opponents of copyright are successful in disposing of any abstract, absolute, or perpetual right of the author to control the reproduction of his works, and that they have also proved that the system of remunerating authors by copyright is an imperfect one—that it has a tendency to encourage bad writers at the expense of good ones, and to make books dearer to the public than they need be. What they fail to show is that books would be written without the prospect of remuneration, or that if copyright were abolished there is any other mode of paying authors which is not open to greater objections. As Mr. Leslie Stephen says (*Half-hours in a Library*): “The truth seems to be simple. No good work is done when the one impelling motive is the desire of making money; but some of the best work that has ever been done has been indirectly due to the impecuniosity of the labourers. When a man is empty, he makes a very poor job of it in straining colourless truth from his hard-bound brains; but when his mind is full to bursting, he may still require the spur of a moderate craving for cash to induce him to take the decisive plunge.” Copyright probably helps to effect this, even in the case of works of genius and imagination. The bulk of literature, however, and even of really useful literature, at the present day does not consist of works of genius. When it is good, sound, useful, plodding work, done, like that of the lawyer or physician, not simply or solely from internal impulse, but because it is wanted, and because, being wanted, men will pay for it, remuneration is therefore necessary. It is true that the present practice of American publishers shows that fair remuneration will in some cases be paid by publishers without copyright, but it is by no means clear that without copyright such remuneration would be adequate. As regards other modes of payment, it is not necessary, in this country at any rate, seriously to consider such proposals as those which Louis Blanc has made for remunerating authors by a species of State rewards and salaries; although, when we consider that in the Church and in the University the ministers of religion and teachers, whose original functions authors are now fulfilling, are still paid in this way, Louis Blanc’s proposals may deserve something more than a sneer. Imperfect as the trade system is, it is probably better than any species of patronage, whether of Government, of princes, or of peers, and it is

at any rate the only system which is likely to prevail amongst English-speaking people. In this point of view the law of copyright is a creation of expediency. To use Macaulay's words, "It is good that authors should be remunerated, and the least exceptionable way of remunerating them is by monopoly. Yet monopoly is an evil. For the sake of the good we must submit to the evil, but no longer and no further than is necessary for securing the good." A great step is gained by adopting this view. If copyright is justifiable only as a means of encouraging authorship, and not as a matter of right, and if it is admitted to be open to many objections and dangers, we are free to impose limitations upon it, and to take all possible steps to guard against these objections and dangers. What these steps and limitations should be, are questions beyond the scope of this article. It may, however, be useful to point out in the fewest possible words what are the special circumstances of the law of copyright at the present moment, which give fresh and living interest to this old discussion.

English law requires, in order to give British, *i.e.* Imperial, copyright, that a book shall be published, and first published, in Great Britain. It does not even allow publication in a British colony to give that right. A foreign or a colonial author can, however, by publishing in Great Britain, obtain Imperial copyright.

But England has, as is well known, copyright treaties with most of the countries of Europe. Her authors can, by means of these treaties, obtain copyright in France or Germany, and, strange to say, they are enabled by a very peculiar and stringent English law, to prevent readers in England from getting the copyrighted books which they themselves publish abroad by virtue of these treaties.

England has no copyright treaty with the United States, and English authors cannot get copyright in that country; but her authors get a certain amount of remuneration from United States publishers, partly out of liberality and a sense of justice, partly from more commercial considerations. But United States editions, like other foreign editions, are excluded from this country.

Canada has been supplied from the United States market under a condition, hitherto unfulfilled, that a royalty shall be paid to the English author. But Canada is now claiming the right to publish English books; and the English law, as it now stands, not only forbids republication of an English copyrighted book in Canada without the leave of the author, but prevents publication in Canada by the author himself from giving copyright in England. By a recent Act, Canada has enabled English authors to publish in Canada for the Canadian market, and has undertaken in the case of books so published to prohibit the introduction of United States reprints into Canada; and, strange to say, in sanctioning



this Act, the Imperial Parliament has taken the step of excluding the books which the author himself thus publishes in Canada from the English market.

Authors and publishers, as we have seen, complain that the present law of copyright does not carry far enough their absolute right of property. But it may be asked whether there is, or ever has been, any law concerning any other species of property which enables its owner to sell it at one price in his own country and at a lower price in another country, and then, by the stringent intervention of a customs system, to keep the lower-priced article out of the hands of his own countrymen at home.

Under those circumstances, it is sufficiently obvious, to free-traders at any rate, that there are certain steps which would greatly benefit all parties.

1. Putting aside the question of author's copyright, there should be the utmost possible freedom in all that part of the business which is purely commercial. Authors and their readers, whether in England or America, are alike interested in getting the best paper-makers, printers, binders, and publishers on the lowest terms. No book ought to be excluded from any market or from any privileges on the mere ground that it is printed, bound, or published in or out of any particular country. On these grounds, our own law, which refuses copyright to works published out of this country, and the proposals which have often been made to give copyright in the United States only to books printed in the United States, are alike contrary to the interests of all concerned, and to the admitted principles of modern English legislation.

2. It is desirable that copyright laws, whatever they may be, should be as nearly as possible the same in all English-speaking countries, and should be extended throughout those countries to all authors, without distinction of nationality. In this way the author would get the largest possible market, and ought consequently to sell his book at the lowest possible price. But here we are met at once by the difficulty that if an unrestricted monopoly is given, as under the present system it would be given, to an author and his publisher, whether in London or in New York, the author, or rather his publisher, will command the market of Great Britain, of the British colonies, and of the United States, and will be able to impose on them all what price he pleases. This is the chief reason why the Americans have hitherto resisted the extension of copyright to English authors. It is impossible to deny that it has great force. It also raises the question whether, if we are ever able to procure for English authors the privileges of the United States market as well as of our own, we should not at the same time take steps to insure some degree of moderation in the use of those

privileges. It would be no comfort either to the English or to the American public to be delivered into the hands of Messrs. Harper or Messrs. Appleton, in lieu of those of Messrs. Longman or Murray. How to effect this is the great problem of copyright law at the present moment. Whatever be the solution of this question (a solution which depends on the United States and on Canada no less than upon ourselves), it remains a question for our own legislature whether they will continue to make laws, the effect of which is to reserve the English market exclusively to English publishers, and whilst giving to readers in other countries cheap editions of English books, to deprive the English public of the use of those editions.<sup>1</sup>

Since this article was written Sir James Stephen has, in his separate report, made an important suggestion. He proposes that where a work—*e.g.* a picture, a statue, or a building—has a sensible market value in itself, it shall have no copyright; but that where the single original work has no market value—*e.g.* a book—it shall have copyright. In other words, he would make copyright depend on the ease and cheapness with which the work can be reproduced. This seems to be a fruitful idea. The difficulty in applying it is that modern science tends to facilitate reproduction of all sorts of things, and that almost all subjects of copyright can be mechanically reproduced with more or less ease and cheapness. The printing a book, copying a photograph, photographing a drawing, engraving, chromolithography, copying a statue by machine, casts from a statue, are all mechanical modes of reproduction, more or less easy and cheap, which, according as they are more or less easy and cheap, more or less diminish the market value of the original. But though Sir James Stephen's principle thus fails to give an absolute line for distinguishing between copyright and no copyright, it may still prove to be of great practical value—*e.g.* in determining what should be the several lengths of copyright given to works of different kinds.

T. H. FARRER.

(1) This paper was originally written as a supplement to evidence which I had given to the Copyright Commission. In giving that evidence I had declined, as unnecessary for practical purposes, to discuss the ultimate basis of copyright. In answer to my evidence, several men of great distinction propounded a theory of copyright based on the absolute right of the author to control the reproduction of his creations, which seemed to me untenable; and this paper was written for the purpose of summarising as fairly as I could what is to be said, on the basis of copyright law. As the Commission have thought it undesirable to incumber their Blue Book with further discussion the paper is printed in its present form.

## THE RUSSIANS IN ARMENIA.

SHORTLY after arriving, in June, 1877, at the Russian camp before Kars, the amiable Colonel Astafieff, whom a knowledge of English, shared by less than half-a-dozen officers of the camp, had raised to the position of censor, communicated to me the rules he had invented for the guidance of correspondents. He finished by remarking, "You are a correspondent, I am a diplomatist. As correspondent your business is to disclose everything to the world; as diplomatist, mine is to conceal everything. It is well," he added smilingly, "that we should understand each other perfectly at the beginning." Colonel Astafieff knew that, with hundreds of miles between me and the only boundary of Russia that could be made available, there was little danger of my riding off into neutral territory, after the manner of correspondents in Bulgaria, in order to dispatch letters and telegrams without submitting them to the eye of the censor. He could lay down what rules he liked, and descend on them with the grimest satisfaction, for I was in his power.

This was equally appreciated by his successor. To previous injunctions Colonel Voinoff had one remark to add. "I cannot permit you in your correspondence," he said, "to make any criticisms upon leaders or officers. It is very difficult for the writer to be sure that his criticisms are always just. But after the war all the official reports and correspondence will be preserved at St. Petersburg, and then you may go there and study the matter up, and publish your opinion." These words were spoken by Colonel Voinoff just after his return with the defeated army from Zewin. Though only a colonel, he had been treated as the real leader of that expedition; for he had been attached before the war to the Russian consulate at Erzerum, and he professed to be thoroughly familiar with the country between that town and Kars. It was this supposed knowledge of the roads which caused him to be entrusted at Zewin with the duty of leading the cavalry around to the enemy's flank; but, luckily for the Turks, his knowledge was only equal to getting the cavalry in sight of them when the attack was over, and at a point where further advance was stopped by an impassable ravine. For such work he naturally got the lion's share of blame, and being happily appointed at the same time to the position of censor, it is not hard to understand why he felt it to be the most important duty of that office to put a ban on criticism of officers. But not everybody has time for a visit to St. Petersburg, and few who have any experience of the dealings of the Russian Government could dream of

going there with the expectation of finding the official documents free from distortion of facts and perversion of the truth. I am thus impelled to disregard Colonel Voinoff's advice, and to chronicle a number of facts which might otherwise entirely escape the notice of Russian historians.

These facts, in the same form, for the most part, as will be found in the following pages, were put on paper before I left Armenia; but the limitations of Russian censorship never permitted them to be inserted in correspondence. As an American I enjoyed peculiar opportunities of verifying information. I may mention that, in estimating the strength of different battalions, I received even such assistance as the pay-roll of a regiment, put into my hands without earlier solicitation by the regiment's commander, just as he received it from the officer who, a moment before, had used it to mark off the list of the absent at the roll-call for evening prayers. So great was my own confidence in the sincerity of my Russian friends, that before leaving the camp I submitted a French and a German translation of important parts of the present article to officers of the highest rank, and received from them independently, not only several valuable corrections of facts imperfectly noted by me, but also other facts in amplification of my own experience. Officers did not hesitate to say that, under a Government so bitterly opposed to the publication of all unpleasant truths as the Russian, they felt they were fulfilling a patriotic duty in aiding anybody who had the right and the opportunity to express his opinions, to form the correctest possible judgment of the actual working of their military system.

It is not my intention, nor is it in my power, to review the Russian campaign in Armenia from beginning to end, but rather to point out the true character of the opening months of it, and to show from the qualities of leadership then displayed how narrowly the Russians escaped exchanging their present enormous gains for equally enormous losses. To point out this cannot, of course, in any way disturb accomplished facts, and the Russians will now remain just as secure in the possession of Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars; as though they had never made a single blunder in the struggle for them. But a clear understanding of the blunders has nevertheless, both to Europe and to Russians, a positive value. To Europe, in order that the inherent limitations to the successful working of the military system of a great Power, which are the same to-day as they were twenty-five years ago, may be fully apprehended. To Russians, in order that self-complacency at a complete victory over ill-organized barbarians may not blind them to the chances of disaster, which their blunders would have brought in the presence of a first-class Power.

The ten months over which the Armenian campaign extended, from the declaration of war on the 24th of April, 1877, to the signing

of the treaty of San Stefano on the 3rd of March, 1878, divide themselves into two nearly equal and clearly distinct parts. The five months that elapsed\* between the outset of the war and the 2nd of October, are widely separate from the five months that extended from the 2nd of October to the treaty of peace. During the first period there were two armies, the Russian and the Turkish, to dispute the field. But on the 2nd of October began that series of operations by which the Turkish army was destroyed within a fortnight. During the second period, consequently, the Russians were practically left to themselves, with nothing but the rigours of winter to hinder them from investing Kars and Erzerum at their pleasure.

The abruptness and the completeness of this change took the world by surprise. But astonishing as the destruction of the Turkish army and the subsequent successes of the Russians in capturing Kars and in pushing on to Erzerum undoubtedly were, the surprise would certainly have been less, if the knowledge of the altered conditions under which the Russian army set to work had been greater. Both in numbers and in leadership, if not in practically acquired experience of war, the army victorious in October was very different from that which abandoned the siege of Kars on the 10th of July. It might naturally have been supposed that an army which had been five whole months in the field, would certainly have profited greatly by that actual experience which is the best, if often the dearest, teacher of the art of war. I cannot, however, believe that a life so utterly slothful as that led by the Russians from the middle of July till October, can either have strengthened the lessons already learnt, or been fruitful of any fresh military experience worth having. It is rather to reinforcements and improved leadership that the October successes are to be ascribed. When Mukhtar Pasha, in July, raised the siege of Kars with a force which, according to the very trustworthy correspondent of the *Times*, "consisted of but 33 battalions, averaging about 450 rifles each, 3 battalions of artillery, and 4,000 irregular horse," the entire Russian force that retreated was composed of 34 battalions of infantry (including the 39th Division, the division of Grenadiers of the Caucasus, and 2 battalions of sappers), 14 regiments of cavalry (including 3 regiments of dragoons), 8 regiments of Cossacks of the Caucasus, and 3 regiments of Circassians, and 116 guns, exclusive of the siege guns that were sent back to Alexandropol. I am confident that in the division of grenadiers the battalions numbered more than 750 men; in the 39th Division about 650. The cavalry was probably more than 5,000 strong; and the total conjoined strength could not have been much below 28,000 men. This number was certainly exceeded when, in the last week of July, 2,000 reserves arrived and filled up the vacancies left by the dead, the wounded, and the sick.

About the 30th of July, 8 battalions were sent off to reinforce Tergukassoff, in the neighbourhood of Igdir. But though the forces opposed to Mukhtar were thus reduced to 26 battalions, these were speedily increased to 42 by the arrival from Russia, during the first week in August, of the 40th Division. On the 13th of August 7 more battalions, under Komaroff, arrived from the detachment at Ardahan. But as 5 battalions were sent off the next day to Tergukassoff, the forces of Melikoff were only increased to 44 battalions. Such they remained until the beginning of October, when the arrival of the 1st Division of Moscow Grenadiers and 6 more battalions from Ardahan increased the total strength to 66 battalions. The dilapidated cavalry, luckily for the Russian advance to Erzerum, was also strengthened. Several regiments of Don Cossacks joined the Army of the Caucasus for the first time. The artillery was increased to nearly 200 guns. I do not think that any men were withdrawn from Tergukassoff. Thus the sum total of the forces that began the offensive in October could not have been much below 60,000; that is to say, more than double the force that had retreated in July. Mukhtar, on the other hand, had collected on Aladja Dag an army numbering, according to the authority already quoted, "barely 40,000 men and 54 guns."

Equally significant was the change in leadership which the Russian army underwent. During the first week of September the Grand Duke Michael, who had not been with the army since the siege of Kars had been abandoned, returned and assumed the chief command. Except among the soldiers, his arrival did not awaken any expectation of better days; for no more in Asia than in Europe are Grand Dukes specially designed by Nature for military commanders. Such, at least, was the opinion of the camp. But within a few days of his coming, a real commander joined the troops. Through jealousy or intrigue, General Lazareff had found himself in disfavour at the opening of the war, and the Grand Duke had shown his displeasure by not appointing him to any command. His services and his character certainly entitled him to better treatment. To his unflinching bravery the Russian Government is indebted for the end that was put to the costly campaigns against the long-defiant Schamyl; and Lazareff's capture of that great chief won him the rank of general more than fifteen years ago. Since then he has been entrusted with the important position of governor of the restless province of Daghistan. He is a thoroughly virile man. He argues more by act than by word, and for Loris Melikoff's dubious shrugs of the shoulders he substitutes an energy directed to bold purposes. Both of the great successes—the turning of Mukhtar's position on Aladja Dag, and the general assault on Kars—were won under General Lazareff's special command. There can be no question that

the Russians owe it to his vigorous determination, that an end was put to the dawdling timidity of Loris Melikoff's councils.

Given these facts concerning the altered conditions of strength and leadership which obtained in the army at the beginning of October, and it would not have been difficult at that time to predict better fortunes for the Russians. But as no correspondent was allowed to send the facts away, the world was forced to judge from the known condition of the army in July; and so it came to the very natural conclusion that, as more than two months had been spent in inactivity, there was little hope of the rigours of winter altering the general conviction that the campaign in Armenia had been a failure. Among the Russians themselves so great had become the depression, that this same opinion was to be heard in every quarter of the camp, and among persons of every rank, from staff-officers to lieutenants. To understand how such a state of feeling could have become general—for it had begun to affect even the soldiers—it is necessary to know somewhat more of the opening months of the campaign than has yet been published.

The whole campaign, I have said, may be accurately divided into two easily distinguishable parts. Likewise the first half of the campaign, from April to October, falls into two divisions in the widest contrast to one another. In the first, from April till the end of June, the Russian army was continually active in the field; in the second, from July till October, it scarcely moved from camp. Three weeks had barely elapsed from the declaration of war, when the town of Ardahan was taken by assault. Kars then found itself beset on one side by a line of more than twenty batteries. Russian cavalry, as there was no Turkish army yet ready to oppose them, pushed on to Olti, and half the main army was advancing along the direct road to Erzerum. Then came the check and the repulse at Zewin on the 26th of June. The two months of elation were at an end. Retreat—first to Kars, then to Kuruk Dara—was the order of the day; and for three months the Russian army was held by the vacillating purpose of its leader practically inactive, until the arrival of fresh troops and a new general enabled it to resume the offensive in October.

The causes which led to this course of events are not far to seek. At the outset, the distribution of the forces and the opinion simultaneously expressed by the Minister of War, and openly seconded by the boasts of Loris Melikoff, that additional forces were unnecessary, showed either that the problem had been weakly grasped, or that the War Department, knowing how much of the strength of the Russian army lay on paper, had determined to devote no more troops to the campaign in Asia than were necessary to maintain the outward show of a vigorous offensive. At the opening of the war, the

Army of the Caucasus contained seven divisions. Two were left on the northern side of the mountains to quiet any signs of restlessness among the Circassians. Two and a half, forming the extreme right of the army of invasion, divided their attention between Batoum, Lukhum Kaleh, Abkhasia, and Ardahan. Half a division, on the extreme left near Mount Ararat, began the offensive against Bayazid. And the remaining two divisions, forming the centre, were elected by Loris Melikoff to march in triumph through Kars to Erzerum. How could anybody who knew the strength of Armenia's chief fortress, reconcile this distribution of the forces with Loris Melikoff's vain boast that no more men were needed? Two divisions for the capture of Kars! With the proper force for the defence of that fortress, such a project was absurd; and Loris Melikoff confessed his blunder when in July he abandoned the siege. Two new divisions were demanded; but nothing could have been slower than their mobilization and advance. One arrived, it is true, in the first week of August; but the other did not reach the camp until the end of September, and the whole summer was lost in waiting for its coming. Its absence need not, however, have brought matters to a stand-still. Though too weak for the investment of Kars, the force at Melikoff's disposal—though not always the force at his immediate command—was always numerically superior to the opposing Turks. But strength of men was coupled with feebleness of command, and an unfailing source of blunders was supplied to Russian leadership by its constant inability to seize opportunities. This sprang sometimes from the same contemptuous estimate of the Turks which induced Loris Melikoff at the beginning to demand no fresh troops, and sometimes from the paralysis which resulted from unexpected Turkish victories. When the sudden capture of Ardahan, on the 17th of May, had spread a very decided panic as far as Erzerum, no more favourable moment could have been chosen for the advance of the Russians beyond Kars and the occupation of the passes of the Soghauli mountains which command the communication between Erzerum and the fortress. But it was then thought that the Turks might be attacked as well at one time as at another; and five weeks were allowed to slip by before Loris Melikoff, leaving a force to bombard Kars, advanced half way to Erzerum. Mukhtar Pasha was then ready to receive him; and Loris Melikoff, giddy with self-confidence, threw himself blindly against the entrenchments at Zewin, and made an attack which, in everything but the heroic conduct of the soldiers, was a disgrace to an army professing to be governed by scientific principles of warfare. No proper reconnaissance of the position or of the approaches to it was made. It was attacked on its strongest and least approachable side. The cavalry, ordered to attack the flank, lost hours through ignorance of the roads, and



finally discovered that it was face to face with an impassable chasm between it and the enemy. And the artillery at an important crisis found itself short of ammunition. "If our leaders," said an officer to me shortly afterwards, "would only trust less to their own genius, and more to the laws of tactics that are laid down in the books that make generals by rule, we should never have had the disgrace of Zewin." But the disgrace and the blunders might yet have been repaired the day after the battle, if the paralysis of the Russian leaders had been less complete. The Turks had repeatedly left their entrenchments in terror at the boldness of the Russian soldiers' advance; and had a renewal of the attack been ordered, supported by the cavalry, which, together with an entire regiment of infantry, had as yet taken no part, there is little doubt that the enemy's position would have been captured. But eight hundred and fifty men, says the official report, were already killed and wounded, and the order was given to retreat.

From this period in the history of the campaign the depression of the Russian leaders became as great as their previous elation. Returning to the camp before Kars, Loris Melikoff was forced by the pursuit of Mukhtar to abandon the siege on the 10th of July. The retreat from Kars to the village of Kuruk Dara offered few opportunities for blunders. These, however, were all made the most of, and the successive positions chosen for the Russian camp were such as the best friend of the Turks could scarcely have improved. Thanks to Turkish indolence, we remained free from attack. On the 17th of July we encamped not more than eighteen miles from Kars, at Kuruk Dara. The next day the tents of Mukhtar Pasha appeared in full sight of our camp, across the plain on Aladja Dagh. A reconnaissance was immediately made, and from the top of Karajal we watched the Turks at work in the lines of entrenchments that had been hastily thrown up during the night. Books on military tactics contain many rules on the best methods of attacking entrenchments, but comparatively few on attacking the men that are making them. This, I suppose, is the reason why Loris Melikoff, who is nothing without a rule, did not give the order to attack. He knew how to attack entrenchments, but how to attack men making them—this required a certain amount of original cerebral activity for which he was not prepared. Like the doctor who could cure nothing but fits, and therefore—no matter what the malady—always threw his patients into fits as the sure means of recovery, Loris Melikoff concluded that his craftiest policy was to let the Turks proceed in the self-destroying work of preparing the entrenchments, which would bring his battery of military rules at once into play. In this case, as in many others, the power to seize the right moment was wanting. The Turks, with "33 battalions, averaging about 450 rifles each," and 20 battalions

drawn from the garrison of Kars, had less than 30,000 men and 54 guns. The Russians were equally strong, and had 116 guns. Within a fortnight their strength increased to more than 42,000, and their guns to more than 150. A week later fresh additions brought the number up to more than 45,000. No corresponding reinforcements had meanwhile strengthened the Turks. Their strength, indeed, two months later had not got above 40,000. It will thus be observed that, with 45,000 Russians opposed to 30,000 Turks, the forces at Melikoff's disposal in the middle of August stood in precisely the same ratio of superiority as that which obtained in the middle of October, when 40,000 Turks were opposed by 60,000 Russians. But in August there was no Lazareff in the camp; and weeks were allowed to slip by while the Turks strengthened and extended lines of entrenchments, planted batteries in the most favourable positions, and gained still further advantage over the Russians by transporting to their position siege guns from Kars.

When a leader has no chance of equalling generals of the present, it shows commendable ambition for him to strive at any rate to excel generals of the past. If one cannot equal a Moltke, it is something to surpass a Fabius; and Loris Melikoff was plainly bent on carrying the art, *bellum cunctando gerere*, to greater perfection than Fabius himself. It was pleaded that the urgent need of driving the Turks from Russian territory near Mount Ararat demanded such a division of the forces as prevented active measures from being taken at Kuruk Dara. Simultaneously with Mukhtar Pasha's advance, Ismail Pasha had followed upon the retreat of General Tergukassoff from Bayazid, and crossing the boundary had set his camp on the mountains west of Ararat that overlook Lydia and the plain of the Araxes. In the opinion of many of Loris Melikoff's nearest military advisers, his best plan was to leave Tergukassoff to await reinforcements in a fortified position, while he, with undiminished forces, attacked Mukhtar before his entrenchments were completed. But reports of the depredations of the Turkish cavalry had excited Loris Melikoff's Armenian sympathies, and led him to exaggerate the gravity of the situation by expressing unwarrantable anticipations that the presence of the Turks would leave the undefended inhabitants of the villages no choice between destruction and openly welcoming the invaders. But even this prospect of a loss of territory could not transform Loris Melikoff the diplomatist, into Loris Melikoff the general. He professed to believe in the imperative urgency of expelling the Turks from Russian territory, and yet nothing could rouse him from speculating upon what might happen and give him energy enough to deal promptly with what already was. He could neither make up his mind to attack Mukhtar, nor to send Tergukassoff as many forces as were needed to expel Ismail.

Instead of at once despatching a force that would have enabled Tergukassoff to strike a decisive blow, and thereby set himself free to join the commander-in-chief in an attack on Mukhtar, Loris Melikoff sent his reinforcements at intervals of two weeks and in petty detachments of a few battalions. Eight battalions on the 30th of July, five on the 14th of August, eight again on the 24th of August (but recalled the next day), were the forces sent and the order of their departure. By this indecision Loris Melikoff constantly diminished his own strength, without in the least effectively increasing Tergukassoff's. The campaign came practically to a standstill. Near Ararat, Tergukassoff occupied himself with an occasional reconnaissance, while his soldiers suffered so severely from fever and dysentery that as many as twenty sick men a day, one of the doctors told me, were brought to the hospital from the single battalion under his care. At Kuruk Dara, like a military Micawber, Loris Melikoff sat patiently waiting for something to turn up. His cavalry was suffering greatly from the want of foresight in providing for the horses. Sotnias that contained 140 sound horses in June, had less than 80 in August. Officers repeatedly affirmed that it would be impossible for them to make a charge without being carried on their better-fed horses out of sight of their men. But all this could not stimulate Loris Melikoff to action; and on the single occasion on which he roused himself sufficiently to make a half-hearted attack on the Turks (the 18th of August), it was only to give fresh evidence of incapacity by committing the folly of attacking, along the whole 12-mile line of its front, an equally numerous force protected by entrenchments.

At this tide of affairs, encouraged by the persistent blundering of the Russians, the Turks made an attack which all but resulted in deciding the issue of the Armenian campaign definitely in their favour. Under the limitations of a censor's scrutiny the battle of Kisil Tepe has been already cursorily described in the columns of several newspapers; but an account of the gross imprudence and inaction of the Russians, which alone made the capture of Kisil Tepe possible, must now follow. Kisil Tepe, it will be remembered, is a hill which lay between the main Russian camp and the Turkish position on Aladja Dagh. It had been for five weeks in the hands of the Russians, when late on the evening of the 24th of August, a spy arrived at Loris Melikoff's tent with the information that the Turks were preparing to attack it at once. Judging the news too dangerous to be wholly disbelieved, Loris Melikoff straightway despatched a courier to the main camp at Bash-Kadiklar with orders for the commandant, Prince Tschafchawadsy, to send one battery of artillery, and two battalions of infantry, to occupy the threatened hill. These orders had scarcely been communicated by Tschafchawadsy to the proper persons, when the commander of the battery

of artillery came to beg permission to wait till the next morning ! His single plea was that he did not know the road. For five weeks officers in pairs and in dozens had been making reconnaissances from the top of this very Kisil Tepe ; for five weeks the main camp of the Russian army, separated from the hill by an open plain, had lain within two miles of its base ; and yet this officer of artillery was afraid that he could not find the road. Tschafchawadsy was weak enough to listen to his excuse, and gave him permission to wait until morning. This audacious treatment of the orders of the Commander-in-chief was even yet surpassed by the conduct of the two battalions. Finding that the artillery was not going to advance, the chiefs of the battalions concluded that, as their business as infantry was to support the artillery, there was no longer any sufficient reason for them to leave the camp ; and deliberately ignoring the commands that had been sent them, they never budged an inch. The night went on, and Kisil Tepe was left to be defended by a single battalion, which had been sent there, as usual, at sunset. But as though no movement could be complete without a blunder, a battalion had been chosen which had only a short while before arrived in camp ; which had never been under fire, and could not yet distinguish the Turkish cavalry from the Russian.

Such was the state of things, when the attack of which the spy had given warning became a reality. Between two and three o'clock in the morning the Turkish cavalry advanced boldly in the full moonlight. Again the Russians had prepared an easy progress for them ; for the pickets were all Circassians—men who, at their homes in the Caucasus, are constantly in revolt against Russia ; men who are found in both the Russian and the Turkish ranks ; men who are known, on whichever side they serve, to be pretty sure to have friends or relatives on the other. To order the pickets into such hands was nothing less than military suicide ; and whether the Turks had previous knowledge of the pass-word or not, there is little doubt they were greatly aided by the sympathies of the advanced posts. They marched on Kisil Tepe almost without interruption. The single Russian battalion descended to meet them, and coming unexpectedly upon a greatly superior force of infantry, was almost utterly destroyed. The lives of Russian soldiers were treated in the late war, notably at Plevna, with such contempt by Russian generals, that it will not perhaps be thought by them greatly to the discredit of Colonel Bulmering, Chief of Engineers in the army of Loris Melikoff, that the slaughter of these six hundred stalwart young men was the result of his wanton negligence. Three days before the attack he had been ordered by Loris Melikoff to fortify Kisil Tepe. He ordered a few piles of stones to be erected, went to inspect them, and, not being in the best state for engineering work, mistook them for fortifications,

and reported Kisil Tepe fortified. Had his work been properly done, the single battalion might have been able to save not only their own lives, but the position they were defending.

Turkish cannon were set on Kisil Tepe, and the bombardment of the Russian camp began. If Kisil Tepe had been lost through disobedience of orders, there was yet the hope that it might be regained by good generalship. But that quality, always very shy in the army of the Caucasus, refused to show itself on the 25th of August. Confusion of the wildest sort prevailed. The infantry was ordered to attack before anything but the vaguest notion existed of the enemy's position. At the same time, any support from the cavalry was impossible, as it was fully three miles distant. A large part of the artillery was entirely ineffective, firing continuously from such a distance that the shells fell hundreds of yards short of the enemy's line. A regiment of dragoons, ordered to support a battery, was wisely advanced in the very line of the enemy's fire, and left for some time to suffer in that exposed position. As for the rest of the cavalry, it flitted about without purpose in all possible directions, and for a great part of the time seemed utterly to have lost its head. The whole affair, in short, was marked by characteristics which one might expect to find among the North American Indians, rather than among officers who have mastered the rules of European tactics. To estimate the full disgrace of it, one has only to bear in mind that the Russian army had not only been four months in the field, but had already been five weeks in possession of the very ground on which the battle was fought.

The Turks won a victory, but the strategical value of it was nothing. Mukhtar had the courage to strike an unexpected blow, but he had not the energy to make sure that the cost of that blow was repaid with tangible results. Two great advantages might have accrued to the Turks from the capture of Kisil Tepe. On the day before the attack, eight battalions under General Dewel, comprising with cavalry and artillery between five and six thousand men, had left the Russian camp and crossed the Arpa on their way to join Tergukassoff, near Ararat. These men, drawn back to Melikoff by the sound of the battle, it was quite within Mukhtar's power, with the forces at his command and Kisil Tepe in his possession, to have cut off; and the loss to the Russians would have been enormous. But the little resistance they met with in returning, showed that the idea of intercepting them had never formed a serious part of the pre-arranged Turkish plan. If, however, their union with the rest of the Russians had been resolutely debarréd, an opportunity would have presented itself which, if seized, could not but have exerted an incalculable influence upon the issue of the campaign. It would, in short, have been possible, nay, in the highest degree feasible, for

Mukhtar to have pushed back the left wing of the Russian forces opposite Kisil Tepe to such a point that the line of the Russian camp, instead of crossing and covering the road to Alexandropol, would have lain parallel to it. The road to the nearest Russian base of supplies would thus have been open to the enemy, and the Russians would have been forced either to accept the great risk, at such a critical moment, of a pitched battle, or to retreat to Alexandropol, and betake themselves to its shaky defences for its sake and their own. If it were now worth while to treat this project as a military problem, and to enter into all the details of military and geographical conditions involved, I venture to say its feasibility could be minutely demonstrated. Through the whole Armenian campaign Kisil Tepe was Mukhtar's one great opportunity, and he failed to seize it. He had been called a great general, and if great powers of building up an army could alone make great generalship, he would certainly deserve the name. But the ability to construct an army must be supplemented by the ability to use it. In these days of national conscription, indeed, when the constructive or negative side of the general's art is undertaken in time of peace by the State, the ability to make the right use of the army given him is almost the only quality a general is called upon in war time to display. With Mukhtar, however, this was not the case. At the declaration of war he found himself commander of an army which did not exist. Cannon which ought to have been at Kars, were lying on the beach at Trebizond, or along the road to Erzerum; and in the absence of any proper system of mobilization, men who ought to have been at the front were still straggling over different parts of the country. To have succeeded, under these disadvantages, in collecting an army which was able first to compel the Russians to retreat and then to hold them for more than three months in check, is unquestionable proof of high powers of organization; but it is not easy to discover in Mukhtar's conduct anything calling for the recognition of other capacity than this. In actual campaign, his successes were the negative results of Russian blunders. He did not, as many generals have done before him, accomplish great results with small means. He showed no ability to bear patiently acute losses, in the calm determination that all should be repaid in the final recompense to be exacted. He lacked the courage, even when as strong in numbers as his enemy, and when the powerful batteries of Kars stood ready to cover his retreat, to initiate any plan of operations that would oblige his men to measure strength with the Russians man for man. It is, indeed, a noteworthy fact that throughout the entire Armenian campaign the Turks never dared to face the Russians without the cover of entrenchments; while, on the other hand, all the important engagements of the campaign—

Ardahan, Zewin, Aladjâ Dagh, and Kars—were instances of the Russians attacking fortified positions. That Mukhtar at Kisil Tepe should suddenly have reversed this policy, and abandoned his favourite tactics of getting to the top of the nearest hill, is more, perhaps, than could be reasonably expected. A victory, consequently, which might have been fraught with important consequences, passed without any material result. The Russians merely withdrew their left wing out of range of the Turkish guns, and advanced their right a short distance to the shelter of the hill, Karajac. In that position they remained until the arrival of the reinforcements, five weeks afterwards, by whose help the Turkish army was destroyed. As for the Turks, the only result of their victory was to win for their commander the title of *Ghazi*, The Victorious; and this, if the testimony of Englishmen in the Turkish camp be correct, by exciting the jealousies of the subordinate pashas, made it impossible for Mukhtar to be sure that his orders were carried out, and thereby contributed not a little to his final defeat. The just estimate of the value of an opportunity is not, however, dependent upon the shortcomings of those who fail to profit by it; and the incompetence of the Turks to reap all the fruits of capturing Kisil Tepe does not abate one jot of the amazing stupidity which ever permitted it to fall into their hands.

When thus recalling the blunders in leadership which barely escaped making the Russian campaign in Asia a failure, it would be ungenerous not to praise the uniform bravery of the soldiers. The policy which, after the lessons of the Crimean war, abolished the old military system of twenty-five years' service, coupled with frequent applications of the lash as a stimulus to bravery, did not miscalculate the capacities of the Russian soldier. Whithersoever he may be ordered, he crosses himself devoutly and advances to the attack. All the more shameful, therefore, is the conduct of his leaders, who, bolstered up by an artificial system which makes their rank an index, not of their capacity, but of the amount of "protection" they have enjoyed, take advantage of the obedience of the soldier to gain, at the expense of waggon-loads of corpses, that which anything but their own immeasurable ignorance might have attained with little sacrifice. I can think of nothing more wantonly cruel than the acts of those leaders who, in Europe and in Asia, at Plevna as at Zewin, daringly setting aside the warnings which all their study of military tactics had enforced, ordered the soldiers who trusted in their generalship for protection, to march to death in the vain attempt to take a position where bravery was of no avail. Nothing but the blundering inactivity of their commander saved the soldiers in Armenia from this murderous system. Add to this that the poor fellows when wounded could have no immediate relief in the battle-

field. Add, too, that even when the hospital was reached, they were often forced, from sheer weariness of the surgeons, to lie there for weeks before an operation could be performed on them. I cannot now recall the great number of operations per day which one of the surgeons of the Red Cross told me he performed during the first weeks after Zewin; but I saw him still at work in the third week after the battle, and I can testify as an eye-witness that he was then busy amputating men's legs at the thigh, who, he assured me, with earlier care would shortly have recovered the use of the whole limb. It may not trouble the consciences of Russian leaders, who cover themselves with decorations, alike for victories and defeats, that many of their soldiers are maimed for life through sheer neglect to give them surgical care; but it is greatly to be regretted that a nation which has shown, in many ways, such aptitude for adopting, if not for assimilating, foreign advantages, should not yet have profited by the lessons of the American Civil War. The separation during that war of the service of the hospitals from the relief-service of the field, cannot be too highly commended for its practical efficacy. In the Russian Army of the Caucasus, the union of both services in one resulted only in a wretched performance of each. On the battlefield of Gettysburg, if I am not mistaken, four thousand sponges and eleven thousand lemons were distributed to the wounded. From the lemons men get immediate and constant relief of their thirst, and the sponges enable them, when it rains, to collect water either for drink or for the purpose of washing their wounds. The want of these simple restoratives left many a poor Russian in Armenia, who had been counted for "wounded" when he fell, to die before the time came for him to be carried from the field. It is, however, too much perhaps to expect that lessons in sanitary precaution should already have been adopted, at a time when strictly military experiences of the highest value only just begin to be taken into account. The American war showed over and over again that it is possible for a regiment, by day or by night, to cover itself in one hour and a half with earth-works which afford as effective a defence against artillery as old-fashioned siege-works. As the means of covering a retreat, or of checking an enemy's advance with an inferior force, this experience of the Americans was most valuable. But Austria had not learnt the lesson in 1866; France was too proud in 1870 to hide her armies behind entrenchments, and to decline to meet her enemy in the field; and it remained for Osman Pasha to demonstrate that an open, unfortified town can be made at short notice practically as impregnable as an artfully constructed fortress.

Incompetent leadership and wretched sanitary arrangements have not, however, repaid the Russians in Armenia with ultimate calamity.



Victory, on the contrary, has finally given them the fullest measure of their hopes. It is doubly necessary, therefore, that every thoughtful Russian should consider under what perilous circumstances success has chanced to fall to them; for in their contentment with present results there is danger that previous disasters may be passed over without attempt to discover their true causes. Such a result would be a positive misfortune to Russian progress. It would mean that the most precious opportunity which this generation of her people can hope to wring from a despotic Government had slipped away without improvement. For a time of war is the only season at which the Russian Government can be forced to show itself in something like its true colours. Russia looks to wars as other nations look to the periodical meetings of the assemblies which give them a voice in their own government. In the history of the Russian people, it must be written that the arguments of their legislators were always heard mingled with the wailings of mothers over the dead bodies of sons. Thus it was after the Crimean war. The collapse at that time of the whole fabric of paternal government by imperial retainers was as complete as the downfall of those Prussian institutions which, resting on an effete aristocracy, were unable to offer a single week's resistance to the crushing arms of the first Napoleon; and to the liberty of speech which the disasters in the Crimea bestowed, the Russian people owe all the great reforms which they have subsequently secured.

No patriotic Russian can afford to forget that the successes in Armenia have been, in great measure, rather an accident of Turkish weakness than a result of Russian ability. To ignore this would be to set a premium on that style of national administration, which, in spite of the painful lessons of the Crimean war, has rendered it possible for a military system, founded upon principles of proved excellence borrowed from the experience of the most civilised States, to be nevertheless made temporarily as valueless as a printing-press in the hands of a savage,—by reason of the dishonesty in the Commissariat, the incompetence on the Staff, and the misrepresentation of the actual forces of the army, which was able to deceive even the Emperor himself.

Unless Russians are willing that the merits of their military commanders should be measured by the enemy's weakness rather than by intrinsic worth, they will not find fault with those who point out facts most dangerously significant.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

## THE IMPOVERISHMENT OF INDIA NOT PROVEN.

MACAULAY once peremptorily assured the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* that "to interest English readers in questions of Indian finance is quite impossible." And when the discussion is limited to fiscal details, this is perhaps true. But the attention which has been excited by a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* shows that, in its larger aspects, English readers are not at all indifferent to Indian finance. It would be a most portentous circumstance if it were otherwise, for indifference to the subject of Mr. Hyndman's indictment would simply be indifference to the immense question whether the most daring experiment that any government ever yet attempted, is a beneficent success or a cruel and destructive failure. The public spirit of the citizen, and the curiosity of the speculative student of political problems, are equally attracted by so bold a suggestion as that the population of India is every day being made poorer and poorer by our rule, and that the government of India is every day drawing nearer and nearer to a disastrous bankruptcy. We all know only too well the disturbing influence of India on our European policy, but most of us have been willing to face all the actual mischiefs and possible perils that spring from that influence for the people of Great Britain, for the sake of the blessings that we assume ourselves to be showering with both hands on the people of India. Is it, then, after all only a glorious illusion, and the dream of a fool's paradise? Are we to face a really formidable strain upon the material well-being of our industrious people, and to suffer ourselves to be drawn into the European Inferno of violence, chicane, sinister craft, militarism, and volcanic danger, all in order to keep our hold over a remote land on which we are bestowing no prosperity, but inflicting on it instead the wasting curse of irretrievable beggary? If the affirmative answer could be proved, England would perhaps have as good grounds for true despair, as any country or personage that was ever condemned by an ironical destiny to solve a problem that is by its very conditions insoluble.

Mr. Hyndman's indictment, whatever its faults, was evidently prepared with much industry and in a serious spirit, and considering the momentous importance of its contention, we may agree that it calls for some examination, and for such an answer as those who know most about the subject may have it in their power to furnish. The force of the indictment depends upon the truth and significance of allegations which can only be effectively tested by those who have

had special knowledge of India. No one who is not an expert can pretend to know in all cases whether a given statement is true, nor what is its exact value and right bearing in the argument, if it be true. In many of the following notes, the writer has done little more than reproduce extracts from official documents accessible to all the world, and the chief items of conversation with persons of indisputable knowledge and judgment. They represent the answer which would be made to the discouraging views of Mr. Hyndman, by men who have been in the Indian government all their lives, have held great posts, and have the strongest possible reasons for taking trouble that their views on the national prosperity and resources shall be the right views. What that answer amounts to, any politician who reads these notes will judge for himself.

Before entering into the main contention, it is right to observe that it needs no special experience of India, nor the assistance of any great officer, to perceive at once for ourselves that the assailant of the present system of government is quite in the right in laying stress upon two matters, the amount of the military charges upon India, and the serious depletion of India by the annual remittances to England. We shall make one or two remarks on each of these points.

1. *The Military Charges.* "The army, including marine and incidental charges for military purposes, must be taken to cost little less than 19,000,000*l.*" The amount seems to be incorrectly stated by Mr. Hyndman. It ought strictly to be not 19, but 17,000,000*l.* Apart from that, Sir John Strachey himself has recorded his sense of the gravity of this feature in the Indian expenditure. In his budget speech of March 15, 1877, he described the importance of military finance as pre-eminent, and spoke of the "alarming growth of the cost of the army." And everybody will understand the significance of the remark with which he concluded his very elaborate survey:—"I do not assert that the whole of the additional expenditure on the army has not been incurred for excellent objects, or that it could have been avoided: but that the India revenues are liable to have great charges thrown upon them without the government of India being consulted, and almost without any power of remonstrance, is a fact the gravity of which can hardly be exaggerated."<sup>1</sup>

If we reflect that there is a large expenditure on the European forces in India, which is entirely regulated by the authorities in London, and over which the government of India has no control, and if we reflect moreover on the temptation which constantly exists to relieve the Home estimates, and on the readiness, sometimes the mean readiness, which prevails in our offices to throw burdens upon India, we can easily believe that the principles of the English War Office

(1) Financial Statement of 1877—8: pp. 180—183.

and Treasury in apportioning charges to India, are not just either to the people of India who have to pay, or to the government of India which has to find the money. This most considerable item<sup>1</sup>—the Home charges for the European forces in India—is one on which the critics of Indian finance might well fix as a subject of keen scrutiny, and we would suggest to our Lancashire friends who are so naturally eager for the repeal of the duties on cotton goods, that they should scrutinise this branch of the Indian military expenditure. It is not a question of the reduction of forces, where they would be met by military experts; it is a question of the proper partition of the cost of the European forces. If parliament could be convinced that the present principles of distributing this cost between England and India are ungenerous and impolitic, a margin would appear in the budget that might allow the cotton duties to go, and perhaps some other burdens as well.

I cannot help wishing that Mr. Hyndman had brought his industry to bear upon this point, instead of merely enumerating the figures of the increase. The only true issue on which a civilian critic can work with some hope of being useful, is a question of policy,—the expediency namely of the reigning principles of the distribution of expense between England and India. The English electors when they voted for the abolition of Purchase in the army, never intended that the Indian ryot should go short of salt, or wear worse garments, in consequence. Yet perhaps it could be shown that this consequence is not so remote as it seems. It is, however, right to add that it has been quite lately reported, from apparently trustworthy sources, that the basis of a new arrangement has been agreed upon between the English and Indian authorities, which is looked upon by the latter as far more just to India than the system now in force.

2. *The drain from India.* The way in which Mr. Hyndman arrives at his figures, or states them, is open to some criticism, as indeed every other way of stating them would be. But let us accept provisionally his account of the annual drain from India to Europe as about 20,000,000*l.* a year. This steady outflow is grave enough. It is one of the difficulties of the situation, how to slacken the activity of such a process of depletion. The only defence is that it is a condition inseparable from the government of a group of nations on a distant continent by foreigners. You may call it tribute, if you please, but the term is rhetorical. It represents the cost of a pacific and orderly rule to the nations of India; it is one of the conditions of their being free to make the best of their industry, though it is a condition imposed upon them from without. It is like tribute inas-

(1) Rather less than a million and a half is that share of the total Home charge (four millions and a quarter, more or less, in 1877-8), which is regulated by the War Office.

much as the people would perhaps not pay it if they could help it, but it is thoroughly unlike tribute inasmuch as it is in a large degree a payment for services rendered. Mr. Hyndman has certainly been guilty of some gross misrepresentations. He says, for instance, that the home remittances from the government of India are "almost all for unremunerative expenditure in a foreign country." This is egregiously misleading. Of the 270,000,000*l.* stated to have been sent home between 1857 and 1876, a large amount is, for example, interest on capital which has been most profitably invested in railways. But the economic effects of the drain deserve thorough analysis, and Mr. Hyndman is quite right to lay stress upon it, though he does not pursue the economic analysis. In his last Financial Statement, Sir John Strachey spoke as follows on this unpleasant topic:—"India is a country of unbounded material resources, but her people are a poor people. Its characteristics are great power of production, but almost total absence of accumulated capital. On this account alone the prosperity of the country essentially depends on its being able to secure a large and favourable outlet for its surplus produce. But there is a special feature in the economic conditions of India which renders this a matter of yet more pressing, and even of vital importance,—this is the fact that her connection with England, and the financial results of that connection, compel her to send to Europe every year about 20,000,000*l.* sterling worth of her products, without receiving in return any direct commercial equivalent. It is this excess of exports over imports which, in the language of the economists, is described as tribute. It is, really, the return for the foreign capital, in its broadest sense, which is invested in India, including under capital not only money, but all advantages which have to be paid for, such as the intelligence, strength, and energy, on which good administration and commercial prosperity depend. From these causes the trade of India is in an abnormal position, preventing her receiving, in the shape of imported merchandise and treasure, the full commercial benefit which otherwise would spring from her vast material resources."<sup>1</sup>

Let us proceed to the propositions which are the pith and marrow of Mr. Hyndman's paper. With laudable boldness and energy he has faced the fundamental question whether the Indian cultivator is, or is not, better off in respect of material well-being, as a consequence of English rule. Or, to put it in another way,—Is his state of material well-being such as to warrant any satisfaction on the part of England? He contends, in reply, that the cultivators and labourers,—that is to say, three-fourths of the population—do not live in moderate comfort, are not well nourished, and are becoming

(1) Financial Statement for 1878—9, p. 10.

poorer and poorer. He upholds this contention—1, by comparing the gross value of the produce with the cost of the simplest necessities of life; 2, by the evidence of competent observers in various parts of India. We shall shortly examine each of these lines of proof.

I. "The gross produce of 190,000,000 people is not worth more than 31s. 6d. per head. . . . What is to the purpose is, how great a proportion of this 31s. 6d. is needed to provide the actual necessities of life at the current rates of the country. . . . Even if the population engaged in agriculture, labour, and other occupations incidental to cultivation of the soil . . . were to retain all their produce, they would not be over-nourished or have much chance of saving. . . . It will be within the mark if we put the total taxation of India at 5s. per head of population." The inference is that the native cultivator and labourer is short of what he needs for decent comfort by no less an amount than one-sixth. What is the answer to this?

It was almost immediately pointed out by a well-known writer on agricultural economics that Mr. Hyndman had "committed the error of arguing from an English money value, at the place of production, upon articles of consumption, the true value of which is their food-sustaining power to the people who consume them. . . . The money value of a bushel of wheat may be 6s. in England, and 1s. in India, but the 60 lbs. of which it consists is in either case exactly the same in food power." "Men and women cannot get food," Mr. Hyndman had said, "because they have not been able to save the money to buy it." The Indian peasant does not go to market with money in his hand as the English wage-receiver does; he lives on his own crops; and the value of these for nourishment cannot be increased by their price in the market. This misapprehension is the key to much of what is erroneous and misleading in his statement.

More than this, however, Mr. Hyndman's very process, when worked out, appears to prove that the assumed money value of the gross produce is entirely fictitious, and with that his whole fabric falls to the ground. Take the North West Provinces for an illustration. Their total gross produce is stated as amounting to hardly 27s. per head. From this we have to take 5s. as the author's estimated average of taxation. We have also to make several other deductions; say 2s. 6d. for rent; say 3s. farther for clothes, blankets, and shoes; and 6d. for salt, tobacco, and the rest. These four items amount to 11s. Deducting this from 27s., we leave 16s., out of which each person would have to feed himself for the year. If he lives at the famine-rate ration of 1 lb. of grain per diem, he will consume 365 lbs. in the year; and to do this, that amount must *ex hypothesi* be purchasable for 16s.—that is to say, at the rate of about 23 lbs. for a shilling. As soon as ever grain becomes dearer than this, the mass of the population would fall into absolute starvation. But as a matter of

fact nothing of the sort happens. There are often many months in the year when grain is sold at 10 *lbs.* for a shilling; consequently, on Mr. Hyndman's calculation, during these months the mass of the population lives on  $\frac{1}{2}$  *lb.* of grain daily, which is absurd. The conclusion is that the inference from the assumed value of the gross produce is purely nonsensical.

One other point. Mr. Hyndman insists that the case is made still worse for the agriculturist if we deduct, as he says we ought to deduct, the portion of the produce required for "the sustenance of bullocks." But it appears that this attempt to heighten the colour of the picture rests on a misapprehension. He assumes that bullocks in India have feeds of corn. As a matter of fact they eat either the grass of the waste lands, or else—and this happens to an enormous extent—they are supported on the fodder that is yielded by the stalks of the millet and other crops. Practically hardly any part of the human food-supply goes to the cattle.

Having said so much upon the central argument, we proceed to one or two of the detached propositions by which it is buttressed. (a) Mr. Hyndman says for instance that the cultivators "over large tracts are so miserably destitute, that they come upon the government relief works at the very commencement of the slightest scarcity." This is asserted by officers of the widest experience to be a complete misrepresentation. The mass of the agricultural population, even in times of serious scarcity, never demand government relief; nothing short of extreme and long-continued famine brings them upon the works. The classes that demand relief are first, the great army of professional beggars; second, the poor artisans, who are very numerous in the towns; and third, the agricultural labourers, a large class, supported by wages paid in grain by the owners or tenants of the land. These are the people who hasten to the relief works as scarcity becomes inconvenient. The mass of the agricultural population in the greater part of India is composed of small proprietors, and tenants who possess by right or custom more or less permanent interests in their land. They live on their own stores of food, and ordinarily buy no other. Unless scarcity becomes extreme, so far are they from hurrying in misery to the relief works, that they naturally profit by the high prices of grain.

"Thus"—to take the case of the North West—"notwithstanding the entire failure of the kharif crop in 1877, and the vast amounts of grain which had been exported to England, Bombay, and Madras in previous years, the villagers in the North West Provinces, were able to support themselves for twelve months on their own stored-up stocks till the next crop ripened. The imports during that period were only from the Punjab, and went chiefly to Rohilcund, where there had been a consecutive series of indifferent

harvests. The agricultural classes were not forced to go to the professional grain-storers. These men sell to the retail grain-dealers, who re-sell it to the town-dwellers. The agriculturists lived on their own stocks; many profited by the high prices, and very few suffered from them."

\* One remarkable circumstance is worth mentioning in connection with this part of the subject. In former times the people had no idea that the government conceived it to be a duty to feed the destitute. There was a social law that every man should support his pauper relatives as long as he could, and every man did so; he fed his dependents as long as it was in his power, and then they died. But since 1860 a new light has dawned. Since they have seen government feeding people, as they think lavishly, in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, a good many of the agriculturists have very naturally felt themselves free to take advantage of the new policy, by sending pauper relatives and day-labourers to relief-gangs and poor-houses, when fixed work became slack. This form of frugality is very unpleasant, and may well be expected to give trouble to the government some day, but it is absurd to treat it as evidence of the growing misery of the population.

(b) The heavy local cesses and municipal rates, Mr. Hyndman says, "have been increased 4,000,000% ever since 1870, and now amount to 13,000,000%." These figures are not very intelligible; it may perhaps be conjectured that Mr. Hyndman's 13,000,000% include the whole income of the provincial governments. But this income is only partially the product of local rates. The greater part of that income is derived from assignments of imperial revenue made to the local government by the government of India. To say that there has been an increase of 4,000,000% in local cesses and municipal rates since 1870 is simply incorrect. Much of the increase is apparent only, and results from the legalisation of old rates, which were formerly levied in accordance with long-established custom, but without any basis of written law. The rates are not new, though their recognition is so. To describe "local cesses" as "almost unknown" in 1857, is the error of a writer with imperfect information.

(c) There is a far more important misapprehension in the larger inference, from the fact of the increase under the heads of imperial taxation. That increase since 1857 is stated by Mr. Hyndman as 12,000,000%. This increase, he says, "directly levied from the people, comes almost entirely out of the pockets of the cultivators; the additional 4,000,000% of the land revenue certainly does, and the greater part of the increase of the salt, stamp, and excise certainly does. . . . This taxation so increased is levied from a people who are becoming poorer and poorer; and consequently is becoming more and more crushing in proportion to their means." It needs no Indian



experience to discern the fallacy of all this. How are we to know that the increase of revenue from stamps is not a sign of multiplication of transactions, and the increase of revenue from excise a sign of extension of consumption? We are told that the Customs revenue has increased within twenty years by nearly 750,000*l*. But the Customs duties have been greatly decreased. Within the last seven years, according to the Financial Statement for 1877—8, the Customs Tariff has been revised, and some of its most objectionable features removed; a great portion of the duties both on exports and on imports have been swept away; and the general rate of import duty has been reduced from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent.

But the most important, no doubt, among these heads of increase is that of the land revenue. Mr. Hyndman assumes that increase of land revenue is a result of increased taxation. On the contrary, it is a sign of augmented prosperity, if we may trust high and responsible officials. Take the case of the Punjab. Under the Sikh government, the State took all that it could get, appropriating in fact the entire rental. After the annexation of the Punjab, the British government began its revenue system by claiming as its share of the rental just half the amount that had been taken by the Sikhs. All more recent settlements have been made upon the principle of the State taking half the net assets or rental, but in practice the amount taken is much less, and "may be said never to exceed  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the gross produce; it is frequently not more than  $\frac{1}{8}$ ,  $\frac{1}{10}$ , or  $\frac{1}{12}$ , and in some tracts where the rainfall is scanty, it is not more than  $\frac{1}{15}$  of the average gross produce, the value of which is calculated at its average gross price for a period from twenty to thirty years." The results of this are asserted to have been greater contentment in the British subject, who contrasts his land revenue with the amount exacted in the adjoining native state; "*improved clothing and manner of life in the agricultural population*;" and finally, such an increase in the cultivated area—an increase between 1868—9 and 1872—3 of two and a half million of acres—as to reduce the revenue demand per acre by 10 per cent. Concurrently with this, there has taken place a remarkable increase in the selling value of land. At the time of annexation, the Sikhs made life so hard, that land had hardly any selling value at all. In 1859 the average selling price of revenue-paying land was four years' purchase of the assessment; in 1868—9 it was eighteen years' purchase; in 1873-4, it was twenty-eight years; and 1875—6, the date of the last return, it was thirty years' purchase of the assessment. "As the agricultural interest of the Punjab is not made up of a limited number of large landed proprietors and a mass of tenantry, but is composed chiefly of a multitude of small land-owners, this enormous rise in the value of land does not mean, as it would mean in the case of England or Bengal, that

a few individuals have become millionaires, but that the mass of the agricultural population are, so far as the value of their land is concerned, *more than six times as well off as they were twenty years ago.*"<sup>1</sup>

In the North-West Provinces the same story is told. Unencumbered lands for which fifty years ago proprietors were sought in vain, now sell for from 25 to 30 years' purchase of the government demand; and here too a very large number of the proprietary body cultivate their own lands. Here too increase of land revenue has come from expansion of the area of cultivation and greater production. The government demand on the rental has progressively decreased from ten-elevenths to two-thirds, and now to one-half of the rental receipts. The only set-off, from the proprietor's point of view, against the great benefits conferred on the proprietary body by so large a reduction in the government demand, is the check placed on the arbitrary raising of rent. For, after all, it is the condition of the peasant cultivator on which Mr. Hyndman has rightly staked his case, and this is what we have to look to. It would be matter for very small congratulation if the government concession only left the proprietors a larger share of what had been exacted from a rack-rented cultivator; or if the large increase of rental had been taken from the cultivator's margin of subsistence. But the careful inquiries that have been made show that this is not the case. The government adopted remedies and preventives in time, and practically erected or recognised a large class of tenantry at fixed rates of rental or with rights of occupancy. Some authorities estimate that at least one-half, while others believe that much more than one-half, of the land in the North-West Provinces is now occupied by protected tenants, that is to say, tenants with rights. There is a limit to the feasibility of such a process. Some think that the government has gone too far in favour of the tenant already; others insist that it ought to go still further. The expediency of disgusting the proprietary body for the sake of the occupying tenant, raises questions that are not easily answered. Meanwhile, what assailants of the land revenue system from Mr. Hyndman's side have to remember, is that if the landlords would allow all tenants to obtain rights by promising to allow them to hold their lands, say for twelve years at fixed rates, the government would accept its share of the transaction by assessing at these rates. So long, on the other hand, as the proprietor exacts all he can, it would be useless in the government not to take from him its full revenue.

It is an old fallacy, re-adopted by Mr. Hyndman, to treat the land revenue as taxation. The greater part of this so-called taxation is rent; but it is taken by the State instead of being taken by private

(1) Speech of Mr. Thornton in the Council of the Governor-General, Feb. 9, 1878.

landlords. The misfortune is that so much of this rent has been surrendered under the Bengal Permanent Settlement. And when Mr. Hyndman extols a light permanent settlement as one of his panaceas, and in the next breath deplores the "miserable, abject condition of the Bengal ryot," he falls into a singular inconsistency. How does he reconcile this miserable abject condition with the actual existence of the very settlement that he desires? During the last twenty years all the evidence goes to show that the condition of the Bengal ryot has greatly improved, and it has improved through the operation of our legislation, which has ensured fixity of tenure and limitation of rent to an extent formerly unknown. The Permanent Settlement gives to the useless landlords of Bengal many millions of rent every year, which ought to belong to the State. The lightness of the government demand gives no advantage to the mass of the agricultural population.

(d) Mr. Hyndman quotes a passage from the Report on the *Moral and Material Progress of India for 1873—4*, in which mention is made of the "alleged indebtedness of the cultivating classes, with the result that their ancestral estates are gradually passing out of their hands through heavy mortgages and compulsory sales." The implication is that this is in some way due to our fiscal system. Without denying that this system is often too rigid and inelastic, and that even when the government demand is moderate, it may press heavily on unthrifty proprietors, the officials may still ask how can indebtedness to the money-lender be set down exclusively to the pressure of the demands for rent and revenue, in face of the notorious and proverbial fact that the most generally indebted class of all is the landholder who is free from revenue? People had no real security under native governments, nor had they habits of frugality. Security in all land tenures has vastly increased under English rule. The rates of interest on mortgages of a kind that do not involve law, has sunk in northern India from most usurious heights down to from 6 to 9 per cent. As the tenant continues to acquire frugal habits, there is every reason to believe that the margin left to him, after feeding himself and paying his rent, will be less and less encroached upon by the money-lender.

II. A few words may be said on that part of Mr. Hyndman's criticism, which consists in appeal to authorities. He quotes Lord Lawrence as saying, that "the mass of the people of India are so miserably poor, that they have barely the means of subsistence." But this has never been denied by anybody. The question is not whether the people are poor, but whether our government is making them poorer, and the evidence for this is not forthcoming. Mr. Colvin said in Council at Calcutta (Feb. 9, 1878):—"Everywhere there has been an extraordinary rise in the value of land. The cost

of living, on the other hand, has no doubt increased. So far as this is caused by a rise in the prices of the commodities that the agricultural classes have to buy, it is of course a drawback to their prosperity; but in so far as it is due to greater comfort and a higher standard of living (and I believe this to be a more potent cause than the other) no abatement is necessary. *Making all necessary drawbacks, the fact of their great advance in wealth and prosperity is too plainly evident to be called in question.*" Mr. Thornton on the same occasion, and speaking for the Punjab as Mr. Colvin spoke for the North-West Provinces, pointed out explicitly among the effects of our system, "*the improved clothing and manner of life of the agricultural population.*" Another officer of the most undeniable authority, writes in a private communication: "I do not believe there is a country in the world which has made more astonishing progress than India in the last twenty years."

Mr. Hyndman quotes from Mr. Halsey a passage which is probably lamentably true, about the average cultivator of the Cawnpore district being simply a slave, to the soil, to the zemindar, to the usurer, and to the government. This refers to the tenantry without right of occupancy, the poorest class in the province. This class, mere tenants-at-will, are at the mercy of their landlords, and very cruel mercy it is. But the position is due to the natural course of events, and the only thing that the government can do in the direction of mitigation, it actually and strenuously does. In the old unsettled times under native governments, every tenant had a value; he was indispensable for the cultivation of the land, and he was even protected with sword and club when necessary. But with the *pax Romana*, and the competition for land, the value of the tenant has declined. Agriculturists require hardly any capital, and the competition for land has become one of hunger. As has been said, it is the Irish difficulty over again, and the government have pressed as far as they could in the direction of the great Irish remedy of Tenant Right.

I shall now enumerate some of Mr. Hyndman's miscellaneous propositions, and *obiter dicta*, and state what is said to be the answer to each of them, as it comes.

1. "In spite of cultivators having in many instances been forced to take and pay for water which they do not want," et cetera. Cultivators have *never* been forced to take or pay for water which they do not want. Certain sections of the Punjab Canals Act in 1871 imposed a compulsory water-rate, but they were vetoed by the Duke of Argyll. Sir John Strachey argued strongly in favour of making the rate compulsory in 1877. "What I want to know," he said in summing up his argument, "is why irrigation works, which in many

parts of India are incomparably the most beneficial works which it is possible to undertake, and the works which have the greatest possible local utility, are to be singled out as the only local works for which the people immediately benefited are to pay nothing. Why are districts and towns to pay for their own roads and schools and hospitals, for the paving and drainage of their streets, and their supply of drinking water; and why is it wrong that they should pay something for the irrigation works on which the actual existence of the people depends? . . . As it cannot be denied that we cannot go on for ever constructing, at the expense of the Imperial revenues, works which will not pay, although those works may be absolutely necessary as a protection against famine, it comes virtually under our present system to this, that the question whether we are or are not to make canals, and whether we are or are not to save millions of people from misery and perhaps from actual starvation, is to depend on the views which certain ignorant peasants may hold in regard to their own personal interests."<sup>1</sup> But meanwhile, there is not, and never has been, the compulsion asserted by Mr. Hyndman.

2. "It seems almost incredible that in the face of this, and of the result of public works expenditure up to the present time, the government in India and at home should positively purpose to raise 1,500,000*l.* additional taxation from the impoverished inhabitants of India . . . to build yet more public works. Yet so it is." So it is not. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the purpose of the government, Mr. Hyndman has fundamentally misrepresented that proposal. What the plan comes to is this: "In order to provide for famines by way of anticipation and insurance, let us raise a million and a half a year partly by new taxes, and partly by other measures, and put it by: in other words, let us pay off debt to that amount every year. But as, on principles and for reasons which may be right or wrong, but which have been settled, and will be acted on, the government are to continue to borrow more than a million and a half every year for a given purpose—namely for productive works—let us apply the proceeds of the new taxes to productive works, thus saving to that extent the necessity of the annual loan." In the words of the Finance Minister himself:—"It would be obviously absurd to pay off every year debt to the amount of 1,500,000*l.*, and simultaneously to incur fresh debt to the same extent. What, therefore, we have to do in the actual circumstances of the case is, by applying to the construction of these works the proceeds of the new taxes, to reduce by 1,500,000*l.* a year the sum which we might otherwise have borrowed. The ultimate financial result of this, as will readily be seen, will be practically the same as that which would have followed, if we had devoted every year 1,500,000*l.* to the actual repayment of

(1) Financial Statement, 1877—8: pp. 143-4.

debt. For, returning to our former hypothesis we shall, at the end of our ten years, thus have prevented borrowing to the extent of 15,000,000*l.*, and our annual charge for interest will then be less by 600,000*l.* a year than it would otherwise have been. We could, therefore, if occasion required, borrow 15,000,000*l.* for the relief of famine, and be in no worse a financial position than we were at the beginning of the period of ten years." This may be bad or good—some even of the authorities think it bad—but it is utterly unlike the mischievous proceeding described by Mr. Hyndman.

3. "Indian investments are almost unknown. Barely a fraction of the enormous debt of 223,000,000*l.* is held by natives." This statement of debt includes the capital of the Railways, and the money borrowed from time to time in England; but of the Rupee debt, raised in India, we perceive from the last statement, that the portion held by natives of India is estimated at 25·68 per cent., or upwards of one quarter of the whole.<sup>1</sup> And there is a very good reason why a greater portion of native capital does not flow to their investment. The normal rate of interest on loans with complete security is far above the rate that suffices to attract English capital.

4. "The import of cotton of various kinds into India in 1857 amounted to 6,000,000*l.* Similar imports in 1876 amounted to 19,000,000*l.*; a subject doubtless for a great deal of congratulation to us. Whether the gain to India is quite so manifest, is another thing. No doubt the cultivators get their scanty clothing cheaper than when they bought the native manufactures; but the destruction of these native industries—has that been a gain to India? . . . The workers in cotton industries whom our goods have displaced, have had to seek their living elsewhere. . . . It is almost certain that they and their families have been driven to agriculture, and if the operation of this cause could be traced, I have very little doubt it would be found that here is one great reason for the cultivation of waste lands of which we have heard so much."

This sounds straightforward enough, but it is in reality as baseless as it can be. The finer manufactures have no doubt been injured, but, as anybody knows too well who has sat under a Lancashire manufacturer discoursing on the iniquity of the import duties, the coarser cotton goods which are worn by the poorer classes, or, in other words, by the bulk of the population, do not come from Manchester, but are made in India as they were a hundred years ago. Apart from this, and apart from the extreme doubtfulness of those propositions on the course of industry which Mr. Hyndman regards as certain, this lament over the alleged displacement of a native industry can only mean one thing, and that is that we should do well to impose protective duties which should keep Lancashire cottons out

<sup>1</sup>) Financial Statement for 1878—9: p. 32.

of India. If it does not mean this, it means nothing, and has no business to be where it is. If it does mean this, Mr. Hyndman is in the singular position of desiring to make their clothing still dearer, for people of whom it is his great object to prove that they cannot afford to clothe themselves as it is.

5. Mr. Hyndman (p. 603) gives as the deficits of the three last years, the following figures :—

|                              |             |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| 1876-7 . . . . .             | £6,000,000  |
| 1877-8 . . . . .             | 8,200,000   |
| 1878-9 (estimated) . . . . . | 2,000,000   |
|                              | <hr/>       |
|                              | £16,200,000 |

“Thus,” he concludes, “we have here an accumulated deficit in the three years of more than 16,000,000*l.* on a stationary revenue.” Now we have to observe that these figures are arrived at by including in the expenditure of each year the whole amount borrowed for Productive Public Works, and invested therein on the assumption that the investments will be profitable to the country and the revenue. Secondly, the writer does not state, excepting in a very incidental and obscure way, that these figures include the whole expenditure incurred in the relief of the great Famine, which during the last three years has cost at least ten millions. As to the expenditure on Productive Public Works, that is to say on railways and canals, Mr. Hyndman maintains that it is unprofitable and unjustifiable; and if this be true, he is right in including it as part of the ordinary expenditure of the year, and in his conclusion that each year ended in a deficit. But if his assumption be false, as, of course, the whole Government of India would contend, then his figures have evidently no meaning. It may be remarked that the system under which expenditure of an analogous kind is shown in the Public Accounts in England, is the same in principle as that which is adopted in India, but in practice the system in India is now much more rigid, under which they refuse to raise loans to pay for Public Works not really productive. The money paid for the telegraph lines in England, when purchased by the Government, was not shown as a part of the ordinary expenditure out of the revenue of the year, but as a separate transaction. It was the same in the case of the purchase of the shares of the Suez Canal, which were paid by means of borrowing, and not from revenue.

The truth appears to be that, apart from the extraordinary charges incurred for Famine relief, not only each of the last three years, but almost each for many years past, would have ended with a surplus of revenue over expenditure. It is no secret that the conclusions arrived at by Sir John Strachey, as to the financial position of the Government of India, were less sanguine than those of Lord North-

brook. Lord Northbrook thought that, without any fresh taxation, the revenue was in so flourishing a condition as to be able to meet, without further increase, the prospective charges for the relief of future famines. The view, however, adopted by the present Government of India is that, before the late measures were taken, and apart from the provision for famines, which had not hitherto been definitely adopted as a fixed element in fiscal policy, the finances were in a condition of equilibrium, with slight inclination on the side of a surplus. The late measures are believed to have improved their position by nearly 2,000,000*l.* a year, and this is looked on as the probable normal annual surplus. Of this 1,500,000*l.* is set aside as insurance against famine. The remaining 500,000*l.* is a margin to meet unforeseen contingencies, and furnish the means of carrying out fiscal and other improvements. Mr. Hyndman's statement that the deficit for the present year is estimated at 2,000,000*l.* is totally misleading, unless indeed we accept his assumption that no railways nor canals ought ever to be constructed unless the capital expended on them can be provided out of current income. The estimates profess to show a true surplus of revenue over expenditure of 2,156,000*l.*, as any one may see who takes the trouble to master the *Financial Statement for 1878-79* (p. 6—7).

Here we may leave the matter. When calmly examined, Mr. Hyndman's criticisms on the material condition of the people of India, and on fiscal policy, are seen to rest on misapprehensions of the evidence. That the condition of the people is not worse than it might be made by a new and more inventive policy, it is not for us to contend. On the contrary there are many grounds for the deepest scepticism as to the soundness of our system, the success of our rule, the ultimate worth of all our effort. In a recent article in this Review,<sup>1</sup> a very competent writer gave good reasons for thinking that our contribution to the moral progress of India is no more than water spilled upon the sand. The present writer, for one, after listening to Indian officials of all kinds for years, and reading sheafs of Indian documents, is quite prepared for the most sombre view of Indian prospects. However that may be, there is pretty certainly boundless room for improvement in all our methods. But Mr. Hyndman's exposition of the present state of things cannot be held to shed effective light on either the problem or its solution.

EDITOR.

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1878.



## THE FAILURE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK AND ITS LESSONS.

THE City of Glasgow Bank was the youngest of the eleven joint-stock banks which for the last twenty years have divided among them the banking business of Scotland. It was founded in 1839,<sup>1</sup> under the provisions of the two Acts of 1826, by means of which the formation of joint-stock banks with unlimited liability of shareholders was promoted with the intention of replacing to a large extent the private country banks, of which so many had failed during the memorable panic of the winter of 1825-6. In no part of Great Britain, or perhaps of the world, has banking been on the whole so successful or conferred greater benefits on the people than in Scotland. The Bank of Scotland dates from 1695, the Royal Bank from 1727, and the British Linen Company from 1746. The Commercial Bank at Edinburgh did not appear till 1810, nor the National Bank of Scotland, also at Edinburgh, till 1825. The three oldest banks were founded under royal charters, and the liability of the shareholders in them is always stated to be limited to twice the subscription. In all the other banks the liability is unlimited. Alongside the chartered and joint-stock banks in Scotland there were, till about thirty years ago, a few private banks, but these have all disappeared or been absorbed into the larger joint-stock institutions. The peculiar circumstances of Scotland, namely, the smallness of territory, thinness of population, absence of large towns and great industries, the predominance of agriculture, and the consequent small amount of individual transactions, enabled the banks from a very early period to maintain, with great benefit to themselves and to the country, a circulation of £1 notes, and to avoid or escape nearly all the mischiefs which arose in England from the existence of small notes of the same class.<sup>2</sup> The paid-up capital of the eight Scotch banks founded in Edinburgh and Glasgow has always been considerable, and of late years has been a million sterling in six cases, and one and a quarter and two millions in the remaining two cases. The dividends have ranged from ten to fifteen per cent. per annum, and the shares or stock have

(1) No less than five joint-stock banks were founded in Scotland in the nine years 1830—8, viz.: Union Bank of Scotland, at Glasgow, 1830; North of Scotland Bank, at Aberdeen, 1836; Caledonian, at Inverness, 1838; Clydesdale Bank, at Glasgow, 1838, and City of Glasgow Bank, 1839.

(2) It was part of the remedial schemes of 1826 to suppress the Scotch £1 notes and render £5 there, as in England, the lowest denomination. But the Scotch people, assisted by Sir Walter Scott as "Malachi Malagrowther," rose in opposition, and the Ministry reluctantly gave way.<sup>c</sup>

borne so high a premium in the market as to yield to the investor no more than between four and five per cent. The stock of the banks has been also widely diffused; and the holding of it being regarded as practically free from risk, it has been a favourite security with persons of small incomes, with trustees, and others. It is probable that the number of persons in Scotland who are registered holders of stock in Scotch banks is nearly twenty thousand. The number of holdings in the City of Glasgow Bank alone is given as thirteen hundred; and there are besides several hundreds of persons who, as trustees for others, are held to be liable in all respects as shareholders.

There has been one, or more properly two previous calamities in the history of the Scotch banks, resembling in substance, but far less scandalous and serious in character than the failure which has just occurred. On the 9th November, 1857, in the midst of the panic of that autumn, when for the second time the Act of 1844 was suspended, the Western Bank of Scotland, with its head office at Glasgow, stopped payment with a paid-up capital of one and a half millions, a reserve fund of a quarter of a million, and liabilities to the public of nearly six and a quarter millions. The shares were £50 each, and upon each of these shares calls were made in the course of 1858 to the extent of £125 per share. These calls produced two millions. During the following eight or nine years the liquidators were able to repay half of this sum to the shareholders or their representatives, leaving one million as the amount ultimately called up. And this million, added to the one and three-quarter millions of paid-up capital and reserve all lost before the bank stopped, made the total loss to the shareholders not less than two and three-quarter millions, or, if allowance for loss of interest be calculated, a total loss of quite three millions sterling.<sup>1</sup> The Western Bank failed for substantially the same reasons (omitting fraud and falsification) as the City of Glasgow Bank, namely, excessively large advances to a few firms, kept up after all chance of recovery was gone.

The proprietors of the Western Bank were select and wealthy, and there were certain parties on the management of vast means, by whom assistance and resources were found which greatly relieved the pressure upon the smaller holders of shares.

In the same month of November, 1857, the City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors for a few days, with liabilities to the public of four and a half millions and to the shareholders of three-quarters of a

(1) The assets of the Western Bank stood in the books on Feb. 1, 1858, at £7,872,000. In the course of the eight or nine years of liquidation they realised £5,020,000, or say thirteen shillings in the pound. The costs of liquidation were £142,000, and charges for interest on loans raised to meet temporary pressure were £80,000 more.

million. Examination was made, and as it was found that the real deficiency was under £80,000, means were devised by which the bank was able to resume business. As some three or four of the directors now awaiting trial for the malversations which have led to the final collapse of the bank on the 1st October (1878) are described as having been directors or managers when the temporary stoppage of November, 1857, occurred, it is not improbable that important revelations may come to light concerning that stoppage and resumption.

It is thirty-four years since Sir Robert Peel, in 1844-5, settled, as he considered, on wise and sound principles the constitution of the Bank of England; and the constitution of the private and joint-stock banks of England and Wales, of Scotland, and of Ireland, as regards the function of circulation. Without entering upon the long and intricate history of what is known in banking economics as the "currency principle," upon which Sir Robert Peel proceeded implicitly in all his banking legislation, it must suffice to say that the consistent object of all his measures was to limit, and as soon as possible suppress, the circulation of country bank-notes, and replace them in the first instance by notes of the issue department of the Bank of England, in the expectation that at no distant period the exclusive function of providing a circulation of notes for the whole of the United Kingdom would be transferred to a single central government office. In common with the authors and expounders of the currency principle, Sir Robert Peel believed that it was almost entirely by the agency of bank-notes, metropolitan and provincial, that credit was deranged, prices affected, and the foreign exchanges controlled; and believing this, his animosity to English, Scotch, and Irish notes, and more especially the £1 species, was intelligible. The lapse of time, and the enlarged experience which lapse of time has brought, aided by persistent discussion of the evidence of daily facts, has shown conclusively that Sir Robert Peel was wrong and that the small party who opposed him were right. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find now any person of repute to deny that it is variations in the rate of interest, and not any changes in the mere volume of the circulation with the public of convertible bank-notes, large or small, which affects credit, influences prices, and acts on the foreign exchange.<sup>1</sup> In directing, therefore, the whole force of the famous measures of 1844-5 against the function of issue, Sir Robert Peel committed an error totally without justification in sound principle, and practically full of mischief and injustice, both at that time and ever since. Sir Robert Peel would have liked to suppress the £1 notes in Scotland and Ireland, but the local opposition was too

(1) The establishment of these conclusions is one of the most striking instances in economics of apparently clear results of mere deductive reasoning being corrected by careful induction drawn from observation and facts.]

much for him. But if he could not suppress he could limit, and as regards Scotland the Act of 1845 (8 & 9 Vict. c. 38) did limit the future note issues of the then existing Scotch banks to the average of the year ended on 1st May, 1845. That average was found to be two and three-quarter millions, and for all notes issued in excess of that sum the Scotch banks were required to have in hand gold coin. And it will be convenient to say here that the trade and transactions of Scotland have gone on increasing, so that for several years past the volume of notes with the public has been six and a quarter millions, the fund of gold coin held by the banks has been and is about three and a half millions. With a view to the same end, any new bank formed in Scotland could not be a bank of issue; and in the event of the failure of any bank then existing, its right of issue became annulled. In 1857 this annulment was enforced in the case of the Western Bank of Scotland, and will now be again enforced in the case of the City of Glasgow Bank.

The provincial banks of England and Wales fared worse than the banks of Scotland. The Scotch secured the average issue of twelve months, the English and Welsh banks only the average issue of the twelve weeks preceding 27th April, 1844 (6 & 7 Vict. c. 32); and they wholly failed to secure, as did the Scotch, any permission to issue notes beyond the maximum, even by keeping in hand gold coin equal to the whole of the excess. The consequence is, that notwithstanding the growth of population and trade in England and Wales in thirty-four years, the provincial banks have now only a note issue of four and a quarter millions instead of the maximum issue of six and a quarter millions assigned to them by the Act of 1844. Further, by a prospective clause in that Act it was provided that if any English or Welsh provincial bank commenced business in London, it should forfeit its right of issue at its country branches; and some years ago this clause compelled the National Provincial Bank of England to relinquish a circulation of nearly half a million when it opened a London office. No such penalty was imposed by the Act of 1845 on the Scotch or Irish banks, not we believe from oversight, but because, at all events as regards the Scotch banks, it was believed and understood to be of the essence of their policy and practice not to go beyond the limits of Scotland.

The effect of the legislation of 1845 has been far more in favour of the Scotch banks than the English and Welsh: for (1) the monopoly of circulation in Scotland by the banks existing there in 1845 has prevented the formation of any new bank; (2) the permission to issue notes beyond the statutory maximum on condition of holding gold coin for the excess has enabled the banks to keep pace with the growth of trade and population; and (3) the advantage which the Scotch banks have of late years taken of the omission of the Act

of 1845 to apply to them the penalty of loss of circulation which the Act of 1844 applies to English and Welsh provincial banks when they open London offices, has enabled the Scotch banks to enter upon a field and kind of business wholly unforeseen thirty-four years ago.

During the past century and a quarter of Scotch banking, that is from the foundation of the Bank of Scotland in 1695 to the formation of the National and Union Banks in 1825 and 1830, and for some considerable period after these dates, the principles of the Scotch system were few, simple, and eminently safe. (1) The smallness of the population and the primitive industries of the country enabled the banks to know intimately every banking customer. (2) They fortified this personal knowledge of their own by requiring one or two persons, generally customers, as bondsmen for nearly every advance, and the advances were limited both in amount and duration. (3) The branches of the banks so pervaded the country, that their constant rivalry and competition rendered the prompt settlement of their claims on each other for notes, &c., exceedingly effective and searching. (4) The banks exercised great care in choosing their agents in London from among the strongest and best managed banks to be found there; and as far as possible used the facilities of their London connection to economise and strengthen their resources at home. (5) And above all, they maintained a considerable margin between the interest they allowed on deposits and the interest they charged on loans; so that to a very large extent they fulfilled that first and fundamental condition of sound and prosperous banking, viz. the obtainment of a fair profit from a business not rendered hazardous by vast liabilities upon deposits and current accounts. The establishment of seven powerful banks between 1825 and 1839 interfered materially with the previous state of things. More intense competition told against the banks in all directions, but particularly two, viz.: (1) the keener efforts to obtain deposits by offering rates which left but little margin of profit, and the consequent absorption into the banks of nearly all the money-capital of the country; and (2) the extension of accommodation to borrowers both as regards the character of the securities taken, and the terms and incidents of the rate of interest, and conditions of repayment.

The growth of Glasgow and the West of Scotland as a seat of manufacture and commerce did much to modify the primitive Scotch banking; and the effects were made manifest in 1857 by the total failure of the Western Bank and the temporary stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank. There was then a pause; but the active trade which began about ten years ago carried forward the Scotch banks in a very marked manner. The eight banks in Edinburgh and Glasgow in the seven years 1870-77 enlarged their paid-up capital from eight and three-quarters to nine and a quarter millions;

their reserves from three and a half to five millions; their note circulation from five and three-quarter to six and three-quarter millions; their deposits from sixty to seventy-four millions; and their acceptances from four to six and a quarter millions; or, in totals, the banks increased their liabilities to their proprietors from twelve and a quarter to fourteen and a quarter millions, and to their customers from seventy to eighty-seven millions. If a calculation be made, it will appear that the fourteen and a quarter millions of capital and reserves in 1877 produced as nearly as possible the same profit, viz. nine per cent. per annum, upon eighty-seven millions of liabilities, as the smaller capital and reserves of 1870 yielded on seventy millions of liabilities. All the formidable extra risk, therefore, of twenty-five per cent. more of liabilities—a large part of which was in the highly hazardous form of acceptances—had been incurred for the negative result of a stationary percentage of profits. Among these eight banks the City of Glasgow Bank, even according to its own published returns, was the most conspicuous for expansion of liabilities and stationary percentage of profit. The deposits, for example, in 1870—77 increased by more than a third, or from six and a quarter to eight and a half millions, and the acceptances, as we now know, in a very much larger degree.

During the seven years mentioned, five of these eight banks abandoned the old Scotch maxim and practice of leaning on strong agents in London, as far as possible, for reasons both of economy, and of assurance of support in times of crisis; and, availing themselves of the technical flaw in the Act of 1845, opened offices of their own in London, as a means of enlarging the field for the employment of their deposits and of entering into competition for London business. The City of Glasgow Bank was not one of these five banks; but it was understood that its appearance in London was only a question of time.

We have now carried the general history to the period of the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank, on Tuesday, the 1st October last; and after stating the leading circumstances of that stoppage and the causes of it, we will pass to a consideration of the remedial general measures which it suggests.

## II.

The City of Glasgow Bank (as we have said) was formed in 1839 on the principle of a joint-stock company, raising its capital by transferable shares, the liability of the holders of which was unlimited. The bank suspended payment for a few days in November, 1857, but resumed business and continued to flourish, so far as could be judged by official reports issued, and dividends at twelve per cent. per annum regularly declared, to the

very moment of the final collapse, on the day prior to which the £100 stock was sold at £236, or a price giving the purchaser about five per cent. per annum. About ten days before the stoppage, rumours reached London affecting the bank's credit; and led to difficulty in negotiating the bank's acceptances, the amount of which in circulation, according to the official balance-sheet of June, 1878, was one and a half millions. The virtual closing of the London money market to these acceptances at once precipitated the crash. The directors of the bank obtained a conference, on the evening of Tuesday, 1st October, with representatives of other Scotch banks, and submitted a statement of affairs, with a view to assistance being given; but that statement was of a character so astounding as to render any interference in the direction of relief impossible, and the doors did not open on the following morning. Two accountants of high repute were called in by the directors to investigate and report; and on Friday, 18th October, a document was issued by these gentlemen which for all time will mark a dark epoch in the history of Scotch banking. The report set forth (1) the utter insolvency of the bank; (2) fraud and falsification of accounts by the directors and managers going back several years; (3) the loss of millions of money to four or five parties more or less connected with members of the board, in wild and reckless advances and credits given to promote speculations and ventures in India, New Zealand, and other distant regions.

In 1873 the directors deliberately made a false entry of £973,000 to conceal their losses. The acceptances in June, 1878, were deliberately understated to the extent of one and a quarter millions. The cash held against the excess of note issue was returned to the Treasury as being £200,000 more than was the fact; and generally, as will appear by the details given in the note below,<sup>1</sup> the liabilities were falsified by the directors so as to appear two millions *less*, and the assets were falsified so as to appear four and a half millions *more*, than was the truth.

Before the report appeared, there had been schemes for restarting the bank. But these all disappeared when it was found that the whole of the one and a-half millions of capital and reserve was lost, and nearly five and a quarter millions more, or together six and

(1) The last balance-sheet of the directors was made up to the customary annual date of 6th June, 1878, and issued in July with a flourishing report. The report of the two inspectors called in by the board after the stoppage of the 1st October—viz. Mr. Anderson and Mr. M'Grigor, both men of professional eminence—gave in detail the figures representing the real amount of liabilities, and the real amount and approximate value of the assets. The lapse of three months had, of course, in the ordinary way of business, produced some change in figures, but the differences between the directors' and the inspectors' reports show substantially the extent of the falsifications which the directors commenced certainly in 1873, and probably at a much earlier date; and went on

three-quarter millions; and that each holder of £1,000 of the bank stock would not only lose whatever he might have given for it in the market, but £5,000 more as calls required by the liquidators to meet the demands of creditors. There are thirteen hundred names on the share register, but the great majority of them persons of means so limited as to be quite unable to find much money. More than a fourth of the whole list are spinsters, married women, and

increasing year by year until they amounted, as shown by the following abstract, to over two millions on the liabilities and nearly five millions on the assets, or nearly seven millions together. The following is a comparative abstract:—

City of Glasgow Bank (founded 1839; stopped in November, 1857; failed 1st October, 1878). Statement showing the extent of the falsifications in the last report issued by the directors as at the 5th June, 1878, and the real figures as ascertained by the Inspectors to exist on the day of failure, 1st October, and as set forth in their report published 18th October, 1878.

| Description.                           | Directors.<br>5th June, 1878. | Inspectors.<br>1st October, 1878. | Extent of<br>Directors' Falsifi-<br>cations. |
|--|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|
| <b>LIABILITIES.</b>                    | £                             | £                                 | £  |
| 1. Deposits . . . . .                  | 8,102,000                     | 8,798,000                         | 696,000                                      |
| 2. Notes out . . . . .                 | 710,000                       | 863,000                           | 153,000                                      |
| 3. Acceptances . . . . .               | 1,488,000                     | 2,742,000                         | 1,254,000                                    |
|  | 10,300,000                    | 12,403,000                        | 2,103,000                                    |
| 4. Capital paid up . . . . .           | 1,000,000                     | 1,000,000                         | —  |
| 5. Reserve . . . . .                   | 592,000                       | 592,000                           | —  |
|  | 11,892,000                    | 13,995,000                        | —  |
| <b>ASSETS.</b>                         |                               |                                   |  |
| 6. Bills, &c. . . . .                  | 8,484,000                     | 5,996,000                         | 2,488,000                                    |
| 7. Advances . . . . .                  | 265,000                       | 211,000                           | 54,000                                       |
| 8. Cash . . . . .                      | 845,000                       | 418,000                           | 427,000                                      |
| 9. Bonds, &c. . . . .                  | 2,296,000                     | 587,000                           | 1,709,000                                    |
|  | 11,892,000                    | 7,212,000                         | 4,680,000                                    |
| 10. Assets short . . . . .             |                               | 5,190,000                         | —  |
| 11. Capital and Reserve lost . . . . . |                               | 1,593,000                         | —  |
| 12. <i>Total loss</i> . . . . .        |                               | 6,783,000                         | —  |
|  |                               | 13,995,000                        |  |

The whole of the capital and reserve of one and a half millions was lost several years ago; and when it was gone began the process of further falsification and further loss, under which five and a quarter millions of the assets publicly set forth were lost; and it would appear lost principally on four accounts, kept open either with members of the board or their immediate friends or relatives. The inspectors give the figures of these four accounts as follows:—

| Account.                     | As Debt.  | Securities, Value. | Deficit.  |
|------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|-----------|
|                              | £         | £                  | £         |
| No. 1. (Morton) . . . . .    | 2,328,000 | 688,000            | 1,632,000 |
| 2. (Smith Fleming) . . . . . | 1,864,000 | 452,000            | 1,412,000 |
| 3. (Nicol Fleming) . . . . . | 1,142,000 | 310,000            | 832,000   |
| 4. . . . .                   | 464,000   | 71,000             | 393,000   |
|                              | 5,798,000 | 1,521,000          | 4,269,000 |



widows; a third are clergymen, teachers, doctors, and small capitalists; a seventh of the list are trustees and executors,\* who according to Scotch law are held to be personally liable, although acting only for third parties—a law as harsh as can be well conceived.<sup>1</sup> No calamity so dreadful, so far-reaching, and in its origin and circumstances so scandalous and disgraceful, has ever occurred in Scotland. As the misery which it has caused and will cause begins to be better understood, efforts are being made all over Scotland to raise relief funds for the more urgent cases. But these can be no more than palliatives.

The Crown Agents, with commendable promptness, arrested the directors and secretary on a criminal charge within twenty-four hours after the issue of the report. But they did not arrest several other persons who appear to be in the conspiracy. Mr. Nicol Fleming, one of those persons, lost no time in transferring himself to Spain—the only European country which invites and encourages the residence of a colony of rogues and ruffians, by refusing to negotiate extradition treaties.

(1) CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.—SHAREHOLDERS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO QUALITY, NUMBERS, AND STOCK HELD.

| Quality.                      | Persons. | Total Stock. | Average. | Quality.                      | Persons. | Total Stock. | Average. |
|-------------------------------|----------|--------------|----------|-------------------------------|----------|--------------|----------|
|                               | No.      | £            | £        |                               | No.      | £            | £        |
| 1. Spinsters . . . .          | 206      | 48,900       | 237      | 7. Tradesmen and Farmers      | 119      | 40,000       | 330      |
| 2. Married Women and Widows . | 154      | 54,600       | 355      | 8. Solicitors . . .           | 37       | 28,000       | 766      |
|                               | 360      | 103,500      | 300      | 9. Merchants . . .            | 99       | 92,000       | 932      |
| 3. Clergymen . . .            | 39       | 24,300       | 622      | 10. Manufacturers             | 38       | 116,000      | 300      |
| 4. Teachers . . . .           | 8        | 1,950        | 244      | 11. Various . . . .           | 65       | 98,000       | 1,500    |
| 5. Medical Men . .            | 24       | 25,200       | 1,050    |                               | 1,178*   | 781,000      | 660      |
| 6. Gentlemen . . .            | 389      | 253,000      | 652      | 12. Trustees and Executors. . | 174      | 157,000      | 900      |
| Over . . . . .                | 820      | 407,900      | 500      | Total . . . . .               | 1,252    | 938,000      | 750      |

The capital of the bank was one million, in £100 shares, all paid, but with unlimited liability. The price of the shares for a long time and quite up to the stoppage was 230—240. It will be under the truth to assume that the present holders had given on the average not less than £200 per share, so that with an average *par* value of shares of £750, the average *cost price* of each holding would be £1,500. The dividends had been twelve per cent. per annum, equal upon an average price of £200 to six per cent. per annum, and upon £236 to a little over five per cent. per annum. The income of the 360 spinsters, married women, and widows, from the £300 stock (costing say £600) held by each of them on the average in the bank, would be £36 per annum.

The following further analysis of 1,272 holdings shows in another form the great preponderance of small holders :—

HOLDERS OF STOCK, OCTOBER, 1878.

|                             |             |                              |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|------------------------------|-------------|
| £100 Stock and less . . . . | 278 persons | Over £500 and under £1,000 . | 240 persons |
| Over £100 and under £200 .  | 55 "        | " £1,000 " £2,000 .          | 156 "       |
| " £200 " £500 .             | 455 "       | " £2,000 . . . . .           | 88 "        |
|                             | 788 "       |                              | 484 "       |

The shareholders met on the 22nd of October to determine the form in which the affairs of the bank should be wound up, its assets realised, and its creditors paid. The tone and demeanour of the meeting were in the highest degree honourable to the Scotch character. There was no unseemly violence of language, great as was the provocation and black as was the doocit. There was no strong outburst of emotion when the depth of the ruin was made plain. But there were several noble declarations, to which the meeting gave ready response, that, whatever may be the sacrifices, every lawful claim established against the bank shall be paid in full. The liquidation was resolved to be in the voluntary form. Fit men were chosen for the office, and after the lapse of a few days a first call of £500 per share was legally notified; but months and years will be required to work out the final disappearance from before the courts and the public of this once flourishing institution.

The consequences of the bank's stoppage on the 1st of October were wide and serious. In the course of two or three weeks there followed the failure of thirty or more firms, large and small, in Glasgow, Manchester, London, and elsewhere, all brought down in some sense by the cessation of the criminal support given to them by the bank.<sup>1</sup> The effect on the Scotch banks was serious. Having opened offices of their own in London, they could no longer rely on their former agents there, and the London market distrusted Scotch paper of all kinds. A pressure of sellers forced down the price of Scotch bank shares from an average of about £300 to an average of not much more than £220<sup>2</sup>—in some cases to less. The fearful perils of unlimited liability produced also a sort of panic in London in the prices of the shares in English unlimited banks, not excluding those in the best credit; and for two or

(1) The following are the principal failures which have occurred in consequence of the withdrawal of the support long given by the bank. G., L., and M., signify Glasgow, London, and Manchester.

|                                |           |                            |             |
|--------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|-------------|
| G. Potter, Wilson & Co. . .    | £216,000  | Brought forward . .        | 6,066,000   |
| G. T. D. Findlay & Co. . .     | 200,000   | L. Smith Fleming & Co. . . | 3,000,000   |
| G. L. Jas. Morton & Co. . .    | 2,500,000 |                            |             |
| G. L. Matthew Buchanan & Co. . | 1,350,000 |                            | £9,066,000  |
| M. L. Hough Balfour & Co. . .  | 1,800,000 | Twelve other cases . . .   | 1,134,000   |
|                                |           |                            |             |
| Carried forward . . .          | 6,066,000 |                            | £10,200,000 |

It is probable that the failures, large and small, consequent on the stoppage of the bank, were thirty or forty, with liabilities not much less than twenty millions, and from which the dividends cannot be expected to produce more than ten per cent.

A Glasgow paper of 18th November gives a list of upwards of one hundred and fifty failures in Glasgow and the west of Scotland directly and indirectly traceable to the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank. The total liabilities of the Scotch firms who have been dragged down is given at twenty-five millions. The value of the capital of the Scotch banks on the 1st of October is given as twenty-four millions, and the value on the 16th of November at nineteen millions.

(2) The *Scotsman* of the 9th November, 1878, has the following:—In bank stocks, although no transactions have been recorded, a further reduction in prices was made yesterday by the Committee of the Glasgow Stock Exchange as follows: Bank of

three weeks after the Glasgow catastrophe there was imminent danger of a crisis in the money market as severe as that of May, 1866.

These were the general results. We may now say something concerning the men who brought about this long train of misfortune; and by their huge folly and wickedness have obtained for all time conspicuous niches in the Temple of Infamy. The following particulars were given by the Scotch papers of the directors and officials of the bank:—

The directors and secretary of the supreme board at Glasgow (all now in custody charged with theft, perjury, and embezzlement) are *Lewis Potter*, merchant, age 72, a native of Falkirk, and director of the bank since its formation in 1839; *Robert Salmond*, merchant, age 74, from Argyleshire, a director since 1839; *John Stewart*, retired merchant, age 70, from Edinburgh, a director since 1876; *John Innes Wright*, merchant, age 68, native of Glasgow, a director since 1876; *Robert S. Stronach*, age 52, from Aberdeenshire, managing director, many years connected with the bank and associated as assistant manager with his late brother Alexander Stronach; *Charles S. Leresche*, age 52, from Manchester, secretary since 1870. The Edinburgh board consisted of Henry Inglis, John Gillespie, Robert Craig, and A. F. Somerville; of these *Henry Inglis*, a native of Edinburgh, writer to the Signet, is in custody, *James Nicol Fleming*, a director up to 1876, and partner of John Innes Wright, has fled from the pursuit of the police. His firm has failed with three millions of liabilities, and is among the largest debtors of the bank. Other arrests are expected. The trials will take place at Edinburgh in February next.

It is not the least of the scandals of this failure that most of the directors and managers were conspicuous elders and members of the Free Church. Mr. Lewis Potter, we are told, lived at a handsome estate called Udston, near Glasgow, and "was warmly attached to the Free Church." So warmly was he attached to it, that five years ago he acquired high local fame for Christian zeal and benevolence, by building the Burnbank Free Church, it was understood, out of his own pocket, but now it appears with the money of the City of Glasgow Bank. Further, Mr. Lewis Potter held strong opinions regarding the Sabbath, and refused to take in or read the Monday's newspapers because they were printed on the first day of the week; and Mr. Potter's emphatic example in this crucial test of righteousness, according to the Scotch way of thinking, greatly helped his Scotland, reduction £5; British Linen, £5; Commercial, £20; Clydesdale, £35; National, £20; and Union, £7. The following are the reductions made in bank stocks since the City Bank failure:—

| 1878.                  | Oct. 2. | Oct. 29 | Nov. 6 | Nov. 8 | Total deduc. |
|------------------------|---------|---------|--------|--------|--------------|
| Bank of Scotland . . . | £ 327   | £ 300   | £ 290  | £ 285  | £ 42         |
| British Linen . . .    | 314     | 291     | 275    | 270    | 44           |
| Caledonian . . .       | 7½      | 6½      | 5½     | 5      | 2½           |
| Clydesdale . . .       | 277     | 255     | 220    | 185    | 92           |
| Commercial . . .       | 326     | 306     | 280    | 260    | 66           |
| National . . .         | 327     | 307     | 280    | 260    | 67           |
| North of Scotland . .  | 13½     | 12      | 11½    | 11½    | 1½           |
| Royal . . .            | 235½    | 215     | 206    | 200    | 35½          |
| Union . . .            | 275     | 248     | 200    | 193    | 82           |

mercantile credit, and enabled him to prolong his career of falsification at the bank of which he was one of the most active managers. Of Mr. William Taylor we learn that he was a leading elder of the St. Enoch Church, and its active representative in the General Assembly. Mr. James Morton, the first name in the select list of the four largest creditors, was eminent as a Sunday-school teacher; and the record goes on in the same strain through most of the list of falsifiers and defaulters, until the exhibition of professed piety and impudent fraud becomes disgusting.

It is a salutary symptom that several of the Scotch newspapers of widest circulation and influence have denounced these flagrant hypocrisies in language which for strength and directness leaves nothing to be desired, as witness the following leading article from the *Glasgow Herald*:—

“While Scotland has Presbyterian Churches it must have elders; but it is doubtful whether, after the experiences through which we are passing, it may not be somewhat difficult to obtain these props of the Church in future. Since the closing of the doors of the City of Glasgow Bank, Eldership has suffered a terrible blow. It had experienced in this city many reverses, and has survived them all; but it never experienced one like this. Long ago it used to be a standing joke on the Royal Exchange to ask when a more than usually ugly bankruptcy occurred, ‘In what kirk is the bankrupt an elder?’ And though the question was lightly put it was almost invariably answered in deadly earnest that the bankrupt had been a burning and a shining light in some West-End congregation, was a liberal subscriber to all religious schemes, and always ready to put his hand into the pockets of his creditors to assist in Church extension and missionary enterprises. Or perhaps he varied his religious professions by Sunday-school teaching, took a great and deep interest in the young, and spent his Sunday mornings and Sunday evenings in teaching in simple phrases the lessons that he had been himself neglecting during the week. But somehow the bankrupt elder or Sunday-school teacher was soon forgotten, and others were found ready to take his place, and possibly fill his shoes, in the world as well as in the Church. *Nothing paid better while it lasted.* Eldership was the ticket put upon respectability, was in fact respectability itself, for what better safeguard could be obtained against the whisperings of malicious tongues regarding business transactions than the assurance that the good man lived in the odour of sanctity, that he was an exemplary elder, an upholder of the faith, a builder of churches, and the right-hand man of one of the most respected clergymen of the city? It was impossible in the minds of a great many people even to think evil of such an individual. When the shock came, it lasted only for a short time. The bankrupt—he might have approached to the very verge of fraud—was even pitied, and not unfrequently managed to secure an easy settlement. Some of them, whitewashed in the Bankruptcy Court, are no doubt elders still.

“We have heard of some business men, taught by experience, whose first question about a new customer was not whether he had a balance at his bankers, but whether he was an elder, deacon, Sunday-school teacher, or liberal subscriber to new churches. If he was, these suspicious worldlings looked sharply after their goods and kept Piety on short credit. But these must have been rare exceptions in this commercial and pious capital. The all-but universal desire was to do business with men who banked in heaven as well as in the City of Glasgow. It seemed an additional security in spite of many illustrations to the contrary. . . . .

“Dr. Story and his friends in the Established Church have been labouring hard for some years past to slacken the bonds of subscription to lay office-bearers of the Church, but hitherto without much success. Their contention is that the full subscription to the Confession of Faith which is at present required, prevents many good men from becoming elders, inasmuch as they are not prepared conscientiously to agree to all contained within the boards of the Confession. *Of course, no scruples are entertained by the class of men who make their holy office a cloak for hypocrisy and crime.* Their object being to deceive, under the guise of religion, they are anxious to have their religion of the most orthodox pattern. But if to the reluctance of subscription is to be added the reluctance to join the eldership in consequence of the bad odour into which it has fallen, the office will be still more open to the designing knaves who bring disgrace upon religion. It will be a sad look-out for the Churches should this be so.”—*Glasgow Herald*, November 2, 1878.

### III.

The City of Glasgow Bank failed, first, because it was in the hands of rogues and fools who years ago embarked upon a career of reckless adventure wholly at variance with every maxim of prudent banking; and when those adventures ended in crushing failure, resorted to malversation and theft to prevent discovery.

It failed, in the second place, because years ago it committed itself to a system of business at variance with the sound rules which down to say 1845—50 had rendered Scotch banking proverbial for sagacity and caution: that is to say, the City of Glasgow Bank before its first stoppage of November, 1857, and more markedly after that event, became conspicuous for its keen hunting after deposits at extreme rates of interest, as witness its one hundred and thirty-three branches and its monopoly almost of the deposit business of the Isle of Man. Having obtained millions of deposits on extravagant conditions, it was compelled to seek a profit upon them, by entering into mercantile advances and adventures for beyond the limits of Scotland, and wholly beyond the control of any banking machinery. Arising out of this vicious and perilous course came the necessity of accepting bills drawn from distant places at long usances; and once committed to the utter dependence on the London market implied by the necessity of keeping these acceptances afloat, the final collapse was a simple matter of weeks or months. And here we must not fail to note the practical effect of the unlimited liability of the shareholders of the bank; and of the facility possessed by the directors of falsifying the published accounts. There were suspicions of the bank years ago, but these suspicions were held to be neutralised by the unlimited liability of the shareholders; or in other words, as in the old days of imprisonment for debt, the creditor relaxed his own care and vigilance because he reckoned upon the resources of a harsh law to get him paid in full—a state of things profoundly dangerous and demoralising. The uncontrolled false balance-sheets did the rest. If it had been in the least suspected that the bank's acceptances were

(as was the fact) double the official figures, they would have been at once rejected, and the crash would have come.

The bank failed, in the third place, because in its practice it furnished an extreme example of the perils of modern Deposit Banking, in collecting, in large masses in a comparatively few centres, a proportion of the money-capital of the country wholly beyond the requirements for such capital, in the wholesome and natural mercantile employments alone within the sphere or competence of prudent banking. The English country banks, before the great collapse of 1825-6, failed because, with the liabilities of bankers to pay notes and balances on demand, they fell into the error of employing their money in advances upon land and buildings, only fit to be the investments of an insurance company. Many of the banks which failed in that dreary winter of 1825-6 were in truth solvent; but their resources required months and years to realise, and the unreadiness of the means was of course fatal to the credit and business of the banks when a crisis came. For some years past, and at the present time, the peril which besets a large class of banks is that they have become investment and financial companies; and to a large extent adventurers in mercantile enterprises at home and all over the world. This is thoroughly unsound and dangerous. We now see very plainly that it was the City of Glasgow Bank which sustained the group of businesses—Heugh, Balfour and Co., Smith Fleming and Co., James Morton and Co., and others, who for years past have been destroying all legitimate business in the Indian and other markets; simply because losses had no terror for them, inasmuch as the City of Glasgow Bank was ready to dip further into its deposits, or put out another armful of its acceptances, in order to make up any deficiency. And the same remark in substance applies to the Collie frauds and losses of the summer of 1875, under which certain leading joint-stock banks in London and elsewhere lost several millions of money. Collie had discovered the taste of the banks for “large lines” of apparently trade bills, and helped himself accordingly.

The solid progress of wealth in a country can only take place where the persons who, by frugality, invention, or skill have saved money, employ their own personal knowledge and judgment in the investment of the capital so acquired. To hand over that capital to somebody else, and depend implicitly on his judgment, is a rash and foolish act. A bank is no more than a temporary place of security, in which capital may be lodged till the owners of it have discovered a permanent outlet for its employment. A bank is also a convenient place in which the ready money, without which business could not go on, may be kept and acted upon by cheques, bills, and all the modern appliances of credit. This is the original and sound concep-

tion of banking in this and other countries. It is also the original conception of banking in Scotland, modified only by the very early date of the first great corporation (the Bank of Scotland dates from 1695), and by the poverty, sparse population, and simple industries of the country. This primitive and sound model does not exclude the allowance of moderate interest by the banker in cases where money can be lodged with him for definite periods, or under circumstances for which he can distinctly provide. But between special lodgments of this nature, and the present plan of attracting as many deposits as possible in large or small sums, and from persons belonging to the wealthiest and the humblest classes, there is a wide and radical difference. The modern joint-stock bank has become a sort of central financial providence. For a small margin of a few shillings per cent. between what it gives and what it gets, the bank in reality undertakes to find for its hundreds and thousands of customers, large and small, the prudence, caution, and common sense which they ought to find for themselves. The depositors go to the joint-stock bank because the liability of the shareholders is unlimited. They, like the discounters of the City of Glasgow Bank acceptances, quiet their apprehensions by considering that the last shareholder must be ruined before the first depositor can lose a shilling; and thus it comes about that we are constantly suffering from over-trading and over-speculation. From *over-trading*, because the banks are always on the look-out for men of energy, boldness, and resource, apparently familiar with some branch of commerce or manufacture, and likely, if successful, to become discounters of bills on a large scale. These men are started with capital and helped over difficulties, and now and then the confidence is repaid. But it is far more frequently abused; and abused because it is not in human nature for a man to guard borrowed money with the same vigilance as money obtained by his own incessant, self-denying hard work.<sup>1</sup> From *speculation*, because a large part of the deposits of the banks are employed in advances on the Stock Exchange on securities of all kinds, on the pledge of which the lenders are supposed to require a sufficient margin.

In every one of the methods now pointed out the City of Glasgow Bank was an offender of the most aggravated type, and its offences in these particular practices largely helped on its ruin.

(1) It is often said that it is one of the great advantages of this country to have a number of banks on the look out for young, enterprising borrowers. And so it is, but with important qualifications. Experience has shown that the facilities offered are largely in excess of the number of trustworthy borrowers, and hence no small part of the evils and scandals of reckless trade. In a country like this, where capital accumulates rapidly, the last thing likely to happen is a difficulty on the part of eligible borrowers in getting reasonable assistance.

## IV.

Is it possible, then, to draw from this example any lessons of legislation or practice which may be serviceable in future? We have a strong opinion that it is.

But we cannot expect, either from public legislation or detailed rules, any safeguard against bad and dangerous banking arising from honest incapacity or dishonest courses. Nor can we look to the State to exercise for depositors and shareholders the vigilance they will not exercise for themselves; nor can we permit ourselves to suppose that, in these days of commercial competition and freedom, any real remedies are to be found in artificial distinctions and discouragements of one kind of banking as compared with another.

Our sole resource must be in adopting changes which will place before the public, the depositors, and the shareholders more ample means than they possess at present, of becoming acquainted at frequent intervals with the real condition of all the sorts of banks—limited or unlimited, joint-stock or private, London or provincial, Scotch or Irish—which exist in the country.<sup>1</sup> The prudent people will make the best of such information and reap their reward; the careless will neglect it and have to bear the consequences.

1. The trade of banking is so essentially the same wherever it is carried on, that there is no difficulty in framing a skeleton Balance Sheet which would apply in nearly every case; and be made to exhibit, so far as form is concerned, a tolerably exact view of the assets and liabilities on any given day. Such a balance-sheet, properly audited, would, in the instance of the City of Glasgow Bank, have detected the false entries in the ledger and the understatement of the acceptances and the coin reserve; and generally the auditors could judge of the regularity of the proceedings of the bank. But no audit can really ascertain the *quality* of the advances and discounts of a large bank; and no bank audit should be expected to do it. The parties concerned should be plainly told that when the auditor had done his best, his report must be read subject to this great qualification.

The first thing to be done, therefore, is to provide by law for an uniform balance-sheet from all banks at frequent intervals, prepared and presented by professional auditors, (or by an audit committee of

(1) This principle has been already embodied in recent legislation with eminent success and benefit. As, for example, in the Act of 1870, requiring from all Insurance companies annual returns compiled according to an uniform schedule. Both the public and the companies have found great benefit from these returns. In like manner the Act of 1867, requiring Railway companies to publish their accounts in a prescribed form, has been most successful. In the United States the weekly publication of the condition of the Banks of all sorts has certainly averted many evils. In this country it would not be at all necessary to have returns so frequently as once a week.



shareholders with power to employ accountants), with the understanding that the auditors do not profess to value the advances and discounted bills. The investments in securities of various kinds they could, of course, verify in quantity, and to a large extent in value.

2. But if there must be a systematic balance-sheet for banks, there must certainly be a revision and enlargement of the weekly Abstract put forward by the Bank of England as provided by the Act of 1844. The abstract there prescribed has always been defective in many ways; but of late years it has, in consequence of the changed circumstance of the London market, become positively misleading.<sup>1</sup> Thirty-four years ago (that is in 1844), the banking system of this country was in its infancy as compared with the magnitude and development it has attained under free-trade, railways, telegraphs, great inventions, new gold, and above all the extension of Deposit Banking. A chief result of this extension has been that London has become not merely the British, but the European, financial centre; and that the Banking Department of the Bank of England holds the sole ultimate reserve of cash upon which all the other banks, metropolitan and provincial, depend. The Country and Scotch and Irish banks, to a large extent, hold their reserves of cash with their agents in London; and the London banks, as well for safety as convenience and economy, in their turn keep their cash reserves in the form of a current balance with the Banking Department. All this is sound and economical enough, provided that the banking department does not lend out the balances lodged with it by the bankers; but this is precisely what it does, and what, as the law stands, it is permitted to do. It has been said that each bank, especially in London, should keep in cash, in its own office, its cash reserve. But that would be a step backward—a setting up of a banking heptarchy where banking unity is required. Every competent observer has long agreed that the fault in our banking and credit system, the most dangerous of all, is the insufficiency of the sole central reserve in the banking department; and it is the obvious insufficiency of that reserve which renders the whole country so sensitive and amenable to even small variations of it when the times are at all critical.

The remedy is to require the Bank of England in its weekly return to make at least one principal alteration, viz. divide the "Private Deposits" into "Bankers' Deposits" and "Sundry Deposits." For example, on 6th November, 1878, the private deposits were say twenty-seven millions; and the notes (or cash reserve) were ten millions. Now it is pretty well known that, of the twenty-seven millions of private deposits, at least ten millions would be balances

(1) The annual returns relating to the Bank of England obtained by Mr. Backhouse give several particulars of the weekly account not set forth in that document when it is issued. But if those further particulars are given annually, and most usefully given, they may as well be given from week to week.

belonging to bankers; so that if this return be corrected, by way of example, in the manner now suggested, it would present the following figures:—

## BANKING DEPARTMENT, NOVEMBER 6, 1878.

| <i>Liabilities.</i>            |             | <i>Assets.</i>                  |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Proprietors' Capital . . . . . | £14,553,000 | Government Securities . . . . . | £15,487,000 |
| Rest . . . . .                 | 3,174,000   | Other Securities . . . . .      | 22,129,000  |
| Public Deposits . . . . .      | 3,389,000   |                                 |             |
| Seven-day Bills . . . . .      | 307,000     |                                 | £37,616,000 |
| Sundry Deposits . . . . .      | 16,829,000  | Reserve:                        |             |
|                                |             | Notes . . . . .                 | £9,745,000  |
|                                | £38,252,000 | Coin . . . . .                  | 890,000     |
| Bankers' Deposits . . . . .    | 10,000,000  |                                 | 10,635,000  |
|                                | £48,252,000 |                                 | £48,252,000 |

It is very plain from these figures that against the thirty-eight and a quarter millions of liabilities due by the banking department to its own proprietors and customers, it did not hold on 6th November any cash reserve at all—a condition of things which we suppose no one would defend for a moment. The Bank, it is true, is entitled to say, as the law stands, that the Bankers are only customers like the rest, and that against forty-eight millions of liabilities to bankers and non-bankers, it does hold twenty per cent. of reserve. This may be a technical, but it is not such a substantial answer as the public can accept. The Bank of England has a perfect right to say that it cannot be expected to be made a convenience of by the bankers so far as to keep in coin the reserves which, but for the Bank of England, each banker would keep in cash or bank notes in his own office.

This is a ground of demur every way reasonable; and it should be met by the bankers individually and the Banking Department being left to settle by negotiation the proper allowances to be made between them. Supposing that to be done, two consequences of the utmost value would arise:—1. The reserves of the bankers in the Banking Department would be real reserves of coin ready at a moment's notice when wanted. 2. The further reserves of coin kept by the Banking Department against its liabilities to merchants and others would be so much additional strength added to the ultimate central cash reserve, upon the sufficiency of which the state of credit and the rate of interest intimately depend. Further, the effect of the change would be to correct in a great degree the most flagrant defect of the present system—the insufficient actual reserve—and a defect which, if not cured, will every year become more dangerous.

3. The present legal restraints on the circulation of the notes of the provincial banks in England and Wales, and of the banks of Scotland and Ireland, should be at once abolished. Nobody now believes in the exploded superstition regarding the danger of

country bank notes payable on demand and subject to vigorous bi-weekly exchanges. It was the error of a dark age to argue seriously that the circulation of such notes could disarrange the foreign exchange, and produce a long train of other mischiefs. We have arrived at a better and more certain knowledge; and all the world now looks to variations of the rate of interest, and to operations of real capital, as the actual motive forces of financial phenomena in this country. Let us liberate ourselves, therefore, as rapidly as possible from the false and mischievous legislation of 1844-5 on these subjects. Our only concern should be to provide practically for the due payment of provincial notes or the failure of the issuers; and this may be done either by requiring issuing banks to deposit public securities for the full average amount of their circulation, available in the event of failure; or by requiring such deposit to the extent of one-half the issue, and giving the note-holders a first claim for the other half on the total assets of the bank: and the latter plan is more equitable than the first, and practically as safe for the note-holders. The effect of this liberation would be a very considerable economy and convenience to the public. It would put an end to the absurd spectacle of sending to Scotland and Ireland two or three times a year several millions of gold coin; and generally at the precise periods when it is wanted in London to fortify the central coin reserve; and it would enable the provincial banks to accommodate their customers in a multitude of ways better than at present. e.

With this liberation of the country issues, as regards both old and new banks, would of course pass away the monopoly of issue held by the banks now existing in Scotland. The impediment to the establishment of new banks in that country would be removed; and a wholesome stimulus would be applied to the present banking institutions there, to reconsider a large part of their constitution and practice. The terror which the Glasgow Bank failure has impressed upon the large class of trustee investors in Scotch bank stock, and the widespread distress occasioned by the failure among all classes, will arouse a spirit of energy in Scotland regarding the other banks which cannot fail to produce many changes. The system of accepting mercantile bills, into which the Scotch banks have largely fallen since they opened London offices, will not pass unnoticed; and the powerful party in Scotland who from the first objected to such offices will now find a sympathising audience.

4. The law can do no more than it has done already on the subject of the limited and unlimited liability of the shareholders in banks. The law leaves the choice of one form or the other absolutely to the parties whom it concerns, whether as partners in existing or as promoters of future banks. One of the best forms, if not the best form, of liability for banks is the plan long known to the French law, and

by the Companies Act of 1867 added to the English law, namely, unlimited liability on the part of directors and managers, and limited liability for all the other shareholders. Nothing, however, can be plainer than that for persons of moderate means, unfamiliar with the ways of business, and living far away from sources of mercantile information, no folly can well be greater than to risk means, health, and life itself by holding shares in an unlimited joint-stock bank, whatever its reputation may be. The prudent management of a bank, especially of a bank overgrown and overladen with deposits and liabilities, is an exceedingly difficult matter. One year, or even one month, of folly or foolhardiness may effectually demolish the results of years of prudence, and the danger increases with the magnitude of the institution. The golden maxim of prudent banking is to make a fair profit out of as small a surface of liabilities as possible; but this maxim is in direct contradiction of the rules of modern deposit banking, which seeks to make a large profit by a very small percentage on a constantly increasing volume of liabilities. For purposes of permanence and safety in banking there is a limit of size and bigness which cannot with wisdom be exceeded. All these are considerations which render unlimited liability in banks wholly unsuited to the great mass of investors. Nor does the unlimited liability in the long run really assist the banks themselves. It saves them in a very sensible degree from that vigilant criticism and observation which more than anything else represses imprudence in banks. As in the case of the City of Glasgow Bank, the unlimited liability leads the public to relax a good deal of that circumspection which they apply to limited banks; and this habit is bad both for the public and the banks themselves. For all practical purposes the case can be met by adopting limited liability as the basis; paying up an ample capital; and leaving a still more ample margin to be called up if required.

It now rests with the Government to take the needful measures. The task is certainly delicate and difficult in no small degree, but it is imperative and urgent. A Departmental or Royal Commission of competent men well selected would seem to be a convenient and efficient means of collecting facts and opinions upon which to frame a bill for presentation to Parliament. Of this the Government must judge. They cannot, however, evade the responsibility of proposing next session such measures as may be necessary to remedy the grave defects in our banking system revealed by the scandalous, disgraceful, and distressing failure of the City of Glasgow Bank.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WITH the end of the month the curtain rises on a new act in the Afghan drama. While to those who have closely watched the course of events there has been as much of tragedy in their gradual development as there may yet prove to be in their catastrophe, it is but too easy to perceive certain farcical analogies in the past conduct of the Cabinet and the expedients successively resorted to by ministers.

With the calm cynicism which is his best, and so far as popular effect goes his not unsuccessful substitute for candid and deliberate wisdom, the Prime Minister admitted to the Lord Mayor and his guests that the Cabinet had been merely playing on the credulity of the public in all their previous attempts to justify the invasion of Afghanistan. It was very well to talk about insult and outrage, the necessity of chastisement, the honour of the British flag. The real fact was, we were about to go to war with the Ameer for none of these things, but simply in order that we might rectify our north-western frontier upon those scientific principles which commend themselves to scientific warriors of the new school. As it is with Afghanistan, so has it been with Constantinople and Cyprus. When the British Squadron was ordered ten months ago to enter the Bosphorus the first account given was, that the step was necessary to protect the lives of British subjects on the shores of the Sea of Marmora; next it was to protect the Turkish capital itself; finally its specific object was to keep out the Russians in particular. In the same way the acquisition of Cyprus was first justified on the ground that it would enable us to bring moral pressure on the Porte to reform her Asiatic provinces. We now know that we have annexed Cyprus as a counter-movement to the Russian occupation of Kars, and as, though it has neither harbours nor strategical aptitudes, 'a place of arms.' There is, indeed, a constitutional inability in the Cabinet to speak in the first instance by words of sincerity. At least three different and materially inconsistent reasons have been assigned for the declaration of war against Shere-Ali. First he was to be punished with fire and sword because he had caused a gross indignity to be inflicted upon Major Cevagnari, and a wanton menace to be hurled at the British flag. Then the head and front of his offence was the insulting letter which he had returned to Lord Lytton; and it is only eleven days before the actual commencement of the campaign against him that the real motive is communicated to the English people, the expediency of securing a scientific frontier in the heart of a barren country, and the centre of an unoffending and intrepid people.

If ever war were undertaken for an idea, that is the case with the war in which the first shot was fired a week ago—a war commenced in a spirit and on a pretext wholly foreign to the honourable traditions of the English Government. Rectification of frontier was the favourite cry of the Second Empire; its results were seen in the destruction of armies and the overthrow of a dynasty. And, as Mr. Chamberlain reminded his hearers at Birmingham a few days ago, there is a more sinister parallel which can hardly fail to suggest itself. “On July 15, 1870, M. Ollivier, who was then Prime Minister of France, told the French Assembly that Prussia had grossly insulted France; a statement which subsequent history shows to have been absolutely unfounded, but which answered its purpose at the time, which aroused the indignation of the French people, and made them engage in war with a light heart.” Then came the assurance that the Government had taken the necessary measures to protect the security, the interests, and the honour of the country, and, as Mr. Chamberlain put it, “do we not get statements in exactly similar language now from high authorities in this country?” Even now it is by no means certain that we have received from the Government a full or true explanation of their acts. Full, indeed, one knows that it cannot be, and as for its trustworthiness, what is the inference to be adduced from the absence of any word as to the necessity or wisdom of rectifying our frontier, from Lord Cranbrook’s summary of the promised, but as yet unpublished documents, and from Lord Lytton’s proclamation of war against the Ameer.

It was announced almost simultaneously last week that these would be in the hands of the members of the legislature, and that the legislature itself would be convened at Westminster. The papers, it may be presumed, will furnish the text of the debates that will begin at Westminster on December 5, and any remarks in anticipation of their appearance must inevitably be made at a disadvantage. It is only possible to judge the policy of the Government from the facts which are before the world, and if these are not sufficient it is they and not their critics who are to blame. At the present moment the contents of the promised papers can only be conjectured from Lord Cranbrook’s despatch, which, formally addressed to Lord Lytton, is really intended as a vindication of the policy of the Government in the eyes of the English people. The objects of the document are twofold—and as are its objects, such we may anticipate will be the line adopted by the Government in the coming Parliamentary debates—first, to show that the Indian policy of successive administrations has from the time of Lord Dalhousie been on the whole continuous and identical; secondly, that if any exception to this rule can be found, it occurs in the case of

Mr. Gladstone's Government; that it was due to the mischievous authority Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll exercised over Lord Northbrook in 1873, and has operated as the prominent cause of the present troubles. The so-called despatch is thus, it will be seen, a mere party move—a piece of political strategy, which it is hoped will furnish an effective answer in the popular mind to the criticisms of Lord Northbrook, Lord Grey, and others. Here it may be noticed, that the despatch does not confirm what has been insinuated by the champions of the Cabinet in the press, that Lord Mayo was in favour of forcing an English resident on the Ameer at all hazards, and the concluding an alliance with him at any cost. It gives us, indeed, to understand that the real rupture between England and Afghanistan dates from the rejection by Lord Northbrook of the Ameer's request in 1873. But it says nothing to bear out the assertion of Sir James Stephen,<sup>1</sup> that if this request had been granted, "the policy of Lord Mayo would have run its natural course." In 1869, at the Umballa meeting, Lord Mayo distinctly refused to give Sher Ali any pledge of unconditional protection or assistance. "We must," he wrote, "assist him, but we must assist him in a way that neither entangles us in any engagements which may prove embarrassing hereafter, nor weaken his independence." In spite of that speech, Dr. Hunter tells us the Ameer left Umballa "satisfied and deeply impressed with the advantage of being on good terms with the British power." That the Ameer repeated the request of 1869 in 1873, or made a request closely resembling it, is very likely, but while we have Lord Cranbrook's insinuation that our policy of amity and active goodwill towards the Ameer was, as a result of Mr. Gladstone's interference, materially modified, we have Lord Northbrook's express assurance that our relations with him underwent no change.

It may be supposed that we shall in the immediate future only hear incidentally of the Prime Minister's scientific frontier argument. From the silence which he has preserved on this aspect of the question, in his declaration of hostilities against the Ameer, it may be assumed that Lord Lytton was as much a stranger to such an idea, as the eminent Indian officers with whom a year ago he was in consultation. The chief point which is now to be considered is whether our present Indian policy is a return to those traditional times for whose abandonment Mr. Gladstone was responsible in 1873, or whether it marks a new departure. Mr. Seton Karr has borne his testimony to the fact that in 1869 the idea of an English resident at Cabul was suggested to the Ameer, was approved by him, and was at once given up by Lord Mayo. It was certainly not revived by Lord Northbrook. "Lord Northbrook's government," writes Lord Cranbrook, "was prepared to advise the Ameer for a

(1) *Times*, Wednesday, November 13.

Ameer that under certain conditions the Government of India would assist him to repel unprovoked aggression." Now though we know from Lord Northbrook himself that in these conditions the establishment of an English resident at Cabul had no place, we do not know what their general tenor was. As, to have been offered ~~at all~~ by Lord Northbrook, Lord Northbrook must have approved of them, and as Lord Northbrook condemns the policy of Lord Lytton, it is clear that the "conditions" of 1873 must have differed materially from the "conditions" of 1878, or that it is preposterous to cite the authority of Lord Lytton's predecessor except in justification of the policy of Lord Lytton's government. But were these only "conditions" on the side of England? Did the Ameer himself insist on the observation of no specific terms? There is good reason to believe that he did, and that it was quite as much the impossibility of the English Government accepting these, as the rejection of our terms by the Ameer, which broke off negotiations. What they were is not stated: but it may be conjectured—especially when the remark of Lord Mayo's quoted above is borne in mind,—that it is these which have contingently involved us, if not in war outside Afghanistan, yet in battles inside Afghanistan, as a result of our undertaking to maintain the line of succession to the Afghan throne.

There are two other points to be noticed. Because the Ameer received the offer of some conditions in 1873 or 1878, therefore Lord Cranbrook assumes that no divergence can be shown between the policy of these two periods. But what followed in the other instance? As an alternative to success in the negotiations for an active alliance with the Ameer in 1873, Lord Northbrook accepted peace. In 1878 the alternative which Lord Lytton chooses is war. The contrast between the two policies is printed in Lord Cranbrook's own words:—

"As observed by my predecessor in his despatch of October 4, 1877, Her Majesty's Government had felt justified in hoping that the advantages which they were ready to tender to the Ameer would have been accepted in the spirit in which they were offered. At the same time, the attitude of His Highness for some years past had been so ambiguous, as to prepare them for a different result. *Far, however, from regarding the possibility of failure as affording sufficient grounds for total inaction and continued acquiescence in the existing state of relations with the Ameer, they had arrived at the conclusion that while the prevailing uncertainty as to His Highness's disposition rendered caution necessary in their advances, it was in itself a reason for adopting steps which would elicit the truth.* From this point of view Her Majesty's Government could not regard the result of the Peshawur conference as altogether unsatisfactory, inasmuch as they were no longer left in doubt as to the reality of the Ameer's alienation, which had previously been a matter of speculation."

Secondly, there are two matters which Lord Cranbrook finds it convenient entirely to ignore—the arbitration between Afghanistan and Persia in the matter of Seistan and the occupation of Quetta.



In the former affair England failed, as arbitrators too frequently fail, to give satisfaction to either party, and the seeds of dissatisfaction were immediately sown. As regards Quetta, though Sir James Stephen argues that six months before its occupation the Ameer was so hostile to us as to refuse to receive a mission, and that several months after that event he was not too hostile to enter into a conference, it will be for the Government to show first that the mere refusal to receive a mission in 1876 was more a sign of hostility than it had been in 1856, or 1869, or 1873; secondly, that at the time the refusal was made, Shere Ali had not heard of the resolution to occupy Quetta. And there are other parts which must be cleared up, before the ministerial defence can be pronounced satisfactory or complete. It will be for Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet not only to demonstrate the wisdom and policy of their course, but to dispose of awkward and damaging impressions to which misplaced speech and not less misplaced reticence have given rise. We are told by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Lord Lawrence and others of his way of thinking speak as if they were on the judicial bench, whereas they are really in the dock. Now if these eminent men are on their trial, so too are others on behalf of whom the claim is put forward that they are equally innocent. If the authority of Sir Bartle Frere can be said to balance, or more than balance, the authority of Lord Lawrence, it is still too much to claim for it the conclusive stamp of judicial infallibility. The Government have taken upon themselves the responsibility of fathering Sir Bartle Frere's two memoranda. If they endorse these documents, there is a further responsibility which they must also accept. Sir Bartle Frere is now known to have urged the occupation of Quetta. He also advised in the memorandum of 1875 the despatch of an English envoy to Afghanistan (which he said the Ameer would certainly accept), and prognosticated the happiest result from the despatch of such a representative. Facts show the sagacity of the counsellor in a somewhat curious light. Instead of the peace and goodwill between the Ameer and England, which Sir Bartle Frere predicted would be the outcome of the fulfilment of his counsels, we have war. What then will be the verdict on the wisdom of the counsellor, or the discrimination of the Government whose ear he has secured?

When it comes to that portion of the vindication of the ministerial procedure which, as we now understand, will be an attempt to show that the policy of Lord Lytton is in effect only a recurrence to the policy which Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll compelled Lord Northbrook to abandon in 1873, there will not be wanting specific allegations that must be disposed of. The Government will have to show that they have the sanction of a preponderating force of skilled opinion, military or civilian, not only in contending for a

rectification of frontier, but in considering—as Sir Bartle Frere considered—that it would be possible to coerce the Ameer into receiving an English resident without war. The belief may have been conscientiously held by General Jacob and other soldiers of the Scinde school. But what was the judgment of officers who knew the Punjaub well, and who had seen long and active service under the shadow of the mighty range of Soliman? Again, it will not do for the spokesmen of the Cabinet to treat with contemptuous silence the convictions, to which such papers as the *Indian Statesman* gives utterance. That important organ of cultivated Anglo-Indian opinion loudly proclaims that, so far from the Indian government thinking, expecting, or hoping that our negotiations with Afghanistan would issue peacefully, there was the distinct intention that they should terminate in a very different manner. Whether this is true or false, it is impossible to say in the absence of the promised papers. But the Government have done all they could to lend colour and support to the sinister idea, by their refusal to produce the reply which was sent by the Ameer to the Viceroy. The *Times*, whose Indian telegrams have come to be nothing more than official *communiqués*, gave its readers to understand that it was “evasive, arrogant, and insulting.” The first of these epithets may almost seem to suggest the explanation offered formerly in India, that the Ameer requested that Sir Neville Chamberlain’s mission might wait at Peshawur, till he had considered the matter, and that this, and this only, was the plea on which the mission was hurriedly broken up by the Viceroy. Before quitting England, Lord Lytton writes, he had been “strongly impressed by the importance of endeavouring to deal with our *frontier relations as indivisible parts of a single imperial question*, mainly dependent for its solution on the foreign policy of Her Majesty’s Government, which is the ultimate guardian of the whole British empire, rather than as isolated local matters.” But, if our “frontier relations are to become indivisible parts of a single imperial question,” the centre of our political gravity will be changed. Our Indian Empire will be, not as it had been, an Asiatic dominion, or foreign dependency, it will be the empire. Henceforth there can be no dissociation between European and Asiatic questions. We shall have done what can be done, to fuse the free parliamentary institutions of England in the military despotism of India. The Afghan war is, then, confessedly the first step in the direction of a policy which, while it implies aggression abroad, must involve something very like revolution at home.

Paramount as for the time is the importance of the Afghan question, it is not the only development of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield’s Cabinet which has not yet received the sanction of Parliament, and to which Parliament’s attention will be directed in

its December session. Early in the past month two sets of documents were published almost simultaneously in the daily papers. One of these consisted of the Report of the Rhodope Commission; the other of a correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Lord Lyons, M. Dufaure and M. Gambetta. The former was given to the world with a definite and a perfectly transparent intention, the latter for the sufficient reason that the Government could not keep it back. Her Majesty's ministers, in their new Indian policy, have consistently relied for their popular justification on the national hatred and distrust of Russia. Now that it is no longer pretended that we have received any insult from the Ameer, or have any quarrel with the Afghan people, it is the more necessary for the authors of a foolish and unjust war to appeal to this sentiment. A *casus belli* having at last been found with Shere Ali, it remained to give some reason why we should select him as the object of an aggressive campaign. This explanation has been volunteered with a remarkable degree of cynical explicitness by the *Times*. The real aggressor, that newspaper (Nov. 18th) tells us is Russia, and we only apply for redress to Shere Ali because "it is much easier to get it in Cabul, than in the deserts of Central Asia." In other words, we are levying war against a weak neutral, because we think that through him we can strike a strong enemy. Surely this is an enterprise which can scarcely inspire the mock-heroic bards of Jingoism themselves. If Russia is really our enemy on our north-western frontier, why not come to terms with our adversary quickly while yet there is time? We shall have to do so—on this view of the question—sooner or later, and it might really be thought quite as much in accordance with the new-fangled traditions of a spirited foreign policy, to do this at once by open convention or secret memoranda, as to postpone it to a later season, and to feed the military passions of our praetorians in the interval by carrying desolation and misery into the land of a brave and unoffending people. There is something so manifestly pusillanimous in this course, that only the conviction, however inculcated, of some great and overweening necessity could have rendered it tolerable to the English people. Hence it was necessary for the Government to obscure as much as possible the real issues of the struggle, to substitute in the popular mind a hypothetical for the actual foe. The report of the Rhodope Commission, imputing a multitude of nameless atrocities to the Russian soldiery, suggested itself as exceedingly opportune for this purpose.

Unfortunately for the Government, the other papers to which reference has been made—the letters that passed between the English Foreign Secretary and the English ambassador at Paris, the French Premier and the French Foreign Minister—were of a less convenient nature. But they had already appeared in a French Blue-Book, had been commented on in a more or less fragmentary

manner by some of the English journals, and it would have been insanity to attempt their official suppression on this side of the Channel. The first point which the correspondence between M. Waddington and Lord Salisbury incontrovertibly established, concerns the occupation of Cyprus. So far from having been the bold and spontaneous assertion of the power and resolution of England, it was as much an affair of calculation as the Salisbury-Schouvaloff memorandum, or the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. France permitted us to acquire—or rather consented to withdraw her strong objections to our acquiring Cyprus on definite conditions; one of them being the assumption by England of a new responsibility, on which the opinion of Parliament has still to be asked. The first of these conditions was the recognition of French authority in Syria; the second the assent of England to a distinct compact between France and herself on the regulation of the affairs of Egypt. France, in other words, forbade England to pursue any policy which would tend to the acquisition of a material footing in Egypt, or even only on the banks of the Suez Canal, or on the continent of Western Asia. Lord Salisbury gave this pledge. And he did more than this. Though in his letter to Lord Lyons of August 7, Lord Salisbury is discreetly silent on the subject of Western Asia, he endorses M. Waddington's version of the engagements into which the French statesman represented him as having entered with respect to Egypt. Having, in the course of the first fortnight in July, practically acquiesced in M. Waddington's proposal of what was, in reality, a joint protectorate of Egypt, the English Foreign Secretary records these declarations in writing. It, therefore, comes to this: England has bound herself to acquire no foothold in Egypt in which France does not in an exactly equal degree participate, to exercise no control over the affairs of the Khedive, except with France as a partner, and to guarantee with France the payment of the Khedive's debts. "The common object," so runs this extraordinary convention, "of both (England and France) is that the Khedive's dynasty may endure, that the people may prosper, and that his debts may be paid." This is an entirely new departure in the policy of an English Government, and already the necessary action has been forthcoming. In a letter to Lord Lyons (October 24) the Foreign Secretary announces that he has agreed with M. Waddington to compel the Khedive to retain the French and English Commissioners, until Messrs. Rothschild and the bondholders consent to their dismissal. •

Here, then, is not merely a new illustration of the financial responsibility which the treaty-making attribute inherent in prerogative—in other words, in the ministers of the Crown—enables a Foreign Secretary to assume in the name of the English people, but a policy that exemplifies the humiliating extremes to which an unintelligent fear of Russia may drive an English Government. For it must not

be forgotten that, in the earliest communication with M. Waddington, Lord Salisbury bases the application made to France, for leave to occupy Cyprus, on the English dread of Russia. Russia, Lord Salisbury says, has taken Kars, and without France, he gives M. Waddington to understand, we are impotent to make Russia disgorge. What is this plea but the gratuitous acceptance by an English Foreign Secretary of the theory, so welcome to French vanity, that since England permitted France to be crushed by Germany, she herself has been reduced to impotence by Russia?

The debates imminent at Westminster will be grievously incomplete if they do not, in addition to the causes and conditions of the Afghan war, pass in review the successive incidents of our policy in South-Eastern Europe, in Egypt, and in Asia Minor since the signature of the Treaty of Berlin. Nor will Parliament, which has been committed to an Afghan war, and which is called upon to vote money that it is practically without the power to refuse, only have to pronounce on the expediency and justice of a policy which has wantonly increased our chance of a collision with Russia in Central Asia; and which has sown the seeds of grave future differences between France and England in Egypt. There are domestic problems, social and commercial difficulties, which an elective legislature cannot ignore. It is no satisfactory explanation of the existing industrial and commercial depression to say that England is not now in a worse condition than the other countries of the world, with the exception of France. The important fact which ministers will have to face is this: distress and stagnation, originating in economic causes, are perpetuated by political causes. Whatever circumstances may be brought forward to account for the beginnings of our present troubles, they do not explain why the improvement which was distinctly perceptible after the signature of the Berlin treaty, suddenly ceased. It is at this point that political agencies declare themselves. The improvement did not continue, because the recovery of confidence was not confirmed. The nervous susceptibilities of our commercial system were excited again by the prospect of an Indian war. Loans which would have brought interest to English capitalists, wealth to English manufacturers, work to English labour—since the money paid would have chiefly been in England itself—could not be placed upon the market. Notably has this been the case with Brazil, New Zealand, and South Australia. And the consequences of it all are found in the dreary chronicles of reduced wages and limited employment, which are read in the newspapers of each successive day. Of these things the people will at least expect that their representatives, if they cannot exact a satisfactory account,





